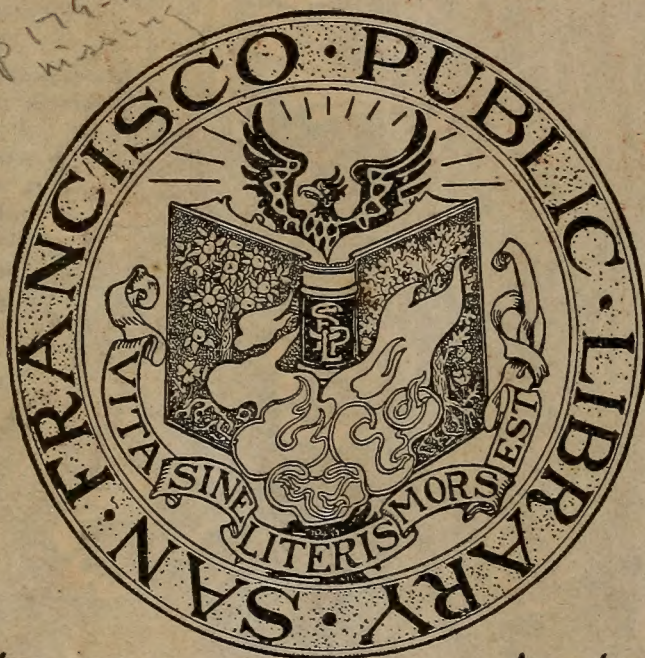




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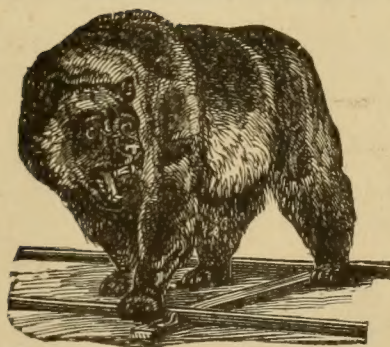


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A PIONEER FRUIT REGION.



TO read most of what is written about California, tourists' descriptions and real estate articles from native sources alike, one would easily be impressed with the belief that the State had become one orchard, and mining and grain-growing had fallen completely into the background. In fact, the figures still show the exports of the precious metals and of cereals well in advance of the exports of fruit fresh and preserved: but there is a vast acreage of orchards planted and not yet in bearing, and every year sees this encroach farther and farther upon the grain lands. Of course the owners of these young orchards rank themselves with the fruit interest as much, and talk and write as eagerly about it, as the old hands. Moreover, there is more in the fruit farms of California to attract interest than in any other feature of the State. The mines are in the hands of a few capitalists, and do not concern many people one way or the other so long as they let stocks alone. The grain-growing and grazing is also a good deal of it done in wholesale fashion, on great ranches or ranges, by a few capitalists; and a good deal more by people not adapted to getting the ear of the world through literature. Fruit farming here is a pleasant business, a business that absorbs nowadays most of the picturesque element in California life, as mining did when that was in its turn a business for all sorts of men, attractive to people who were apt to write about what they were doing or seeing. It would be interesting to find, from the nurserymen's books how many of the business and professional men of San Francisco are building up small "fruit ranches" in the country—ten and twenty and thirty acres—to retire to; certainly a great many. Or perhaps the city owner will keep the ranch as a summer home merely; or turn it over to son or daughter; or if it is within reach of the city he may spend a few days weekly there, or go to and fro daily. With a good hired man he can manage ten or twenty acres in this way very comfortably, and make some profit. School mistresses and clerks and stenographers, small tradespeople, dressmakers, save money until the few acres are secured, and little by little planted to profitable trees. The freedom from the

harsher aspects of farming life; the wonderful generosity of the soil and the ease with which beautiful surroundings may be made; the variety and luxuriance of products, and perhaps even the literary association with many of them, — the vine, the olive, the fig, the almond, the palm, and the pomegranate: — these things give a touch of romance to the Californian fruit ranch, which is, I think, felt even by those engaged in the actual labor of it, and catches especially the notice of the tourist and the reader. Large profits for pleasant work, in idyllic surroundings and heavenly climate, — it is a sort of Arcadian dream that fascinates people scarcely less than the El Doradan dream that lured them here forty years ago.

Of course Californians with land to sell have not failed to appreciate the money value of this fascination. There were great tracts of grazing and grain land, cheaply secured by the sellers, that could be broken up into small ranches and sold at good prices for fruit-growing. Very naturally, the owners of these great tracts were not slow to make known to the world the charms and profits of California fruit ranches, nor timid in their statement thereof. To people of moderate means, with a small capital that they would like to invest in a California home, who are hesitating between the Scylla and Charybdis of disbelieving everything they hear as "real estate stories," and so giving up the whole thing, or of believing everything and risking the waste of their little all, it is a matter of serious concern to know what the actual facts are. I propose here to give those connected with one small region, with which I am myself acquainted; and all the figures that I shall give are derived from men who have tilled the land there for years, and who have none to sell.

It is worth while to linger, however, to recall the pretty well established historical fact that as many people have been taken in by disbelieving as by believing "California yarns." When men testify that they have made in one season \$1,000 an acre on land such as could have been bought all about for \$200, it certainly strains credulity.

Nevertheless, the story seems thoroughly authenticated. But if any one with a little store of two or three thousand dollars to invest should imagine he could "camp down" anywhere in California, get ten or twenty acres, and realize a steady return of five hundred per cent on his investment, he would be as badly disappointed as his antetypes who expected to pick up gold in the streets of San Francisco. Yet there were \$1,000 a day diggings then, incredible as the story appeared to discreet Eastern people; and there are extraordinary profits now in certain orchards, under certain conditions. The explanatory fact that should be understood is that such profits are only made on exceptionally fine soils, situated well with reference to markets and labor supply, planted with exactly the right varieties, and managed with experience and judgment. Even with all these advantages such tremendous profits as I have instanced are only a matter of occasional luck, when there is either a peculiarly rich yield of some one fruit or some exceptional and temporary demand for that variety. Nor would the figures be likely to be maintained for many acres: in the instance quoted, it was for 12. As an illustration: A lady of my acquaintance picked last year 224 dozen lemons from a single young tree in Alameda County. These if sold should have brought her about \$12 to the tree. Had she had an acre of such trees, — say seventy-five of them — she might have received \$900 from it in the season. A real estate agent might with perfect veracity say that this lady's profit from her lemons was "at the rate" of \$900 an acre; but of course this single well-watered and petted tree in a favorable season cannot set the "rate" for an acre of lemon trees, year in and year out, subject to the risks of the market, and the wastage of marketing considerable crops. The expense of growing and marketing, also — say \$200 — remains to be deducted.

After making allowance for the exceptional nature of the instances of largest profits from fruit lands, one will still find the regular profits of the best of these lands larger than seems altogether reasonable, unless he un-

derstands in the first place that while a fair quality of land on which fair profits can be made is to be found all over the State, these first grade fruit lands are limited in quantity ; and in the second place that it is only lately that the demand for fruit has been so expanded by the canneries and the growth of Eastern shipments as to bring out their value, so that the acreage now in bearing was almost all bought at grazing or grain land prices.

soils are found marbled in with inferior ones ; and where a whole district has become a solid sheet of orchards, one may be sure that some of them will fall far below the profits of others. There is no great harm done, so long as the owners did not make the mistake of paying a first-class price for these second-class streaks of land, and then of supposing they can grow anything that their more favored neighbors can. With sufficient care in select-



Men cannot continue to take from their lands annual incomes equal to or above the price of the land : as the value of such lands becomes understood, their price will simply rise till a fair equilibrium is reached. Of course it would be possible for a "boom" sometimes for a short period to carry buyers past this point of equilibrium ; but I doubt whether as yet the best lands have anywhere in the State really reached it ; certainly not in many localities. The chance for loss occurs in buying inferior land for good, or in buying any land to speculate with. At present the best fruit areas are by no means thoroughly known or defined, and there are still many opportunities for any one who understands soils to find as many admirable bargains as his money will hold out for.

Even within these best areas, the choice

ing varieties, or roots on which to graft, they will get along very well ; but on the best land they might stick in almost anything, and it would flourish. It is not difficult to discriminate if one understands soils at all. Special qualities must be sought for special crops ; but for general

fruit culture the best will be found lying near streams of water, or along old channels, (often almost obliterated), but high enough not to be overflowed. This will usually be a sandy loam, or loamy sand, lying on gravel

at a depth of ten to thirty feet, which insures perfect drainage, a thing absolutely necessary for some varieties of fruit.

Perhaps the three chief regions already well established as having the best general fruit qualities are Santa Clara, Solano, and Alameda counties. Other counties excel these in certain specialties, as Fresno in raisins, and Los Angeles and Butte in citrus fruits. But these three so far keep the lead in general fruit-growing. In Alameda County the orchards are mainly grouped in two districts. One of these centers about San Lorenzo, where there are several large "model farms," well known since early days. The other, less known, and broken for the most part into small holdings, is the one with which this article is concerned.

The lowland of Alameda County consists of the strip of plain between the bay and the Contra Costa range, which follows along parallel with the shore, at a distance of four to eight miles, through the whole length of the county. The general direction of this range is thus southeast; but about twenty miles from Oakland, as it approaches the cañon of the Alameda, it turns decidedly toward the east, and then so sharply to the south as to form almost a right angle, in the very vertex of which the deep



gap of the "cañon" opens. It is not a cañon proper, but a pass, a sharp cleft winding through the mountain wall to Suñol Valley, and thence communicating with other passes that lead through successive valleys to the San Joaquin. It was the only practicable passage found for the Central Pacific road in 1868. From between its steep sides the Alameda Creek, a river of quite majestic volume in winter, though it sinks underground in summer, emerges between ranks of alder and sycamore. The level land all along these hills extends to their very feet, the great earth

ramparts rising suddenly from it without any rolling country or scattering knolls and spurs; and the stream, released suddenly from the narrow cañon, must have in ancient times spread out upon this plain in repeated freshets, and wandered indecisively about over it in channel after channel, (recorded in the still traceable remains of ancient, filled-up barrancas which traverse the country in every direction), overlaying it for miles, like a miniature Nile valley, with a deep and very fertile sediment. The sharp turn of the range encloses this rich little flood-plain north and east with abrupt mountain walls, which give it a sheltered climate and arrest the rain clouds that drift upon south winds.

The strip of it lying between the stream and the hills to the

north was originally granted to Don Jesus Vallejo, a half brother of the General, as part of the great Rancho Arroyo de la Alameda, 17,705 acres in extent; while the larger part, on the south and east of the stream, belonged to the 30,000 acres of the Mission San José grant. A league and a half farther south, where the next considerable stream flows out from the hills, is the old Mission itself, once one of the most rich and prosperous of the twenty-one, and always famous agriculturally. In the year of the secularization, 1834, it reported 10,000 bushels of grain raised; and its orchard, — of which some noble old fig and pear trees were still to be seen twenty years ago, — its vineyards of the small, round, purple "Mission grape," its beauty of situation at the foot of the sharp-pointed mountain that dominates the whole region, "the Mission Peak," and its attractive climate, made it from the first a sort of oasis in the leagues of grazing lands about it, and a magnet that drew American farmers as soon as the United States possessed the country. A few were there almost as soon as the war was over, in 1846. The ex-mission lands would naturally have become United States property, but they were re-granted in this very year to Pico and Alvarado. The American settlers, however, had no belief in the Pico title; the lands were there, covered with tall wild oats and absolutely virgin, except as the mission herds had roamed over them, and these had dwindled away to unimportance since the secularization. One man after another simply settled down on whatever piece of land he liked and thought he could keep, until, beginning close by the Mission, they had somehow divided among them the whole plain, to the banks of the Alameda.³

Their method of establishing title was even simpler than the time-honored shot-gun one: it consisted in fencing in what they wanted and calling it theirs. Occasionally one of them thus calmly appropriated a considerable section of what his neighbor had already laid claim to; this always made hard feeling, but there was obviously no law to be appealed to in the matter, and strange to say,

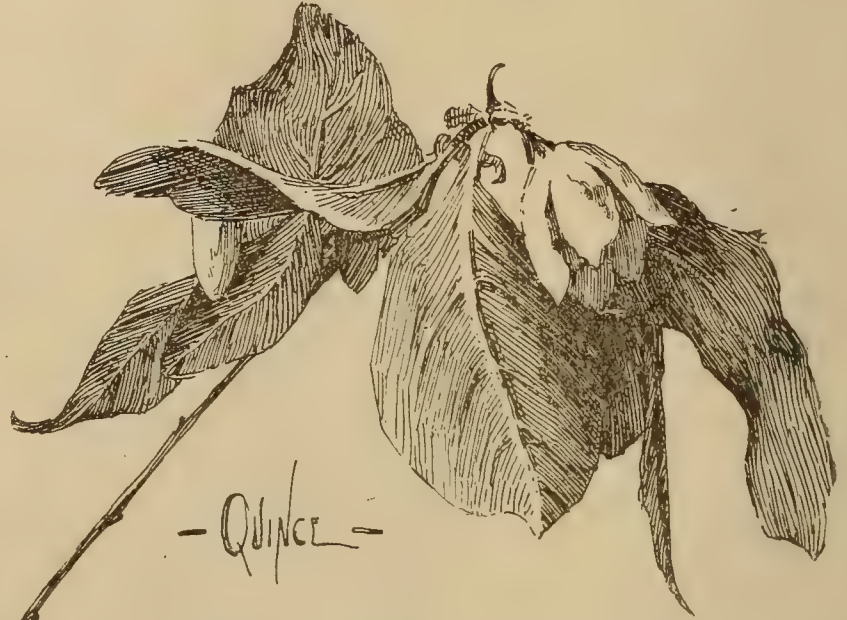


no one seems to have had any disposition to resort to force. They were a peaceable, sober, and steady set, and really not at all greedy of gain, well-content to live quietly and industriously in small homesteads with moderate profits, under the beautiful sky and on the lavish soil of the rich valley, to which they have clung with a fixity of attachment unusual in California, and hardly to have been expected from the adventurous young men they must have been to have found their way there at all. Possibly, too, by a curious development of the law-abiding Anglo-Saxon sense, they regarded fence title as the best there was, and the appropriation of acres thereby rather in the light of an unneighborliness than a dis-

honest aggression. Certainly men of no submissive temper did permit themselves to be shorn of large portions of their holdings on

no better ground than the building of a fence or the laying out of a road; and to this day resent it in speech and speech only. Moreover, when by joint action they had obtained from the United States a decision rejecting the Pico claim, they agreed, with scarcely a dissenting voice, to pay no attention to quarter section lines, but to "deed and re-deed" to each other as their holdings then stood, by whatever means shrunk or expanded. In the mean time, land was bought, and bought at prices running up to \$40 or \$50 an acre, on these shadowy titles, and ownership thus obtained was respected. Nor did their curious discriminations be-

Between 1846 and 1850, enough of these Americanos were raising grain on the fertile flood-plain of the Alameda to induce Don Jesus Vallejo to put up a crude flour mill at the mouth of the cañon, in the corner of the



hills. In 1853 he pulled it down and built another, with a fine old tumbling and splashing overshot wheel, on whose mossy boards a heavy stream of water fell from a wooden flume. Back in the cañon this flume connected with a stone one, a really beautiful thing, with the strong, steady, deep current coursing down its well-built gray channel, the mountain trees shading it, and wild-flow-

ers and ferns and blackberry vines trailing over and into the cool, clean water. It was a water-course for years enough to fringe itself with wild things, and fairly grow into a part of the cañon; only within the past year has the milling right been absorbed by the Spring Valley Water Company, the wooden flume been torn away, and the

tween what was and was not to be respected in land titles exclude Spanish rights as such, for Señor Vallejo's grant just across the arroyo was left to his possession, and in course of time broken up into smaller pieces by ordinary processes. When the ex-mission lands became government property, in 1867, they cheerfully paid their \$1.25 an acre, and obtained sound titles for good and all.

stone one gone dry and forlorn. The mill was of some importance in its day, and ground the corn and wheat of the neighborhood long after great steam factories had risen to outrival the country water-wheels. One or two adobes were built near it; then a little inn, where stages between Oakland and San José passed, and a store, on either side of whose doorway was quaintly painted



a list of the things to be found within,— “Segars, Crackers, Nails, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Molasses,” and so on. This was the hamlet of Vallejo’s Mills. The jocose American farmers seldom called it anything but Gopherville, however, in consideration of the immense number of pernicious little rodents who riddled its open spaces with their holes. They were very dangerous foes to agriculture in those days, and few of the farmers, I think, hoped to live to see them so nearly exterminated as they now are. When the Central Pacific railroad came through the cañon, a station was made close by and named Niles, and the name extended to the old hamlet, which immediately became only the nucleus of a larger railroad village.

Even in the first decade of farming in the country about Vallejo’s Mills fruit trees were planted. The mission orchards, probably, had inspired E. L. Beard, a somewhat famous pioneer of the county, who came to the Mission in 1849, to have one on his own place; and about 1850 he and John Llewellyn, an enthusiast in fruit-growing, who had two years before crossed the continent to Oregon with a wagon-load of young trees “heeled in” in damp earth in the wagon-bed, went together into a joint orchard enterprise. In 1853 they exhibited at the second horticultural fair held in the State, “six varieties of apples, boxes of fine grapes, olives, figs, eight Porter apples from a one-year old graft, and four pears on one branch weighing four pounds,” a truly imposing exhibit for the time.

In 1859 Mr. Llewellyn secured for himself a large tract from the Soto grant, near Haywards; and the same year another Oregon fruit grower, William Meek, who had a year earlier than Llewellyn successfully brought a wagon-load of trees across the plains, bought 2,000 acres of the same grant. The orchards set out on these fine ranches were the beginning of the great fruit interests of San Lorenzo. But before this the small farmers about Vallejo’s Mills were setting out trees—two or three or half a dozen acres apiece—on their farms of twenty to a hundred and fifty acres. In these little orchards they raised superb peaches, and plums, and pears, and apples, of a few standard varieties. Of course prices were the highest for these. Nearly the first fruit outside of the Mission orchards was a few miles away, near the mouth of the Alameda, at the old county seat, Alvarado—a few great Bradshaw plums on trees brought from New Jersey; and “Nigger Jim,” a colored squatter, turned an honest penny by putting them in a basket on his arm and peddling them about the neighborhood at 75 cents apiece. Several years later, the owner of two Tartarian cherry trees sold their abundant crop year after year at 75 cents a pound; and for years after the San Lorenzo orchards, planted in 1859, had come into bearing, Mr. Meek and Mr. Llewellyn received steady incomes from cherries, which they sold at 30 and 40 cents a pound,—and one San Lorenzo cherry tree made a record of 656 pounds.

But to get the fruit to market, the grower



THE RAILROAD STATION.

must drag it five miles over ill-kept roads and lanes to an embarcadero on the bay, and ship it on a schooner that made two or three trips weekly to San Francisco, at such times as proved convenient. By some arrangement of signals, the farmers for miles around were notified when it was thinking about going, that they might harness up and bring in their loads. Labor was high and hard to get, and apt to be unsatisfactory when got, and orchards required far more of it than wheat. It was not easy to get trees to plant in the first place. Whether rightly or wrongly, the

to rust or drought in this region, while fruit was always fairly good, it would seem that in spite of the immense difficulties of getting labor and of marketing fruit, it may have been always a miscalculation to put their faith in wheat. Certain it is that the men who staked a good deal on fruit from the first became rich, and the others did not.

In grain, or fruit, or vegetables, however, the prolific soil responded vigorously to culture. In 1853 one of the early settlers sent to the World's Fair at New York oat-stalks 10 feet, 3 inches high, whose heads were 22 and



A BIT OF THE VALLEY.

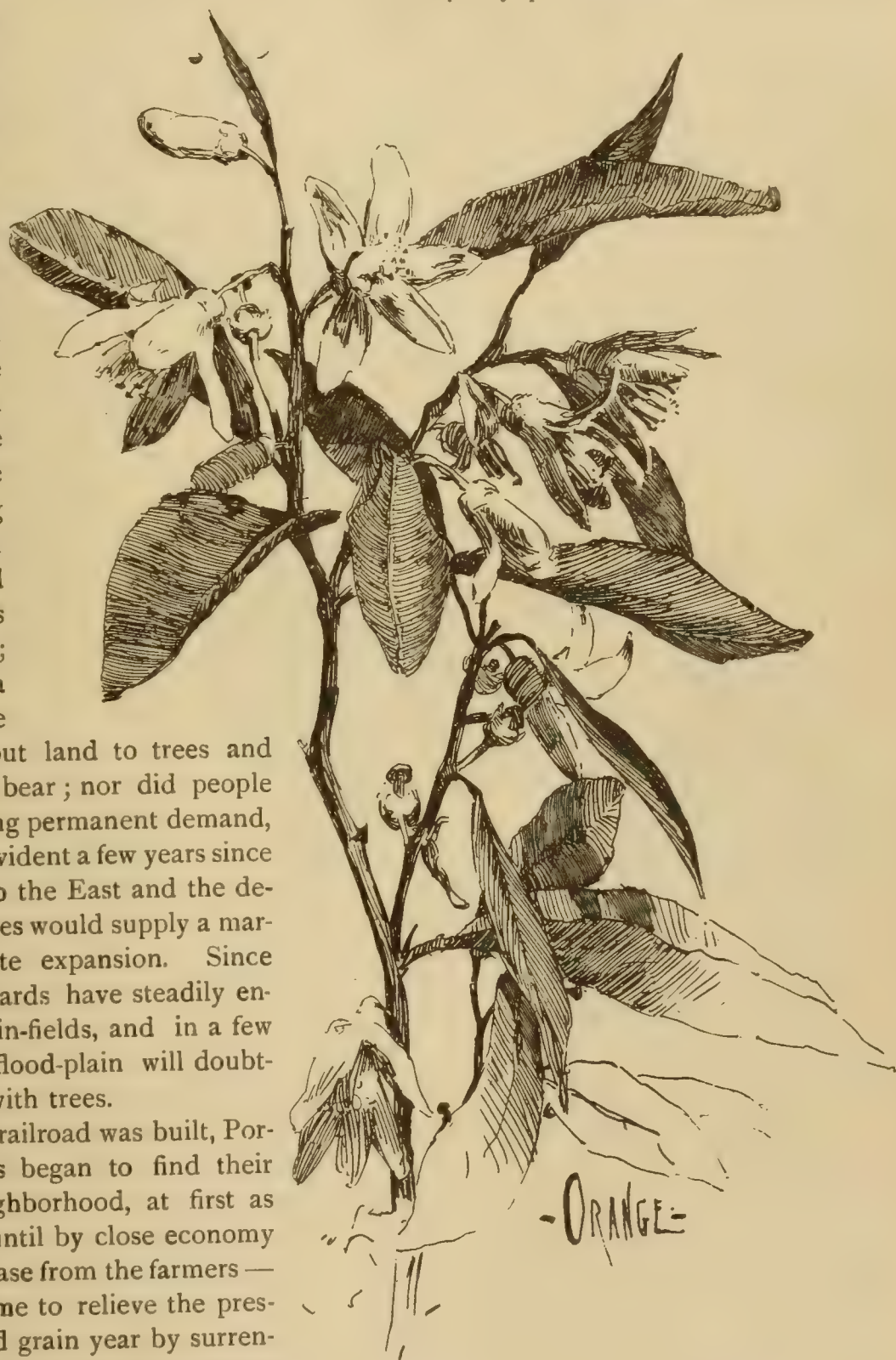
farmers all seem to have felt that grain was a staple, sure of a steady demand and unlimited market, and fruit a sort of fancy article, with which the market would easily be overstocked. When peaches had come down to 12 cents a pound, they felt that San Francisco had all the supply it could stand. Considering that with their generous soil they could have counted on ten tons to an acre (with the careful selection of varieties now possible; the same land has since gone considerably beyond this quantity), while after the first few years they expected to produce about a ton to a ton and a half of wheat to the acre, and sell it at 5 or 6 cents a pound, and that wheat was liable

28 inches long, and wheat that showed 70 stalks and 4200 grains from a single grain. Several of the most conspicuous of the "California stories" of ponderous fruits and vegetables and tremendous yields to the acre went out from the region of Alameda Creek or of the Mission. The old settlers clung to their lands, dividing up occasionally to admit a new one, but there was so little changing of hands that when the railroad reached them in 1868, no marked rise in the price of land took place. When any was sold, it was at about \$100 an acre. By this time California was raising more than enough wheat for her own needs, and had come into competition with the Liverpool market; and

what with lowered prices, uncertainty of crops, and the new houses into which good years had tempted, them in place of the old adobes or flimsy frame cottages, the farmers really were far from well off, and the small orchards, to which they had little by little added from year to year as second strings to their bows, more than once proved their salvation in bad years. The Chinese labor that had now become available and the excellent shipping facilities, had really removed the old obstacles to fruit raising; but it was still a matter of some expense to put out land to trees and wait for them to bear; nor did people trust to there being permanent demand, until it became evident a few years since that shipments to the East and the demands of canneries would supply a market of indefinite expansion. Since then young orchards have steadily encroached on grain-fields, and in a few years the whole flood-plain will doubtless be covered with trees.

Soon after the railroad was built, Portuguese peasants began to find their way to the neighborhood, at first as hired laborers, until by close economy they could purchase from the farmers — willing at that time to relieve the pressure of some bad grain year by surrendering a little land — small pieces of perhaps five acres, paying \$100 to \$150 an acre. Living, so to speak, upon horse-beans and garlic, working for hire by day, and for themselves mornings and evenings, these peasants not only lived but laid up money on their little

holdings, steadfastly refused to part with them for less than \$50 an acre in advance of whatever might at the time be the current price in the neighborhood, and stood ready always to catch up any piece that came into the mar-



ket, dividing it if it was too large for one man to take. Several of them have by this time become fairly well to do, and acquired farms of twenty or thirty acres; when they reach this point they show themselves dis-

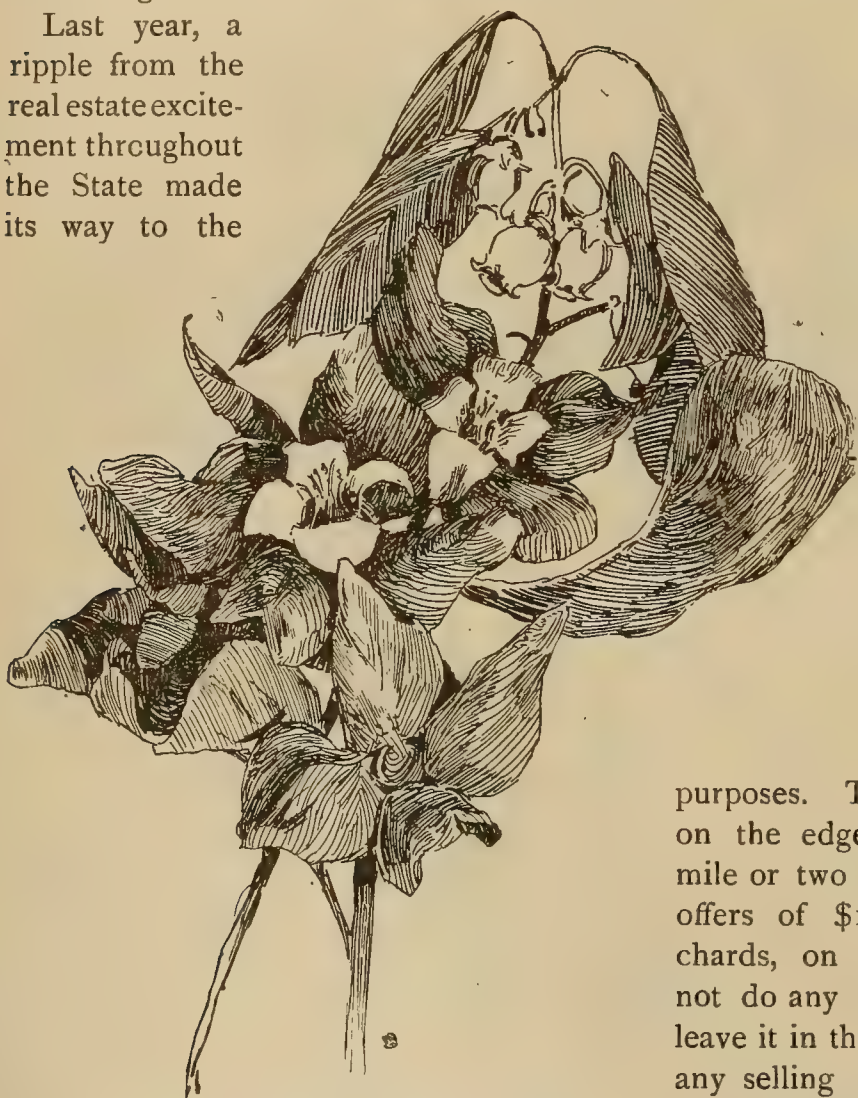
posed to dress well, drive good horses in neat buggies, and build pretty cottages surrounded by a flaming fire of poppies and lilies and dahlias. What with their purchases and the dividing up of land as sons and daughters have inherited, the size of farms has diminished, until one of 100 acres is rare. Perhaps 10 or 20 is the commonest holding. From the advent of the railroad until last year, the price of land crept imperceptibly up from \$100 to \$200 an acre — the Portuguese usually calling \$250 their price, but not selling at all.

Last year, a ripple from the real estate excitement throughout the State made its way to the

lieve they now "hold" the] best land covered with young, well selected, bearing trees, at anything from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre, a good deal according to the age and temperament of the holder; in either case they continue to hold it. The only actual transfer of such land that I know of during the year, was of a piece of 13 acres, which had been bought for about \$200 an acre several years before, when some 200 acres of grain land was broken up and sold off, and had been carefully planted with young trees. The

owner had had no thought of selling, but when a well-to-do business man, seeking either a country home or a convenient investment, asked his price, he reckoned the amount he could "make interest on" from the orchard, and concluded to sell if he could get something like that amount, as he was a railroad conductor, in Niles only a few hours daily, and unable to attend closely to his orchard. Accordingly he asked \$10,500 for the 13 acres, — and was promptly taken up. This piece of land lies fairly within the now growing village of Niles, with especial advantages of situation for residence

purposes. Two other men, however, one on the edge of the village, the other a mile or two back, have, I am told, refused offers of \$1,000 an acre for similar orchards, on the ground that they could not do any better with the money than to leave it in the land. Were there practically any selling of the bearing orchards, prices would doubtless thus be based in each instance upon estimates of their income. One man, for instance, last year made a net profit for the season of \$2,200 upon the fruit from his orchard of a little less than eleven acres. Another showed me his memoranda of the yield of about a quarter acre of Salway peach trees, — 561 $\frac{2}{3}$ pounds to the tree; a rate which he said could have been approximately kept up for a number of



BLOSSOMS OF JAPANESE AND NATIVE PERSIMMON.

neighborhood, and affected it in a rather amusing manner. It was impossible to have a "boom" where the lands were almost all in small pieces owned by people who desired to keep them; so the impulse took effect in the somewhat hypothetic form of making the owners of bearing orchards mark up the price at which they held their land. I be-

acres, had he had the trees, at 100 to the acre, — a gross income of over \$800 to the acre, at 1½ cents a pound. Another item given me

by the cost of getting land into orchard, and waiting several years for returns. Moreover, some men will always prefer small incomes

with a leisurely life to larger ones with more trouble; and the orchardist has to work much harder than the grain grower, and must be more of a business man. He must be vigilant, shrewd, enterprising, must have a good deal of special knowledge, and be able to direct a good deal of labor, to get the best results. According to the figures I have been given as to these other crops, it is only under exceptional circumstances that a man can expect nowadays to net \$50 an acre from grain. Two Portuguese did so last year with chevalier barley, but it was considered quite phenomenal; \$10 to \$20 would be more com-



LOQUAT.

was 13½ tons from 100 peach trees, over \$400 gross to the acre. \$100 an acre is certainly a very conservative estimate of the *net* profit possible year by year, throughout an orchard of well selected varieties, well chosen for the soil.

As for the remaining grain fields that scantily intersect the area now in orchards, and fringe its edges, they are still held, and occasionally sold, at something like \$250. Every year the orchards creep out a little farther upon these grain fields from the nucleus about Niles. The best land is by no means unlimited in extent, and there are portions of the township — especially those lying near the bay — where wheat will always be better than fruit; others where the sugar beet is the most profitable crop; and others where vegetables are best suited: but there are still miles of grain field that are certain to be converted into small and very profitable orchards. The process of doing this has naturally been retarded in a community where there is little capital,

mon. Some of the southerly slopes of the hills produce vegetables that are among the first to reach the market, and bring very good prices. One grower's figures for two years indicate \$33 to \$100 per acre as the net profit on early peas and potatoes. The expense of handling this land, much of which is set pretty sharply up on edge, is great, but the land costs less to begin with, and yields well, and the good prices make it profitable. Corn on the valley land nets \$15 to \$35 an acre; carrots and like crops, \$25 to \$50.

These figures, as drawn from investigation of the actual facts in a sort of sample region, give some indication to pilgrims and strangers of the truth or fiction in what they hear as to profits. Of the interest and charm of these Californian general fruit ranches, the dry figures give little idea. Where, as in the region of which I write, there is the perfection of a temperate climate, (the traveler should always remember that climates in



IN THE CAÑON.

California are local affairs, and each region must be judged on its own merits,) at once sheltered from harsh winds and open to the regular summer sea-breeze, tempered by passing over miles of warm plain, it is impossible to describe without enthusiasm. In the coldest winter weather light films of ice form, but frosts are rare, and geraniums, jasmines, and fuchsias live through the coldest winters outdoors without protection. In February the plain for acres upon acres turns into sheets of almond blossom, and even up some of the lower hill slopes goes the faintly flushed white cloud. Peach orchards, bright pink, and all the procession of the fruit-blossoms follow. In April the occasional orange groves are full of heavy white clusters that fill the air all about with fragrance. One may have everything. The staple fruit crops are apricot, cherry, peach, prune, and almond, and in somewhat less degree, apple, pear, plum, and berries; but on well-situated slopes table and wine grapes yield well, and in the few instances where people

have chosen to try, abundant crops of olives, oranges, lemons, walnuts of several kinds, Japanese chestnuts, Japanese persimmons, loquats, and figs have showed that any of them might be made profitable there.

One who wishes to please himself by gathering the trees and plants of all temperate and semi-tropic zones upon his place, may do it with entire success. The banana grows and blossoms in the open air, but will not ripen fruit. Palm and pine, pepper and Australian eucalyptus, the linden and elm and horse chestnut of New England, the pecan and catalpa and magnolia of the South, the native maple and sycamore and buckeye, are among the most noticeable trees.

The plants and trees of Japan and China thrive especially: I have mentioned the Japanese persimmon, a beautiful tree in fruiting time, its translucent orange and vermilion globes shining like colored lamps all over the tree, seeming actually to throw out light in cloudy autumn days; and the loquat, a pleasant and novel fruit, which the Chinese eagerly buy, tremendously prolific, very

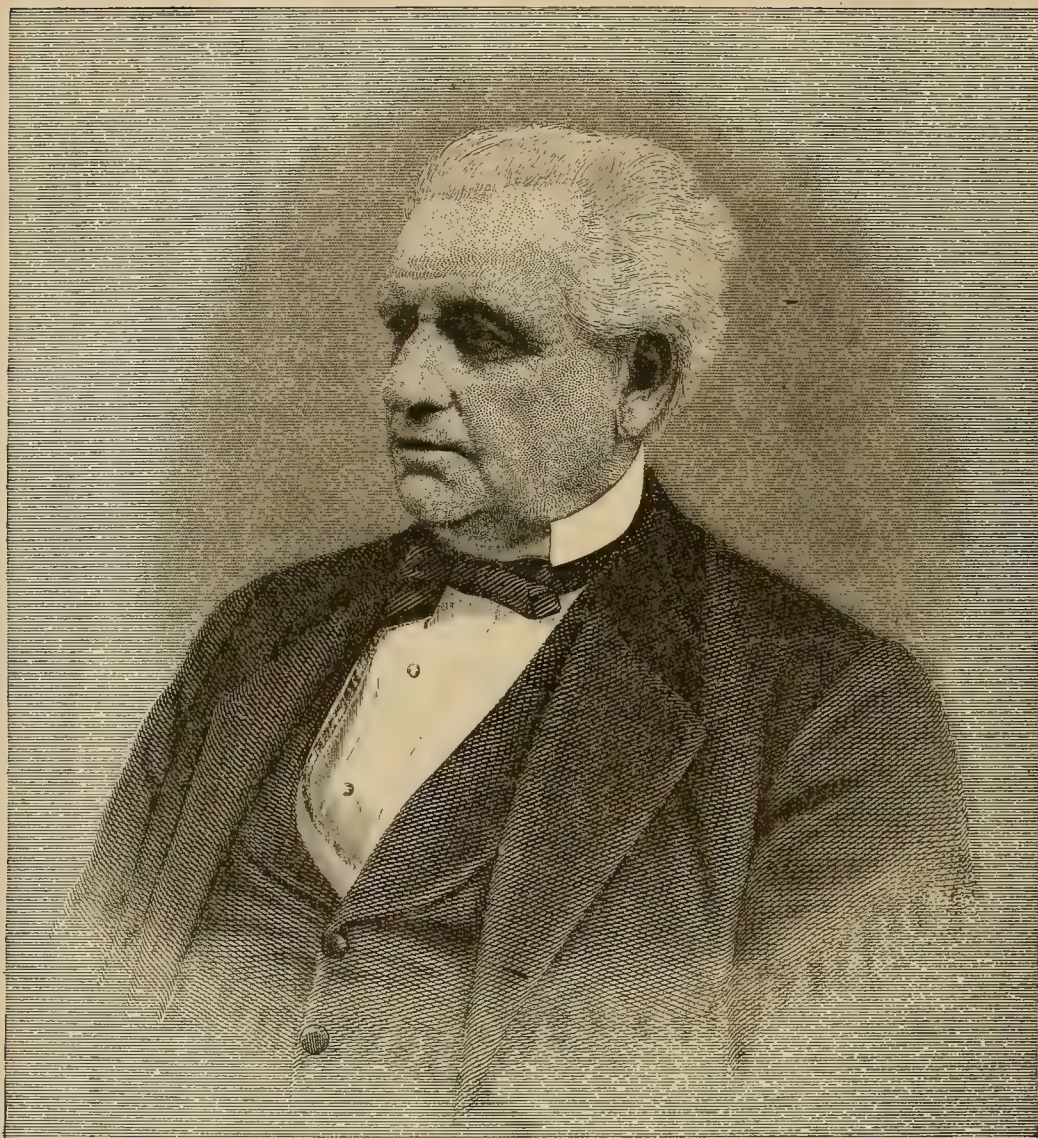
hardy, and very pretty, like yellow plums growing in clusters grape-fashion, surrounded by dark green leaves a foot long.

Here one may see fuchsias in banks of bloom ten feet high, Cloth of Gold roses mounted to the tops of tall trees, and white roses piling upon trellis or roof in heaps that would fairly cover a cottage. The roses in May run mad, — like nothing that one can imagine without seeing. As the trains leave Niles for the city, it is as if a rose festival were going on in the cars, so full are people's laps and hands. Nasturtiums and marigolds and morning glories turn to weeds in the generous soil, and have to be restrained within bounds. Standard roses and even geraniums try to turn into vines, running up long, leaning shoots into any adjacent tree; one sees scarlet geranium clusters thus unexpectedly peeping out eight or nine feet high among the dark leaves of a laurel, or pink moss-roses looking down through the roof of a summer-house, near which they were set as standards, but which they appropriated away from the vines it was meant for. Wild bitter-sweet vines from New England, ivory-white native clematis from the neighboring cañon, and curious new vines from New Zealand and Japan, with fragrant, waxy flowers and no names as yet but their botanical ones, will flourish on the same trellis. Before they had

been diligently driven away by plow and harrow and mowing machine, wild flowers covered the fields with those unbroken seas of bloom that all early comers to California talk of; and for years after, they turned the hillsides here and there to expanses of orange, and crimson, and cream, and blue. Now uncultivated and unpastured cañons and cañadas have become the refuge of wild growths. The deep gorge of the Alameda is especially a reservoir of ferns, and wild flowers and shrubs, and native trees; and a great number of rare species, some of them scarcely to be found elsewhere in this part of the State, haunt the thickets of its abrupt sides, and the moist and fragrant shade about the tributary springs and streams. Here the Alameda itself flows in considerable volume all summer, with alternations of wide, lake-like pools, and rapids broken by bowlders into noise and foam. It used to be full of mountain trout, but years of fishing have driven these back to its steep and picturesque tributary streams. Some miles up the nearest of these, Stony Brook, the United States Fish Commission has a station and preserves, so the trout here will be saved from extermination by the relentless camper, who has lately taken to sprinkling the cañon with white tents and hammock-swung girls in shade hats and blue dresses.

J. Burns.





Hiram Sibley

A DEFEATED SUCCESS.

THE STORY OF THE "RUSSIAN OR COLLINS TELEGRAPH."

THE Russian Extension of the Western Union, — that gigantic international project of 1864-1867, — has been called the grand failure of the century. Its history has never been fully written. In fact, the victory of its rival in the race for the world's electric girdle so absorbed the public mind that the collapse of the "Russian Overland," or "Collins Line," was speedily forgotten.

The salvation of telegraphy in the United

States from financial disaster had been accomplished by the federation of the many rival and ill-starred lines in the Western Union (1854-1860). The Western Union had control of the telegraphic interests between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Ten years in advance of the railroad it had stretched its wires across the Rocky Mountains, and had won the Indians to be the protectors of the line. One man had been the motive

power of the two undertakings, "going it alone," to use his own phraseology, until confidence had been gained for his projects. Hiram Sibley, more than almost any man, deserves the honor of laying broad and deep the foundations of the telegraphic interests of the country.

But a magnetic telegraph that could not speak from continent to continent was inadequate to the demands of the time. How to make the electric girdle reach around the globe was the important question. The notable failures of Atlantic cables prior to 1864 had consigned long sea-cables to the fishes, for whom they had been largely manufactured. Enthusiasm over Atlantic cables was chilled,—had about expired. And yet there were men like Cyrus W. Field, whose faith in submarines knew no shadow of turning; not even the snapping of his last venture (1865), whereby twelve hundred miles more of cable had been sunk for naught two miles deep in the sea, seemed to dampen his zeal in the least. True, there were several long cables in successful operation, but they were nothing like what was demanded for the stretch between Newfoundland and Ireland. The Red Sea cable had just "died in its bed," and Great Britain had invested one million pounds sterling on that Red Sea cable. It seemed fitting to regard any one who would invest in Atlantic cables as needing a guardian.

Now the Western Union directors had no faith in Atlantic cables. They claimed to be business men, not scientists. They wanted an Atlantic cable, if such a thing were to be had, but their study of the subject left them decidedly disinclined to invest in any scheme for laying one.

There was a project however, for connecting the telegraphic system of the Old and the New World, which had naturally been submitted to Hiram Sibley by the father of the enterprise. Mr. Sibley believed the project was practicable, and his faith in it resulted in the undertaking of the "Russian Overland Telegraph Line," or the "Collins Line," by the Western Union in 1864.

We find Hiram Sibley writing to Collins, October 16, 1861, before the enterprise had

been officially undertaken by the Western Union:—

"If the Russian government will meet us at Behring Straits, and give us the right of way through the territory on the Pacific, we will complete the line in two years, probably in one. The whole thing is entirely practicable. No work was ever accomplished by man that will be so important in its results. The benefit to the world will pay its entire cost every year after its completion."

William H. Seward, as Secretary of State, advocated the project with enthusiasm. "It seems impossible to overestimate the direct effect of this new application of the natural energy in producing a rapid and yet permanent development of the agricultural, forest, mineral, and marine resources of the United States. . . . The Atlantic States by their inter-marriage with those of the Pacific have come under an obligation to favor this great development."

The eloquent advocacy of the international overland telegraph by Senator Latham of California did much to launch it upon the high tide of popularity. \$50,000 was appropriated by the United States government for the survey of the proposed route.

The junction of the Russian and Western Union lines was to be at the mouth of the Amoor, the Siberian post of the North Pacific. Perry McDonough Collins, a citizen of San Francisco, had thoroughly studied the proposed route by going over it. He had made the journey from Moscow to the mouth of the Amoor, a distance of some seven thousand miles, and had given the world a delightful book, "A Voyage down the Amoor." At the time he laid out his telegraph route the telegraph lines in the United States did not extend west of St. Louis, while those of Russia reached no farther east than Moscow. The connecting link between the American and Russian systems would be about twenty-eight hundred miles; it would cost about three hundred dollars a mile.

Seeming obstacles to the "Russian Overland" were dispelled like mist by its enthusiastic advocates. Even the matter of a sub-

marine cable across Behring Straits did not make them faint-hearted. The cable landings would be in deep, safe harbors. Arctic temperature was favorable to insulation. The timberless steppe, five hundred miles on either side of the strait, could be furnished with poles from the forest-covered shores of the nearest navigable rivers. The route did not begin to have the difficulties of the Pacific line. What was considered the great "bug-bear" of the scheme, the falling of the trees in the great wilderness of Alaska and Columbia upon the wires, was removed by showing how the clearing of a wide tract on either side would remove that danger. Reindeers and dog sledges would make superintending the lines comparatively easy. The entire route would be a fruitful field for science. As to the cost, five millions of dollars would cover the expense, and what was five million dollars to the Western Union in comparison with the gains of the enterprise?

A China line was to one of the many evolutions of the project, and the one making the acquisition of the rights of the Russian-American Fur Company of paramount importance. To negotiate for those rights and to secure a sound contract between the Russian government and the Western Union, Sibley and Collins went to St. Petersburg in the winter of 1864-1865.

Russian stock was booming, in demand at from thirty to sixty per cent above par.

Hiram Sibley carried with him an important paper; a statement of the financial condition of the Western Union and its relation to the Russian Extension. This paper was signed by the President and Secretary of the Western Union Extension, with a certificate of endorsement signed by the governor of the State of New York, and leading bankers of New York City. Upon this paper Sibley obtained in London a letter of credit for \$750,000, with which and his credentials he was amply prepared for any emergency.

A disagreement arose regarding the interpretation of an important clause of the contract, the rebate clause. Russia claimed that the forty per cent rebate allowed was upon commercial and government dispatches.

Sibley claimed the rebate on *all* dispatches. After a prolonged discussion, neither party inclined to yield, Sibley announced that he should leave for Washington the next day; Russia might get an international telegraph as best she could. Count Tolstoï, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, urged his remaining longer, holding out a hope that compromise was possible; but Sibley had no intention of compromising, and left for Berlin in the special coach provided by the Russian government.

Not twenty-four hours after his arrival in Berlin, Count Tolstoï rejoined him and signed the protocol, granting all that was demanded by "the distinguished American citizen."

The other matter was quite as difficult to settle, the obtaining of a perpetual lease to the Russian territory through which the telegraph must be built.

The rights of the Russian-American Company could be bought, providing the affairs of the company were not transferred to the government, or to the Hudson Bay Company. Even then there was a way out for a power like the Western Union. That the great American monopoly might finally hold the perpetual lease to the best of Alaska was not considered improbable; although it was not known that overtures tending to such a result had been made by either party.

"Hiram Sibley," writes Hon. Cassius M. Clay, our minister to the court of St. Petersburg at the time, "was the first to talk of buying a part of Alaska for the placing and management of the telegraph line and plant. Under his instruction I was sounding the Russian government. The Western Union Extension was first in suggesting to the Russian government the sale of the province of Alaska, and the possession of the land for telegraph purposes in perpetuity."

"Why pay \$750,000 for the rights of the Russian-American Company," asked Prince Gortschacoff of Sibley, "when for that sum you can get the fee simple to the tract you want?"

The specified tract was a strip extending from the coast inland from one hundred and

fifty to three hundred miles. The acquisition of the control of the coast and territory of the route was a matter of importance, else there was an ominous outlook for trouble between traders and natives, and telegraph "boys."

II.

BUT the public, eager for the completion of the international overland telegraph, was far more interested in the expedition that was forming for the exploring of the route and the stretching of the wires through the wilderness, than in negotiations and rebates.

The sailing of the Expedition from San Francisco in the summer of 1865 was with every prophecy of success. All that was left of "the last Atlantic cable" lay coiled in the capacious hold of the "Great Eastern," and who, saving a few lunatics, had faith in Atlantic cables and the new scheme for *under-running* the last loss, and saving it with the laying of a new cable? It was a grand race and an unequal one. The "Russian" was young and vigorous, and its financial sinews herculean: the "Atlantic" was broken with repeated failure; its record was against it.

"I would give fifty thousand dollars," said the president of the Western Union to the president of the Atlantic Cable when they met in London, "to *know* if you are ever going to succeed. I hope you will; but I would like to know for certain before we spend any more in Russian."

The president of the Atlantic was by no means jubilant.

"I can get you all the Atlantic stock you will take, Sibley," he replied, "for one and a half per cent."

It was no temptation, — not the slightest. The "actual lunacy" of that cable company was simply inexplicable.

The fleet of "the Russian" was quite a navy. There were steamers and sailing vessels; coast steamers and river steamers, some thirty in all; with the Saginaw of the United States Navy, and a vessel or two of the Russian Imperial Squadron, and smaller barks; while England had been asked to contribute

at least one ship of the line. The number of men enlisted was about one hundred and twenty. Thousands of tons of wire, two cables,—one for Behring Straits, 178 miles long, and one for the Bay of Anadyr, 209 miles long,—insulators, brackets, instruments, wagons built specially for the work, etc., were duly shipped for the headquarters of the four divisions of the Expedition,—British Columbia, the Yukon, Siberia, and the Anadyr.

The Expedition was admirably systematized, and divided into parties of construction, engineer corps, and scientific corps. Each was under a chief and military discipline. Colonel Charles S. Bulkeley was engineer in chief. Colonel Bulkeley had won honorable distinction during the war, as superintendent of the military telegraph system of the Northwest. His staff was largely composed of army men of superior ability and peculiar fitness for their new field. A glance at the roll of officers and men discovers names of famous contributors to the bibliography of exploration and discovery. Chief among them, George Kennan, whose name has since been associated with Russia, and who made his first contribution to the subject in his story of his experience in building telegraph, "Tent Life in Siberia." Frederick Whymper was one of the Expedition, author of "Travels in Alaska and the Yukon"; also H. W. Elliott, who has recently published "Our Arctic Province"; Thomas W. Knox of the "Boy Travelers"; Richard J. Bush of "Reindeers, Dogs, and Snow Shoes"; and William H. Dall, whose "Alaska and its Resources" is standard authority upon the subject.

They tell of a poor student of the Smithsonian, a zealous scientist, who knowing that there was a rare, a very rare bug to be found somewhere up near the Straits, begged to go with the Expedition. He was taken under their wing, and became a valuable member of the scientific corps, and no doubt the rare bug was sent back to the Smithsonian, but the poor fellow died in the Arctic regions.

The four main parties were subdivided. Detachments were left at Plover Bay, Grantly Harbor, Anadyr Bay, and other points.

Many of the men did not hear from home for more than two years.

The *Anson Stager*, a little river steamer of the Expedition, was the first craft of the white man to ascend the Yukon from the Pacific coast.

"Where under the sun did you come from?" cried out the traders at Fort Yukon. They had always believed that the river emptied into the Arctic Ocean, and were slow to be convinced to the contrary.

Hiram Sibley tells of the dispute he had upon the subject in the office of the Hudson Bay Company in London. They laughed at the idea of the Yukon emptying into the Pacific. They knew better. There was the map before their eyes; the Yukon flowing into the Arctic Ocean. When they believed that story of the *Anson Stager* they would study geography again. Furthermore, there was a man in the office who was born on the Yukon. He ought to know, — he should testify for Mr. Sibley's benefit. The Yukonite came forward and testified that everybody on the Yukon believed that the river emptied into the Arctic Ocean. The Hudson Bay officials said that it did; the maps showed that it did; and he should so believe, although he had never seen any one who had followed the river to its source.

Mr. Sibley stood doggedly by his telegraph boys. Something like a year after he met the Yukonite returning from his native wilds. He said the story of the *Anson Stager* was correct. For all that, the foremost globe-maker in England did not correct the course of the river on his maps as late as 1883. Russian maps had shown the Yukon emptying into the Arctic as early as 1785.

Dall tells us that the exploration of the sources of the Yukon was first accomplished by the employees of the overland telegraph company.

The standard map of the Yukon was drawn from surveys made by the scientific corps. This map shows the length, various tributaries, posts, villages, and obstructions to navigators. "We are the only party," says Dall, "who up to 1866 have descended from the upper Yukon to the sea by river."

The first telegraph pole in the Yukon valley, — though it may be the last, — was raised near Nulato Bay, New Year's Day, 1866, with a salute of thirty-two guns, the display of the stars and stripes, and the explosion of an old Russian blunderbuss.

Never was traveler's tale more fascinatingly told than Kennan's "Tent Life in Siberia." We follow the Siberian party across the Kamchatcan mountains on snow sledges, over the dreary Korak plains; along desolate Arctic shores, and through fearful ravines. It had been a costly girdle, this one of "the Overland," even if it had repaid its cost ten times over; but when we think of all the heroism and endurance that was undergone, and that months after the success of the cable had made that heroism and endurance a profitless expenditure, we can but think that the world has never recognized the achievement of what it has called the grand failure of the century.

Where in the records of exploration do we read a more thrilling story than that Kennan tells us of the journey he made with a few companions from Geezhaga to Gamsk, along the shore of the Okhotsk Sea, — that fearful crossing of the "River of the Lost," when they camped on an icy drift sloping to the black waters, — "a breeze might send the waves to undermine it before morning." On they go, and are lost in a blinding snow-storm on the great steppe thirty miles from Gamsk; no wood, no food, yet stop they must, lest in the darkness they drive over the icy precipice into the sea. They creep under their sledges, to be so buried in snow they must cut their way out or suffocate.

"Drawing our heads and arms into the bodies of our fur coats, we squatted down upon the snow to wait for daylight. In a moment I heard Leet shout down into the neck-hole of my fur coat, 'What would our mothers say if they could see us now?' and he went away somewhere in the darkness, and squatted alone upon the snow. For more than ten hours we sat on that desolate storm-swept plain, without fire or sleep. . . . It seemed as if daylight would never come."

That is but one picture of a series of sim-

ilar ones. Seeking a chain of wooded rivers in the unbroken wilderness, — routes for the transportation of telegraph poles, etc., was something more than a pleasure excursion. Cutting poles on snow-shoes, digging post holes in soil frozen hard as rock, sharing the provender and tents of the natives, — all this and other features of the work was a hard test of physical and mental fiber, and we can hardly wonder that “poor Leet” committed suicide at a lonely Siberian settlement on the Okhotsk Sea ; while we realize the value of spirits like Kennan’s in such fearful straits.

The report of the Siberian party upon the occasion of their meeting once more at Geezhega, April, 1866, shows the good right of the Expedition on the catalogue of famous explorations. Some of them had just returned from a forced sojourn among the wandering Chookchees, where they had lived on reindeer entrails and tallow.

“Some of us had come from Kamchatca ; some from the frontier of China ; and some from Behring Straits. We congratulated ourselves upon the successful exploration of the whole line from Anadyr Bay to the Amoor River. . . . In seven months we had traveled in the aggregate almost ten thousand miles.

Almost simultaneously with the reunion of the Siberian party, the world was reading the latest news from the Russian Overland Expedition.

“The entire route is explored.” So ran the telegram dated Okhotsk, January 8, 1866, which was sent by post to Irkoutsk, and thence by wire to St. Petersburg, four thousand miles.

Having sent that triumphant message to the civilized world, the heroes of the expedition were quite unprepared for the next news they heard from home ; very old news, too, it was, before it reached many of them, more than two years old :

“The Atlantic Cable is a success !”

The party in British Columbia heard the news first of all.

Major Pope, the chief of that division, was just starting off for Kamchatca. Fortunately the vessel was delayed. He knew what

the success of the cable meant to the Overland, and so sent in his resignation at once. “I did not want to be banished to the ends of the earth, if nothing was to come of it.”

Nearly a year after, not until June, 1867, did the party on the upper Yukon get the news.

Whymper tells us that he was returning to St. Michaels from a long voyage down the river. The men had had a hard winter building the telegraph ; the ground frozen like rock five feet beneath the snow. Six holes a day had been considered good work, and lucky were the diggers if they did not fall into the snow-covered pits. At the order for retreat the boys at Norton’s Sound hung the poles with what black cloth they could spare, and then turned their backs upon the weird monuments of a lost cause.

The Siberian party received their news a little earlier and in advance of official notification.

The ice had broken in the Gulf of Geezhega, and the first of June brought an American whaler off Malooga Island. The homesick exiles, who had long watched for a sail, were not slow in boarding the vessel. In a copy of a San Francisco paper they read what took away their breath. One year before, August, 1866, the Atlantic Cable had won the race !

“The Russian Overland is abandoned.”

“It seemed hard,” wrote Kennan, “to give up the object for which we had devoted three years of our lives, and for whose attainment we had suffered all possible hardships.

. . . We had prepared about fifteen thousand telegraph poles, built between forty and fifty station houses and magazines, and cut nearly fifty miles of road through the forests. . . . Besides seventy-five Americans, we had a force of one hundred and fifty natives already at work, . . . and six hundred more were on their way from Yakootsk. Our facilities for transportation another year would have been unlimited. We had a small steamer on the Anadyr River, and had ordered another for the Penzhina. We owned one hundred and fifty dogs and several hundred reindeer. By the first of Septem-

ber we should have been able to take the field with nearly one thousand men."

"It is a proof of the strength of the Western Union Company at that period," writes Reid in his "Telegraph in America," "that it footed the bill of the Russian Expedition, three millions of dollars, without a shiver, and without at all reducing the market value of its stock."

The shareholders of "the Russian" were in the main Western Union men, and they received one-third of their paid assessments. So quietly did the undertaking disappear in the magnificent success of its rival, it was sooner forgotten in the United States than on the barren steppes of Siberia, where the wandering Koraks made their camp-fires long after with thanksgiving, let us hope, for the heaps of telegraph poles the pale-faces had piled up so carefully, as they must have thought, for their benefit.

"I have no doubt," wrote Kennan, "that years from hence, when Macaulay's New Zealander shall have finished sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, and shall have gone to Siberia to complete his education, he will be entertained by stories of how crazy Americans once tried to build an elevated railroad from the Okhotsk Sea to Behring Straits."

Steamers of the expedition were sent in due time to collect the men from the headquarters on the Anadyr, Grantly Harbor, and St. Michaels.

A year after the collapse of the enterprise one hundred and twenty men were encamped at Plover Bay, waiting for the Nightingale to come and take them home. Rude huts of sails, poles and planks lined the shores of the Arctic harbor. A few of the Siberian party returned by way of Europe, among whom was Kennan. Only four or five of the expedition were numbered with the dead; among these was "poor Kennicott," a great favorite among his companions, to whom Dall dedicates his "Alaska and its Resources." It is said that Kennicott was the student "who went for the bug"; that seems hardly probable, as he was Chief of Explorations.

It took time to dispose of the great accumulation of stores. Russian traders and the

natives were the purchasers, saving the cables, for which they had no use. These were sold to Henly, the maker, for about one hundred thousand dollars. They cost three times that, and had been "round the Horn" three times before they made their final voyage. Dividing and elongating them had been found necessary owing to a change in the proposed route. Where these hundreds of miles of cable finally found rest, Henly alone can tell.

The wreck of the steamer Golden Gate, belonging to the expedition, was one of the notable disasters, which all in all were exceptionally few. The loss of the Golden Gate in the Anadyr River was a bitter misfortune to her crew, who had to spend a terrible winter in their huts, on the diet of the wild Chookchees. So fierce were the gales, and so blinding the snow-storms, that guiding ropes were necessary for safe passage from one hut to another.

While waiting for the Nightingale the scientists sustained a loss in a valuable collection of lizards, snakes, and fish; a prowler in the camp not only drank the alcohol, but ate up the specimens. Whymper tells us that science was avenged in the result.

Late in September the Nightingale arrived. If ever a ship had welcome, that one did. There was no grand reception given "the boys" when they reached home,—such a one as they would have had but for the victory of the cable; and yet they were deserving of their country's gratitude. If they had not won the girdle, they had done their duty every whit.

Was there ever a more successful exploring expedition than that of the Russian Overland Telegraph? Its route of more than six thousand miles was passed over but once by its men, but they made a prolonged sojourn in many localities. The peculiar relations of the company to the natives, and its generous support of the scientific corps were favorable to ethnological research, as the literature of the expedition verifies.

The purchase of Alaska twelve years after Mr. Sibley's negotiations for a perpetual lease of a route through the province was the direct evolution of those negotiations. The West-

ern Union would undoubtedly have become virtual owners of a wide strip of the territory, and that for the sum of \$750,000, but for the unexpected success of the Atlantic Cable. The rebate clause of the contract had been signed by Count Tolstoï, and his Majesty the Emperor had graciously sanctioned the additional clause "as signed by the Russian Telegraph Department with the Plenipotentiary of the American Western Union Telegraph Company, Hiram Sibley," when "the Atlantic" not only laid the new cable successfully,

but succeeded in underrunning that of 1865, thus giving the earth at once two electric girdles.

Considering the gains to science and the many important results of the expedition, it may be questioned if the Russian Overland can truly be called a complete failure, even when its proposed, surveyed, and deserted route across British Columbia, Alaska, Russian America, and Siberia is contrasted with the five, if not more, Atlantic submarines of today.

Fane Marsh Parker.

A BALLADE OF DAY AND NIGHT.

WHEN Lucifer laughs at the flying shades
 And the blithe birds sing in the leafy way
 And Time's great glittering car parades,
 The light heart leaps in the joy of Day;
 But when in a musing mood I stray
 Where waves shine faintly on sand hills white
 And sea weds shore in a veil of spray,
 Why, then I think I prefer the Night.

When the sun rolls high, and remembrance fades
 Of cloud and storm, and the kindly ray
 Warms the golden harvest's ripening blades,
 The light heart leaps in the joy of Day;
 But when with Lalage I delay,
 And winds are soft, and the moon's alight,
 And summer's spell hangs over the bay,
 Why, then I think I prefer the Night.

When the locusts sing in the sleepy glades
 And the air is faint with the sweet new hay
 And the bandit bee the wild rose raids,
 The light heart leaps in the joy of Day;
 But when, confessing the Archer's sway,
 I look for the shining of twin stars bright
 That incline to be gracious, nor say me nay,
 Why, then I think I prefer the Night.

ENVOY.

When the chase is hot for the world's wreathed bay
 The light heart leaps in the joy of Day;
 But to read my Lalage's eyes aright—
 I really think I prefer the Night.

Frank Huntoon.

TWO PORTRAITS BY BOUGUEREAU.

COLONEL TRAVERS was a man of very fine feelings. No one could doubt this, for he asserted it constantly with great fervor. Nothing could be finer than the high standard by which he judged people. In fact his standard was a little too high for ordinary human actions. It was as good as a book of sermons to hear him on the duty of children to their parents, and of rich relations to their poor kindred. I have heard him in Sogg's bar, back of the grocery store, take such high ground against the arrogance of capital and the iniquity of creditors insisting on a literal interpretation of obligations, that there was not a dry eye in the smoke-clouded room, so deeply had he impressed his hearers with his lofty sentiments. Even Soggs, to whom most of the company were in debt, was much moved, and quite forgot that he was the capitalist, and therefore would be the oppressor of the party whenever he demanded his reckoning.

I enjoyed the Colonel's fine flow of language, and being a lonely man, in port but seldom, was fond of spending my evenings in the back room to which I have referred, where I often had the pleasure of hearing the Colonel take high moral ground on the topics of the day. I knew nothing of his family or position, but judged him to be in easy circumstances, since he obviously had no employment, and was always ready to accompany me on any excursion my vagrant fancy suggested.

I had brought a load of raw sugar from the Hawaiian Islands on the "Josephine," and was waiting in San Francisco till we reloaded with freight and merchandise for Melbourne, when the Colonel first invited me to his house. There had been some talk of investing the profits of my last venture in an enterprise that the Colonel was about starting. We had talked on this subject one evening for some time over our beer, when the entrance and effusive sociability of two gentle-

men to whom the Colonel had previously introduced me irritated him to such an extent that he proposed an adjournment out of doors to get rid of his too intimate associates.

"The fact is, Captain," said he, as we emerged from the back room, "those fellows are all sharks, and speaking as a man of the world, I should advise you to keep away from them hereafter. To one who understands them perfectly, as I do, it can make no difference, and I have to use all kinds of men; but with you it is quite another thing. I should not wonder," he continued with indignation, "if each one of those scallawags has not some scheme or other, with which he intends to swindle you; but I have conceived a high regard for you, and will never allow anything of that kind to occur."

As the Colonel buttoned his thin coat across his broad breast and prepared to encounter the wind that blew fiercely over the hill, he had the air of a man who would face all dangers and difficulties rather than allow his friend to suffer. It gave me a warm feeling around the heart to realize that here was one who would be a bulwark of friendship between my own inexperience and the ways of land-sharks.

We turned our footsteps westward, and walked facing the wind till we reached a remote part of the city, where vacant sand-lots alternated with showy rows of hastily built houses. The fog closed in so thick that we seemed wandering in a land of shadows, which loomed ahead in uncertain forms, assumed positive shape as we neared them, then faded into dim outlines when we had passed. Colonel Travers had talked as fluently as the steepness of the hills and his consequent shortness of breath would allow, and paused in the midst of a florid description of his scheme, when he found himself in front of a row of houses.

"Garrison," said he, "in order that you may know how much I think of you, I am

about to introduce you into the bosom of my family, a thing I would not do for any other of my present associates. I am, as you have doubtless noticed, a man of great pride and singular reserve."

I warmly assented to this, for the wind had obliged me to hold my hat on my head with both hands for some blocks back, and I longed to get into shelter.

Instead of entering one of the showy residences where we paused, the Colonel passed into a narrow, dark court leading back, and I, following him, soon emerged upon a space where some thrifty land owner had built a second row of houses, in what should have been the back yards of the imposing residences. Crossing the narrow space in front of the door, the Colonel drew from his pocket a latch-key, and somewhere in the darkness found a door, which presently unclosing, let us into a small entry opening into a room lit by a feeble lamp.

The relief I experienced at finding myself out of the fury of the wind at first prevented my noticing the room. After taking off my hat and coat, in which my host with hospitable warmth assisted me, I saw that a young woman had risen hastily from where she had been seated, near the lamp, and was regarding me with manifest disapproval. While I noticed this, the Colonel ushered me into the room.

"Felicità, my daughter," said he, "this is Captain Garrison, a very good friend of mine."

The young woman, who was a delicate looking little creature, bowed to me without speaking, and gathering her sewing implements together moved her seat to the farther side of the lamp, where she stitched away patiently, without taking any part in the conversation. I felt, rather than saw, however, that she was watching me furtively.

The room in which we sat was small and poorly furnished, but upon the wall facing me hung two pictures that would have graced the finest house in the city. They seemed so ill-fitted for their present position, that I could not help looking at them with great interest. One was a portrait of a beautiful,

dark-eyed woman attired in a rich ball dress. Diamonds clasped her throat, shone in her ears, and gleamed from her full white arms and shoulders in barbaric profusion. Her lips were parted as if smiling, and the whole figure gave the impression of a creature radiantly happy.

The second picture was a full-length portrait of a child, charmingly dressed in white with the shimmer of satin veiled in a profusion of lace. She was in a garden, and upon her arm hung a hat filled to the brim with freshly gathered roses. The face was of ideal beauty, and in one corner of the picture was the signature of Bouguereau.

The contrast that these pictures in their costly frames presented to the mean surroundings, and the irony that it seemed to me was implied in these semblances of joyousness looking down upon the little woman who sewed patiently upon coarse garments, made a strong impression on me. The Colonel, who brought out two pipes and a box of tobacco, did not seem to observe my pre-occupation; but finding me unwilling to smoke, assured me that his daughter did not mind it in the least. She having assented to this, we lit our pipes, and he continued to present his scheme to my mind in colors more and more roseate.

The lamp burned dimly, and fascinated by the mystery that seemed to exist here, I busied myself with theories to account for what I could not understand. Glancing at the industrious worker, I saw that while her father spun his meshes of cumulative fantasy around me, she on her part was regarding me with an expression of such offended pride that it impelled me to look at the pictures steadfastly till I could recover myself. The Colonel, following the direction of my eyes, interrupted himself to say with a wave of his hand, "My wife and daughter, painted by Bouguereau in Paris"; then, dismissing the subject, drew out of a drawer a prospectus which he had prepared, and proceeded to read aloud.

I had ample time to trace the beautiful features of the child in the pale, care-worn face that was now so persistently averted from

me, when, folding his rustling papers, the Colonel said :

" Felicita, talking is dry work : go and get us something to drink."

The young girl shivered slightly, and looked at me with strong repugnance, while I assured her father that I wished nothing, and could not allow his daughter to be at any trouble on my account.

He put aside my objections as one would the remonstrances of a wayward child, and his daughter, throwing a shawl over her head went out into the dark, foggy street.

When she had closed the door behind her the Colonel, with a melancholy shake of the head, said :

" It is a pity Felicita has so little philosophy. Her mother died abroad, and was a woman of great spirit as well as romance, or she never would have called her daughter Felicita Luxembourg Travers. Sounds well, does n't it? You see, when we were in Paris we lived within a stone's throw of the Luxembourg palace and gardens. It was long before the Franco-Prussian war, and my wife was in the habit of spending whole days admiring the pictures, till she almost felt as though they belonged to her, and it seemed natural to call the child by a name that ran constantly in her mind. Indeed, my wife thought sometimes of buying the palace, for we felt then that there was no limit to our prosperity. Felicita was receiving her education in a French convent when our dividends stopped, our stock dropped to nothing, and we had to come back. I tell the child luck is bound to turn, but she has not a particle of philosophy."

A noise in the entry announced the arrival of his daughter. Placing a pitcher of beer upon the table, and throwing back the shawl from her head, she revealed a countenance flushed and moistened with newly shed tears ; then seating herself at the table she quickly resumed her sewing. While the Colonel busied himself in setting out glasses, I looked over the edge of the prospectus I had hastily picked up at the averted face of the unfortunate girl. Her delicate nurture had plainly unfitted her for the only career that

was open. She was without a weapon against adverse fate, and as I saw her tears falling on the sewing at which she patiently worked, I realized the struggle of offended pride raging within her breast.

Colonel Travers enjoyed the beer with great gusto, proving that his indulgence in high-priced wines at one period of his checkered career had not interfered with his appreciation of home-made brew. Taking up the prospectus, he launched into a fresh stream of eloquence on the undoubted success of his scheme.

It was very late, so making an appointment with him for the next day I withdrew, inclining my head respectfully to the young girl, who had become the object of my most earnest sympathy. She did not notice my departure by so much as the quiver of an eyelid, but her father showed me the utmost consideration, bringing a candle which he shaded with one hand, as he indicated the way out of the narrow, dark entrance.

As I climbed over the steep hill, my thoughts were full of the singular domestic interior I had witnessed ; and I tried to contrive some way of benefiting this young girl whose proud reticence had so deeply impressed me. I could think of nothing better than to further her father's business schemes, for I felt assured from what I had seen that upon her slender hands rested the burden of providing for their mutual needs.

The following day, being prevented from keeping my appointment with the Colonel, I felt impelled to seek him at his home. The place looked pitifully squalid by daylight. Women with unkempt hair and ragged clothing stood watching a vixenish looking creature who carried a basket, and kept up a loud knocking at Colonel Travers' door, while she talked with the neighbors, who, attracted by the noise, looked curiously out of their windows.

My appearance caused every eye to be turned upon me. I am not accustomed to attract much attention, and being naturally unobtrusive would rather have made my call at any other time. It was impossible to retreat, so stepping forward I was about to

knock, when one of the untidy neighbors interrupted me by saying, "It's no use coming here to collect any bills; you won't get your money. The old man stays out until after dark, and if the girl is at home she never opens the door."

"You are mistaken," I replied, indignation overcoming my natural reticence as I turned to go. "I am a friend, and not a creditor."

"I don't leave the door this time," said the washerwoman, with a determined air, "until I get my money."

There was a general laugh among the lookers on as she placed her basket on the doorstep and sat down beside it. I thought of the helpless girl left to bear the brunt of this virago's abuse, and my resolution was soon taken.

"I came to pay Colonel Travers some money," I said, "and if you are satisfied, will settle your bill, and take a receipt, which I can hand to him."

This proved satisfactory to her. She assured me she was an honest woman, who wanted no more than her due. Paying the bill, which was but a few dollars, I left the place as quickly as possible; not, however, before I became aware that my unprecedented behavior was exciting much audible comment.

As I turned into the street, I looked back at the house, and fancied I saw a slight figure outlined at one of the windows. I might have been mistaken, but it quickened my pulse to think that perhaps Felicita had been there.

The next time I saw the Colonel he taxed me with having paid the bill; and being assured his suspicions were correct, he thanked me with effusive gratitude. I was his benefactor; no amount of mere money could ever repay this noble and manly act, which deserved nothing less than his life-long regard. I had, he said, preserved his existence, as debt was the one calamity he could not endure.

Elated by his appreciation of my conduct, which I felt had been unusually chivalrous, I was emboldened to enter a florist's and purchase a bouquet, which I requested my friend

to give his daughter, with my compliments. The beautiful eyes and reticent pride occupied my mind to the exclusion of everything else, and I walked with her father to his door before parting with him. I had been too timid to accept the Colonel's invitation to come in and rest; but the walk had fatigued me, and I paused for a few moments before facing the cold wind and steep hill. A window was quickly opened and closed; something came flying out which fell at my feet. Stooping to pick it up, with a foolish quickening of my pulse, I found it to be the bouquet I had selected with such care not an hour before.

Smoothing the bruised petals with an odd feeling, as though myself had been hurt, I carried the flowers to my room, where I regarded them attentively, to see if some fault of glaring color or coarse scent had not offended the young girl. She could not certainly have found either of those objections to the pink *Hermosa* rosebuds that alone composed the bouquet, which I placed tenderly in water. I did not know much of ladies or their tastes, but here, I decided, was one who disliked flowers to such an extent that she would not permit any within her presence. I recalled instances of the unconquerable aversion some felt for things others admired, and became satisfied this must be the case with Felicita. I fell asleep, resolving to apologize for my mistake.

When I awoke, this intention was fixed in my mind as being an imperative duty. I had outraged the refined susceptibilities of a tender creature, upon whom destiny had borne too roughly. I looked upon myself as having treated her most brutally, and hastened as early as possible to express to her my sincere contrition.

I met Colonel Travers in the street near where I roomed; in fact, he always happened to be somewhere about. This, he took occasion to explain after frequent accidental encounters, was in consequence of my central location. I invited him to breakfast with me. My appetite was poor, but he made an excellent meal, which I was glad to see, as it gave evidence that he bore me no malice. I

neglected most unaccountably to mention my intention of calling upon his daughter, and satisfied my conscience afterwards, when I remembered this omission, by reflecting that a restaurant was not an appropriate place in which to speak of a young lady.

Pleading an engagement, and promising to meet him later in the day, I parted from him and walked rapidly over the hill, whose steepness had not prevented my climbing it every day since my first walk in that direction. I felt more at home in this remote neighborhood than in any other part of the city. I realized that my visits must have excited remark, when I noticed, as I turned into the alley, that the grocer at the corner had come out on the sidewalk and was evidently watching me. I was vexed at his impertinence, but forgot my displeasure when I saw that the door was open, and Felicita seated in her old place, as patiently sewing as though she had never left the spot since I had seen her last.

I had planned just what I should say, but at sight of her I began to fear that she might consider my presence an intrusion, and so stood silent, hat in hand, till I found voice to ask if her father was in. She rose on seeing me, and stood haughtily waiting until I spoke.

"He is not at home," she answered, speaking with forced calmness, as though this announcement should suffice to rid her of my unwelcome presence. She trembled and her work dropped from her hand, as she leaned upon the table for support. Her evident distress and strong desire for self-control touched me deeply. I turned to go, forgetting all I had intended to say, when she spoke again, quickly, as though her emotion had mastered and overcome her will. "Why do you come," she said, "to see our misery, and humiliate me beyond endurance?"

I could not feel angry with her,—she was only a child, once petted and shielded, then suddenly bereft of a mother's care, and brought face to face with a bitter struggle for mere existence. I hastened to assure her of my deep respect and sympathy.

"I will not have your sympathy," she said

proudly and impatiently, as an undisciplined child might have spoken,—then sinking down upon her chair she covered her face with her hands and cried bitterly.

"I will leave you," I answered impulsively, "but you cannot efface the deep interest I feel, nor can you prevent me from striving to benefit you."

She did not raise her head, so taking a last look at the delicate figure shaken with convulsive sobs, I turned away.

My heart was heavy as though a personal grief had weighed it down. I could not find fault with her pride, in resenting sympathy as an impertinence, for that very pride, I felt, was her best safeguard against deterioration of character; but the thought that I had seen her for the last time gave me a curiously unhappy sensation.

When I met Colonel Travers a few hours later, I did not think it necessary to mention to him where I had spent the time since morning, and I felt a singular certainty his daughter would be equally reticent. This was our final meeting, for my vessel sailed the next morning. I spent the afternoon in examining his papers, and making the final arrangements necessary to convey to him the profits of my last cruise.

This scheme consisted in the proposed purchase of a disputed title to property in the business part of the city. He had many opinions from interested parties, proving beyond a doubt that an appeal to the law could not fail to be decided in his favor, and I made the investment without consulting any one in my own behalf, as I judged his leisure had enabled him to investigate the matter thoroughly.

The case was set for an early day, and I sailed away for Melbourne with a proud feeling that I had fulfilled the promise implied in my last words to Felicita, by thus being the means of securing her from the possibility of want.

It was four months before I returned to San Francisco. I imagined the Colonel would have been on the lookout, and would have met me on the wharf when I landed; but I anxiously scanned the crowd waiting,

without catching a glimpse of any one resembling him.

As soon as I had reported to the ship's owners, I started out in search of my partner, for such I felt him to be. Although I stood about the streets in the localities where I had been in the habit of meeting him almost hourly four months before, I failed to find him in any of his old haunts. I stood perfectly still in the most crowded thoroughfare of the city, when the idea first came to me that perhaps he had died in the interval. The thought of his daughter's friendless condition, if this were the case, gave me a feeling of faintness, and without stopping for more painful reflections I started over the hill to resolve my doubts and have done with the uncertainty.

California Street wore its old, familiar look. Despite the sadness of my last visit, I felt as if I were nearing home when I saw the entrance to the little courtyard. During the voyage I had not realized how strong had been my anxiety as to this money venture: but now I knew everything else was of no interest until I heard the voice of Felicita greeting me as I felt certain she would, when time and the prosperity she owed to me must have assured her of my sincere regard for her welfare.

Hastily passing the children at play on the sidewalk, I ran up the narrow steps. There confronting me on door and windows were placards bearing the announcement, "This House To Let."

The courage that had inspired me in many a weary conflict with the elements when far at sea, seemed suddenly to abandon me. The intangible hope that led me to seek this humble dwelling, before I had broken my fast or greeted a friend, died within me at sight of the empty house.

A woman, with a child clinging to her torn dress, came out and began hanging up wet linen in a listless, dispirited manner. I approached her, and asked if she knew where Colonel Travers had gone. She turned her lack-lustre eyes upon me, while she took out of her mouth the clothespins she had placed there preparatory to hanging up a sheet, and

then said "she never heard of no such people since she lived there."

I turned away, and slowly reclinced the hill. As the wind blew refreshingly in my face, a new idea occurred to me. How foolish to have expected to find them in the same place! our venture being successful they would naturally seek better quarters. At the corner I saw the German grocer who supervised the affairs of the neighborhood. He would be the very man to tell me what I wanted to know.

In my asking after the missing family, he would only tell me that they had gone, but where he did not know. "Did I ask as a friend, or —"

This hesitation was suggestive. After my assurance that I was a friend, and nothing more, he became communicative.

The Colonel, he went on to say, was a very fine man. On my assenting to this, and ordering some beer to refresh his memory, he waxed confidential.

"The fact is," he said, "the Colonel had a run of hard luck, and got very low down. The sheriff had a sale there, and the old man went to Arizona."

"And the young lady?" I asked, unable to disguise my eagerness.

He looked at me suspiciously, then took up a glass of beer, held it between his eyes and the light for some time critically, before he swallowed it slowly down to the dregs. Then reversing the glass upon the counter, as though that exhausted both the beer and the subject, said, "O, she has gone into a convent, I believe."

I ordered more beer. The man might have been a fish from the quantity of fluid he seemed to require, but he should swim in the best his barrels held, and be scaled with every coin I owned, before I would give up the subject, for I now felt that he was keeping something back.

We talked about the weather while I continued to pay for drinks. He could not refuse to consider his own interest, and grew less suspicious as he became more thoroughly moistened. Suddenly, interrupting a remark of mine about the value of property in the

neighborhood, he said, "The fact is, I wanted to marry that girl once."

I could scarcely restrain myself from springing upon the brute, but keeping a strong control upon my feelings, answered: "Well, why did you not do so?"

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then polished his knuckles thoughtfully, before he replied that he had changed his mind.

"I bought some of their things at the sale," he continued, "a lot of old rubbish, because I fancied the girl at that time; but I am going to be married to a countrywoman of my own next week, and would be glad if I had my money back."

"Let me see your things," said I eagerly.

He opened the door of his back room, and there upon the wall, begrimed with smoke and dust, I saw the paintings I had so much admired in the Colonel's parlor.

The pride, opulence, and loveliness of the woman, and the tender grace of the happy child, were as fresh in the picture as though no change had come to them.

"They was fine people once, them Trav-
erses," said the grocer, as he stood on a chair and wiped off the proud faces. "I sold the frames to a second hand dealer for ten dollars, but I thought I'd keep the pretty woman for my bar room. My girl, she come here the oder day, and she say they was awful stuck up looking women, and she got jealous of them. 'Mein Gott,' I told her, 'Maria! would you be jealous of a picture?' but there is no use talking sense to them fool women. I've got to take them pictures down; I must have a quiet life."

"I will pay you what you gave for them, and take them with me at once," said I.

The bargain was soon concluded. An express wagon in the neighborhood was procured, and I sent the pictures to my cabin on shipboard, where I stored away everything that was precious.

Inquiry in the city satisfied me that the Colonel's sanguine nature had misled him when he assured me of the certain success of his law-suit, for the Simmons claim was rejected, and among holders of that title I

could hear nothing of the Colonel, save that he had gone to Arizona, to start from the bed rock again.

My vessel was chartered to load with wheat for Liverpool, and I sailed away from San Francisco, taking with me as mementoes of my acquaintance with the Colonel his most cherished household deities.

A year was passed in busy mercantile ventures from port to port on the Atlantic Ocean, when a telegram came directing me to take the ship to San Francisco where she had been sold. We made the voyage safely; I turned the vessel over to the new owners, one of whom at once assumed command; and so it was that, leaving the ship which had been a home to me for many years, I remained in San Francisco seeking for something to do.

My pictures, the only women upon whom I looked with favor, accompanied me, as they had done since I became their proud possessor, and with their gracious presence gave me a sense of companionship in the lonely room I had chosen as my abiding place.

I was destined to experience the proverbial fickleness of fortune, for I could find no vessel to command; nor was there any vacancy among skilled seamen,—for I would have taken any position I could have found.

One day, passing the cathedral at an hour when the congregation were leaving, I saw among the crowd a figure that strangely suggested to me the grace with which Felicita moved. Walking with what haste I could, I neared the lady only in time to see her step into a private carriage, which was rapidly driven away. She was certainly about the size of Felicita, but the richness with which she was appareled forbade my continuing to trace the resemblance. I had not seen her face; besides, Felicita had given up the struggle, and if ever found would be clothed in the rigid simplicity of conventual garb.

Full of a strange, newly awakened hunger to see the girl again, I peered anxiously into the deep bonnets of the nuns I sometimes met hastening about their daily offices of charity. The calm, serene wonder with which my anxious looks were met by unfamiliar eyes recalled me to a new sense of the hopeless-

ness of my search. If I did succeed in finding her, I sternly asked myself, what difference could it make? But still I longed to see her, no matter how high her heaven-pledged life might hold her from me.

I had always been fond of music, and never missed an opportunity of hearing anything good that came in my way. At this time Kellogg and Cary were delighting San Francisco. I had read the playbills and press comments with an increasing desire to hear them, that I might take with me in my loneliness the memory of their soul-inspiring strains. I could ill afford the indulgence, but when "Aïda" was announced, with the two great vocalists both in the cast, I flung prudence to the winds, and went to hear them.

The wealth and fashion of the city filled the seats. I stood far on the outer edge of the crowd, with an acquaintance who knew every one of any note. The names he mentioned as he scanned the audience recalled the successful ventures of the day. This one had made his money in Ophir, at the last deal; that one had largely profited in a recent land speculation; others, he said, belonged to the Bonanza crowd; still others, born in obscurity, had inherited sudden wealth from unknown relatives. Diamonds shone in every direction, becoming toilets adorned the ladies, whose soft whispering behind their fans before the curtain rose filled the air with an undertone of subdued murmuring harmony.

The curtain rose, and I forgot the crowd. Strain after strain of melody so bewitched me that I lost all consciousness of my surroundings.

When, after the last notes of the first act had died away, my friend ventured to touch me upon the arm, I saw that there was a slight stir among the audience. Heads were turned, fans fluttered, whispers were exchanged, the "*jeunesse dorée*" standing near posed themselves afresh, and I realized that some event, the magnitude of which I did not comprehend, was taking place near me.

A party of gentlemen accompanying a lady were making their way through the crowd to

a box. Upon them all eyes were centered. One of the gentlemen was rather portly, and carried himself in a manner strangely familiar. Could it be possible? I borrowed my friend's opera glass, and assured myself beyond a doubt that this well satisfied gentleman with wide expanse of waistcoat was none other than my former partner, Colonel Travers. And the lady with him? I turned the glass eagerly upon her as she entered the box, and sat down facing the audience. It was indeed Felicita!

No convent garb obscured the beauty of her figure grown to womanly proportions,—her dress was one a princess might have worn. She seemed entirely unembarrassed by the many glasses leveled upon her, and bore herself with an easy grace that showed her not unaccustomed to attract attention. Her fan was jeweled, and flashed gleams of radiance as behind its screen she spoke to the gentlemen who accompanied her.

Dizzy with the recollection that came to me in sharp contrast of the tear-stained face she had lifted to me when I saw her last, I handed the glass back to my friend.

"That young lady," said he, "is the greatest heiress in San Francisco. She has been educated very carefully in Europe, and this is her first season here."

"What is her name," I asked as carelessly as possible.

"Her name is Travers. Her father is one of our millionaires, and made his money in Arizona. They are a very proud family, and when the Colonel was hard up a year or two ago he left his daughter abroad, while he came back to retrieve his fortunes. You can see from her bearing that she has never known adversity. The gentleman bending over her is an English nobleman whom she met abroad, and to whom rumor says she is engaged."

The curtain rose again, the sweet, weird music filled the air, but I could no longer give it my entire attention. Upon Felicita my eyes and mind were concentrated. There was an irresistible fascination to me in her every movement.

At the close of the second act the Col-

onel, who had manifestly been longing for the moment of deliverance to arrive, rose and left the box. Excusing myself to my friend, I too stepped out into the lobby, where I met my old acquaintance face to face.

He had evidently forgotten me, and was passing rapidly down the stairs when I accosted him. A puzzled look came over his face as he extended his hand in answer to my greeting, and said, "You have the advantage of me, sir. I remember your face perfectly, but cannot recall your name, nor the circumstances of our acquaintance."

Watching his face intently, I saw that he spoke the truth, and having so much at stake, I persisted in claiming a recognition. "The last time we met, Colonel, was when you took leave of me on board my ship, the *Josephine*, as I was about starting for Australia nearly two years ago. My name is Garrison."

"Of course," he replied, renewing his cordial grasp of my hand. "Come, let us take a drink together. Why, that was a long time ago! Let me see," he resumed, as we went out of the theater, and into an adjacent saloon. "Did you not join me in some scheme I had in hand? What was it? or is my memory again in fault?"

"You are quite right. I had great hopes of our investment in the Simmons land title when we parted."

"That was it," he exclaimed. "I knew you were an old partner of mine, but I have been in so many schemes since then you must excuse my having entirely forgotten your name. It was too bad about that title. I don't see now how they came to decide it against us. Here's to you," and the Colonel drained a goblet of champagne, which he assured me was the only thing he could drink.

I turned my face away — to conceal the smile that involuntarily crossed my features, as I remembered the unnumbered glasses of beer the gentleman before me had absorbed in times gone by at my expense. But those days were over, and the Colonel with happy facility seemed to have forgotten everything connected with our former acquaintance.

"Come with me, Garrison," he said with hospitable fervor, "let me introduce you to my daughter."

I eagerly assented, and we soon stood in the box where Felicity was holding a levee of the eligibles of the city. She was looking across the theatre as we entered.

When her father attracted her attention and introduced me, she extended her hand, and said with charming graciousness, "It is not necessary to introduce me to Captain Garrison, whom I remember perfectly."

She showed no surprise at my appearance, but made room for me to sit beside her. The English gentleman who had accompanied her eyed me with marked disfavor, and as she introduced us, said with a courteous bow, "It must have been while she was in Europe you were so fortunate as to have met Miss Traversers."

Quickly, looking me full in the face, Felicity answered, "You are right, it was while I was among strangers and needed friends that Captain Garrison proved himself a friend to me."

"He was most fortunate in having had such an opportunity," rejoined the gentleman, as she turned from him and spoke to me.

I think she said something about her enjoyment of the opera. I was too much bewildered by her coolness to do more than bow my assent to her remarks. It was evident that, while she expressed pleasure in renewing our acquaintance, she desired to warn me against committing any imprudence, and was resolved to have her former residence in San Francisco unknown to her new friends. She spoke of the novel impressions made upon her by this advanced outpost of civilization, balanced upon the rim of a continent, and reached only after traversing a sparsely inhabited interior. She expressed herself remarkably well, and I could see was endeavoring to put me entirely at my ease. When she asked me with evident interest what would be my next voyage, I had recovered myself sufficiently to answer that I was in search of a vessel, as I had lost my old command.

The reappearance of her father, with several gentlemen, warned me that I was monop-

olizing her attention more than the Colonel liked; so promising myself the pleasure of calling upon her at the hotel she designated as her residence, I left her side, and resumed my place far back among the crowd, where I could watch her unobserved.

I stood there until the performance ended, oblivious to what was going on upon the stage, for an emotion more intense than that which was being feigned before me had entire possession of my thoughts. As I stood near the stairway when the crowd dispersed, Felicita's dress brushed against me, and I met her quick smile of recognition in passing. Then I went home in high spirits to think it all over, with the eyes of her beautiful mother and her own face as it was in childhood smiling upon me.

I feared I might be considered impolite if I did not call at once; and so the next afternoon I sent my card in to Miss Travers.

I was ushered into the spacious rooms she occupied, where I found her accompanied by a lady to whom she introduced me with much dignity.

Madame Rebard, for that was the stranger's name, monopolized the conversation, and would have succeeded in entertaining me very well had I not been desirous of conversing with Felicita, who was very silent and ill at ease. Our acquaintance, which last night had seemed intimate, appeared today of the most casual nature. She spoke to me, I indignantly thought, as she might have done to any stranger.

I missed entirely from her manner the undertone of interest and friendship that had given me so much pleasure. She was obviously expecting some one whose approach was of more importance to her than my presence. Wounded beyond expression, for she had given me her address and had asked me to call, I soon ended my visit. She was, I asserted to myself with mortified pride, the most capricious woman in existence.

In the hall I met a gentleman hurrying in the direction of Felicita's door. This then was the expected guest, this the happy man for whom Felicita waited with absent manner, and ears intent on every passing foot-

step. Not the Englishman, as I had feared, but a gentleman I knew well by reputation, a wealthy man, and a director in one of the steamship companies. I said to myself with bitter emotion, "Naturally she prefers the society of this successful man to the company of a miserable wretch who has just been suing the other for employment." Never again, I vowed, would I intrude myself upon her; and with rage in my heart I went to my room, for I could not bear to meet any one.

The next day a letter was handed me, conveying the welcome news of my appointment to a command in the Pacific Mail service. I had sought this position for many months, but having no friends in authority to push me forward, had hitherto failed of success. Now I could leave San Francisco, where the very streets spoke to me of Felicita, of my long search, my unexpected meeting with her, and the cruel rebuff I had encountered.

I satisfied myself that my acquaintance with the young lady would not warrant me in apprising her of my good fortune. But when taking my precious portraits closely covered from intrusive scrutiny in a cab to the steamer, I saw Colonel Travers coming out of the Bank of California, an ungovernable impulse compelled me to stop the cab and join him upon the sidewalk.

"Colonel," I said, "I am just off to join my steamer which leaves at noon for Panama, and must bid you good-by before starting."

He cordially grasped my offered hand. "My dear fellow, I congratulate you. I did not know you belonged to the steamship company. Sherwood, one of your directors, dined with us last night. He is a fine fellow, and admires Felicita immensely."

I dropped his hand, suddenly remembering that it was near the hour of sailing, and turning back to the cab, said: "I hope you will take my compliments to your daughter, and express to her my regret at being unable to call before my departure."

Bidding me adieu, he raised his hat to me, and we parted.

I looked at the pictures on the seat opposite me, and thought how glad the Colonel would have been to have regained them. I had

intended placing them at Felicita's disposal when I called upon her, but the young lady's evident desire that I should shorten my visit had such a depressing effect upon me that I could not introduce the subject. Afterwards I resolved I would not part from the portraits, as I esteemed their artistic merit far above any sentiment I might connect with the originals.

I hung them upon the walls of my stateroom, and covered each with a curtain of dark stuff securely fastened. When I was safe from intrusion, I looped back the curtains, but during the day was always particular about keeping them closed.

We had a pleasant trip to Panama and back to San Francisco again. I left the vessel, while in port, only when my duty absolutely required my presence elsewhere. Nothing in the city possessed the least attraction for me. I did not wish to meet Felicita again, and hardened my heart against her as far as was in my power. My position pleased me, my duties absorbed my entire attention, and I assured myself I was rapidly forgetting Felicita, and that the unconscious influence she had maintained over me was gradually passing away.

We left San Francisco on my second trip the 10th of May, a date much favored by travelers, who are then almost sure of a pleasant passage. I was busy at the hour of starting, and did not see the passengers come on board; but the purser told me every cabin had been engaged for some days before leaving.

The first day out there were two places vacant at my right hand. The second morning found them occupied by two ladies. As I took my seat, one of the ladies made way for me with a smile of recognition that set my heart to beating so violently that it almost choked me. It was Felicita, and her companion, Madame Rebard, accompanied her.

The little Frenchwoman expressed her delight at finding she had met me before, and with voluble speech explained that Miss Travers, requiring a change of climate, had resolved upon taking a trip to Panama and back. Felicita was very silent, and expressed no surprise at meeting me; she seemed not

displeased at my presence, and accepted the little attentions it was in my power to render her.

I never made a more delightful voyage. There was just enough breeze to keep the air pleasantly cool, as we steamed swiftly along over a perfectly tranquil ocean. Felicita at first was averse to coming on deck, but the entreaties of her companion, who complained of being stifled in the close cabin, at last prevailed upon her to accept the proffer of my spacious stateroom for her use during the day.

One moonlight evening, when doors and windows were wide open to catch the passing breeze, we sat there together. Madame Rebard, ensconced in a cane-seated chair, was dozing with great propriety and in a very erect position, when Felicita suddenly said:

"What are those curtained pictures, Captain?"

We had grown no nearer to each other during the weeks spent together on the ocean. Our conversation had never touched upon our past acquaintance, nor upon anything deeper than the trivial occurrences of the hour, so that her question took me entirely by surprise. I was so happy in the daily companionship steamer life rendered possible, I dreaded saying anything that might chill her gracious manner to me.

"They are portraits, mementoes of the past," I said, as carelessly as possible, "and very dear to me."

There was a pause for a moment, as Felicita played with her fan; then lifting her eyes to my face she asked, "Captain, were you ever married?"

"No," I made haste to reply. "The pictures are not mine, and refer to no sentiment in my life. The fact is, I am keeping them for a friend."

"For a friend," she repeated, still fixing her eyes upon me, as though my countenance might reveal something my words hid. "Why then do you have them so mysteriously covered?"

"Because," I answered, "I prize them beyond anything I possess; because they are sacred things."

"How long," she said, with a touch of

scorn perceptible in her voice, "do you intend to keep these sacred things covered, so that no one may cast a profane glance upon them?"

"Until I reach San Francisco. No, not that long," I cried, stung by her scornful tone. "I will return them at once. Come, Miss Travers, and look with me upon what I have cherished for your sake, and hold now only subject to your order."

Opening the blinds that shaded my windows, I let in a rich flood of tropical moonlight full upon the pictures, and everything in the room could be seen as plainly as though it was mid-day.

Felicita, abashed at the vehemence she had unthinkingly aroused, looked wonderingly at me as I parted the curtains. Then, as the light touched lovingly the well remembered treasures of her youth, she leaned forward with clasped hands. "My mother! My mother!" was all she found voice to say. Her eyes filled with tears, and she held out her hands to me, with a sudden emotion of gratitude. Claspng them in mine, I told her how I had acquired the pictures, and how guarded them. "But why," she asked, smiling through her tears, "why did you

not tell me of this when you called at the hotel?"

I turned away from her, and loosened my clasp of her hands, as I recalled that visit.

"You expected some one else," I said. "I felt myself an intruder, and so could not remain."

"It was for your sake," she answered, "I made the appointment. Had I not seen Mr. Sherwood that day, the position you now hold would have been filled by some one else."

"Felicita," I exclaimed, "is it possible you planned to benefit me then? Then you must have cared for me, as I did for you through all the weary time of separation!"

"I loved you from the first moment you were kind to me," she said; and then—a book upon Madame Rebard's lap slipped to the floor with a loud noise.

Madame moved uneasily in her chair, yawned, then opened her eyes, and with great self possession remarked, as though she were continuing the conversation, "I wonder if we shall reach Panama tomorrow,"—at which we two embarrassed, yet happy, laughed prodigiously.

So it was all settled, and my life hopes blossomed in the tropics.

George Hyde.

DECLARATION.

I FIND no flame-tipped words upon my tongue—

As the apostles once at Pentecost—

To speak for me. No kindly love hath glossed

My uncouth speech, and my rough passion hung

With tapestry of words so deftly strung

Upon each other that the warp is lost

And leaves but woof to show. Nay, love, the frost

Of fear to all my heart would say has clung.

Yet, when I say, "I love you," what remains?

Strange how this time-worn phrase will come and come,

"I love you," and "I love you," o'er and o'er,

As if the sheer devotion it contains

Sufficed to hold all pettier utterance dumb,—

My love, I love you, what can I say more.

Francis E. Sheldon.

THE ARMY OF GRAY EAGLE BAR.

ALL summer there had been more or less trouble on the mountains at the head waters of the middle fork of the American River, and the miners had suffered severely from the raids of the Washoe Indians, who came across the mountains to commit depredations and obtain provisions without paying for them.

We were not troubled, being too remote and too numerous for them to reach or attack, but every once in a while the boys would be worked up to a pitch of excitement by the news that would come down that such and such a camp had been raided; for the Indians came like coyotes when everybody was away.

Then the news came that some one had been killed in one of these remote camps away up between the north and middle branches of the middle fork of the American River, and it required but this to set the miners on the various bars in a flame of excitement.

A meeting was called and it was determined to send up a company, — an army, some one said, — of volunteers to the relief of these men who were mining far beyond Last Chance and Miller's Defeat.

Patriotic words were spoken and all kinds of appeals made where such words and such appeals were unnecessary. Sufficient it was to know that some of the boys there, far up in the mountains, were in danger and in need, to get all the help it was possible to give. Three things were necessary, — grub, guns, and gunpowder, and a fourth essential in the shape of a mule or two.

Then the serious work began. The first thing to do was to elect a captain: instinctively the mind of all those who had had experience in these affairs turned to one man. He was the great Indian fighter and bear hunter of the locality, and when Jerry Poland consented to take command, one-half of the battles had been fought and won already.

The other officers were duly elected and an account taken of the munitions of war. By dint of scouring the country some thirty rifles and guns were found, and Captain Jerry, cautious fellow, had them all carefully examined and tested before starting out. It was well he did, for among the old fashioned muzzle-loading Kentucky rifles and double-barreled shotguns more than half were unfit for service. These had to be repaired, — at least, as many as were reparable, — and a youngster, an ingenious fellow, was elected armorer, and was permitted to work day and night in putting them in order. While the guns were being repaired grub was being gathered, of which flour, coffee, sugar, salt codfish, pork, and beans, were the principal delicacies. It was found that powder was a little scarce, and as a matter of precaution some blasting powder was taken along; this was before the time of giant and Judson powder, or perhaps they might have been included.

By the time the provisions, the ammunition, and the mules were gathered together, the armorer had all the guns in shape, — some twenty-six in all, — and it was announced that the volunteers would come together that afternoon for dress parade. There was a goodly turn-out, but most of the volunteers were in fatigue costume, — which was not strange, seeing that they had been working hard all day. When they fell in line it was evident also that care had not been used in selecting men of equal length or breadth but as they possessed the fighting qualities this was not so important.

The Captain was not much of a hand at addressing the army, and in fact, as Captain Jerry afterward said, the whole matter of "a dress" did n't cut much of a figure in fighting Indians. But he did tell the boys that they must do as he told them, except that when they got in close quarters then they must do as they pleased except to run, and he contin-

ued, "Don't kick up a row, but get on Mr. Indian silently, and always keep a tree between you when you can." His advice was undoubtedly suited to the occasion, although it is not to be found among modern authorities on military tactics.

The military ardor of the army of Gray Eagle Bar was at a high pitch, and on the morning of 28 October, 1854, at sunrise the army of relief was on its march to the scene of war. The march was up hill, as many such marches are, and single file because the trail was too narrow for anything else. Captain Jerry at the head, then thirteen men, then the two mules followed by the rest of the company, the youngster armorer bringing up the rear.

Camping at noon for a brief meal, the journey was continued, and by the middle of the afternoon snow was reached, but the company pressed on to a place where there was wood and water to camp for the night. About half an hour after dark we reached the camping place, built our fires, and made some coffee. As we were not encumbered with tents it was an easy matter to make our camp.

Captain Jerry called the roll, and all answered except the youngster. Had he deserted on the first day's march? No; they all knew his spirit, and not one of the little band of warriors suspected that. A couple of men were detailed to find him, and returned over the trail they had come. After half an hour they halted, and fired off a rifle as a signal. Amid the pines and the snow, the silence and darkness, they heard the echo of their rifle shot, but no other answer.

The brave fellows went on farther and halted again, and there again in the silence and the solitude fired another signal shot and listened. Ah! a faint sound of a shot in the distance tells them they are heard, but it is so faint and so distant that they still continue their backward march. Once more they give a signal shot, and this time the answer comes prompt and sharp, and soon the missing one is found.

Worn out and overtaxed in fixing up the old guns, he had started out with the com-

pany after two days and nights of almost incessant work, had kept up with his comrades long after they had passed the snow line, had eaten rather freely of the snow in order to quench his thirst, and suddenly and without warning had swooned and fallen on the snow alongside a tree, at what hour he knew not, nor how long he had lain there.

All he knew was that when he awoke it was dark, he was in the snow, he was refreshed, and after remaining a few minutes to gather his thoughts, he knew what had happened. Finding the beaten trail in the snow, he had followed the track of the company, and in course of time heard the rifle shot, and felt sure that it was a signal for him.

Early next morning the company went forward on its march. In places the trail was rough in the extreme, and in passing around a point of hill, one of the mules struck his pack against a projecting rock and was thrown down the bank. We had to make a halt at the first opportunity, and five men were detailed to bring up the pack, as it was assumed that the mule was dead; but to our surprise by night the men returned with the mule and his pack, — the latter a little battered by the tumble, but the former seemingly none the worse.

We camped as usual that night, but the snow was deeper, and weather somewhat colder. The next morning our commander-in-chief scented Indians from afar, and we were all on the *qui vive*.

It was not long before we came across their tracks; we never realized what making tracks meant until then. We had never seen so many tracks running in every direction, crossing and re-crossing, bare feet and moccasins. Captain Jerry said it was a device of the enemy to confuse us, and ordered us to halt while he went on a tour of observation with one or two trusty trackers, and soon came back with the assurance that we were on the right trail. "But," he said, "there are lots of them."

So we followed the tracks for an hour or so, when they divided and split up in various directions. As we could not take them all, we took what the Captain said was the right

one, and left the others to take care of themselves. The right track took us to the left, and they kept growing fewer and fewer by subdivision, until the tracks of but a few Indians were left for us to follow.

Meantime the snow grew deeper and deeper, until it became difficult to travel over; but we presently saw our Captain's nose point and his eagle eye flash. He ordered a halt and said, "Boys, down thar's Injuns," — pointing to a valley far down below us. We discerned a slight smoke ascending from the timber.

The snow lay deep on the hillside and perfectly smooth, a clear slide of about a mile from where we were to the foot of the snowy slope. One man was left in charge of the mules while we charged down the hill, — every man astraddle of his roll of blankets, with a stick broken from a bush for a rudder and brake. One of the company had a bear-skin, and astraddle of that he sailed by us triumphantly. We envied him with his slicker cutter as he went by waving his hat in the exuberance of his winning speed, but *helas!* for him, few as the snags were he struck one, and down he went out of sight through the crust deep into the snow. We passed by the hole but could not stop just then even to say goodby. In fact the orders were to say nothing, so we said it and reached the bottom in safety. We cast our eyes upwards expecting to see him of the bear-skin crawl out of his hole, but in vain.

Our Captain had some thin poles cut, and detailed some men to crawl back to where he of the bear-skin was supposed to be buried and fish for him. It was done, and after some considerable effort and delay the man and his bear-skin were rescued, fortunately none the worse for the accident.

We soon got into marching order, and advanced on the enemy, who fortunately had not perceived us. We advanced cautiously, keeping in mind the injunction of our Captain to keep a tree between us and the enemy as we neared their camp.

The camp of the Indians was at the foot of a hill, and we managed to get on the hill behind their camp, completely surrounding

them. At the word of command we pounced down on them, a most astonished set. They had had no time to get their arms if they had wished, and were thoroughly frightened. The squaws set up a terrible howl.

There were about sixty Indians besides women and children, probably one hundred and forty in all. We stood guard over them while our men searched the camp for some evidence of stolen goods. Their chief was closely examined as well as some of the men, and we became satisfied they were not the tribe we were after. In fact some of our men recognized them as peaceful Indians; so we released them. In return they informed us that the Indians we wanted were the Washoes, and that they had been over robbing both whites and Indians; that they were in strong force, four hundred to five hundred, and that the tracks we saw were undoubtedly their tracks.

We got once more in marching order, and taking a more circuitous route, marched up the hill again. By night we reached a log cabin where we made our headquarters, and camped for the night.

The next day we spent in a sort of council of war, and it was decided that we should explore the country around, to see if we could find traces of the Indians we were after. We were not successful that day. Meantime there had been one or two snowstorms, and it was becoming more difficult to get about. We felt secure, however, as we were on the top of the divide, and nearing the summit of the Sierra, so that we could make a quick descent of two thousand feet to the river-bed, and below any danger of deep snow.

The next day we fell on some new-made tracks, and following them up came on to more, until we got on the track of a large body of Indians. Some distance beyond there was a divergence, and we followed it to a little valley in which there was but little snow. We followed the same tactics as in the former case, and were rewarded by running across evidences of an Indian camp.

As we cautiously and silently approached, we endeavored to flank the camp as before

but failed, for the Indians caught sight of us and the majority of them escaped up the hill. We, however, secured three young athletic fellows and bound them prisoners. The rest, some twenty or thirty squaws and six or eight old Indians, we did not molest, but carefully examined the camp, and thought we found some evidence of stolen goods. These Indians acted very differently from the others; were taciturn and independent, but showed some evidence of guilt. We decided to take one of the prisoners to headquarters, our log cabin, and cross-examine him at our leisure.

Some of our men were in favor of shooting the prisoners on general principles, — or lack of principle, — but Jerry Poland, our Captain, put a veto on this, so we started back with our solitary prisoner, and by night reached our camp.

After supper we secured our prisoner to the posts of the bunk, and placed a reliable man on guard, who was relieved at 1 A. M. by another guard equally reliable. In the mean time we had tried to get some information from the prisoner, threatening him with all kinds of dire punishment if he refused, — all without effect. He remained silent and seemed to pay no attention to us. Further examination was postponed until the morning.

About half past five in the morning our guard gave the alarm and fired a shot. We sprang to arms, expecting the enemy was upon us, but found that our reliable guard, knowing our Indian was lashed to the post, and that the distance to the spring was quite short, took the bucket to get some water, and his gun to protect the bucket. As he stooped to fill his bucket at the spring, his prisoner, who had cunningly released himself from the post, but retained his position, saw his opportunity, and made a spring for dear life. The guard saw him and fired as he was fleeing, but without effect. It is useless to say the cross-examination of the prisoner was postponed.

It was then decided to follow the main body of the evidently fleeing Indians; and we soon got on their tracks, although fresh snow had pretty well covered them up. The sky became overcast, and snow began to fall

till it became so deep that every foot of the way we had to break trail; that is, the foremost man would beat and tramp down the snow for a few minutes and then fall back. We made such slow headway, and the snow fell so fast that we halted, and after a consultation decided to return to our cabin, which we reached, after considerable effort and pain, late in the afternoon.

Here we decided to stay until the storm was over, — but as there seemed to be no likelihood of its abating, and we found that there remained only provisions enough for two days longer, it was determined to beat a retreat.

One of our men was quite sick and could not move that day, but felt confident that with a day's rest he would be all right. As he urged it the company decided to return next morning, leaving him and the youngster, who volunteered to remain with him.

The march back was made successfully and without serious difficulty; but the sick man proved sicker than he thought, and had to remain two days, he and his companion subsisting solely on salt codfish and salt pork. On the third day the snow had ceased, the sun came out, and they started back.

For a while all went well, but they had no snow-shoes, and the snow being just deep enough to come below the knee, with a thin crust of ice on top not strong enough to bear, it cut the flesh of their legs very badly. They, however, reached the river on the second night. It was pitch dark, the river was up, and the log on which they had to cross was submerged, the swollen river rushing over it in the middle, and causing it to surge and sway so that the crossing was exceedingly hazardous. They, nevertheless, decided to attempt it, and to trust in Providence, and succeeded in getting over the river safely, and back to the camp by midnight.

It was a fortunate thing for this little company that they did not succeed in overtaking the main body of the Indians, who although in retreat, — not knowing the fewness of their pursuers, — were sufficiently large in number to have completely annihilated the army of Gray Eagle Bar.

MARGARET'S ROOM-MATE.

VIII.

HE leaned forth eager to know what it was that threw the charm into Margaret's nature. He cast his eyes over the darkness but it was darkness and blankness to him. He felt the soothing effect of the still night, but it was only the enjoyment a dog might have felt under similar circumstances, at least he was willing to acknowledge that he was no more affected than a dog would have been. Disappointed yet expectant, he turned to Margaret. "There's nothing here but blankness," he said, "as there always is."

Her features had relaxed to a childish mobility, yet aglow with the passionate feeling of full womanhood. She stood silent several moments and then whispered:

"Why, don't you hear what everything says? The wind telling where it has been, what news it brings, what mood it is in. Can't you imagine it telling the lumber piles down there what the Humboldt forests said to it, what messages they sent down here? It is mild tonight,—but it is always talking. And the trees? Why, everybody hears *them* talk. And the houses? Why they talk by the hour to me; they tell me about themselves, the people that are or have been in them. The people on the streets,—and the ships,—and all the sounds on the wharves unravel themselves to me, while I stand here. And the bay too,—and the hills."

"Bay,—why, it's blank darkness!"

"O you wild savage,—no, you are a civilized man, for the savages always hear voices."

"Well, how will it be tomorrow when you are in the office and my world is awake and stirring? Is it distasteful to work? Do you like the noise of the street—or would you prefer the wind and the trees? or will you think of what your friends have told you tonight?"

She sighed. "It's all gone,—something to think about and wish for,—but it's gone."

He laughed triumphantly and pulled her away from the window.

"My seeress, you can't do your work that way. You will get discontented, then moody, then sick, and all your life will be spoiled. You must live the city life or go out of town. I expect you belong up in the mountains among the quail and cotton-tails, anyhow."

"No, I don't think so. I get inspiration this way. They leave a good influence, I think, but the trouble is, I'm not satisfied with that. I want to run away, to quit work, and as you said a little while ago, be nothing—forever."

He looked down into the flushed countenance, the quiet eyes, now alight and dilated, the sensitive lips, red and nervously quivering. All over her face were the marks of the contending emotions that her disconnected words but half-pictured.

If he had thought her fair at the foundry, what did he think her now? If he was proud of her friendship then, what did he feel now? If he had thought her noble then, what was his opinion now, when he saw her so stirred and unguarded by the reserve that usually accompanied her?

He grasped her hands gently but firmly. "My poor little girl, it's a hard problem for you, so lonely and so impressionable."

There had always seemed to her a bright hardness about Ben's character, like the surface of steel shaded down by a little superficial gentleness to weak things like Maud. He was an honest man, and seldom endeavored to conceal from Margaret those unpleasant traits that chilled her and often repelled her; but now when he spoke in a new tone,—such low, loving tones,—when she saw a new light flashing from this instant's consciousness back down their friendship, when she saw this new vista of possibility, she could only stand spell-bound, waiting for some chance to help her. And that moment Maud awakened, sat up, puckered her mouth for a

yawn, when the unusual scene burst upon her, forced its way to her dazed comprehension, and the pucker of her mouth contracted, grew rigid, and turned white.

She sat very still while Ben with unmistakable sheepishness dropped Margaret's hand, seized his coat and hat, and stopped just long enough to draw the former on, and remark to Maud, "I am going now and perhaps when I come back you'll think enough of me to keep awake and talk off my own sleepiness"; and then the girls heard him half-stumble down-stairs and finally go down the steps. And they were alone.

Maud did not move from the sofa, but her eyes became very brilliant, with a brilliancy new to Margaret, a light that revealed the tempest already stirring in the girl, that told how she had interpreted the attitude of Ben, and divined what had passed during her nap.

Margaret could never have recalled, if she had desired to do so, one-half of the accusation and reproach that followed. It was a medley of wild adjectives, wild in their application, and supplemented by tears and burning glances. Over and over again Maud declared that she would leave and never return; and finally she seized her hat, and without wrap of any kind ran fleetly down stairs and out into the street. Margaret tried to stop her, but was pushed aside and left alone with crueller accusers than Maud, — her own thoughts.

Bewildered, sick, and despairing she could only sink, in the midst of mental chaos, into the nearest chair. It was hours before she could evolve a steady thought, or a train of thought, out of the turbulent agony into which she was so suddenly precipitated. But when she did think it was quickly. Her thoughts had been ranging themselves for review, one portion of her being methodically preparing to dispatch the business it saw piling around it, while her consciousness was still steeped in stupid, dumb pain. And the first thing she did when she roused herself was to write a short note to Mr. Hardin, telling him that under a misapprehension Maud had left her, and she thought she had gone to a

friend (whom she named), and had he not better see her?

It did not take long to write the few lines, but under what torture did she pen them! Mortified pride that her womanhood and honor were attacked so coarsely, agony that she was so misunderstood, a weak haunting regret for the pleasant past now a past indeed, and above all, stronger, most clamorous, most shameful, the sense that Ben's low-spoken words had not angered her, had not made her scorn him. Set her resolves as firmly and as tensely as she would, wicked little thoughts would lurk under cover and crop out, thoughts to further plans for eluding the darkness of the day to come, to bring her by some wild chance to the happiness of the evening before, to do something — anything, to avoid this her first big installment of human pain. If she tried to face what her conscience called duty, each time, like a restive horse forced into the ocean surf, her heart contended, rebelled, and finally leaped beyond bounds and she was in chaos again.

She knew from past experience of pain that tomorrow hers would be dull, — not so acute, yet hard to bear. She should not be blinded and swayed as she was now; not tempted to extravagant steps; she should see her way, but it would be no easier to follow, so barren of all promise, of the *one* attraction that her wayward soul now held at premium, therefore so utterly desolate. She knew that a few days would set her right in Maud's opinion; that Ben would retract his dangerous admission and do what she had all along understood to be his intention, — take Maud under his protection; that whatever he suffered now — for she knew that he loved her — he would put that aside as a soft indulgence that a man fighting the hard problems of life had no right to permit himself. She even longed for the time when she should have a clear understanding of all that these things comprehended; she longed to take up her life-threads again and spin them out as the humble share of labor allotted to her.

Her reason was clearing, but another part of her, something with which she was but dimly acquainted, had sprung to mammoth

strength, vigor, and eloquence, and as each time she flung it aside, like Antæus it sprang up, renewed in power. Did she try to picture to herself all of Ben's failings, the trivial faults so apparent, and compare him to her ideal of manhood? O, yes, she carefully recalled the features of their every meeting, but somehow each fault was now a shadow, while his pleasant characteristics leaped into high relief, — and — ah yes, Margaret, even his compliments, those pleasantries by which he could quite gracefully express his admiration of her, which had passed from her memory at the time with her brief, answering smile. Then they were compliments, only now, do what she would, she could not force them back to their former triviality.

"O it isn't myself!" she cried despairingly. "I know him for what he is, good and bad, well mixed. I don't excuse him. I never did. But something comes pushing against my judgment with an excuse for his every act. I know it is worthless, yet so plausible." Poor Margaret!

The dawn finally tinged the room with a gray shadow, filtered through the white curtains. She threw up the sash so the pure air might come in. The morning was clear and almost hazeless. The town was not yet stirring; not even the ferry-boats had fired up. What a peaceful, still scene! the great town almost touched with holiness in its outwardly unguarded, unvigiled slumber, with the fairness of a naughty child helpless in sleep.

She turned back to her bedroom to dress her hair. In the glass she saw what havoc the night had wrought, and her estimation of herself shrank away to nothing.

"O you poor coward!" she cried vehemently, clenching her hand. "You passion-swayed reed! You see yourself now a mere weed tossing in any wind, not what you prided yourself on being, something akin to great spirits, grand, passive, and serene like them; — and it needed only a breeze to set you quivering and tossing." And after a pause she added, "But that's an argument for yielding. If I am a reed, why, like a reed I must bend, and I will *not*. I was n't born in Tennessee, I don't come from the Lane

family, to show weakness now. What have I been thinking of all night? Was I panic-stricken because she was so rough? God help me — it sha'n't happen again." Then she returned to the front windows to wait for day.

IX.

WHEN it was time to leave for the office, Margaret carried the letter to Ben and mailed it at the nearest box. The letter-box stood on the point of the hill, commanding a long vista of the bay, between two rows of boarding-houses and factories sloping to the wharves. The bay was very calm, of a deep blue, whitened to the southward by the touch of the sun; a green ocean-stream angled across it and lost its serpentine windings in the mistiness of the Alameda shore. It was the same tempting picture she had looked on last night and interpreted for Mr. Hardin. Again the longing and yearning for obscurity and irresponsibility came upon her; and from wishing herself as one of the graceful gulls careering beyond her, her thoughts slipped to Ben.

With a great effort she pulled herself together. How hard she found it to go into the fleet town, already awake, washed, dressed and breakfasted, and started forth for ventures, discoveries, and conquests, the wounds of last month healed, those of yesterday hidden away under its neat coat. Poor Margaret! It was wrong to love Ben and she knew it. It was wrong to think of having loved him and she knew that. It was wrong to want to prefer her individual selfish happiness to the common good, and she knew it. She was yet going right, the way she had loved and was proud to go, and she knew that, — and yet how many times that day did she ask herself why this thing was wrong and forbidden.

About noon her letter came to Ben, and he went in search of Maud. When he found her, it was with an indignant, eloquent friend, who talked and barricaded him on the stoop, until all the sympathetically indignant neighborhood had put its head out of its window,

listened, and humiliated him ; and then he was taken into the close, dark parlor ; and in a moment Maud ran confidingly into his arms, sobbing out, "O, how I hate her ! I told her how I despised her. I just told her what was on my mind ; she won't forget it very soon, neither. Was n't she a deceivin' thing, Ben ?"

"Come, come, Maudie," he said gently. "Never mind about her now. You misunderstood her, and when you're quieter, I'll explain ——"

"Misunderstood ! Why, did n't I see her with my own eyes holding your hand ?"

"I was holding *her* hand."

"O Ben, don't go and stand up for her now ; she don't de——"

"I say I was holding her hand."

"O how could you, Ben, after sayin' you loved me, — an' everybody thinks we're goin to be married ? I'll be mortified to death. I can't live through it when folks know we ain't ——"

"I expect we will be. I was tired last night. I'd had some trouble with my men. You wouldn't listen to me nor sympathize with me, and she would. It was kind of her, and when I rose to go — we shook hands."

"You're lyin', Ben, jest for her."

"Hush, will you ?" he answered, sternly. "I said we would n't talk of her again, — certainly not in this manner."

The new tone awed Maud, and perhaps in that moment of her recovered happiness and just discovered master, she loved Ben better than she had ever done, and threw a new, reverent manner into her parting kiss.

He arranged to move her belongings from Margaret's rooms to other lodgings until such a time when lonely lodgings should be no longer needful for her. And then he left her, — happy, contented, proud.

He went back to his work, and all the afternoon his mind was busy ranging his deeds before it, examining his purposes, his secret wishes, all the avenues of desire that had led to his late acts. He examined himself rigidly, satisfied himself that he was working with good principles, and carefully laid his plans for the stormy ways he saw himself entering upon. Making his peace with Maud was the

least part of it. There were trials before him that would burden years.

He had felt no compunction in telling Maud he had been merely parting from her friend. If she guessed the truth, he argued, let her. No one was harmed, she least of all. She could not understand — why tell her what he and Margaret felt ? And when he was clear with himself as to what he should do in regard to Maud, his thoughts went back to Margaret. He was remorseful of his hasty acknowledgment, remorseful of the pain she endured. He could make her no reparation now except to tell her more fully that he loved her — and always should — in a reverent way ; that he should remember her as a noble woman, a sweet woman, more than worthy of an abiding love ; that he would try and profit by their readings. In that way he would love her. It was the only reparation he could make. Did he feel remorseful for the sorrow he had caused Maud ? No, he hardly thought of her after shaping his course in regard to her. If he did, it was that she did not feel herself much wronged. She did not reproach him, and so there was no harm done beyond the shedding of some tears, which was wholesome, some gossiping, which was equally necessary to her good. Did he feel remorseful for so letting her slip from his thoughts ? No — he could not help it. He would do his duty by her — it was out of human possibility to do more. It was Margaret's image framed by the foundry walls, Margaret's pleasant voice murmuring above the clanking and roar of the great machinery, Margaret's quiet chat that he recalled, Margaret's standard of manhood by which he now adjusted his every movement, Margaret, Margaret, Margaret, with a tender pleasure in the soft, Oriental sound of the name. Margaret ! Margaret ! Margaret !

He had many misgivings as to how she would receive him. He feared something strong, though he knew that would be foreign to her nature. Delicately wishing to forewarn her, he sent her a note saying that he should come the following evening for Maud's trunk and other odds and ends —, that he "had explained away Maud's misconception."

He came just before dusk. Margaret drew back the white curtains that the last light might come in, but did not ask him to sit down. Though an expressman waited without, Ben took a chair a little in the shadow.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Margaret, if you will allow me."

She saw she must sit down and did so, feeling intensely the calmness of his tones — certainly shadowing some determined utterance.

"I think I did you a very great wrong in making you the admission I did the other night. I sha'n't try to excuse myself, and I can't make you any reparation, if I may use such a term, or if reparation can be made, except by telling you — that I love you. It is all that I can do."

Margaret started.

"There may be no honor nor consolation to you in any such information, unless the satisfaction of knowing how much my love for you will help me along. I sha'n't repine any — there's no economy in that — but make my thoughts of you burning lights in the future to guide me. There's nothing dishonorable in that to either of us."

"But," she replied, "you cannot love Maud and another woman too."

"No, perhaps not. Maud will be my wife, and I will do a husband's duty to the best of my ability. I think I shall do it honestly, but no power can keep me from loving you. You must understand how it is, Margaret. You must know I could n't do otherwise."

"I want you to forget me."

"That's trash — sentimental trash. I can't forget you."

"But you will be unhappy."

"As we can't discuss that with mutual consolation and sympathy, let us not mention it at all. I've thought it all over, Margaret. You can't in reason object. Why should you? It's my consolation. Can't it be yours?"

"I will not listen to it, Mr. Hardin. It is unnatural, — it is criminal. I should feel accessory to a crime. I don't ask any 'atone-ment.' That's nonsense. It was to be, and I don't see any 'reparation.' There is no

delight, no consolation, — no revenge for me, in what you say. And I should be a ghost, an evil spirit bringing misery to your home, — and I insist for your sake and Maud's and mine that from tonight you put down every thought of me. It will not take long."

He sat for some little time in silence, and Margaret clenched her hands and waited.

"I can't see any harm in remembering you," he began again. "In fact, I can't forget you; and I will not neglect my duty."

"Duty!" she cried. "Duty! What a hard, harsh sound it has! A something forced from necessity — done because it has to be done."

"It will be a faithfully discharged duty, Margaret. You do not know me yet."

What was Margaret to say to this almost placid reply? What was she to say when she was glad he loved her, almost exulted that it was so? It was no use to think of Maud, and try to lash herself to a proper sentiment of horror. But she replied, "I don't care to talk with you. I am tired and dull; and it seems no use. You were always set in your ways. But I tell you you are wrong. It is criminal, and you must see it so some day. You must forget me. It can't profit you to cherish a dead memory."

"It is n't dead; it is living."

"It is wrong."

He arose, and with the expressman carried all of Maud's belongings down stairs. Margaret had gone to the head of the stairs methodically to see, — as any one would have done, — and suddenly Ben ran up and stood on nearly the upper stair.

"We may n't see each other again, Margaret. Of course you'll carefully keep out of my way. But I want to know if you really meant what you said — that you were not angry with me."

"No, I was not angry. I am not."

"Will you always feel that way?"

"I sha'n't be angry."

"Then you love me. Don't you, Margaret?"

A long pause.

"Yes, — I always shall."

I. H. Ballard.

IMPRESSIONS OF A "TENDERFOOT."

IV.

CHALLIS AND THE CHALLISITES.

WHO has not stood silent and breathless, waiting the bursting of the black, rolling thunder cloud? The stillness is so oppressive that you can feel it; and you stand in silent awe, with uncovered head, almost afraid to breathe, so majestic is the overshadowing presence of the storm king.

The simple facts in the case are, poetry aside, that the barometer has suddenly fallen an inch or so, and you feel the consequent depression from the lighter atmosphere. You no longer hear the fainter and finer notes of nature's orchestra, not because they are no longer produced but because there is not sufficient air to convey them to your ear.

Think then how much more oppressive must be this feeling in a region the highest range of whose barometer is several inches below the point which indicates our fiercest storms. The novice feels a constant sense of some impending calamity, — an earthquake or tornado, or some other outburst of the pent-up Titanic powers.

It is in part this feeling which so impresses one when he first reaches the mountain summit at Sherman; and it is this same feeling which clings to him more or less throughout his mountain rambles. The finer, softer music of the babbling brook and whispering breeze is lost in space's vacancy, and only the shriller and more piercing notes reach the ear; the low, murmuring hum of the myriad insect world is unheard, and one hears only the sharper sounds, making it seem a land of shrieks and screams.

Few of us realize what an influence these seemingly little things have on the lives of men; but that they do exert a mighty power can hardly be doubted by any one who studies his own sensations while in high altitudes.

One must here breathe as much faster as the air is correspondingly thinner and lighter,

in order to supply the requisite amount of oxygen to keep the vital engine going; the heart-throbs are quickened to keep pace with the respiration; one *lives* correspondingly faster; and he must of necessity wear out his vital machinery in the ratio of this accelerated action.

We were told by one of the most eminent physicians in the West, that even in Salt Lake City, where the elevation is only about four thousand feet, the pulse of a man in vigorous health is accelerated from five to ten beats per minute, as he had learned from long experience as examining surgeon for several life insurance companies. How terribly rapid, then, must be the wearing-out process in the case of those poor fellows who often not only live, but labor, in the mines, at an elevation of more than ten thousand feet. No wonder that their systems crave artificial stimulants, and that so many fall into habits of dissipation. It would probably be possible to trace out, if local influences could be eliminated, a close relation between the relative altitudes of places and the "fastness" of their population.

We had climbed about two thousand feet in our journey from Salmon City to Challis, and we were soon impressed with the fact that Challis is fully that much faster than her sister town but sixty-five miles down the river. It is the county seat of Custer County, is a place of considerable commercial importance, and is, withal, a pretty little town of several hundred inhabitants.

There were many most excellent people in the place, but they had not been able to enforce a high state of public morality. The three great curses of the frontier were too painfully prominent; and the Sabbath was far from being a day of holy rest. There was, however, a growing sentiment in favor of a better state of things, and it was hoped the time was not far distant when schools and churches would take the place of gambling houses and drinking dens, and when ribald

song and the shameless face would have been banished from the streets.

Here we met Bishop Tuttle of Salt Lake City, who had annually, for many years, voluntarily made the rounds of the towns and mining camps of this whole region,—preaching to the people, baptizing their children, and doing what he could in every way for their spiritual welfare. The roughest men we met had nothing but words of unstinted praise for this noble-hearted and self-sacrificing man. They knew that he voluntarily gave up, for their good, the comforts of his pleasant Salt Lake home and the society of his cultured wife and family; and this appealed most strongly to their better natures. If they never had any other Sabbath, they were sure to have one the Sunday Bishop Tuttle was in town, and they made it a point of honor to turn out and hear him preach, no matter what their creeds might be.

It is said that one day while crossing the Lava Desert, there was a burly ruffian in the stage shamefully abusing a woman. This so incensed the good Bishop that he stopped the stage and unceremoniously put the fellow out. The story of this exploit was, of course, told by the driver at every station, with such variations as a fertile imagination could invent in so righteous a cause, and the man of peace soon found himself a canonized hero, as well as a saint. He has the happy faculty of remembering every one by name, and he has a kind and cheering word for all. What a field there is here for a few more such men,—but such men are very rarely found. We did n't hear him preach, but it seemed to me that when he talked to these people of the Great Sacrifice made for their sins, his words must fall with peculiar power.

The Bishop has a fund of good stories which he enjoys telling, especially when the laugh happens to be on himself. There are two good Methodist brothers who travel through certain parts of this region occasionally, doing what good they can in their humble way. They are men of no great literary attainments, but they are quick-witted and ready with retorts. One day while crossing the mountains in a one-horse buggy, the

Bishop happened to meet these two clergymen jogging along in a comfortable double carriage. They stopped to greet each other, when the Bishop said in his good-natured, bantering way, "How is it that Methodist preachers can ride in two-horse carriages, while Episcopalian bishops must travel in one-horse buggies?" whereupon one of the disciples of Wesley retorted, "Why you see, Bishop, we're none of your one-horse preachers!"

But while the Bishop preserved a cheerful exterior, he fully appreciated the seriousness of his work. In conversation with him one day, I referred to the hardships he must necessarily endure while making his long annual tours of the mountains. He sat in a thoughtful mood for a moment, and then said:

"Yes, it is very fatiguing, but I have been blessed with unusually vigorous health, and have thus far been able to bear it; and I trust to exert an influence for good over these people; but there come times when I feel myself shrinking from the work with a dread lest I should break down and lose my power over them.

"I am forcibly reminded of the story of an actress, who, though she had drawn large houses night after night, came forward one evening to the foot-lights and stood silent and motionless, as if listening to some one a long way off; she then turned to the manager and said in a loud stage-whisper, 'Don't you hear them hiss me?'

"She had been living at too high a mental strain, and now suddenly felt her power giving way, and she realized that her influence over the public had gone from her. So I, when starting on these long tours of the mountains, find my intellectual nature responding to the promptings of my soul with, 'Don't you hear them hiss me?'"

How many of us have had some such feelings of our own,—a fearful looking forward to a possible time when our powers shall have given way, and we are doomed to see our work pass from us,—when we have outlived our day of usefulness!

Here is a good-natured son of Erin's green isle, whom I had previously met in Salt Lake City, and who there informed me that he was

making money faster than he ever had done in his life before, — he made twenty cents every time he drank a glass of beer, which there cost but five cents, while up in Idaho it costs "two bits."

Many of the good old mothers in these regions still adhere to the comfortable, old-fashioned habit of smoking long-stemmed pipes. But a woman, some way, does n't seem to make a success of smoking. She takes hold of it as a sort of business necessity and not as a pleasure. She sits bent forward, and hurries up the business as fast as possible without any foolishness.

Now a man will throw himself back lazily in his chair, and contemplate the smoke as it issues from his mouth and nose with an air of the supremest satisfaction; but a woman never smokes that way. You don't catch her fooling away any time watching smoke; it's not business-like. Her habit of bending forward when she smokes seems to be wholly in the way of saving time; she can then expectorate as wildly as she pleases without changing her position. Spitting with a man is reduced to an exact science, if it may not, indeed, be regarded as a fine art; he can lie back complacently in his chair, and spot a knot-hole every time he does n't miss it; — but a woman is n't a success at artistic expectoration after any amount of practice.

I sat one morning chatting with one of these good old mothers; I have observed that old ladies usually take a friendly interest in me, — a sort of fellow feeling, as it were. This one naturally felt that I reciprocated her feeling of kind interest, and so regaled me with a bit of her personal history, smoking furiously meanwhile in the customary attitude.

"You see, Mister, I've never had much chance, — *puff, puff, spt, spt*. My folks moved down to Mizzoora when I was only a chunk of a gal; and I never got much school-in' nor larnin', — *puff, puff, spatter*. Then we moved away out on the pararah about thirty-five mile from Fort Dez Moinz, and then out into Newbrasky. Afterwards I come away out hyar, but you know a lone widder has to do the best she ken."

I nodded assent, as much as to say it was a chapter out of my own personal experience; whereupon she expectorated most recklessly for a full half minute, when, after a few reassuring puffs, she continued with an air and tone of apology. "*So you see I married Jim*, and I s'pose now I'll stay in this hyar country!"

Poor dear old soul, I wanted to say something sort of comforting and soothing, so I ventured the suggestion that she had doubtless had her share of troubles as we all have, but that Jim seemed to be a fair sort of man as men go, that he was n't half as worthless as some I had known, and that it was a great satisfaction to know that she was so happily mated. This had the desired effect, and proved so reassuring that she smoked with perfect tranquillity for a full minute; then she changed the subject to that of the church; and we soon discovered that we were both deep-water Baptists of the hardest possible shell, — I would have turned Mormon or Shaker rather than break the bond of sympathy so happily established between us.

The old miners in this section possess the common virtues and vices of their fellow workmen in other high altitudes. They are kind-hearted and generous to a fault, but in too many cases are as improvident as — well, as *miners*. There does n't seem to be any other adequate term of comparison.

There are, of course, many among those working in the mines who invest their wages in a rational way, and are providing against coming age, — men of quiet, sober, moral lives, men who are not only esteemed by their employers, but, best of all, who have preserved their own self-respect. But on the other hand, I regret to record that there are far too many who, though they earn from three to five dollars a day, spend but little for the necessities of life and nothing for its luxuries; and at the end of their hard year's labor have nothing left. It all goes through that closely allied trinity of abominations — the dram-shop, the gambling den, and that other still deeper-dyed progeny of Satan.

In conversation with the sheriff of Custer County, I asked him what would be the fate

of these poor improvident fellows in a few years when they have grown too old to work. "Oh" said he, "they die off like sheep!" And this, it is to be feared is the most that can be hoped for many of them.

In company with friends, I one day visited Bay Horse and the rich mines in that vicinity, some twelve miles distant across the mountains. The town stands in a narrow ravine or cañon, with high mountains on either hand; and at the upper end of the one street is a great smelting furnace, the fumes of which, laden with sulphur smoke, arsenic, and other noxious exhalations, are carried by the winds into every open door and window.

It was past noon when we arrived, and were directed to a certain restaurant as the most promising place for a good quiet dinner. This restaurant was the back room of a saloon and gambling house, and while our dinner was in preparation we were given seats in the front room.

The stage soon drove up to the door, and a fellow lying on the porch in a helpless condition was tumbled into it for some one of the mining camps from which he had strayed. This, together with the rattle of dice, the clinking of glasses, the blasphemy of some of the inmates, and the sulphur fumes from the furnace, produced a combination altogether too suggestive.

We visited the furnace after dinner, and were told and shown by the gentlemanly proprietors many interesting things connected with the separation of the gold and silver from the grosser metals with which they are associated.

We then visited the mines, and penetrated to the very heart of the mountain where the precious metals are hidden; and we found that quartz mining is not such hard work after all. The giant powder does most of the work, while the miners play hide-and-seek around the corners. These mines are of great richness, with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of rich ores in plain sight.

It was late when we started back, and the sun set just as we reached the summit of the mountains. The view from this point, even

though mountains had grown monotonous was truly grand. Probably ten thousand square miles of mountains, forming a perfect wilderness of peaks and chains, stretched out before us, from Montana to Washington, many of the snowy summits sparkling in the rays of the setting sun like mammoth diamonds.

But it was growing cold up in the mountains, so we passed on, and soon met two wretched women trudging wearily up the mountain side. They had been refused passage in the stage, owing to their well known character, and so with their characteristic bravado they had set out to make their way to Bay Horse on foot. They had been on the way all day, and had not yet accomplished half the distance,—with night and the bleak mountains, and no human habitation before them. One of them was already hysterical from exhaustion, and both seemed ready to drop from fatigue. As they staggered on up the mountain, I could not help feeling that it would be a blessing to these most miserable of creatures should the wild beasts put an end to their wretched existence.

We drove on in thoughtful silence for some distance, when one of my companions half aloud, said, "Truly the way of the transgressor is hard." "Yes," I responded, speaking aloud the thoughts which had been passing through my own mind, "and 'the wages of sin is death!'"

And now the stars shone out of the clear sky with a luster such as we never see in the lower altitudes, and one could not but marvel how their pure eyes can look down so calmly and tranquilly on such human wretchedness. A little later the great full moon came up over the eastern hills, throwing such a strange spell of quiet, peaceful beauty over all the landscape, that we found it difficult to realize we were not driving through some wild, enchanted fairy-land.

Among the stories you have doubtless heard regarding the Far West, is one to the effect that nothing ever putrefies in that anti-septic atmosphere; that fresh meat hung out of reach of the hungry coyote cures as in a smoke-house; that the flesh dries on the

bones of defunct animals, furnishing excellent winter ranges for wolves and Indians, even as the grass dries on the hill-sides for the use of horses and cattle; and that, in consequence of this, one here smells no offensive odors.

Now all true Western men make it a point of honor to believe everything good they hear about their country, and consequently when an animal dies they simply haul him out by the wayside, and leave him there to "cure"; and as they afterward pass by, they religiously abstain from smelling anything offensive.

While driving over the 'beaches' at Salt Lake, it did seem to me that I smelled something very decidedly like dead horse, but as I had often heard that "the stench of polygamy rises toward heaven," I accounted for it in that way, notwithstanding the fact that I am something of a connoisseur in smells.

But as we drove slowly along through the enchanted moon-lighted valley on the evening of that eventful day's journey to Bay Horse, I became suddenly aware of the presence of the same old familiar smell, and I could n't account for it on the Mormon theory this time. The fact, too, that a horse lay just by the road-side, with his toes turned up from the sage-brush, led me to harbor a strong suspicion that unburied dead animals, even in this climate, do sometimes become offensive, antiseptic theory to the contrary notwithstanding.

But the days flitted by on golden wings, and we found it hard to say the last sad words of parting to some of the very kind friends we had met. What a whole-souled, kind-hearted people they are out here in the mountains anyway. One could n't help liking them if he tried, and he does n't feel a bit inclined to try after he has become a little acquainted with them.

V.

A FOUR DAYS' DRIVE OVER MOUNTAINS, SAGE PLAINS, AND LAVA DESERT.

THERE is a daily line of stages from Challis to Blackfoot, the nearest accessible point

on the Utah and Northern Railroad; but by the kind generosity of that biggest-hearted of men, Colonel S., we were provided with an excellent broad-seated, easy-riding, double carriage. There were in the party besides the grown people the Colonel's three boys ranging in age from twelve to sixteen, and their cousins from Salt Lake City, — all of whom were returning to school after a long and to them most delightful vacation. And what a lark it was for them; and what an ebullition of fun and animal spirit they kept up during those four days' drive! But the driver was one of the best-natured of men, and "Uncle Will" was used to boys and liked them too, so they were permitted to have full swing, and enjoy this bit of sugar at the bottom of their vacation's cup to the utmost.

Some one has said, "What a solemn thing it is to be a girl," but I say after long experience with him, "What a jolly thing it is to be a boy!" I mean, of course, the rollicking, good-natured boy, who is neither a dude nor a hoodlum. If Miss Mabel drives him from the parlor for some of his pranks, why it is just what he was looking for, — he does n't expect many favors, and sometimes gets less than he expects, — so he is off to the kitchen where the cook may either purchase peace by filling him up with doughnuts, or drive him out to visit with the wood-sawyer, — who in turn introduces him to the stable-boy, whose acquaintance he cultivates, and from whom he learns many choice bits of English, unknown to either Webster or Worcester; and which, though a trifle horsey and a grain or two slangy, are neither profane nor coarse; and they *do* seem to add a certain amount of spice and sparkle to boyish wit, however much we may preach against them.

The first town marked in our guide-book was Mountain Spring, where we had intended to take our noon repast, but as we had jogged along at a good round trot most of the way, we reached there at eleven o'clock, — too early for dinner we decided, to the infinite disgust of the boys, who had been waiting patiently for the past two hours to explore Aunt Melia's generous lunch-basket stored away in the rear of the carriage. But while

the older members of the party agree that it is too early for dinner, some of us cannot help meditating on our own boyish days and the victuals we then liked.

"The victuals we liked!" What a theme for meditation! How it calls to mind those happy, innocent days when we sat in old sugar hogsheads around the corner, and scraped from their grimy staves a compound which a chemical analysis would probably have shown to be one part brown sugar, one part molasses, one part pitch and resin, with traces of many other ingredients.

But while our teamster watered his horses, we took an inventory of the "town." A cold mountain spring in a clump of sheltering bushes, a large heap of black bottles (empty), a wagon-load or two of old fruit cans, and a small sized mountain of stable refuse, — and this was all, — the stage station having been removed to the other side of the mountain, where a new road branches off to Bay Horse.

Just at the summit of the mountain, we met a peddler with a wagon-load of water-melons, shipped all the way from California. This was too much for boyish abstinence, and forthwith one of our party invested half of his ready cash, "six bits," in two little runs, both of which proved rotten, but which were eaten nevertheless, albeit with dreadful maledictions on the head of the poor peddler whose antiseptic theories had probably led him to believe the melons perfectly sound.

It was the little end of August, but the weather was cool up in the mountains, and snow could be seen on the higher peaks in almost every direction. What vague and misleading ideas one forms of this inter-montane region.

Probably most of us think of it as a great plain walled in on the east by the Rocky Mountain range, and on the west by the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges — the intervening region being well adapted to a game of giant croquet; but the facts are that nearly the whole area, so far as our observation extended, is a perfect labyrinth of mountains, many of them crowned with "snow five thousand summers old." There is an

occasional area, such as the Lava Desert, where the mountains have been taken down and melted over to make room for Nature's artillery drill; and there is, too, an occasional dry bed of some ancient lake; but for the most part it is mountains, mountains everywhere.

Further south these ranges have something like system, trending from northwest to southeast, — but up here they seem to have imbibed a spirit of lofty independence, and go as they please. Sometimes they set out for a certain point, and after having gone a hundred miles or so suddenly remember that they have pressing business in another direction, which having been attended to they start back by another route, but get lost on the way. These fish-hook ranges often enclose charming little parks which could be easily irrigated, and which in the very near future are destined to be valuable. We ate our lunch in one of these at Willow Creek, and toward evening passed through another, known as Thousand Spring Valley.

We spent our first night out at Richardson's, where as usual in this region the very best that the ranch afforded was provided us. We suffered from the attentions of the mosquitoes, but were comforted somewhat when assured that "they were nearly all gone now, but that they had been pretty bad earlier in the season"; — we were so glad that it was n't now "earlier in the season." One of the men told us that these little pests had been so bad that they (the ranchmen) had all been compelled to leave the ranch for several weeks.

No wonder they seem bad out here. If all the mosquitoes which ordinarily devote their attention to a thousand or two of people were to devote their undivided energies to one poor sinner, he would be troubled with a bad conscience almost anywhere. When this part of the country gets settled up, so that there are only a half dozen or so of mosquitoes to each man, it won't be very bad, — so the mosquito problem, like many others, is seen to be only a mere matter of time.

We got through very well as it was; we

simply set two chairs with their backs against the hole left for a window, and stuck a few joints of old stove-pipe into the unplastered chinks in the wall, and thus shut out all the larger and really dangerous ones. Toward midnight the old ones gave up the attack, and as soon as we heard the last of them climb the fence and go off down the road we went to sleep. Some of those who travel through this section tell lies about their mosquito experiences, but it will be seen from this that the simple truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

We were off betimes in the morning and soon found the Big Lost River, down which we drove during the greater part of the next two days. This stream rises back in the Sawtooth, the Salmon River, or some other mountains; and for a couple of hundred miles has a decided air of business, as though it knew exactly where it was going and what it was going after; but on reaching the Lava Desert, and spending a day or so in a fruitless search for water, it dies of thirst.

About the middle of the forenoon, we passed Battlefield, so called in commemoration of the fact that here a few years ago a band of Indians attacked and for some time besieged one of Colonel S.'s wagon trains, enroute for Challis. The freighters saw the Indians coming, and had barely time to enclose their horses in a corral made by running their wagons together in a circle, and to intrench themselves behind breastworks of flour-sacks, before the whole howling pack was upon them.

At the very first volley, Mr. McCaleb, a man known and respected for his genuine worth throughout all central Idaho, was killed. But so warm a reception did the Indians receive from the brave fellows behind the flour-sacks, that they took refuge on the summit of a neighboring bluff on the opposite side of the river, where from behind protecting rocks they fired on any one who for a moment exposed himself to view.

During the first night the besieged dug a well, which fortunately did not need to be very deep, owing to the fact that they were in the river-bottom. This enabled them to

hold out till assistance was sent out from Challis, when the "noble red men" beat a hasty retreat, and were soon after invited to accept free transportation to Washington, to receive presents and other tokens of affection from "the Great Father."

As we passed on through mile after mile of sage-brush and greasewood, the landscape grew a trifle monotonous to some of us; but not so to our boys. What a perfectly glorious time they did have throughout our four days' drive across mountain and valley and sage-plain and lava desert! A boy of this age can extract more fun from a solitary pine tree or a half-starved bob-tailed chipmunk than his elders could from a minstrel show.

About noon we crossed the river, and ate our lunch in the brush; but as the mosquitoes were bad we were soon on the road again, and after an hour's drive we passed through the new town of Houston, which had sprung up in a season on the strength of some new mines discovered in the vicinity. The place bore every evidence of thrift and enterprise, and even should the mines not meet the anticipations of the business men who were locating here, the town will doubtless remain a permanent business center, as the valley was fast being taken up by ranchmen and stockmen, who will need many things in the way of supplies which only the town, with its stores and its shops, can furnish.

We crossed many little streams of pure cold water during our afternoon's drive, from which our merciful teamster frequently watered his horses, and from which we also drank, whether really thirsty or not, for the purpose of showing our good will, and encouraging so laudable a feature of the country.

Toward evening we reached Dixon's ranch, where we spent our second night. The day had been a hot one, and I concluded to follow the example of the driver and the boys, and take some quilts and blankets and sleep in the haystacks.

My night's experience convinced me that there has been a great deal of sentiment wasted on this style of sleeping. I chose for

my lair the wagon, from which about half the hay had been pitched, and from which, since there was a rack projecting a foot or so above the hay on every side, it did n't seem probable that I should spill out ; but the boys' ambition was more lofty, and they roosted higher.

I arranged my couch with the greatest care, so as to have it slant off toward the river, that I might be able to see the camp-fire of the freighters on the other side and look at the stars at the same time, and thus fill up full of the poetry of this gypsy sort of life. I got along very well for about half an hour, when I discovered that I was up to my knees in the hay, and that I had found a thistle patch. I calmly and deliberately crawled up again, and picked the hay and the thistles out of my socks as well as I could ; after which I sought a perfectly level place for my bed, as I had now had all the poetry I needed, and wanted a little sleep. But whether the hay was unequally packed, or whether my intellectual end was the heavier I cannot say, — I only know that I soon found myself in a posture utterly unbecoming to the dignity of a sober-minded pedagogue. I again calmly arose, congratulating myself that no one had seen me in posture number two. I again arranged my bed by tramping down the hay at both ends, looking out calmly at the stars meanwhile. But an "undistributed middle" soon interfered as much with the problem of sleep as it does with a proposition in logic ; and I found myself in the most approved posture known to the bar-room loafer.

I now arose and calmly dressed, and for an hour or two walked leisurely up and down the road, communing with Nature, as it were. One of the most noticeable features of this mountain country is the extreme difference between the day and the night temperature, — owing, of course, to the lightness of the atmosphere. A physician told us that there is sometimes a difference of as much as seventy degrees between the temperature of three o'clock A. M., and the corresponding hour P. M. Though the day had been oppressively warm, the night proved so cold

that even with an overcoat I found my midnight perambulations uncomfortably chilly. So, cold and tired, I again sought my nest in the hay wagon, and this time succeeded in getting a little troubled sleep.

Since that night's experience, I have had the kindest of fellow-feeling toward every poor tramp I have seen with hay-seed in his hair ; I don't say anything to him about wood-piles, but politely inquire whether he most likes beef-steak or mutton chops, and whether tea or coffee would most soothe his feelings and cheer his weary soul.

Just at breakfast time one morning recently there came a ring at my door-bell, and on answering it, there stood a poor fellow not only with hay-seed in his hair, but with a most decidedly seedy look all over him. I recognized in him a tramp of the hay-stack variety, and my heart instantly melted toward him. He opened the conversation with, "I am a tra—"

"Come right in, my dear fellow, and welcome. The best that this humble home affords is at your service."

"I fear you don't understand me. I am a tra—"

"Certainly, certainly, any poor fellow who is too honest to steal or to elect himself president of a life insurance company is liable to get in your fix these hard times ; so come right in."

"But I am a poor tra—"

"Yes, yes, I know just what your last night's experience has been, and how much you must need something to revive you. First you slipped down to the knees among saw-toothed hay and thistles ; then you stood on your head till the settlings of your feet got so badly mixed up with your brains that you have n't yet succeeded in separating them ; then you doubled up like a jack-knife, and I see you have n't yet been able to get yourself entirely open again, so much hay-seed did you get in your back-spring, — I've had your experience, and know just how you feel. So come right out to breakfast."

"But I've been to breakfast, and I have not had any of the remarkable experiences you mention. I am a traveling agent for '*The*

Comforts of Home and the Fireside, a book which every man in your position should read, and which by special arrangements with the publishers I am able to offer you at the astonishingly low price of six dollars and fifty cents."

After starting on our third day's drive, we soon began to detect evidences of the terrible forces which were once at play in all this region. The rocks are warped and tilted in every conceivable shape, and in some cases the strata stand perpendicular, even according to the Yankee's definition of the term — "straight up and down, and if anything a lee-tle hanging over."

There is, however, much good farming land in this broad river bottom, or at least what will be good land when the proper irrigating ditches have been cut. A railroad is destined to penetrate this region within a very few years, and then this land will all be eagerly sought for, if it is not taken up sooner.

After a few miles' further drive, the Big Butte suddenly loomed up before us as though it were but a league or two away,—but it was evening before we reached it. Signs of the Great Lava Desert soon began to manifest themselves, and ere long we left the river, and struck out across this waterless, treeless earth-vomit.

There has accumulated, by the waste of ages, a thin coating of sand and vegetable mold over the greater part of this area, on which a sparse growth of grass springs up in the early part of the season and is kiln-dried in the summer, forming pasturage for cattle and sheep, when not too far from water; and it is needless to say that sage-brush and grease-wood are here in all their glory. But it would be a hard-hearted wretch that would begrudge them a foothold in this desolate waste; and it seems a genuine case of elective affinity. If ever two things were fashioned by the hand of Nature for each other those two are the sage-brush and the Lava Desert. As we advanced the black heads of the lava protruded more and more frequently through their thin covering, and the landscape grew more and more forbidding. But

the slow, weary afternoon finally wore away, and we at last arrived at Big Butte, where water is conveyed through pipes from a spring far up the mountain side, discovered, it is said, by a band of early explorers just ready to perish of thirst. There is a stage-barn here and a solitary log-house, the owner of which derives a good revenue from the meals furnished travelers, and the sale of water. The water flows in a constant stream into a great trough from which the poor famishing horses and mules and oxen drink, after their long drive, till they are well nigh ready to burst. The cost is but twelve cents and a half for each animal,— "a bit apiece," in Rocky Mountain dialect. But as many of the freighting teams consist of twelve horses or mules, this amounts to a tax of one dollar and fifty cents each, and as a number of these teams pass daily, the ranchman must receive a very handsome sum in the course of the season.

Twilight lingers long here in the mountains, and after supper we sauntered out to the freighters' camp near the watering trough. We fell into conversation at once, and soon learned many interesting facts connected with their occupation. It is a hard, rough life these poor fellows lead, and they are justly entitled to every cent they earn. It requires about a month to make the round trip from Challis to Blackfoot and return, and they can make but three or four such trips during the freighting season.

As before stated, each driver usually has twelve mules or horses hitched to three great wagons coupled closely one behind the other, and he thus hauls an astonishing load. The driver rides on the nigh wheel-horse, and has a long derrick-like attachment to the brake, projecting forward within easy reach of his hand, by the leverage of which he can easily set the great wheels of his wagons sliding when occasion requires. The tongue of even the front wagon is usually not more than five or six feet in length, and the horses, therefore, do no holding back. The driver uses a single line attached to the bridle of the nigh leader, distant some fifty or sixty feet. A slow pull on this line causes the

leaders to turn in a certain direction, and two sharp, quick jerks causes them to turn in the opposite way ; but just which way they turn for each signal I am not sufficiently versed in horse telegraphy to be able to state.

After camping in the evening each teamster must attend to his twelve animals, — unharness them, water them, wash their galled backs and shoulders, or rub them with liniment ; he must then take them to pasture, and after this cook his supper, and worst of all, eat it.

The freighters we visited on this occasion were encamped in the bare space around the watering-trough, an area which has all the objectionable features of a neglected barn-yard. The men were eating their suppers from a piece of canvas spread among the litter, themselves seated on the ground, — or as near it as the nature of things would admit.

But when we rashly said something about its not being one of the most desirable spots for picnicking, one of the freighters came instantly to its defense and extolled its virtues as compared with some other parts of the country. Here, for example, they had all the sage-brush they needed for fuel ; but in Judas Cañon, Nevada, there were not even "buffalo chips" to burn.

It came out, however, in the course of the conversation, that their reason for not camping further back among the sage-brush was that rattlesnakes are so thick that they were afraid to sleep there. It was further confessed that in making the drive to Blackfoot through this model region, notwithstanding the fact that they carry barrels of water attached to either side of each of their wagons, the horses sometimes suffer so frightfully from thirst that their tongues swell up, turn black, and protrude from their mouths. The driver is then obliged to abandon his wagon, and push forward in the night in order to save the lives of his famishing animals ; then after they have drunk and rested, he returns with them and again pushes forward, sometimes being obliged to abandon his wagons a second time before reaching the end of his journey.

Strange that men should become enamored of such a region ; but as it evidently hurt their feelings to have an outsider say anything to its detriment, I adopted the Irishman's plan of giving "an evasive answer," when they asked me how I liked this part of the country. I didn't follow out our Hibernian friend's plan to the letter, by inquiring "whether their grandfathers were monkeys," but by saying that there is a good deal of it to the square mile. The truly loyal Western man is as sensitive on the subject of the Lava Desert as an auburn-haired woman on the subject of red heads, or as is the average man wearing number thirteens on the subject of big feet.

The night we spent at the Butte was one long to be remembered. The boys and the driver again sought the hay-stacks, but I had had all of this style of sleeping that I seemed to need ; and even the boys were satisfied before morning, as they were driven by the rattlesnakes to take refuge in the stage barn. For myself, I was very sick through the night, and the thought kept haunting me that when morning came, if indeed it ever did come, I should be unable to travel, and be obliged to remain there.

The winds blew as though they would lift the house from its foundation, — keeping up the most weird and doleful wailings, varied occasionally by wilder outbursts, as though the spirits of the upper air shrieked out their fiendish delight, while flying over this fire-blasted, desolation-strewn waste.

Probably no ice-bound explorer in the frigid North ever hailed with greater joy the close of the weary polar night than did I the rising of the sun on the following morning ; and few sincerer words of gratitude have risen heavenward than from my lips on finding that I was still able to continue my journey.

It was the Sabbath, but the ox had fallen into so deep a pit that we considered it no profanation of the day to get him out as speedily as possible ; so we pushed on after an early breakfast, and soon entered a region bearing every evidence of a comparatively recent eruption. So recent, indeed, is this

eruption that no soil has yet accumulated on the new-formed surface. The thin, filmy walls of the lava bubbles remain just as they burst on the surface of that great black caldron; and where the fiery mass was running from a higher to a lower level at the time of its sudden congelation the very motion seems preserved in the wavy surface: you find it difficult to persuade yourself that it is not still a moving semi-liquid mass, and you hesitate to touch it.

The whole surface here is so cut up by deep pits and craters, and so piled with upheaved masses, that it is with difficulty the stage road winds its snake-like course in and out and around among them. Much of this section must be yet unexplored, since no one could penetrate it on horseback, and most people don't care to climb up and down over lava rocks whose fissures swarm with rattlesnakes, and into whose deep yawning craters he is liable to fall at any moment.

Since beginning this chapter, I have noticed in one of my papers an account of the discovery of a hitherto unknown lake within three miles of a stage station in another part of this desert, and supposed to be twenty miles from water. De Leon's illusory fountain of youth might here safely hide itself within half a mile of the road, and not stand one chance in a thousand of being discovered within fifty years.

We noticed at various places during this day's drive, and even when farthest from water, or at least from any known water, large numbers of that peculiar species of ground squirrel seen throughout this whole region; also jack-rabbits and other small animals. What they do for water is a question easier asked than answered. It may be that they have discovered other little lakes unknown to men, or it may be — and this seems more likely — that they know various secret passage-ways leading down through the crevices of the rocks to the subterranean shores of the streams which, like the Big Lost River, probably follow sub-lava channels to the Snake River.

About ten o'clock we reached a stage station bearing the euphonious name of Root

Hog, — though what inducements could be held out sufficient to cause a sensible hog to root in such a place is beyond our comprehension.

They manifest a commendable frankness in their system of nomenclature out here anyway, and Root Hog is a comparatively mild specimen. Among many choice examples, Desolation Cañon, Purgatory River, Poison Creek, and Dirty Devil River, will serve as illustrations. Water is hauled out here from the Butte, and sold to horses and mules at the usual Western rate for drinks, — "two bits a head."

Here we met the typical tough customer of the mountains. He is found in all parts of the Great West and follows various occupations, but finds his most congenial soil and air in New Mexico and Arizona, where he follows the occupation of cow-boy. He shows off his real nature to the best advantage when mounted on a mustang pony, when with a barbarous bit and cruel spurs he soon has the mouth and the flanks of the poor creature bleeding most shamefully. I will try to paint his picture. Extreme brutality and sensuality mark every feature; he is short and round shouldered, giving him the general outline of an ape, while his monkey-like movements greatly strengthen the resemblance; he wears two pairs of overalls in lieu of pantaloons, without suspenders of course, — the inner pair hanging several inches below their proper place, and the outer ones bagging down still lower; he wears a pair of the heaviest penitentiary boots and a woolen shirt of most uncertain complexion. Add to this a broad-brimmed slouch hat hanging low down over his ape-like shoulders, and his wardrobe is complete. He is somewhere from nineteen to twenty-two years of age, and is very anxious to impress every one with the fact that he is now a *man*; he has a scant growth of grizzly-brindle beard in little patches over his face, which adds about as much to its beauty as scattered clumps of sage-brush and grease-wood do to an alkali waste.

From Root Hog to Blackfoot is thirty miles, and this distance our horses had to make without water on a hot August day.

We carried with us a small supply for our own use, but this soon became so warm as to lose all its virtues except that of wetness. As we drove on mile after mile through this mountainous region, even the boys grew tired of it and looked anxiously toward Blackfoot while we were yet a long way off.

The first grateful sight which met our vision was the smoke of a distant locomotive, and we hailed it with genuine delight. You reach a railroad, no matter where, and you feel that a bond of fellowship is established through these iron bands between you and the rest of the world, and you no longer feel that a great gulf is fixed between you and the stirring life of the nineteenth century.

We stopped at Snake River long enough to water our horses and wash up our boys sufficiently to render their admission to a hotel less problematical, and were soon after at the end of our long drive. An hour later when we sat down to an excellent supper, it occurred to us that the boys had lost their appetites and we naturally felt alarmed ; but our fears subsided on learning that they had, since our arrival in town, made way with about two dollars and seventy-five cents' worth of fruit and other things. But they were none the worse for it, and the next day were able to make the rounds of all the fruit stands in Salt Lake City with their usual industry.

William J. Shoup.

THE LAST THREE.

IT was always on the fifth day of August in the village of Machpelah, that the survivors of the War of 1812 ate a dinner of chowder together in Skipper John Matthews's summer hotel a mile down the beach.

There was a general good-natured interest taken in the feast by the whole community, and the veterans were as a matter of course transported to and from the place of assemblage by those who had carriages. In 1880 there were still left three of these defenders of the freedom of the seas, all very old and in different stages of mental and physical decay. But their bent and feeble figures, moving with short steps stiffly down the village street, were a part of the landscape to Machpelah's inhabitants, like the ocean, like the hills seen from the upper road, like the endless stretches of sandy beach, like sky and elms, like sunlight and moonlight, as old, as perennial as they. No one remembered Machpelah without them.

Another war had been fought, and several men who came back from the South with slight wounds had received, for some years now, all the mild hero-worship of which Machpelah was capable. And this of course put the veterans of a skirmish early in the

century still further into the background. The issues of that time, — British aggression, embargo acts, impressment of seamen, free seas for the merchant marine, — all these were very dead indeed. But then Machpelah was not a young and vigorous place itself ; there was a kinship between it and these ancient wrecks slowly breaking up on its shores, which made them harmonize better than did the newer and more passionate excitement of the civil war accord with a place whose local hope was dead and gone. No one perhaps recognized this harmony of things akin except the doctor, but he was a man who was fond of seeing colors blend. He had offered to drive Captain Fossett, one of the old heroes, to the dinner this morning and take him back in the afternoon. As they drove over the ridge road and turned downward past the sloping graveyard toward the beach, he had more than once glanced at the face of his companion and from that to the little grandson Bennie he held between his knees, with a certain artistic satisfaction. It was worth taking some additional trouble to have two such heads to look at together for the time ; the placid old face, crowned with the beauty of age, its hoary head, and the child's

mass of yellow hair and intent bright eyes below it. There was a touch of pleasure in a momentary importance added to the Captain's happiness. He had still a little color in his cheeks, dried in, as it were, for it never changed. People said he looked younger now than he had fifteen years before ; but it was because he was again a child. He and Bennie enjoyed the same things and chatted very gayly all the way, having far less fear of the clever young doctor than he had of them. He was always shy with children in good health, for he had scarcely outgrown the old, experienced feeling of early manhood.

As the gig, which had been dragging rather slowly and silently through the loose sand at the end of the road, came out upon the hard beach, the three saw the light wagon belonging to the elder Eliphalet Benson standing at the door of the low wooden building which was the only object on that part of the shore, except the black wharf extending far out into the water. At the end of the wharf, however, a little sail-boat was swinging lazily at its moorings. The sky was hazy but cloudless, and there was a mist out at sea. A slow wave came up at regular intervals, ran leisurely, breaking green and white from right to left, as far as eye could reach ; and beyond was the Atlantic, large and at rest ; a thing common to see yet strange forever, speaking a language whose meaning is a mystery like our life.

The doctor drove up behind the wagon at the inn door and waited, for the venerable Mr. Benson was being helped out by his son.

"There's old Life and young Life," remarked Bennie irreverently. "He's awfully slow. Let's jump out, granny."

"Who is it?" asked the Captain in his thin voice, "who is it, my lamb?"

"It's Benson," answered Bennie carelessly. "Come on ! Let's jump."

"In a minute," said the doctor pleasantly, "not yet." He glanced kindly enough down at the pretty round face, which looked up with a child's recognition of some authority into his own. "If you *are* a lamb, it must be the Golden Fleece, is n't it?" he added smiling. At which the little boy flashed his

bright smile back and turned his yellow head away.

"That's John Matthews's boat," he said. "Wish he'd take me out in it. We might catch a whale. I'd like to." Then he looked back at the wagon. "He's out at last ! Now !"

The aged man had alighted after many groans and much shaking up of his rheumatic old joints, and now stood on the doorstep greeting a third veteran, who came out of the door slowly with a far-away look in his eyes, like the expression of one walking in his sleep.

"Moses, haow be ye?" said Mr. Benson complainingly to the stranger, taking his feeble hand in his own feeble one, "I lotted on drivin' that 'ere waggin myself, but Lor,' Moses, the young folks is that forthputtin' nowadays a body can't caount on nothin.' They calculate ter knaow more'n *we* did when *we* was young."

The junior Mr. Benson, who was a man of some sixty years, seemed to take no notice of this criticism meant for his ears, but nodded to the doctor and drove off with the remark, "Well, father, take care of yourself. I'll be over about five or so," and the gig moved up into his place. As the doctor lifted the eager child down he felt the nerveless hand of the grandfather try to hold him back. The old man grasped the side of the carriage and looked out of it with a sort of terror in his face, his eyes fixed upon the little boy with a pitiful attempt to express something he had on his mind.

"Come, granny!" exclaimed Bennie. "Come, shall I help you down?" said the doctor cheerfully, "Ready to jump, Captain?"

"Bennie, my lamb, what are we here for? We don't want to be here."

"Why, yes, the dinner, granny," and the child pulled with all his strength at the brown old hand, "Have you forgot the chowder? 'Cause I ain't, and I'll eat up your share, see if I don't !" And he pulled again, shaking his yellow hair and laughing, as he leaned his whole weight backward and braced his feet. "Come, Captain," said the doctor once more,

putting Bennie gently aside and taking the withered hand in his own firm, large grasp.

"It's the wrong place, Bennie," said the old man again, his bewildered, frightened glance roving from one to the other. "I was n't a goin' to come here, was I?"

"Why, I guess you was, if ye knaow good chowder, mate," exclaimed Mr. Benson, who had hobbled up with his cane, and now brought his astonishingly wrinkled face within easy view of his ancient comrade. "Don't ye knaow Skipper John's when ye see it? Ye bean't so old as that, be ye?"

"I don't know *him*, do I, Bennie?" inquired the Captain. He had turned his uncertain gaze upon the shriveled face before him a moment, but there was no gleam of remembrance in his look.

"Why, I'm Life Benson. I guess ye recollect Jolly Life, don't ye? He's dretful off today," continued old Mr. Benson to the doctor, with a shake of the head which meant that they two beheld the symptoms of mental decay with equal clearness.

"He will come round in a few minutes," said the doctor, quietly. "It is only the strange place which confuses him for the moment."

There was evidently a great effort at expression going on in the slow brain. "Life Benson," began Captain Fossett, looking vaguely at the group before him, "Life—he was—he—" but he could not remember the word, and the doctor went close up to him.

"Yes, Life was young then," he said, "when you and he were on shipboard together. This is Life, just the same, only he is old. You like the dinner of chowder. It is cooked here by the skipper's wife. Life will be here, and Moses, and you, just as you all used to be. Don't you remember?" He held the old man's hand as he spoke, and he said the words slowly, his kind glance fixing the poor wandering gaze. Captain Fossett's faded blue eyes filled with tears; without a word more he grasped the doctor's hand and feebly tried to help himself as well as he could in the descent from the gig, the tears coursing one by one down the furrows in his face. Sixty-seven years ago that day

he had headed the boarding party leaping upon a British deck, cutlass in hand, his blue eyes lighted with flame, lithe, powerful, splendidly brave, always to the front, but bearing a charmed life, the hero of the hour when the vessel was taken.

The three old men shook hands at the instigation of the doctor, and then the whole party sat down on a bench which extended the length of the little shallow veranda looking off to sea; all but Bennie, who was dangling beach grass just out of reach of the horse, according to the instincts of his age.

"Wal, as I was a sayin' a spell back, the young folks of these days is the dickens," remarked Mr. Benson, beginning promptly on his favorite topic of modern degeneracy.

No one seemed inclined to add anything to this comprehensive view of youth, and they all sat looking away for a few moments at the pale sea under the pale sky. Captain Fossett only was watching Bennie, and he finally appealed to him in his weak treble. "Give the poor hoss his feed, my lamb! You was a goin' ter be good, wasn't you, Bennie?"

The animal stood craning its neck forward to an alarming extent for the elusive grass, forgetful of the dignity of a physician's belongings, and Bennie tossed the bunch into its eyes, looked up with impish glee at the three old men, and ran shouting a little way down the beach, where he tried, quite unsuccessfully, to stand on his head.

"See that young one naow," wailed the modern Jeremiah, "what'll *he* come to? Any good? No, sir. I feel dretfully fur ye, David, sometimes, so I do."

"Me and Bennie go round together," observed Captain Fossett slowly, "but he's growing tall every day, Bennie is. I've to be a bit spry to keep up with him, so I do."

This lack of self-assertion and proper pride roused Mr. Benson so much as to make him turn painfully in his chair to face his companion. "Has he a mite of respec' fur ye, David?" he demanded. "No, sir, he ain't. Does he make his manners to us as we was fetched up to make 'em in our day? No, he don't." And then he added with sudden

resignation, "Little chaps ain't what they was."

"Your boys all turned out well, did n't they?" said the doctor.

Mr. Benson slowly turned back, and stretched himself out in his chair like an old dog, so as to bring his rheumatic ankles into the sun.

"Wal, they're so-so," he said. After a moment's gloomy thought he went on, "We was strong, too, powerful strong. Folks ain't so strong now-a-days. Why, don't you recollect haow I used to vault into a saddle without ere a touchin' the stirrup? And break horses no one else darst go anear?"

In point of fact, Eliphalet Benson had had a brother, a reckless young scamp, who had done these things until he was killed by a vicious horse before he was thirty; but of late years Life had transferred all his feats to himself. People always said he had a good memory, until they found that most of his stories had alighted on the wrong person, and that the process of decay developed very curious fancies and distorted images in the old brain. Now he took off his hat and passed his red handkerchief over his utterly bald head.

"I had lotted on drivin' that ere waggin myself," he said slowly, "only Life was so dretful sot agin it."

He was Machpelah's fat store-keeper for many years, and had grown moderately rich since the war of 1812. His ideal of humor was a practical joke; and a habit of rallying his customers about their personal matters, which arose partly from good spirits but quite as much from vanity and lack of sympathy, had passed as wit in the village, since the mental hide against which his shots fell was rather thick than thin. His good spirits sank promptly, however, as his size shrank with age, until at this time he was distinctly querulous; unlike the Greeks in this, that their quarrelsome temper steadily declined with their failing political greatness. Yet he belongs to an old type. There were those very like him, I fancy, in the streets of Corinth.

According to the Machpelah standard he had succeeded, and beside him sat a man

who had failed. In a perfect life there have been three periods, a time of aspiration and imagination, a time of action, a time of reflection. Moses Storer had had but two; he had passed from the youth that saw visions to the old age that dreamed dreams. He had felt, but he had neither thought nor acted. When his soul had realized almost like pain its sight of the beauty of the sky and waves, he had had no voice to call aloud to the world to see it, too. So the brooding habit of mind was still upon him, and that was all that was left of lonely years with soft pink dawns, with blood-red sunsets, with pale, still moons, with all the moods of the mysterious sea, quiet scorn, tender romance, passionate loneliness, through all which he had worshiped, without knowing it was worship, this goddess without a soul. Outwardly he lived a commonplace life enough, — a pilot, a very responsible man, with whom sailing parties in the summer might go out beyond the bar; a quiet taker of lobsters and fish. An older civilization would have known how to class him, but New England small seaports recognize no species of his kind. His son or daughter might have been a poet because of this unspoken love of his, but he had never married. As Machpelah remembers him he was an unobtrusive old man, with two little locks of white hair standing up on each side of his head, an area of baldness between them; and he used to sit hour by hour after his landlady had tied his wide cravat in a sailor's knot, which the trembling of his hands forbade his doing any more, one wrinkled, brown hand clasped over the other, looking off to sea from the porch of his home, which to the end was the house of another man. The shop-keeper's business habits had kept his wits sharper than these others of his age; Captain Fossett's fading intelligence was fanned by quick young life close to him; but Moses Storer was drifting out alone.

"How's the weather, Captain? Good day for the dinner, is n't it?" the doctor said to him now, touching him on the arm.

The veteran turned his slow eyes upon the questioner, and tried to recall himself. "Eh? Will you obleege me by sayin' it agin?"

So the doctor repeated his commonplace remark. It seemed so trivial a thing for which to call a soul from another world.

"Weather? Oh, yes," said the gentle old man ; "it's wrong somewhere."

"Why, there is n't a cloud," replied the doctor, who had lived most of his life inland.

"Not a cloud," repeated the Captain, "but it's — it's —" He looked up at the sky with slow, puzzled eyes, and tried again. "It is — that ere sky is —" and he waved his hand to and fro in nerveless pantomime.

"Hazy?" suggested the doctor, but the old man shook his head.

"Showery, perhaps," again hinted the doctor, but unsuccessfully, as the Captain showed, though he turned from the sky to the sea and attempted to speak his mind better through that.

"She is too — too —" A pause. The man cleared his throat and tried to hide the little confusion he felt, then began again. "She is so — she is —" The effort was vain. He waved his hand to and fro as before, but turned toward the doctor, smiled deprecatingly, gave a faint, little, hopeless laugh, and shook his head.

The skipper's wife came to the door behind them. "Dinner," she said briefly, and there was a general feeble stir. The doctor helped the two who were most rheumatic to their feet, whistled a long, loud note for Bennie, who was throwing stones at sandpipers away down the beach, and then followed the old men into the house to have a look at the table before he left.

The room was low and long, running the whole depth of the building, and it had white-washed walls. There had been no attempt to darken it because of the heat, for it was supposed old people wanted plenty of light ; so there was the monotonous, drowsy hum of flies in the air. But the table had a festive look, for vases of velvety, soft pansies, purple, yellow, pale violet, almost black, stood at its four corners and made it rich and delicate, while smoke-like incense rose about them from the chowder in their midst.

"Miss Ruth fetched them flowers this forenoon. She always does," remarked the

woman, as she surveyed the preparations with a last look of satisfaction.

"Ah!" said the doctor.

"Yes. They have uncommon luck with lady's delights up to the parsonage. I guess it's the slope, likely."

The doctor looked down at the flowers with a closer attention for an instant before he seated the guests in their chairs ; but perhaps in that moment he saw some old ambition fade quietly like the passing year, and a new one rise behind it, a part of the constant alternation of death and life.

"Take a cheer, doctor, take a cheer," remarked Mrs. Benson, hospitably, and was echoed by the others ; but he declined with good-humored thanks, and wished the heroes of the day an excellent appetite and pleasant memories. At the door, when he met Bennie, he passed his hand over the yellow hair with unusual friendliness.

"Be a good boy. Don't trouble your grandfather," he said, as he sprang into the gig and started on for Old Hundred, that young and flourishing place five miles inland, whose new manufactory and financial success seemed to taunt Machpelah with its fallen fortunes. "It seems un-American for anything to be so old. Poor souls, with not an ounce of judgment between them!" he added to himself.

Bennie, meanwhile, with the easy confidence of petted childhood, had climbed into the place reserved for him beside his grandfather, and ate, kicking his feet against the chair legs, his flushed cheeks and happy, little aimless laughs showing how the exercise he had been taking had excited his young blood.

The three old men bent their venerable heads while Mr. Benson, who was a deacon in the church, said :

"For what we are about to receive — keep those feet still, Bennie, — the Lord make us thankful." He spread out his napkin, and tucked it with trembling hands round his neck. "The feet of young ones do beat all ! A body would think they was hung on a string and just dangled. Naow all this 'ere kickin' of feet and sich, this has all come in sence my day. We boys set up stiff as buck-

ram when our grandfathers had a dinner party. We dares n't move, skersely. But *naow* —" It was an eloquent pause, and the chowder went round.

"Was you ever a boy?" asked Bennie, looking up at Mr. Benson's face, where the small eyes twinkled out queerly from among the wrinkles and furrows.

"In course I was," said Mr. Benson. "Do you suppose I was allus growed up?"

Bennie continued to look at him with his embarrassing directness of gaze, the chowder suspended in his uplifted spoon. "It must have been ever so long ago. Hundreds of years," he said thoughtfully.

"You're an imperent young chap, 'pears to me," remarked Mr. Benson, more calmly than might have been expected, "and perhaps you'd better be still a spell, and let your betters git in a word."

"Be a good boy, Bennie," appealed his grandfather. "You said you'd be good, my lamb."

The lamb said he was good, and obediently went on with his dinner; for the skipper's wife, who had hovered about the door with her perpetual frown, watching to see when the chowder was finished, brought in roast beef (already carved), and many a side dish dear to growing boys.

"Ah, those was days, them old ones," sighed Mr. Benson, helping himself to the softest vegetables. "I often think of 'em now the hull creation's changed so. I dessay I recollect more of the war than either of you two. Moses, do ye mind the old man in the smack our fellers took prisoner? Old fisherman he was."

Captain Storer shook his head. "I don't recollect," he said.

"In course *you* know, Davy, don't ye? Old feller took prisoner. Don't ye recollect what Bainbridge said when we give him his liberty and three days' rations? 'We ain't a fightin unarmed fishermen,' says he. *Naow* all that's clear as print to me, jest haow Bainbridge looked."

Captain Storer turned in his chair and made a great effort for speech. "It war n't Bainbridge said that," he remarked finally.

"War n't Bainbridge!" exclaimed Mr. Benson with some spirit, "Who *was* it then? I say it *was* Bainbridge," and he brought his hand down on the table with unnecessary weight. "I remember it like yesterday, that I do!" Which was probably true, for yesterday was always a very vague day to poor Mr. Benson.

There was quite a pause while Captain Storer collected himself. "Bainbridge," he ejaculated at last, "was on the — don't ye recollect? — the frigate — the one we never *was* on — the one that took the — the —" He looked helplessly from one to the other, and tried again. "Our captain was — wait, Life, wait — it begins with a D, — De, — Delond, — No, no, no, — it's gone. What was the name of our craft, Life?"

"O, *I* don't recollect names, *I* don't," responded Mr. Benson with labored sarcasm. "If it was n't Bainbridge as took that old feller prisoner, and said, says he, 'We ain't a makin' war —'"

"I dunno what you be a talkin' about," put in Captain Fossett unexpectedly, "but that pie's dretful good, ain't it, Bennie? You're eatin' a great deal, 'pears ter me."

"Ain't there enough?" inquired the child placidly.

"In course, in course, but over-eatin' is bad for little boys." Then suddenly he looked up at his two contemporaries with a gleam of intelligence in his faded eyes. "The Decatur was a bird, she was," he said.

"Wal, now it was the Decatur, sure enough," remarked Captain Storer slowly. "Sometimes I'll chase a name like that all day, and not kitch it. Makes a body feel like the fifth wheel of a coach."

He had not a vigorous appetite, and sat absently cutting up the pie on his plate with his knife.

"Granny," remarked Bennie, "I heard John. I'm going to see him," and he had slipped from his chair and was out of the door before his grandfather could utter his usual admonition.

"Seems to bring them old times back, don't it," said Mr. Benson, meditatively, when the breeze from the slammed door had

subsided. "Decatur, — recollect boardin' that 'ere frigate, eh?"

"Decatur was our 'n, you know," Captain Storer reminded him.

"Course it was," answered Mr. Benson testily; "I meant that. We boarded the British What's-her-name. Clear as print to me that day. I led the boardin' party; remember it well. Dretful uneasy feelin' that, bein' fust man on deck, cutlasses flyin' round ye."

Captain Fossett stopped his dinner, and looked at the speaker with the slow astonishment of age. "I had the idea," he began, "that *I* was on that ere Britisher fust. Life, why, I done that thing myself, did n't I?"

"You?" exclaimed Mr. Benson, "Why, I wonder at ye, Davy! There is things as a man forgits, and then agin there *air* things he don't. Boardin' parties is the kind as sticks."

He had been ill below of ship fever during the great engagement of the fifth of August, and had only let slip that fact within the last two years.

"'Pears ter me I could n't 'a' dreamt it, Life; 'pears ter me I could n't," said Captain Fossett feebly. "I was a young lad then, but —"

"Granny!" shouted Bennie, bursting in all out of breath. "John's going over to Arrow Point. He says I can go. Can I?"

The grandfather looked vacantly across at the flushed little face.

"Hurry up, that's a good granny! Can I?" exclaimed the child, still holding the door, ready to run.

"Come here, Bennie," said the Captain, and when the boy had obeyed and stood before him, panting in short, quick breaths, the old man straightened the straw hat on the little head with his trembling hands. "Be a good boy," he said.

This was of course instantly promised, and Bennie stormed out as he had come.

"It's queer the ideas you have in your head as you git on in years," remarked Mr. Benson with a fretful frown. "You're possessed to get everythin' topsy-turvy."

"We're all gittin' dretful old, 'pears to me," said Captain Storer.

"Wal, it stands ter reason we ain't in our fust youth," replied Mr. Benson peevishly, "but anythin' like Davy for age I never *did* see."

"What's Life a talkin' about?" asked Captain Fossett mildly.

"Why, you're so sot that yer boarded that ere craft fust, when I mind doing myself!" exclaimed Mr. Benson. There was almost dignity in the compressed mouth, the suddenly straightened form.

"I done that myself," whimpered the Captain, the ready tears welling over. "I was only a young chap then, but I ain't forgot it. It's all writ down in black an' white. So it is." And weak sobs choked his voice.

"Who done that, Moses, him or me?" inquired Mr. Benson with decision.

Captain Storer was cutting up a peach on his plate very deliberately, and he kept on at his employment while his fiery friend waited impatiently. "I recollect," he began at last in his monotonous voice, "It was a young lad; a tall one with curly hair. He says, says he 'Come on, mates!' and he jumped from our bowsprit on to her deck. He had n't no hat when he got there. He was powerful trig built. I forgit his name."

"Was n't it me?" demanded Mr. Benson. Captain Storer raised his misty eyes and peered into the questioner's face, but after a brief glance he shook his head.

"He was n't like you noway," he said "nor yit like *him*," nodding toward Captain Fossett. "He was a *young* chap, *he* was."

The tears dried gradually on Captain Fossett's cheeks.

"You was allus aggervatin', Life," he said feebly, "durned if you was n't!"

The dinner was finished, and Mr. Benson looked around the great central cake at Captain Storer, and heaved a deep sigh, partly expressive of repletion, and partly of pity for the decadence he saw about him. This cake was frosted thickly, and upon its surface the figures "1812-1880" stood boldly forth, outlined in rose color. The guests would as soon have thought of disturbing its symmetry as they would have dreamed of interfering with the arrangement of certain East Indian shells

on corner shelves in the best rooms of their seaport homes.

The finest chickens the villagers had, their choicest tarts and pies and fruits, they always sent for this feast, with a yearly kindness in their hearts when the day came round ; so that for a decade there had been an absurdly disproportionate quantity of food provided for the appetites of three very old men. And now that the dinner was finished, the guests sat back in their chairs and lighted their pipes in great content ; for Captain Fossett had recovered his spirits very soon and now sat placidly smoking, his eyes fixed upon one spot on the wall opposite. His hand, withered into deep furrows, lay upon his knee, trembling a little always.

Mr. Benson talked disjointedly of the old times, but even his energy was abated. The air seemed oppressively sultry and still. Nothing was to be heard but the low wash of the sea and the sound of dishes in the shed as the skipper's wife thumped them down on a board when she had washed them. The sense of repose and the unusually abundant repast had their inevitable effect.

After a few minutes Captain Fossett took out of his mouth the pipe with its stained old bowl, and held it in his hand, while the fixed look in his eyes grew dim and far away. Then they closed and his head dropped a little on one side, still turning his best ear toward his companions. Benson took no heed of him but sat on, smoking a moment, then moving a bit in his chair, and taking out his pipe when his chronic dissatisfaction called for words.

"Naow my lads air as likely as any on 'em, but what *is* lads now-a-days ! There's Life's got the rheumatics. I hadn't no rheumatics at his age. Did n't know what they was." A heavy sigh. "But he favors his mother's family, Life does, and they was allus ailin' somehow."

He rested the bowl of his pipe on the table, and absently pushed down the ashes in it with his finger.

"We weather it tolerable well, us Bensons, don't we, Moses?"

"Eh?" asked his companion.

"I say we weather it well."

"O, yes, yes," replied Captain Storer.

Then there was a long pause, during all of which Mr. Benson sat back in his chair, not having put his pipe back in his mouth, but looking down at it as he held it.

"Some folks age dretful fast. You do, Moses," at last he said slowly.

"Yes," again assented the other.

"I," began Mr. Benson, "I was" — his head drooped a little but he recovered himself — "in the war — I don't" — a long sigh — "knaow — now —" The bowl of the pipe dropped softly upon the table and after several ineffectual attempts to rouse himself, the old man's head sank finally on his breast, whence it rose now and then in fierce, short jerks in his struggles for breath, though Fossett was sleeping as quietly as a baby.

Suddenly a man's shadow darkened the open windows in passing outside, and the sound of the dishes ceased. Moses Storer noticed nothing, however, until a few of the words being spoken in a man's loud, husky voice and a woman's sharp one forced themselves through the mist round his becalmed intelligence. Even after he heard them he did not act, except to take out his pipe and look across at his friends. The effort in his sluggish brain was almost like pain. He laid down his pipe at last, and pulling himself heavily out of his chair went round the table and touched each of the men on the arm.

"Mates!" he said hoarsely.

"Eh! Ugh!" exclaimed Mr. Benson with wide, blank eyes; and Captain Fossett, too, opened his and stiffly lifted his head on his cramped neck.

"They said," began Captain Storer with some excitement, "They said he forgot — little chap." The two half-awakened old men looked at him vacantly.

"Skipper forgot Bennie!" he repeated quite loudly, shaking Fossett's arm.

The poor grandfather tottered to his feet.

"Bennie?" he said.

"Aye, Bennie," answered Storer.

The other clutched at his arm. "Where is he?" he asked, trembling all over; "where is the lamb?"

The teller of the tale pointed out of the window, where the low-lying reach of sand called Arrow Point, stretched along in full sight.

Mr. Benson was the first to say they must go to the skipper. In the kitchen they found the wife, who, with a lowering face, stood scouring tins.

"Bennie!" said two of the old men at once, and she glanced up at them but dropped her eyes immediately on her work. "Yes, *he's* forgot him sure enough," she said with nervous irritation. "The child was out of sight; that's how it was. He'll go after him's quick as he gits back from the store. We might git on right smart here in Machpelah ef it warn't fur that Old Hundred. No good ever come out of it, *I* say; a flarin' its rum shops in decent men's faces!" She caught her breath and then added more quietly, "Don't *you* worrit, Cap'n Fossett, Bennie'll be all right."

But the old man had already left them and started through the house to the front, so that when his companions had helplessly followed him they saw him hurrying away down the beach with tottering steps, his bent figure leaning far forward as he went. The two friends walked fast, but the poor crazed brain of the man ahead was urging him to a wonderful swiftness. His feet shuffled through the loose sand near the house, and scurried along the harder beach with the same speed.

The wharf was before him, long and black, stretching out into the water. Years ago the whale-ships had lain there, but its timbers were rotting now, and only the skipper's little sail-boat rocked idly where he had left it. The two only overtook their comrade on this wharf, where he had walked out to the very end and stood still at last. His sudden energy exhausted, he was looking bewildered as they came up, and turned away his eyes from the water with a vacant stare at them.

"What be ye a goin' ter do, mate?" asked Mr. Benson, the man of action. But to the Captain all was vague. A faint breeze from the south lifted his white hair a little as he stood in the beat. He had no hat on his head. "What be I here for, eh?" he asked

finally, the weak tears gathering in his eyes.

"We was a lookin' for Bennie, wasn't we?" answered Mr. Benson.

"Bennie?" repeated the grandfather, with a momentary hesitation before the whole came to him. "O, my lamb! My lamb! He's dead and gone!" he wailed. "O, my little lamb! My poor little lamb!" in constant iteration, feebly moving backwards and forwards across the end of the wharf, his voice like that of a child. "O, my lamb! My lamb!"

Captain Storer followed him a step or two at each turn in unavailing remonstrance. "Don't 'e, naow! Don't 'e," he said several times. "Don't 'e take on so. Don't 'e!"

"They ain't but one thing ter do, mates," began Mr. Benson, looking down into the boat below him at the edge of the wharf. The sail had been pulled down by careless hands and left unfurled. "We kin go out and fetch him like enough. Here's this ere craft a' ready. I guess there's stren'th left in us old salts, ef the young folks don't think so. Old sea dogs as we be, I guess we ain't forgot haow ter handle a sail. That little chap over there's scared likely e'en a'most ter death." He jammed his hat down on his bald head with some habit of old times. "Come, mate," he called to Captain Fossett, "we'll go fetch Bennie."

"Eh?" said the old man, stopping in his restless tramp and half turning round.

"Come on," exclaimed Benson, climbing into the slightly rocking boat with an attempt at agility which nearly cost him dear. But he grasped with both hands at the mast and saved himself.

In eager, trembling haste the grandfather scrambled after him, assisted by his friend as well as possible with one hand. But Captain Storer lingered, looking steadily at the horizon to the north, and when Mr. Benson called again, "Come, mate!" he pointed in that direction.

"It says —" he began, "says" — he made a feeble pantomime of something extending over the heavens, and as he did it, a long, low growl of thunder answered him. Ben-

son turned to the north. His eyes were still clear enough for him to see round, black, giant heads of clouds, close together, and one over the other, stretching away in a long line along the horizon, and rising fast.

"It's comin'," said Captain Moses, and then he looked out at the placid sea. "She says," he added, "don't ye go!"

There was a moment's pause. Then the grandfather, as he sat clutching at the side of the boat, feeling rather than understanding the hesitation, sobbed out his old plaint, "My lamb, my little lamb! He's dead and gone!"

"They ain't nothin' else fur us to do, mates," said Life once more. "I guess we kin ef we must."

Captain Storer gave one more glance at the hurrying clouds, one more slow look at the sea, and he shivered from head to foot in the hot air. "I guess we must," he said, and stepped painfully into the boat with the rest. Behind his words was the last glimmer of the Puritan conscience, shining through mists.

After a good deal of exertion, the limp sail was hauled up and they put out to sea. The bank of cloud rose faster, blacker. The faint south wind was strengthening, and the boat went swiftly before it. All the sky, though hazy, was cloudless, except those dreaded forms in the north. It was a little after four o'clock.

The wind increased; the black clouds rose with it, and when they left the horizon a grayish sheet of mist curtained the sky between them and the earth as they raced toward the south. A great wave they sent before them, long, rounded, unbroken, rolling in advance of the dark powers above. It struck the little boat with the straining sail and the weak crew.

The storm passed away. The low thunder retreated, weakening as it went. The drenching rain fell more gently. The wind blew as if it were weary. Only the sea still roared and tumbled against the shore. Another boat, manned by strong hands, went out from among the watching gazers on the beach, and

crossed the strait. The men wrapped Bennie in warm blankets and brought him back with them, his yellow hair clinging damply to his head. They did not tell him anything that had happened, but gave him into his mother's arms.

The rain ceased. The doctor behind his rubber protector drove from Old Hundred to Machpelah by the beach road, marking the sky and sea with an artist's eye.

As he neared the little inn, before which the waves were running high, he saw dark figures moving up and down the usually deserted shore, and some of the men told him why they were there. Very seriously after that he drove up the hill, past the sloping burying-ground, where the trees, recovered from the first cool rush of the blast, which had bent them almost to the ground, were still bowing and sighing to one another. Not far in advance of him he could see a little procession of men and women; resting upon the shoulder of one of the women was a child's yellow head. He walked his horse, not to speak to them so soon.

When he reached the crest of the hill and looked away to the summits in the west, he noticed one bright spot in the sky above them. The nearer hills, usually dark and blue, looked clear and near at hand. He could see the grass on their sides, and the spire of a church white upon one of them.

At first faintly, then growing stronger, a splendid rainbow curved over the dull sky, the distant heights. Its colors grew into a miracle of loveliness. A second bow appeared, little less brilliant than the first. The grass and woods of the far-away slopes had an unusual gray-green hue. Suddenly from the bright spot above the hills fell a beam of light upon the peaks below it. The grave old mountains, to whom in their stationary, silent age no new thing would have seemed possible, took on a strange, glorious brilliancy, glittering, majestic, near. Something shining on their tops gleamed like a crown.

They were new. They were beautiful as youth. They had put on immortality.

Mary Gray Morrison.

I. NAPLES.

CHAMELEON-LIKE I trod the cities o'er,
Sedate in London, and in Paris gay,
Reflecting Pisa's sleep or Genoa's roar,
At Rome a Roman of her earliest day.
But here at Naples all by turns I grow,
Poet or factor, as the mood inclines;
Now dreaming o'er the Past in idle glow,
Now rushing with the Present's thronging lines.
What city, old or new, is like to thee,
Bright, restless, many-colored Napoli?

II. VESUVIUS.

FOR three long days the Mountain was in view,
Grim, silent, ominous, by noon or night,
But on the fourth when we would bid adieu,
Lo! a white mist concealed it from our sight.
So when the gods of old came down to men,
Making or marring fortunes at their whim,
No soft farewell they uttered when again
They'd fade away into the ether dim,
But cold apart would stand with bearing proud,
Then, like Vesuvius, vanish in a cloud.

III. POMPEII.

SLOW-MOVING thro' the streets and alleys lone,
To which the centuries no change have brought,
With but the gentle dark-eyed guide, whose tone
Not often broke the silence, came the thought,
"What if this strange, still spell were not of death,
But magic, at whose swift reversing thrill
The invisible crowd should take on living breath,
And startle into human shape and will?"
Then sudden memory fancy's riot child,
And the stern Actual closed the coffin-lid.

CALIFORNIA AND HER WHEAT CULTURE.

THE old-time telescopic visions of California that long existed in other countries, picturing her as distant, wild, lawless, and as of all places the one to be avoided, have recently been gradually disappearing, and with the light of today and an intelligent knowledge of her improved condition and of her vast resources, a marked change for the better has occurred in the world's estimation of this, the largest, with one exception, of all the States in the Union. From all points of the compass, from every country in the world, now come, seeking a home in our glorious climate and a better return for both labor and capital than the older lands can give, men of all nations and tongues, who, when they descend the Sierra's western slope and settle in peaceful rest in our fertile valleys below, heartily join in the appropriate and unanimous exclamation, "Eureka."

Yet much is still untold, and it is not now our object to dwell on California's climatic, mineral, nor even more than partly on her agricultural wealth, capabilities, and resources, our province being her wheat culture. Her history and progress as regards this cereal can best be seen from the following, which is approximately accurate, viz :

Harvest of Year.	Short Tons of 2,000 lbs.		Acreage Seeded about.
	Crop.	Exported.	
1856.....	87,000....	66,000....	200,000
1861.....	135,000....	58,000....	320,000
1866.....	400,000....	250,000....	750,000
1871.....	225,000....	110,000....	700,000
1876.....	850,000....	604,000....	2,000,000
1880.....	1,800,000....	770,000....	3,250,000
1881.....	1,150,000....	1,243,000....	3,100,000
1882.....	1,100,000....	895,000....	3,100,000
1883.....	1,050,000....	751,000....	3,200,000
1884.....	1,500,000....	1,005,000....	3,500,000
1885.....	900,000....	740,000....	3,400,000
1886.....	1,200,000....	760,000....	3,600,000
1887.....	1,000,000....	600,000....	3,600,000

1888, owing to deficient rainfall, especially in the south, is expected to give only about the same wheat crop as 1887.

Although the history of her last thirty years shows that California has made fair

progress in her wheat culture, and is now entitled to rank as one of the principal producers of the world, she yet falls far short of what she can and, we trust, before long will do. But of the 115,000,000 acres of her area, making ample allowance for the mountain ranges, water surface, swamp land, and everything else, we find that up to the 4,000 foot line above sea level she possesses over 30,000,000 acres of arable land. Two-thirds of this is more than is used for pasture, orchard, vineyard, and raising all other crops than wheat ; so why, we ask, should not California at some future time, with more population, small farms, thorough and economical farming, raise $16\frac{3}{4}$ bushels per acre on her 10,000,000 acres of wheat land, or a total crop of 5,000,000 tons ? We do not expect to see this, as we do not raise a full crop any year, nor wheat from much of the same land every year ; but the fact remains that we can do very much more than we are doing, especially as California enjoys many peculiar advantages over most wheat-producing countries. Of these we will enumerate :

1. Her geographical position between the Pacific Ocean and the Sierra Nevada Mountains, insuring a regular annual rainfall.

2. Her snow-clad mountains and her rivers, which not only temper her climate, but also help to water, and partly irrigate, her plains and valleys.

3. The moderate cost and low rate of taxation of land.

4. The fertility of her soil, which requires no manuring, thus avoiding a heavy item of expense incurred annually in India and European countries ; also the rapidity and little labor with which cultivation and seeding can be done and crops harvested.

5. The facilities for cheap transportation of her products from the interior to the seaboard, by means of the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and other rivers, and by her excellent and judiciously located railroads.

6. Her 750 miles of seaboard and her fine

harbors, which permit wheat ship-loading at small expense and labor.

7. Her cheap freights on wheat to Europe, owing to the attraction of ample tonnage to San Francisco with coal and other imports for consumption throughout the State.

8. Her distance from the European markets, which induces wheat speculators there, who buy most Californian cargoes as they are being loaded, to pay more for them than for nearer wheats, as they give more time in which a profit may be made prior to their arrival at destinations.

9. The good quality of her wheat, and its hard, dry nature, owing to our having no summer rains, which secures it immunity from sea damage on the long voyage to Europe.

10. The high order of intelligence of her farmers, and the excellent agricultural implements used, which reduce manual labor to a minimum,—no small benefit where such labor is so well paid.

These advantages, with the progress already shown, will go far to convince even the most sceptical that California is now, and ever will be, one of the leading producers of high class wheat, whose influence will be increasingly felt year by year in the consuming markets of the world.

In the early years of our wheat life, seeding was often done on unplowed ground, branches of trees being drawn over it to harrow it in; and the subsequent harvest was gathered in an equally primitive and laborious manner. Yet the rich soil gave fair results, and the industry grew and prospered. Today, although part of our wheat crop, particularly on heavy and hilly land, is still raised by ordinary single plows, and harvested by old appliances at relatively high cost, the bulk of our crop is from lighter level land, easily, cheaply, yet well cultivated, seeded, and harvested. This is usually accomplished by one good man, with a strong six or eight mule team, seated on a sulky plow, cutting five furrows simultaneously, with a seeder attached, and followed by a good steel-toothed harrow, the plowing, seeding and harrow-

ing in being thus done by going over the ground only once. The outfit we have described has a capacity of six to eight acres per day, at a cost for labor (not including seed), of under \$1 per acre.

Harvesting also is now done in an improved manner, and, considering its thoroughness and rapidity, at a low cost, this latter not exceeding \$1.75, and frequently even \$1.50 per acre. This is accomplished by a large combined header and thresher, with cleaning machinery attached, the wheat, sacked and sewed, being dropped on the field a few minutes only from the time of its being cut or headed. In fact, it has been asserted, and probably truthfully, that wheat has been harvested, flour made of it, and bread made of that and eaten at breakfast the same morning; all within a few hours. Farmers have also stated that if they could only attach to their harvesters a good mill, they could have excellent flour made, and all ready to export to Europe, within twenty-five minutes of heading their wheat. To explain this, we must add that no "sweating" in stack on the field is necessary with Californian wheat, another benefit arising from our absence of summer rains, which also gives our farmers almost absolute safety for three and often four months, during which harvesting is done nearly all over our wheat belt. The present combined header and harvester is very cumbersome, requiring the services of twenty to thirty mules, and about three to six men, and is only available on fairly level land. No doubt our next step in advance will be the more general use of steam, and reduction of other labor, both in cultivation and harvesting; in fact, steam plows have recently been worked with much success in Tulare County. Even today our agricultural implements are the best in the world, and it is to their further improvement, to the yearly increase of our acreage sown to wheat, to the dredging and improvement of our principal rivers, and to the extension of our railroads, now being pushed in every direction, that we look with confidence for a considerable though perhaps gradual increase in the quantity and also quality of wheat that will be

produced in the State. California's development and growth have been almost exactly parallel with those of our railroads, and it is fortunate for us that nearly all of the latter are in the control of men of capacity, enterprise, and wealth, an assurance that all necessary new lines will be constructed as soon as our traffic justifies and demands them. Our present lines are located just where they do us the most good. We have a line now within a few miles of each bank of our wheat-transporting rivers, the Sacramento and San Joaquin, with valuable feeders from the most important of our foothill sections, all one harmonious system, which annually brings from the interior to tidewater a large proportion of our crops. We are indebted to Mr. Flack, the statistician of the Southern Pacific (Railway) Company, for the following showing of the tons (of 2,000 lbs.) of wheat so carried by his company in the years named, viz:

Year.	Tons.
1880.....	396,000
1881.....	579,000
1882.....	562,000
1883.....	497,000
1884.....	629,000
1885.....	530,000
1886.....	733,000
1887.....	526,000

We now propose to touch upon the vexed question of the cost of wheat production in California, to show its cost at our own seaboard, and also in our principal foreign market, Liverpool. Of course this cost varies with circumstances, such as good and bad crops, the price of land on which it is raised, freights to Europe, and other things, particularly the size of ranch, as it is found that expenses do not nearly keep pace with the increase in the quantity of wheat raised. Wheat land of fair quality can be purchased at any price from \$10 to \$40, and best quality from \$40 to \$100 per acre, varying with richness of soil, location, and rate of wheat freights to tidewater. A tract of 5000 acres of good wheat land was some time ago sold for \$5 per acre, but it was sacrificed, and was well worth \$15 or even \$20; in fact, this last figure has since been paid for adjacent land.

Some of our farmers say wheat cannot profitably be raised on land of the value of over \$40 per acre. Others assert that they can make more profit in raising wheat on the best land suitable, and worth \$100 per acre, or even more. There are some sound reasons for this when it is remembered that the good land probably yields double the crop that the poor does, and that much farm labor is done by contract at so much per acre. Good land would also probably be cropped every year, or four out of five at least; while the poorer land, in order to avoid its impoverishment, would be most likely half cropped and half fallowed each year. We wish to avoid extremes either way, and after consultation with many of our leading grangers and wheat growers, will submit the following as the result of our most careful examination into the subject during the last ten years, and as affording, as nearly as can now be ascertained, the average cost of production of a large proportion of our wheat crop. It is usually considered that the increase in the sale value of wisely selected and well bought land will be more than equivalent to interest on its cost; and the State has thousands of farmers today, whose lands have trebled and quadrupled in value, while those of many have multiplied by six, eight, and even ten or more. But we will include interest at 6 per cent per year on the cost of land in our expense of wheat raising, and see how a good Missouri farmer will fare on arrival here, if he invests \$100,000 in a purchase of 4,000 acres of fair wheat land (at \$25 per acre), and raises wheat on 2,000 acres of it, each year alternating wheat crop and fallowing on each half of his ranch. What he can raise in orchard, vineyard, garden, and on summer fallowed land (melons, squash, etc.), together with profit from increase of stock, poultry, and other things, we will leave out of our count, to provide for contingencies or bad years; and to avoid the intricacies of the cost of doing his own work, which should always be less than by contract, we will suppose his cultivation, seeding, and harvesting to be all done by contract at present cost. Here are the figures in detail:

Interest for one year, at 6 per cent, on cost of 4,000 acres at \$25,—\$100,000.....	\$6,000
Taxes, for one year, on 4,000 acres, assessed at \$10 per acre, \$40,000, at 1.50 per cent..	600
Plowing, seeding, and harrowing 2,000 acres, at \$1.....	2,000
\$1.50 per cental for seed, 60 lbs. per acre, 2,000 acres.....	1,800
Harvesting by combined machine 2,000 acres, at \$1.75.....	3,500
Wheatsacks at 7c. each, 8 sacks per acre, 2,000 acres.....	1,120
Hauling and freight of crop to tide water, and sundries, \$2 per ton on 1080 tons wheat..	2,160
<hr/>	
Total cost of 1080 tons wheat at tidewater, \$17,160	
<hr/>	
Or rather less than 80c. per 100 lbs., which would be.....	\$17,280

Let us also suppose that our farmer is a wise man, and sells his 1,080 tons wheat about as soon as it is ready for delivery to a San Francisco merchant, miller, or exporter, at per cental \$1.40, a low average price, giving him \$30,240. Deduct from this cost of wheat, as above, \$17,160, and it leaves his net profit for the year, \$13,080, or over 13 per cent on his \$100,000 capital invested, besides the 6 per cent we have already allowed on it as the cost of his land, or above 19 per cent per year in all.

This is, we believe, a very fair result, and as nearly correct as possible. In fact, many more of our farmer friends assert that our estimate of the cost is too high than think it too low, one of our very best authorities, who personally knew, positively stating that the crop of one of the largest wheat ranches in the State did not cost over 50 cents per cental delivered at our seaboard. We therefore feel very safe in stating the cost of wheat production in California as not exceeding, delivered at tide water :

		Per 100 lbs.
From Ranches of	1,000 acres.....	\$.92½
"	" 2,000 "	.85
"	" 4,000 "	.80
"	" 6,000 "	.75
"	" 8,000 "	.70
"	" 10,000 "	.65
"	" 15,000 "	.60
"	" 20,000 "	.55
"	" 30,000 "	.50
"	" 40,000 "	.45
"	" 50,000 "	.40

We are satisfied any good farmer, acting with reasonable judgment, can equal our figures, which are in all things reasonable, and especially in our estimate of 8 sacks per acre crop from summer fallowed land. That many of them do not do so is owing to their speculating with their wheat crops by holding them often for one or two years, in the hope of the advance in price that so rarely comes — not one year in ten or twelve — and paying out a large portion of their real profit in unnecessary and avoidable expenses. Thus had our farmer friend not sold when ready to deliver his crop of 1,080 tons, but stored it for a year, it would have cost him over \$3.50 per ton, thus :

Interest at 6 per cent per year on \$30,240,	
(1,080 tons sold at \$1.40 per cental)....	\$1,814.40
One year's Storage on 1,080 tons @ \$1.....	1,080.00
Fire Insurance, 1¼ per cent on \$32,000,	
value	400.00
Brokerage, Commissions, etc, 50cts. per ton	540.00
<hr/>	
Total	\$3,834.40

in addition to any decline in price below \$1.40 ; of course any advance in price above \$1.40 would first go towards paying the above charges, and the surplus, if any, be an additional profit to the farmer. It is a common and a very great error that farmers nearly always fall into, to take into their account of the cost of holding and carrying their wheat crops only the interest on the sums they *borrow* on their grain. But as every farmer can employ all his means, usually, to better advantage, on his land and ranch than six per cent per year interest, and can realize the full value of his crop by selling and getting the proceeds for his use, it is only right to figure interest on his crop's *full value* as an expense of holding and carrying it unsold, which annually costs our farmers a very large portion of their hard-earned, legitimate profit from wheat raising. When a farmer decides to sell his wheat crop, which should be before it need be stored to avoid our first fall rains, say up to October, each year, it is wise for him always to sell locally to millers or exporters, whose necessities often compel them to pay a price in excess of values in foreign

markets. He thus obtains the highest figure possible, and avoids much risk and expense. Should he load a ship with his crop, and sell it to a buyer in Europe when loading is completed, the quality of his wheat may be unsuitable, and this with expenses and commissions will cause him loss. Or, worse than all, should he hold his wheat unsold until it arrives in Europe, and sell then or later, he will find expenses have mounted up to \$2.50 or \$3.50 per ton, and yet, besides this, on an unchanged market, that the sale value of his cargo is \$1 to \$1.50 per ton below what it was when loading in California. This reduced value is owing to our farmer having retained the chances of profit through rise in prices during his cargo's four and a half month's voyage to Europe, to obtain which a European speculative buyer would have paid a premium in the shape of a larger price for wheat loading in California than for that arrived in Europe. It is the loss of this premium and the accumulation of the heavy expenses that lead to so much disappointment and loss to farmers who ship their wheat to Europe, and let it arrive there unsold; expenses there are much heavier than in California. This premium for distant over near at hand wheat, paid by European buyers of California wheat cargoes, varies with the general belief prevailing in Europe as to the future course of prices. If an advance is deemed probable the premium increases, while with the prospect of a decline it is reduced. Other causes affect it also, but as a rule, there being usually in Europe as well as in California, many more wheat "bulls" than "bears," it always exists, and probably ever will. This suggests the question whether the completion of the Panama or Nicaragua canal will add to the value of Californian wheat by shortening the voyage to European markets. It will undoubtedly tend to reduce the expense of the actual voyage to the owners of wheat while on the way, — interest, insurance, and probably freight being less; but it will also, under ordinary circumstances, reduce the chances for speculative European buyers to make a profit during the voyage, and correspondingly the premium for the less distant

wheat that he will then pay. In other words, wheat shipped hence "via Isthmus Canals" may sell for less than that by the present all-sea route.

If our figure of 80c. per cental, cost in San Francisco of wheat raised on a 4,000 acre ranch is correct, let us see at what price per quarter of 500 lbs. and per cental of 100 lbs. it can be laid down in Liverpool, to compete with other wheats there.

.80 per 100 lbs. in California	equals	16.6 per qr. of 500 lbs.
.24 to 22½ freight per ton of 2240 lbs.	"	5. " " " " "
.11 40 per £100, value insurance.	"	.6 " " " " "
<hr/>		<hr/>
\$1.05 per 100 lbs., or in all		22.

Our standard No. 1 wheat is now selling in Liverpool daily at more than *fifty per cent* above this price, and yet competing with the largest export from Australia that that colony has ever contributed to the supply of the European markets, although Australian is almost the only foreign similar wheat there that equals in quality that of California. These are the facts, as near as they can be ascertained and stated, of the cost of our wheat here and its value abroad, and while they exist we cannot help believing that our wheat culture is yet in its infancy, and that the next twenty or forty years will witness great development in the industry, and large increase in our wheat crops. We have millions of acres yet of good virgin land, and can welcome and support any willing workers who may choose our State for their homes. Our two great wheat valleys alone, Sacramento and San Joaquin, contain, according to Mr. Mills, land agent of the Southern Pacific Company, probably our best authority, fully twelve millions of acres of land, and other parts of the State eighteen millions, or in all 30,000,000 acres of arable land, none of which is more than 4,000 feet above sea level. The price of our land is still very low, considering its fertility, the crops it returns, and our marvelous climate; and though foreign capital is buying largely every year, good purchases and judicious investments still abound. Where can capital do better than in purchasing good orchard, hop, and vineyard land at \$100 to \$200 per acre; fair wheat land at \$10 to \$60 per acre,

and sheep pasture hilly land at \$3 to \$10 per acre? Our farmers can buy and own forever good land here, and put it into vineyard, hops, orchard, wheat, or whatever they please, for a less sum per acre than many tenant farmers in Great Britain pay *each year* for rent, taxes and tithes. The writer knows land in Kent, the Lothians, Perthshire, and other counties that rented for £5 (or \$25) per acre per year, and rents range from this down to 30s (or \$7.50) per acre. Add to this the taxes and tithes paid by tenants, and the total explains why farming there is not profitable, thus :

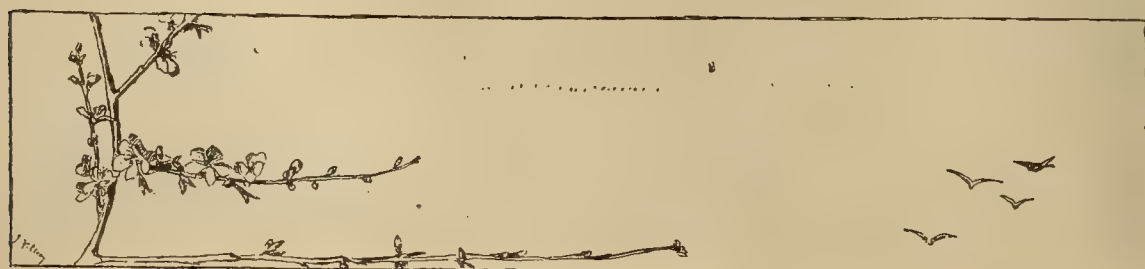
	Per acre annually.	Shillings.
Rates 2/6 p. £1 of rent (on £2 rent) say..	5	or \$1.25
Ordinary Tithe.....	6	" 1.50
Extra " (besides above) if orchard..	8	" 2.
" " (besides ordinary) if hops..	12	" 3.
Income Tax, "B" (about 2½ per cent)..	1	" .25
Annual Rent.....	40 / to 80	" 20.
Cost of manuring land, say.....	40	" 10.

besides being hampered by rotation of crops, fallowing, and other hard conditions of lease and game laws. Is it then, under such circumstances, any wonder that England can purchase wheat abroad and import it cheaper than she can herself grow it? This will continue as long as her tenant farmers are so greatly overtaxed. This is the factor that has induced such enormous government expenditures for canals, railways, and improved agricultural implements in India, as England naturally would much prefer purchasing her required supplies of wheat (and cotton, too) from her own principal colony rather than from the United States, whose import duties cause considerable irritation there as well as in other European countries. Yet with all this, such is the indolence of the natives and their disinclination to use improved agricultural implements, that with the great annual

expense for manuring the land, and climatic drawbacks, it is already well demonstrated that Indian wheat is more of a bugbear than a serious competitor with the United States, both as regards quantity and quality, and also relative cost of production. It is therefore an established fact, that the United States is today the largest and cheapest grower of good wheat on the globe, and also that California is one of the best wheat States in the Union.

To new arrivals, coming with the intention of going into wheat growing here, we would say: Avoid the western bank of the San Joaquin River, which is our dry belt, also the counties of Sonoma, Napa, Alameda, and Santa Clara, where land is comparatively dear, though excellent, and it is hardly possible with reasonable care to err in selecting land anywhere on the east side of the San Joaquin Valley, or north to Tehama County within twenty miles of either bank of the Sacramento River. For fruit growing our best counties are Santa Clara, Alameda, Contra Costa, Solano, Napa, and Sonoma, the two last being especially noted for their growth of wine grapes, excellent climate, and general productiveness, failures even in our driest years being quite unknown, yet without irrigation. Merced, Fresno, Tulare, and some other southern counties produce excellent white grapes (for raisins), and also good fruits and grain. These advantages, with a pleasant life in a surpassingly fine climate all the year round, afford a better return for both labor and capital than can be found in older countries; and embracing as they do both health and wealth, will no doubt continue to attract in the next decade, even more than in the past, large numbers of new comers to our State, adding much to the value of our lands and their products, and to the general prosperity of the Pacific slope.

Alfred Bannister.



LA GENARA.

A STORY OF EARLY SAN FRANCISCO.

I.

HOMEFARERS and wayfarers passing along Washington Street between Kearney and Dupont on the winter evenings of 1854-5, must often have been beguiled by the mingled measures of a violin and piano. The sounds were eloquent invitations. And as if to encourage acceptance, a lamp-lighted stairway full of crisp minims and crotchets dancing downward, — mad motes in the sunshine of music, — yawned persuasively. Occasionally, as if to leave listeners below in no doubt as to what was passing above, a voice sprang up, — a stentorian voice, — bawling with remarkable precision of utterance the changes of a quadrille: "*Salute partners, A la main left, Chassez,*" and the dancing-masters know what all, ever timing the accented syllable to the downward rush of the fiddle-bow. The voice was old Fritz Herzog's. It still rings out above the many silences made by thirty years.

A Mrs. Hathspey held these *soirees dansantes* twice a week. As she moved about among her guests, tall, in stiff, trailing black silk, an ordinary observer would have pronounced her the most serene person in her little world of happy human contacts. But Wormser, her doorkeeper, had his own opinion. You see, his experiences on the police force gave him a fashion of looking deeper than ordinary people. So he early discovered that if Mrs. Hathspey often glanced his way, it was not solely to beam benignantly upon him. No. Her fine eyes, that had something of the falcon in them, would dart on beyond him to reconnoiter the stairway and landing. Why, he had never yet been able to make out to his full satisfaction.

More than once, thanks to this alert fashion of hers, the lady had divined a would-be patron in some stranger peeping up-stairs.

On a particular evening in March, when the regular bi-weekly dance was in progress, several men coming up from the rainy street had quietly collected at a point whence they could view a strip of the canvas-covered floor, and watch the waltzers flit by.

Wormser had an eye on the foremost, and an ear for any hint of an intention to disturb the festivities. As a matter of precaution, he shifted his chair a little, so that his official star would catch the gleam of a lamp opposite.

Seeing Mrs. Hathspey approaching, he looked inquiringly at her. Had she any order to give?

"A rough-and-tumble lot, marm," he rumbled down in his thick-bearded throat. His eyebrows had a fashion of bristling when he felt aggressive. His deep-set eyes twinkled as if set on fire by a plan of sudden attack.

Mrs. Hathspey put up a quieting hand, — a thin and wrinkled hand, with long, sensitive fingers. Her glance studied the intruders. They were rough in dress and in manner, but bent, she fancied, on nothing worse than a little horse-play. They had been nudging one another, chuckling, and passing what might be guessed to be humorous observations on the scene.

Far from giving the word which Wormser half expected, Mrs. Hathspey sailed softly along the landing-place. Two or three fellows, turning shamefaced at her approach, ducked their heads. Her clear darting eyes dwelt on these signs of moral subjugation, very womanlike.

"Of course you may stay, boys." Her tones fell distinct and silvery. "But I can't ask you in, for you are not in evening dress, you know."

At this, whatever the strange power of her manner and her voice, only one of the group, and that a mere lad, showed any masculine

and frontier derision of her soft speech and grand air. He whooped up a great laugh and clattered away down stairs. The rest stood their ground, acknowledging the force of Mrs. Hathspey's remark by deprecatory glances at their rough boots and garments.

"And you *will* be quiet, boys?"

There came a little quiver in her utterance and a sort of pathetic deference in her manner wholly unexpected. It secretly disgusted Wormser, who had decided convictions as to the hopelessness of ethical appeals made to a clearly defined class of subjects.

"Thank 'ee, ma' am, thank 'ee," said one of the group; and as if to point his acceptance of her favor, he sat down upon the top step.

Another, who had a gift of freer speech, thrust in with, "It looks as lonesome outdoors tonight, Missus, as Kingdom Come to a sinner. The sky's letting itself down, you know, like a lot o' wet blankets."

But Mrs. Hathspey could not stay long away from her duties as hostess. It was part of her general plan to keep a sharp lookout for guests who did not seem to be enjoying themselves. Her attentions had been known to have a magical effect.

The waltz was just over amid a general hand-clapping. A young gentleman rushing up to her still had his partner on his arm. The eyes of both were dancing after their feet had ceased.

"We've given old Fritz a tremendous *encore*," said the youth, "and he won't notice it. Old stick! But if you order him he won't dare refuse."

Instead of acting upon this enthusiastic suggestion, Mrs. Hathspey began to scold in the most mellifluous voice imaginable.

"You have been violating my rules, Mr. Turner, and teaching your partner to do likewise. Just look at her, sir!"

The youth obeyed with a dutiful air. But his eyes shone.

The young lady on his arm blushed through the tell-tale roses of exercise, and dropped her head, interjecting, "O mamma!"

Mrs. Hathspey went on imperturbably.

"Just to think of your taking advantage of my absence to turn my drawing-room into a

race-course." "My drawing-room" was one of Mrs. Hathspey's favorite euphemisms.

But now young Turner saw his chance to divert further scolding.

"Were you out of the room?" he asked with his gray eyes wide and innocent as a baby's.

"O Reel!" murmured Della Hathspey.

Turner promptly gave her small hand a suitable squeeze between his elbow and side. He might as well have ejaculated, "Don't tell!" aloud. Nothing escaped Mrs. Hathspey.

"Where were you?" he went on, with equal interest and turpitude.

The lady graciously allowed herself to appear beguiled.

"You can guess when you look toward the stair-landing. We have rather more spectators than usual tonight."

"Does Wormser need any help, ma'am?"

"Not a bit. Poor boys!" — she could smile an ineffable smile! — "they are mere lambs before a kind word. Perhaps — who knows?" — There she broke off, pausing an instant and then going on less fluently. "Perhaps the sight of gentle women and gentle ways will make them think of home, and long to go back."

"I'm sure 't would fetch me up with a short turn," said Turner, too eagerly pursuing his own thoughts to notice Mrs. Hathspey's hesitation, "if —"

"If what?"

"If I were not so happy — here."

But by this time, a change of partners had been effected, how Turner hardly knew.

Della had obeyed a command darting from her mother's eye. She had slipped her hand from Turner's arm, and had gone away to devote herself to some other guest. Never should it be said that favoritism held sway at Mrs. Hathspey's.

Turner found himself sedately circling about the room with Della's mother. But, however much of confession and appeal he had meant to convey by his language, it passed unnoticed.

"I never see anybody peeping up those stairs," Mrs. Hathspey murmured, "but I

think of the first evening I ever saw you. The first evening you ever tried to come to us here and ^{you} could n't manage to muster up courage."

Turner's clear-cut, pale face had a fashion of frankly confessing. He dropped it now as he laughed a little. Mrs. Hathspey continued: "As lonesome a young man as ever the dark of a strange uncivilized city settled down upon."

"I should have sneaked away of course," he said, "if you had n't come out and brought me in. And then" — a manly boldness flashing up through a whirl of hot color — "I saw Della and — Della —"

It did not please Mrs. Hathspey to notice this wild break.

"Ah, I could feel for you, a proud, shy, motherless boy, — how very shy you were, Reel!" Her eyes twinkled playfully.

"You see, at that time I had n't mixed in the society of ladies at all," he explained.

Perhaps there was a touch of self-conceit here. But young Turner's candor was on the whole tempered with a modesty quite appealing to the feminine heart.

As he lifted his glance, feeling Mrs. Hathspey's upon him, he divined with a glow of pleasure that she liked him. How soft her aspect was! Her eyes could forget, then, to stand sentinel. A great motherliness beamed steadily through and through her. He immediately presumed upon it.

"How kind it was of you to put me right into Della's hands."

Mrs. Hathspey stiffened visibly. "Circumstances necessitate that my daughter should take certain phases of our business upon herself."

The words "my daughter" were emphasized, and if she hesitated before "business," she did pronounce it very firmly.

Reel was too eager in pursuit of a long-coveted opportunity to be daunted.

"If I should live to be a hundred years old, I'd never forget. O, those first evenings after my awkwardness wore off a little! I'm sorry they're over. Then I had Della" — the Christian name again! — "off in a corner all to myself. Nobody to jostle.

What a fool I was not to see the advantage of being slow in learning to dance!"

"I assure you my daughter gives quite as much time to every new-comer."

"That's what cuts me to the soul," young Turner agreed, with a flash of spirit.

Then he was forced to silence by Mrs. Hathspey's grimness of manner. A quadrille was called. He knew that she sometimes walked through one.

"If you would honor me?" he asked almost beseechingly.

Why not? The moment he turned from forbidden topics, she was graciousness itself. They took the head of the set. There was little opportunity for conversation. The lady's attention was largely occupied by a pair of awkward "sides."

Turner studied her with growing wonder.

What was the meaning of it all, anyway? Why was this woman, who might have graced the grand Southern home toward which his mind still reverted in homesick hours, why was she moving about in a hired hall, wasting her care and patience upon mere bumpkins and boobies?

And she seemed to like it, too. The deft fingers of a mood quite in keeping with the music, light, and gayety, had moulded all but the shadows of wrinkles out of her fine face. Torches flashed in her old eyes. Every inch of her slender height thrilled with a sense of social queenship.

"She must like this sort of thing," Turner thought, with just a touch of boyish disdain, "or else —"

But the conclusion was not at all complimentary. A young person who cannot contrive to hide his feelings, may be pardoned a belief that free emotional expression is the only honorable thing. No thoroughly honest man or woman, Reel Turner was sure, could ever be able to do what was hateful or even disagreeable with calm exterior satisfaction.

The quadrille closed. Mrs. Hathspey tacitly declined the grand promenade. Reel led her towards a seat, brought her fan, and then burst out, "Now may I go and rescue Miss Hathspey? What a partner for a young

and innocent girl. Old Philpont, indeed ! Odious old whisky sponge ! ”

The gentleman so disrespectfully referred to was carrying Della off toward a deserted end of the long room before Turner's very eyes.

“ Mr. Turner forgets himself,” was Mrs. Hathspey's sole comment. The boy colored high. As for the Honorable John Philpont, he found himself unmolested.

“ Whisky-sponge ” was certainly a very coarse epithet to apply to this immaculately attired gentleman. Yet something mysterious affected his personality. A secret agent, imperceptible in any gaudy color or flowery blotch or wateriness of vision, was at work within him. His eyes, from which the under lids were slightly wrinkled away, could only fix themselves upon Della's tender countenance by a hard effort. They had a trick of wandering off into blank space. Black orbs they were, showing blacker because of rims of white revealed around their irids.

His bloodless lips and hands were touched, at intervals, with flying tremors.

Why had he led Della Hathspey off like that ? He only wished to tell her very particularly how he, the Honorable John Philpont, now of San Francisco, had seen all the national dances of the civilized world — and the half-civilized, too.

“ I've studied them in Vienna, Paris, Cairo, St. Petersburg, Seville ; but I never saw any one dance — s-saw a-any o-ne — ”

For all his hurried and anxious way of speaking, he could not get through. His lips quivered helplessly. He had forgotten the turn of his intended compliment.

Della looked straight into his face, sweetly, deferentially. She even had her own little smile ready beforehand for the flattery that never came. Her own little smile, rendered ever so quaint by a faint wrinkling over the bridge of her shapely nose.

Suddenly, Philpont began afresh. Della heroically ignored the impaired enunciation.

“ I've seen — seen all the fines' da'cers, Miss — Miss — ”

How strangely he stared his eyes at her ! Della's countenance at last gave token of

tender distress. He had forgotten her name.

“ If you would only take me to mamma now. Won't you, Mr. Philpont ? ”

The honorable gentleman arose with great alacrity. He seemed relieved. Shaken, but courtly, he bowed low, offering her his elbow.

Before they had gone three steps, he had launched into a description of a wolf hunt in Russian Poland.

“ It must be a little pig, Miss Nelly.”

Della's smile had something in it of the pitying angel.

“ A regular squealer. And you fasten it on behind the sleigh, you know, and its squeals soon attract — soon attract — soo' nattract — the — the — ”

Again a wild stare and nervous quiverings.

“ The wolves, Mr. Philpont ; attract the wolves ? ”

Upon which timely suggestion the gentleman entirely forgot what he set out at Della's request to do.

“ How can she abide that beast ! ” young Turner muttered angrily, stabbing the pair with steel-cold eyes as they passed him by.

“ He bores the poor child ! ” Mrs. Hathspey turned from the old gentleman she was entertaining on her left hand to whisper this to the angry boy on her right hand. “ He bores her to death ; but she would die sooner than show it. She was born a lady, and, you may guess, bred one.”

Having fired which shot with great deliberation of aim, she rose queenlike. Something was happening. She had seen that. Something was always happening in this strange, wild beginning of a town.

Della ran up quite pale and clung to her.

“ O mamma,” she whispered, “ his eyes almost jumped out of his head — so fierce and awful, perfectly awful. I'm sure he has gone to kill himself.”

In fact, the Honorable John Philpont, flinging decorum to the winds, had suddenly bolted off from his partner and from the ball-room, leaving his stock story of the wolf hunt forever unfinished.

Mrs. Hathspey's low-toned reply to Della's frightened appeal for comfort was given with

a strange mingling of feminine contempt, heavenly pity, and dry wisdom.

"He has only gone to keep an appointment with an intimate associate. Hush, love; no scene. I am taking you back to young Turner. You may appease him by one dance more — only one more."

"Is he very angry, then, mamma?"

"He is hurt, love. He has been begging to be allowed to call."

"Please don't tell me what you answered, mamma." And Della's red lips grew redder, quivering like a child whose feelings have been hurt.

Her blue, sweet eyes, looking up presently into Turner's, dumbly pleaded forgiveness for what — she did not know. The quadrille was not yet called as the young pair were going away together into a world of inexplicably complex sensations, emotions, regrets, satisfactions.

"Your mamma is very rigid, Della; or must I think there is somebody else? Does n't she allow somebody else to call?"

"O Reel!"

The exclamation may seem flat and non-committal. It was the most eloquent bit of expostulation possible to conceive. Reel Turner's anger and distrust, his wounded vanity, keener than either, melted away.

His ardor of delight made him dizzy.

"Tell me," he whispered, imperious in his love as in his pride of birth, "tell me you didn't look like this at that horrible —"

"*Ladies forward to center and back!*"

It was old Fritz's decree, ringing clear and stern. His chin was pressed close to his fiddle. His pale eyes, fallen on this very couple perhaps, had in them no appreciation of crucial situations.

"*Gents forward and back. Ladies to the center. Join hands. Gents circle half round the outside. Back to partners. Form basket. Balancez.*"

There they were, eight people plaited together arm through arm, no chance for any quiet word.

"*Swing partners to place.*" "Tell me you did n't look at that old bloat —"

"O Reel!"

"At Philpont, then, like this — and —"
"*Promenade all.*"

Happily birds can twitter on the wing.

"— like this, and I'll never think an angry thought again, — Della!"

She may have hesitated from shyness. Then she could not speak. An interruption had come. That was a terrible crash. Everybody seemed instinctively to know where; for by a single impulse the whole room swayed toward the one door of exit and massed itself there. Fritz was left with his chin on his fiddle standing solitary, bawling "*Gents, forward,*" to empty space. Even the pianist, an excitable little Italian, had run up to crane his mustache for a view of the stair-landing.

All sorts of exclamations, frightened, wondering, speculating, were rife among the ladies. "Dreadful!" — "What is it?" — "I don't know, but it's dreadful, oh-h-h! — I'm sure somebody is killed — Wish I were back in the States —"

The gentlemen had hurried down stairs, making a group dimly seen below in the light of the hall lantern flickering through its shattered glass.

Della alone said nothing. But the roses had left her cheeks. Her blue eyes, usually so tenderly appealing, were wild now. She had instinctively locked her small hands together over her bodice.

Several gentlemen came running upstairs presently, laughing and talking as they came. "No need of alarm, ladies," was the calm fiat. "A fellow trying to push his way past Wormser suddenly repented, that's all."

"Is he hurt?"

"No such luck. If he had n't been brimming over, he'd have broken his neck. Stunned, nothing more. Wormser is taking him away."

A fair listener cried out that she hoped it could n't by any chance be "poor dear Mr. Philpont." She had noticed the Honorable John's peculiar exit.

Not so. For at that moment Philpont walked upstairs, hatless as he had gone, but quite blithe and courtly. He explained to the company that the heat of the room had

overcome him. His eyes fell on Della. He offered her his broadcloth elbow with a profound obeisance. She found the elbow a little damp from the rain, but permitted her glove to be wet without a sign.

"I've been wondering, Miss Della, if you've ever seen La Genara. Eh? The *danseuse*, you know, that the whole town is raving over?"

"La Genara?" Della repeated the name hesitatingly. Philpont took up the word.

"No? Then you ought to see her, Miss Della. I will ask your mamma if I may have the pleasure. There would be a treat for you! The finest little dancer, La Genara; the footlights ever flashed upon. I've seen all the national dances of the civilized world and the uncivilized —"

"O, Mr. Philpont" — Della interrupts faintly — "there is mamma. Let me go to her."

Mrs. Hathspey's first word, the glance of her eye, all the falcon alert in it, steadied Della's nerves, how strangely shaken who can guess?

"Was it — *he*, mamma?"

"Hush, not a word. He has gone away."

The soirée went on to its usual hour of ending. Young Turner only approached Della once again during the evening. The bright, flower-like innocence of her countenance was somehow changed as she met his face, sharpened as she must see to a kind of sternness.

"It is a long time to Friday evening," he said curtly.

"A long time," she echoed with a faint heart.

"I have three seats at the Jenny Lind for tomorrow evening. Do you think your mother would consent, if I should ask her?"

"O Reel!" Confused and alarmed she stammered on, scarcely knowing what she said: "Mr. Philpont has asked me already."

"That — beast!"

"Indeed, I am not going with him — I am not. Mamma will tell you. Pray go to mamma." She was ready to burst out crying. Her eyes were full as flower-cups after a shower.

A partner came up, claiming her hand. She went with drooping head.

A very little later, everybody was going away muffled up. Hacks were heard rolling off. Only Aurelius Turner was left to stalk about watching Wormser put out the lights and lock the doors.

The two men standing together at the foot of the stairs stared at the wreck of the lantern.

"Who was the chap?" Reel asked without preliminaries.

"Could n't tell ye no more'n the dumb," said the officer studying the young man with a straightforward look, between two cautious kicks aimed at bits of broken glass.

"I did n't really take notice. What caught my eye was the Madam standing white as a talla' candle in the door" — giving his head a scoop by way of indicating precise locality. "All I heard was her a-mutterin' something in a voice to make the creeps go up your marra,' sir. '*Alas*,' was what she said, or it might have been '*At last*.' Of course I looked to see what she meant, and there was a fellow pushing his way up the stairs. I took him just as he got to the top step. Took him square between the eyes."

"What did you make of him — was he old or —"

"Well, when a man's bad blowed with liquor," retorted Wormser, putting out his jaw to rub it hard with a grating sound, "and his clothes all mud, it's a rough guess on a rough subject. But the Madam — 't was the first time I ever see her out of her latitudes. So ca'm, you know, no matter what turns up. — He fell like a beef, sir, like a beef." And Wormser straightened his back and looked at Turner for approval.

"Hurt bad?"

"Not enough to shake a stick at. Head bled some. Only a bruise."

His hands thrust into his pockets, Turner's eyes moodily followed the flight of each fragment of glass that Wormser's boot sent spinning. His lips were tense and pale. Wormser continued, "'T was harder on the Madam than on him. She could n't stand to see or hear it done. She was down the

stairs, sir, as light as a sixteen-year-old girl. Nothing must do but me to see the rascal safe to a lodging-house which she named, with her hand in her pocket, too. I suppose she 'll go an' nurse him till he kin git around for a fresh scrimmage." A slightly nauseated air here. Then philosophically, "But women-folks are women-folks the world over, and 't wouldn't be much of a world without 'em."

Reel Turner's lip curled slightly. Some scorn far keener than Wormser's had envenomed his ingenuous youth. Bidding the officer a careless good-night, he strode off alone in the darkness.

He had added no word to fill out Wormser's description of the incident. Yet a word of Mrs. Hathspey's rankled in his breast. He had been the first of her guests to join her by the inanimate form of Wormser's victim. His ear, attuned, may be, by his love for Della, had caught in a distinct, yet inner voice, this query, wrung as it seemed to him, from a profound gulf of agony, "My God! what shall I do now?"

II.

THE following evening a number of men lounging in the vestibule of the old Jenny Lind theatre were waiting for eight o'clock, and bent upon seeing whatsoever ladies might pass in to swell the almost exclusively male audience. Meanwhile their attention was held by a person who insisted on making himself conspicuous.

"What is your mining fraternity anyway?" he was asking of nobody in particular and everybody in general. "A miner's a cross between a pack mule and a coyote."

"Hear, hear!" roared a fellow whose red shirt covered a splendid expanse of chest. And he tossed up his beard at the bystanders as who should say, "We mountaineers may well afford to indulge this towns-boy."

The tall youth, his natural fairness overspread by a superficial glaze of color, mistaking indulgence for security, continued: "And what does a miner get for his pains? Starvation fare, and the rheumatism from

working in snow-water. If one out of twenty happens to strike it rich, not one out of a hundred gets away with it. Why? Because your successful miner is either quietly hit on the head for his dust, or he amicably turns his pockets inside out for the first card sharp that comes along."

"You're right there, pard!" laughed the same rough fellow good-humoredly.

"I tell you, your through-and-through gamester has the best of everything by a long chalk. He lives like a gentleman, and dies like one, sir."

"Game in his boots," the other allowed, with a wink to show that he was merely encouraging oratory.

"And why are n't a fellow's boots as comfortable to die in as a bed?" queried the boy loftily. "We Southern gentlemen don't pray to be delivered from sudden death. If a man's got to go, the fewer preliminaries the better. — Look here, do you miners always have time to try on your shrouds? You're popped at quite as often over the green earth as gay gamboliers over the green table. So I mean to take to gaming as a fine art; and judging from my spoils last night —" here he struck hands to pockets in a most congratulatory way — "I'm likely to clear up with a big fortune in a year or two. Unlucky in love, you know, lucky in cards."

"The sap ascends in the spring," remarked a new listener, eyeing the boy knowingly, and, like the others, all on a broad grin.

"'Tain't sap this lay out, stranger," rumbled the thickset, indulgent man, "it's rattlesnake juice. That's mighty ascending in all seasons."

"See here," cried the youth. He was getting, for reasons within himself rather than without, more and more pugnacious. "I don't want any blanked earth-picker to crowd me too close. I'm the son of a gentleman, sir; the son of a' neducated gen'leman."

A universal "'sh!" warned him of the triumphal approach of some member of the fair sex. Instantly, an instinct finer than his

behavior would seem to indicate, sent him back against the wall with bared curls.

Feminine flounces had no sooner rustled out of sight, however, than the youth renewed his interrupted harangue.

"The son of a Louisville judge, sir," he said, loudly addressing himself to the particular miner he had singled out, "has nothing in common with a lot of Sierra tramps, placer-snipes, and bean-fed vagabonds."

But he had apparently gone beyond patience. The red-shirted breast was observed to swell with an idea too big to find hasty utterance.

"Youngster," was the word, mild but weighty, falling from those bearded lips, "I don't wonder that you Southerners sort of highfalute it over us Northern-born chaps. You're suckled by a black slave, you know, and us only by our white mothers."

A groan of derision, a burst of rude satisfaction, went up from the now crowded lobby. With what effect upon the bold youth? Why, just when it was to be expected he would shrink off discomfited, he showed himself so frank and ingenuous as to win hearts. Shaking off a tendency to blush and hide his face, he slapped his conqueror gayly upon the shoulder. "You took the wind out of my sails, there, old sluicer," he laughed.

And the pair, so ill-assorted as to garb, after silently grasping hands, went into the theatre together.

Indeed, nothing would satisfy Aurelius Turner's effusive friendliness but that he and Tom Watts should sit together.

"You see," the boy owned as if somebody had challenged his condition, "I *am* going it rather steep. But what's a young fellow likely to turn out when two women whom he trusted — whom he trusted like two archangels, sir," — poor Reel was getting quite worked up over his own simile — "What is a young fellow likely to turn out when two women league together to destroy him, to destroy the son of a Southern gentleman, the only begotten son of a famous Louisville lawyer?"

He would probably have gone on multiplying phrases; but his companion was now quite willing to own it a "hard game."

"But I'll not be made adventuresses' meat of, I tell you!" cried Reel, on whom the warm stuffy atmosphere was steadily working. "You take my deposition. I won't ever again set foot upon the same floor with Del — ahem! with the young lady I spoke of, or her contemptible old stork of a mother!"

Having announced which decision, Reel rose, ostensibly to fling himself out of his overcoat. Very wildly he swept the audience with long-fringed gray eyes.

If Della was there with old Philpont, she should find her duplicity of no avail. But no girlish face, so piquant, so tender as the one he sought, mocked his gaze. He sat down with fresh zeal for partial confidences.

"You see how it is, Cap; the mother herself made the first advances. Introduced me to her daughter, deliberately sent us off into a corner, sir, to waltz together. What did she expect? She must have known I'd improve opportunity. What man would n't? For I tell you the girl is a perfect little beauty. — Yet when I ask to be allowed to call once in a while, what does that old flamingo do but freeze up like a regular blanked iceberg. By — ! I did n't know what to think of it at first, but the truth dawned upon me before the evening was over. Dawned on me, did I say? It struck me like a streak of jagged lightning. The old woman was only filling in time with me. She had higher game. A wealthy drunkard who would die soon. But" — with a hard laugh — "I ought n't to lament. They're not the sort of people to mingle with my sort of people. A fellow popped up at the dance who told a story — a convict, Sydney duck, the pirates know what! — but with a legal claim on those two women or I'm an ass, sir. I know now why I always saw skeletons posing in that old woman's eyes. But luck was on my side after all. I hadn't married the girl, had n't manufactured a Mrs. Aurelius Turner out of the slums to present to the finest old family in the State of Kentucky."

These rambling sentences were not drunk in very eagerly. Reel's new friend contented himself with murmuring condolences until the curtain was rung up on Bulwer's comedy

of "Money." And now long-suffering Tom Watts became mildly sarcastic.

"Youngster, we didn't buy a seat at the Jenny Lind to listen to your pottering, if you are the son of a jedge."

Reel's natural courtesy only needed one jogging. He begged Watts's pardon and subsided.

But it happened, as one of the chances of a varied life, that Murdock's performance of Alfred Evelyn was not, during this special California occasion, to prove the sole feature of the evening's entertainment. The great event of the evening, for the majority of the male audience, at least, was set forth in a long primer notice on the hand bill.

"Tonight, and every other night, unless an announcement to the contrary is posted in the lobby, will appear in her graceful poses and exquisitely harmonious pas seuls, the favorite of the public, the unparalleled Castilian beauty, LA DOÑA GENARA!"

An electric thrill of expectancy ran through the house as the curtain rose again an instant after falling upon the second act of the comedy. The moment of La Genara's appearance was come.

The orchestra, of which old Fritz Herzog made one when not on duty at Mrs. Hathspey's, tuned itself diligently; then, after a staccato touch or two, launched all its instruments upon a dreamy swell of sound. Every breath was held, every head instinctively moved forward.

With a swift humming bird flutter and rush from the wings, there was La Genara poised, it seemed, in air. For one tiny foot spurned rather than touched the stage. Her richly hued skirts throbbed shimmeringly under the fly-lights.

The electric thrill became a murmur of applause. To the music of that sound, and to the wailing of violins and pulsing of a 'cello, La Genara passed from perfect grace in repose to perfect grace in motion.

She looked a mere child from the auditorium. As for her face, that was beautiful by conjecture only. She had never yet appeared, even in the wings of the Jenny Lind, without a bit of black Spanish lace, heavy with flower work, drawn across her brow and eyes.

See! She catches up tresses of her long bronze hair, now veiling herself with them, now flinging them fancifully about. She has a red, curved mouth, mobile and moist as a child's.

The pains which she took to conceal her identity, the mystery meeting inquirers and admirers at every turn, heightened wonder and fanned admiration to a flame.

"I have made up my mind," Reel whispered to his companion, "I will know La Genara before another week rolls over my head."

Loud applause, long continued, brought her back upon the boards again and again, until she declined further recalls with a wave of her white arm from the wings.

Watts dropped back into his seat with a deep sigh, and impelled to utterance turned toward his young friend. Reel's seat was vacant. How long had it been so?

But a little scene not on the bills occurred just here to absorb the honest miner's attention. The stage manager was making an announcement. He was sorry to be forced to inform the assembled audience that the benefit tendered by prominent citizens — here Watts swelled in his red shirt — to the fascinating incognita, La Doña Genara, had been most kindly yet peremptorily declined.

"Declined!"

A voice from the audience clear, sharp, and astounding, echoed the word.

Such a craning of necks! Many persons jumped up to get a look at the owner of the voice.

The prevailing belief that some drunken enthusiast had given himself vent was quickly dispelled. A gentlemanly figure was discerned pushing its way down the aisle.

"How's that, Mr. Durcan?" this person asked as he came. "A benefit tendered to La Genara — declined?"

The manager answered from the footlights with very apparent hesitation. "The young lady's — a — a — guardian declined for her."

It was known that La Genara never came to the theater alone. Always grimly behind the scenes; ready to shroud the bright little dancer in a somber cloak and hustle her,

away, stood a presence exciting almost as much wonder as La Genara herself, although of a different quality.

For a woman, this presence was conceived to be to some extent unwomanly. She wore garments scantily made of coarse gray, and a bonnet known as a "Shaker," the curtain tied under her chin, and the protruding brim bent down, the better to conceal her countenance. Her stride was that of a man. Concerning her character and the relations she bore to La Genara, the wildest rumors prevailed. Stories were told charging her with both rapacity and cruelty; by no means lessening the interest felt in La Genara.

The bold stranger, advanced now to the orchestra railing, scorned hesitation. "La Genara accepts the benefit," he said. "She accepts. Let a committee of citizens wait upon me to arrange for a date. Such a committee will find me here after this evening's performance is concluded."

Manager Durcan bowed. There was no need to repeat these words to the audience. They had been spoken in loud and abrupt tones. But the stranger did turn and in a changed manner, his whole mein full of grace and tact, with silvery and persuasive accents, he assured the house that there had been some misunderstanding. La Genara's acceptance of the benefit performance might be looked for in the morning papers. Meanwhile, being empowered to arrange all preliminaries, he would seize that auspicious moment to bespeak for her, so young, so beautiful, and not mysterious in her goings and comings without profound reasons," — here he paused with full blue eyes traveling from face to face, — "I bespeak for her a rouser, boys, a rouser."

His voice, his presence, the play of his fine, high features added to the effect of his fascinating theme. When he had ended, there was a loud burst of applause to be construed into hearty endorsement. Bowing right and left, his elegant white beaver in hand, he marched up the aisle, through the dress-circle, and out of the theater.

Turner had before this come back to his seat. Arriving in the midst of the stranger's

address, he looked at Tom Watts with eager curiosity. He wanted a full explanation.

On the whole, however, he proved to know more than Watts knew. He had recognized the man. Between acts the friends exchanged points.

"His name," said Reel, "is 'Lou.' At least, the boys call him 'Lou the Warbler.'"

"What boys, — where?"

"Oh, the fellows that hang about Starr's."

Now Starr's was a famous convivial resort of those early days. Watts knew the place, it seemed, only by reputation. "*Muchacho*," he said, with slow humorous penetration, "don't you go and try the old Adam dodge on me no more."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't make believe you don't see the pint. — Look here! to go and putend it is the scant female population that has given you a push down toward the bottomless pit! Come, you're a rattler in the grain. Eh? Own up."

Reel tacitly confessed with one of his laughs, half-embarrassed, yet frankness itself. "It's a blank sight easier to keep your boat's nose straight with the rush, than to jump overboard and wade out to the bank. There is n't so much shock to the feelings."

"True as gospel."

"But if Miss — well, I mean if the young lady I was gone on had only been — had been let to be what she would have liked, I'd have reformed, sure as world without end, I would. But now —" and his open brow clouded.

"See here," said Watts, who did n't care about continuing that subject, "Are you going to keep all you know about this — eh? — 'Lou,' is it? — to yourself?"

"No, I'll tell you. He's a tremendous favorite at Starr's. Can beat any amateur I ever heard getting time and tune out of a banjo?"

"Amatoor?" repeated Watts, who was not quite equal to the word.

"*Dilettante*, you know," said Reel, his gray eyes dancing.

"Humph, certainly"; rumbled Watts with brows knit to sagacious comprehension.

"And sing? In the richest devil-may-die voice. Dresses fine always, like you see him tonight. Treats munificently,—he's a —"

"The pint is," remarked Watts, still very sedate, "what *can* he have to do with the pretty little kicker."

"Eh?" ejaculated Reel, whose ear had not been quick enough for an unexpected word, "The *danseuse*?"

"I ain't crivicing after any French slang this riffle, my boy; but I'd like powerful much to know if that there little dancing lady-bug of a Señorita needs anybody to burst anybody's head. I s'pose that 'Lou' could

tell a fellow. Lord!—" with a burst of mingled delight and dismay, "what chance would she have ag'in any long-legged brute, male or female, who had the legal right to abuse her? Why," thrusting forth a palm evidently more familiar with hard pan than kid gloves, "I could shet my fist up over her two little feet an' not know they was there."

To this, pursuing his own reflections, Watts's companion answered vigorously, "I mean to know her." Then out of his profound knowledge of life he added, "The only mortal way to forget one girl is to get stuck after another."

Evelyn Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A LAMENT.

I SET it upon an altar
 Within my heart's wide hall;
 Anear it were cross and psalter,
 Fair lights gleamed over all.
 And kneeling at morn and even
 I worshiped my idol there;
 To me it brought breaths of heaven
 To sweeten my life of care.

But one day all was altered,
 The idol fallen lay;
 My words of worship faltered,—
 To *what* was I to pray?

O, weary work's the building
 Of new walls out of old;
 And skillful he whose gilding
 Restores corroded gold;
 But harder is the learning
 Of worship true and fair
 When the heart is bleeding, burning,
 O'er fallen idols there!

Lucy Agnes Hayes.

THE SCHOOLS OF CALIFORNIA.

TAKEN as a whole, the public schools of California are of a higher grade of efficiency than the private. In the East the reverse of this is largely true. In most of the States along the Atlantic sea-board, and in much of the more early settled territory of the interior and middle West, the backbone of the educational system is the chain of academies and so-called "colleges" established by private enterprise, and sustained by private patronage.

In California, however, the influence of the private schools has not been so widespread or so powerful. This is probably due to two general reasons; first, the liberal apportionment made by the State for public school service, thereby securing to the people, free of charge, instruction of unusual efficiency; and second, the character of the population that settled up the State, which was of a nature to prefer the public to the private schools.

Not that there are no high grade private schools in California. On the contrary there are a number that do excellent work, and in one or two cases, work that approaches very closely to that of the better Eastern colleges. Most of the religious denominations support schools, in which the tenets peculiar to their particular faiths form a part of the course of instruction; and from the earliest dawn of its history there has been the usual agitation in the State concerning the advantages of sectarian over non-sectarian education.

But the fact remains that the majority of the private schools are not of the same grade of efficiency as the same class outside of the State. A careful estimate places the total number of private schools at about two hundred and fifty. Of these not more than twenty-five are doing work that is higher or as high as that done in the public high schools and grammar school course schools, while the remainder are about on a par with the public grammar grades. It is but

just, however, to say that the standard of private school work in California is constantly being lifted; and it is not improbable that in the near future, when the State shall have become more closely settled, with people more willing to pay first-class prices for first-class educational work, the private schools as a class will take a place as high in rank as those of any on the other side of the Mississippi River.

The great size of the State made the thorough division of it into public school districts a difficult process. The system finally adopted was to create each county a school district, and to provide for its division as the number of census children increased. The number of school districts as last reported (1886) was 2629. Ten years ago there were only 1828 noted, showing that there has been an average increase of eighty new districts per year during that time. The next report, which will be issued in the autumn, will probably show a much larger increase, owing to the rapid settlement of the State during the past two years.

A careful distinction, however, should be made between the number of school districts and the actual number of public schools in California. In many places the term district and school are synonymous, and indeed in many country districts of California they are so. But by a provision of the school law the legislative authorities of the districts—ordinarily the local Boards of Supervisors—have the power to subdivide them and organize new schools according to the popular needs. As a result the number of schools is far in excess of the number of school districts. In 1886 the total number reported was 3505.

Again, the number of schools is no indication of the actual number of persons employed as teachers in educational work in California. The majority of the less populous districts employ only one teacher to the

school ; but in the more closely settled rural localities and in the larger cities and towns, the schools are systematically graded, and employ a teacher for each grade. Thus the total number of teachers engaged in public school work in 1886 footed up 4444, almost a thousand more than the total number of schools. The present year will show an increase in this number of several hundred more.

As in other States, the actual government of the public school district in California is in the hands of a board of trustees, three in number, who have power to act in all matters concerning the welfare of the schools. These are elected on the first Saturday of June of each year, and hold office for three years without pay. The terms are so arranged that only one trustee goes out each year, so that there are always two experienced men on the board. Either sex is eligible for office as school trustee, and as a matter of fact quite a number of districts have women on the board. Of the trustees as a whole it is enough to say that they are no better and no worse than their prototypes elsewhere. Their methods are often arbitrary, and the reports of the State Superintendents are full of complaints of the injury to the schools from their supineness and inactivity.

The sources of revenue for the support of the public schools are three in number, the State fund, the county fund, and the district or local fund. The State fund is derived mainly from a property tax, but is increased by a poll tax, and by the interest on certain bonds held in trust by the State for the benefit of the public schools, and also by the interest on a balance yet due for school lands purchased from the State. The other two are purely property taxes.

From the first two of these funds, after the deduction for incidental expenses, are paid the salaries of the teachers. Outside of San Francisco, which has a special rate fixed by law, these salaries vary in amount according to the yearly school apportionment, which in turn is proportional to the number of census children yearly in the districts. The extreme range of monthly salaries is from \$50 to

\$250, the average being about \$65 for female and \$80 for male teachers. The average length of school terms is eight months. In order to obtain the yearly apportionment each district is obliged by law to keep its school open for six months, and the longest term in California is ten months.

The school month is four weeks of five school days each. Immediately on entering upon a new school the teacher must by law deposit with the county superintendent his certificate. Until this is done he has no financial standing in that county, and is not on its pay roll. At the end of each month he receives his salary in the form of a warrant on the county treasury for the amount. Unfortunately the fund from which these warrants are paid is sometimes slow in coming in, and it is not unusual for the teachers to have to wait some time before their warrants can be cashed.

The great extent of California coupled with its extreme diversity of climate makes it an unusually advantageous State in which to teach, because somewhere within its boundaries schools are beginning every month in the year. In the great valleys and the more even climates along the bays and sea the schools are opened in the early fall, and remain open through the winter and in many cases as late as June. But in the northern part of the State, where it is colder, and all along the higher ground of the great mountain chains, the schools are kept open during the summer months, and closed during the blustering winter season.

Thus, a new teacher coming into the State with the proper credentials will find the field open to him somewhere, no matter when he comes. And not only is the new teacher benefited but the old as well. The arrangement of the counties geographically is such that without any serious difficulty the man who has taught a winter school on the lower ground can secure a summer school in a contiguous county, and continue his work as near the year round as his strength or his inclination will permit. In some counties, as El Dorado, the diversity is such that a teacher can remain in the same county and teach all

the year round. It has both winter and summer schools, the one set ending the same month that the other set begins.

To tabulate the list somewhat: there are seven counties filling schools in January, five in February, twenty in March, eleven in April, two in May, one in June, fifteen in July, ten in August, thirty-one in September, four in October, one in November, and one in December.

The question of certificates and requirements to obtain them is one of the most perplexing as it is one of the most important features of the school law in California. The confusion of names, the multitudinous diversity of petty county regulations, the apparent conflict in authority at many points between the State and county boards, and the differences between "temporary" and "permanent" certificates, all combine to render the understanding of this subject a matter of bewilderment and vexation to the teacher.

Formerly teachers' certificates in California were granted by the State Board of Education alone, on the result of examinations held in the different counties by the different county boards. The questions used in these examinations were furnished by the State Board.

The new constitution, adopted in 1879, transferred the power of issuing certificates from the State to the county boards. As a result each county now has its own rules and regulations governing the examination of teachers, makes out its own examination papers, and issues certificates good in that county, and which may or may not be recognized by the boards of other counties.

These certificates are of three grades:

(1) Grammar School Course Certificates, authorizing the holder to teach in any high school, grammar school course, grammar grade, or primary school.

(2) Grammar Grade Certificates, authorizing the holder to teach in any grammar grade or primary school.

(3) Primary Certificates, authorizing the holder to teach in any primary school.

In going from one county to another,

teachers who hold only county certificates are obliged to pass the examinations of each new county into which they go. As the regular examinations are held only semi-annually, the County Superintendent may be empowered by the County Board to issue to such teachers a temporary certificate, valid until the next examination. Most of the counties give this temporary recognition to the certificates of other counties, but some refuse to accept any certificates except their own.

There still remains to the State Board the power to issue two certificates, the Educational and the Life Diploma. The former may be issued to any teacher who has held a valid county certificate of grammar grade for at least one year, and who can bring proof of five years' successful experience in teaching in the public schools. The life diploma requires a certificate of the same grade, coupled with ten years' successful experience in public school work.

It was the original intention in issuing these diplomas, permanently to exempt their holders from further examinations. But the new constitution took away all real authority from the State Board, and made its power in this as in other particulars merely advisory. Its actions are not binding on the county boards. The school law reads: "The County Boards *may* without examination grant county certificates, and fix the grade thereof, to the holders of Life diplomas, California State Educational diplomas, California Normal School diplomas, California State University diplomas when recommended by the Faculty of the University, Educational and Life diplomas, and State Normal School diplomas of other States."

As a matter of fact most of the counties do recognize these diplomas granted by the State Board, and accept their holders as teachers without examination. A few, however, flatly refuse to grant county certificates on these diplomas.

It will be seen from the above section of the school law that county certificates may also be issued by county boards on life diplomas and State Normal diplomas of other States. These are the only classes of

certificates on which teachers coming into California from other States will be allowed to teach without examination. County boards have as a rule been liberal in the interpretation of the term "life diploma." Any certificate otherwise called, but whose terms are practically equivalent to those of a California life diploma, — as, for instance, the so-called "permanent certificate" of some States, — has commonly received the same recognition by them as those technically bearing the name of life diploma on their face. There is no general rule, however, that governs their action, and the regulations vary greatly in the different counties.

This lack of uniformity in the rules of the county boards constantly results in much confusion. Teachers are obliged to keep themselves informed in regard to the rules of all the different counties, in order to know in what counties their particular certificates will be received.

The regular examinations for teachers are held in each county semi-annually. There is some variation as to time, but the majority of the counties hold them in the latter part of December and of June. The selection of the studies in which examination shall be held is left to the discretion of the county boards; but in this particular the example of the State Board has been so closely followed that with a few exceptions the field covered is the same. As each Board prepares its own list of questions, teachers find a wide difference, however, in the requirements of the different counties. Theoretically the questions are intended to be "questions of practical utility with a view to ascertaining the knowledge and ability of the applicant." In not a few cases, however, the questions proposed have been so technical that applicants of broad and thorough training have found it difficult to answer them, and have failed where other applicants of more mediocre mental calibre, but whose training had been in the mastery of the small and unimportant details of the test subjects, passed without serious difficulty.

The examination subjects for primary cer-

tificates are about as follows: oral and written exercises in arithmetic, grammar, geography, United States history, physiology, and methods of teaching; and either written or oral exercises in the following: penmanship, composition, reading, elements of book-keeping (single entry), orthography, vocal music, defining (word analysis), practical entomology and industrial drawing. Of these, physiology is touched on with special reference to alcoholic effects, and entomology with special regard to the fruit pests of California.

For grammar grade certificates, applicants are examined in all the studies for primary grade certificates, and also in algebra, book-keeping (double entry), physics, science of government or constitutions of United States and California, school law of California, botany, and English and American literature.

For grammar school course certificates the subjects are the same as for grammar grade certificates, with the addition of geometry, rhetoric, and general history. The percentages necessary to success are with primary, 80 per cent, grammar grade and grammar school course, 85 per cent.

A consideration of the scope and character of these requirements will readily show that it is no easy matter to obtain a certificate to teach in California. Few States demand more of their teachers, and more than once teachers of long standing in the East have on examination failed to secure the certificates necessary to the continuance of their profession on this Coast.

There is no official department in connection with educational work on this Coast where a general record of vacancies in the different counties is kept, and where teachers desiring positions may learn of opportunities. Vacancies are constantly occurring, but owing to lack of free communication between trustees and teachers, are ordinarily filled with such material as may happen to be in the locality, whereas wider knowledge would have brought in better teachers at no increase of expense.

Applicants writing to the State Superintendent are furnished with a list of the county superintendents, and directed to write to

them. But as the different districts are slow in notifying the county superintendents, this method is not as prompt and efficacious as might be desired. At present the only direct mediums between teachers and trustees are the different school bureaus, whose business it is to keep informed concerning the changes in the schools.

Concerning the *modus operandi* by which a new teacher actually obtains a school, the best method is to be on the ground and apply in person. Applications should be written, and should be deposited with the clerk of the district board of trustees before the date of election. If application cannot be made in person, it should be done by letter. In either case the application should be accompanied by as many good testimonials as the applicant can bring. Many teachers are apt to neglect this particular, but it often happens that where several applicants, all strangers to the board, are of an equal grade of ability, the scale will turn in favor of the one whose vouchers are the most numerous and most to the point. The election is ordinarily held some weeks before the date at which school is to be opened in the district; but not infrequently — especially in the country districts, — the negligence of the trustees materially shortens the time that intervenes. The successful applicant is notified of his election by the clerk of the board, and the unsuccessful ones are left to find out their failure as best they may.

There is no written contract between the teacher and the trustees in California. The engagement is made orally, or at best in an informal way by letter. Owing to this fact a frequent change of teachers is made possible, and many trustees take advantage of this opportunity to change teachers at the end of each term, very much to the detriment of the schools.

A careful study of the public school system of California as a whole reveals one grave defect, in that it is not evenly continuous. The arrangements for primary and grammar grade schools are excellent. The demand for higher education is amply met by the Normal School and University courses. But

between these two extremes there is a debatable ground that is by no means so well cared for. The present constitution of the State makes no provision for the support of high schools.

The State University and the State normal schools are supported by special appropriations. The school law definitely forbids the use of the State school fund for the support of any public schools other than the primary or grammar grades. Permission, however, is accorded to districts or municipalities to organize high schools and vote a local tax for their support.

The evident injustice of denying State support to the high schools, while admitting it for primary and university grades, has led — through the establishment of the so-called grammar school course — to a practical evasion of this law. The provision being that nothing higher than the grammar grade should receive State support, a new elective grammar course was added, which covered the ground occupied by the grammar grade, and further incorporated in it the studies necessary to prepare the pupil to enter the scientific course of the State University. This is practically the same as a high school course, with the exception of the study of the classics, and yet being designated as a grammar course it is entitled to State support.

This expedient is so new that many of the counties have not as yet adopted it. They are gradually taking advantage of it, however, to organize grammar school course schools, and undoubtedly in a short time this grade will be adopted by nearly all the counties. A full report of all the grammar school course schools in California is not at hand at this writing; but of thirty-six counties that have responded to inquiry, sixteen have grammar course schools, as follows: Alameda County, two; Contra Costa, one; Napa, one; Solano, three; Marin, one; Ventura, one; San Mateo, one; San Luis Obispo, two; Tulare, three; Santa Barbara, two; Calaveras, one; Sonoma, one; Tehama, one; Santa Clara, one; San Joaquin, two; Amador, five.

Those which did not report were Butte;

Colusa, Fresno, Humboldt, Lake, Modoc, Mono, Plumas, Sacramento, San Bernardino, San Diego, Santa Cruz, Siskiyou, Stanislaus, Trinity, and Tuolumne.

In addition to the grammar school courses noted above, the following counties are known to have established high schools supported by special local tax : San Francisco, two ; Alameda, three ; Sacramento, one ; Los Angeles, one ; San Diego, one ; Sonoma, two ; Santa Barbara, one ; San Joaquin, one ; Santa Clara, three ; Monterey, one ; Marin, one ; Solano, one ; and Yuba, one ; making a total of nineteen. By these estimates it will be

seen that the majority of the counties of California have neither high schools nor grammar school courses schools established. There is, however, a decided movement going on toward filling this want, and teachers specially fitted for this class of work are the ones most needed in California today. The State is well supplied with teachers competent to teach the primary and grammar grades, and new men, coming in and applying for these ordinary positions will find the competition keen. But in the higher grades of work there is a constant demand for experienced and efficient teachers.

May L. Cheney.

THE ROSES OF COLOMA.

THE wild canaries perch and sing
Beside the garden gateway ;
I watch them while they're still a-wing,
And know what's coming straightway,—
A ripple, trill, and burst of praise
For life and love and April days,
And the roses of Coloma.

The river dashes down the dale,
And the children crossing over
Toss in the petals pure and pale,
And the petals red as clover,—
The petals creamy, petals pink,—
That rise and fall and float and sink,
Of the roses of Coloma.

Each little door-yard is in bloom,
Each portico and trellis
Is full, so full there scarce is room
To find which way the well is ;
A thirsty stranger passed this way,
And could not see our house one day,
For the roses of Coloma !

The air is filled with perfumes sweet ;
The pine-trees on the mountain
Shower on the gardens at their feet
Their fragrance like a fountain :
When the pine-trees sing up towards the sky,
And the breeze is brave, there's a soft reply
From the roses of Coloma.

Minna Caroline Smith.

STATE TEXT-BOOKS.—I.

THE education of the young is confided by Nature to the parents, and among uncivilized peoples, remains with them. As men advance in civilization the necessity for a subdivision of labor springs up and is felt in the work of education as well as elsewhere. But the control of the main features of education, and the choice of instructors has generally still remained with the parents.

The education of the youth of a country by the government is usually considered a modern idea and practice. But this is not altogether true, as is evinced by the history of Sparta and Persia. But still it is substantially true that the custom is a modern one, and yet even now by no means of universal application.

There are many worthy and intelligent people who claim that the intervention in education by government is a violation of the natural rights of parents. But the overwhelming majority of people in the United States dispute this position, and regard our public schools not only as highly beneficial but as necessary. Accordingly public schools, established and maintained by government, are found throughout the Union. Among this minority are thousands of parents whose convictions on this subject are so strong that, after having paid their share of the taxes to support the public schools, they still further impose upon themselves the expense of having their children educated elsewhere. This fact is seen in the existence of our numerous, and good private schools.

Without stopping to debate this right of government to intervene in the training of the young people, it may be claimed — what will not be denied — that if any government has the right of preponderance in the control of education, it is a democratic republic like the United States. In a country under such a government the mass of the people hold the powers of government : from the people come immediately all constitutions, and mediately

all laws and administration. In the breast of each citizen is lodged a portion of the *sovereignty*.

It is at once perceived then, that the education of those destined to become citizens is a matter of vital concern to the government, and that the government has rights in the matter. It will scarcely be disputed that the government is vitally concerned in that part of education which goes to form or to modify, the characters of citizens as such. And what part of the process of education is it which does not do one or the other of these things? But among the adherents to governmental education as established in the United States, are many who claim that school-houses and good teachers having been provided, there is nothing more that should be done by, or expected from, government. It is a reasonable boast, and one justified by the facts, that our public schools are excellent. Still they are not perfect ; and endeavors at their betterment are being made constantly. The supply of text-books is a subject which has given rise of late to much grave and anxious thought. The supply by private publishing houses has not given satisfaction in several particulars : in fact, has given rise to serious discontent.

It has been claimed that prescribing the text-books by local authority and their purchase from private publishers has caused them to be too numerous ; has caused them to be frequently and unnecessarily changed ; has caused them to be unnecessarily and enormously expensive ; has inflicted great damage by a want of uniformity, because parents on moving from one county or locality to another found that the expensive outfit which they possessed was useless, and that it was necessary to buy another ; and that as a rule this hardship fell most frequently upon those least able to bear it, upon parents of limited means who move about in search of employment.

Besides this, great and terrible scandals have arisen ; charges that the book houses have corrupted the school officials, governing bodies, and even legislatures, to secure changes and adoption of text-books in public schools ; and these charges, whether true or false, have been wide-spread and generally believed. That these scandals, and all scandals of whatever kind in connection with institutions of education, are a calamity to be shunned, none will deny.

Of late years several experiments in regard to the supply of text-books have been made by cities and States east of the Rocky Mountains.

The issue of text-books free of charge to pupils or parents has been tried. This measure has been opposed by the argument that when government has supplied and equipped good school-houses, and has furnished a sufficient corps of good teachers, it has done all which it can reasonably be expected to do ; that parents should do *something* towards the proper training of their children ; and that when they paid nothing and did nothing to that end, neither they nor their children appreciated properly the benefits of education. And that the free issue of text-books was an additional and uncalled for hardship on those who had no children, or who educated their children at private schools.

In another State, one in the Northwest, the benefits of uniformity have been secured, and likewise a notable reduction in price by the State preparing or selecting text-books, and having them printed by contract.

California has taken the most advanced step of any State in this matter, or, if it be not regarded as the most advanced step, it may at least be called a unique step. She now writes her text-books, prints and publishes them, and sells them to the children in her public schools *at cost*. Thus all the benefits claimed from emancipation from the book houses are secured, and at the same time the objection to free text-books is also avoided.

In November, 1884, the people of California, by a vote almost unanimous, amended their State Constitution as follows :

SECTION 7. The Governor, Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Principals of the State Normal Schools, shall constitute the State Board of Education, and shall compile, or cause to be compiled, and adopt, a uniform series of text-books, for use in the common schools throughout the State. The State Board may cause such text-books, when adopted, to be printed and published by the Superintendent of State Printing, at the State Printing Office, and when so printed and published, to be distributed and sold at the cost of printing, publishing and distributing the same. The text-books, so adopted, shall continue in use not less than four years : and said State Board shall perform such other duties as may be prescribed by law. * * * *

This amendment intends that there shall be one uniform series in the common schools throughout the State ; that this series shall not be changed more frequently than once in four years ; and it is extremely improbable that all, or any considerable portion of it, will be changed so often as that. We have a right to expect that alterations will be made only upon good and sufficient reason.

Moreover, and notably, the books are to be sold to parents or pupils at cost price. The State having gathered into its hands all the functions of education may properly be expected to give to the young people an education of the best quality, and at the same time at the minimum cost. If by any means the State can furnish text-books of as good quality as are furnished by private publishers, and at smaller cost, it is in duty bound to do so.

The experiment has been made, and pushed so far to the front that now the measure is no longer an experiment, but an accomplished success. The books most used and most important are now in use, and they are excellent in quality and wonderfully cheap.

Of course so great a departure in so important a matter could not be made without a great outcry and much opposition. The powerful and wealthy book publishers could not, without alarm, see so formidable an attack on their entrenchments, and they hasten to repel it. In addition to the loss of one great and growing State, they had reason to apprehend that the example of California might and would be followed by other

States. And these wealthy firms are able to keep, and do keep in their service, an abundance of talent. This was called into requisition, and will be so called again from time to time as long as there shall be the smallest hope of overthrowing this most beneficial measure.

It was predicted, while the measure was under consideration and previous to its adoption by the people of California, that the State Board of Education would prove incompetent to discharge the task imposed upon them; that this was a work of experts, and demanded experience and ability of a peculiar and rare kind. It was stated that those who prepared school text-books for the great publishers were men of special gifts, and who had undergone a long and painful training in the profound mystery of making schoolbooks!

It was also stated that all the members of the State Board of Education were busy, hard-worked men in their own appropriate duties. And this was true, and it was wrong in the State to impose additional labors and responsibilities upon them, and to derive to itself immense and lasting advantages, and to offer no compensation in return.

After predicting the failure of the scheme because of a deficiency of time and talent in the State Board, an assault was made by anticipation upon the mechanical part of the business. It was prophesied that this would be miserable and therefore entirely unsatisfactory. This prophecy is singular, because the mechanical work done at the State Printing Office is universally allowed to be good. It was said that the cost would be from three to four times as great as that of the books produced under a sharp competition by private publishing houses. The statement was made that those private publishing houses had millions of dollars invested in special machinery and plant for this very particular and peculiar kind of work. That they had a corps of specialists in the mechanical as well as in the educational departments, who were retained in service only by high salaries.

These confident predictions were not verified by the result. On the 29th of October, 1886, William T. Welcker, then Superintendent of Public Instruction, reported to the Governor, and through him to the Legislature and people, as follows:

The cost at Sacramento, as determined by the State Board of Education, of the books now furnished, is as follows:

Speller and Word Analysis.....	20 cents
First Reader, 128 pages.....	15 cents
Second Reader, 228 pages.....	30 cents
Third Reader, 512 pages.....	40 cents

And he continues:

The series of readers covering substantially the same ground as those heretofore in use, will cost but eighty-five cents, while the price of Bancroft's is \$2.60, McGuffey's is \$2.50, Appleton's \$3.00, and Swinton's \$3.05! The series of the State costs but little more than one-third of the price of the cheapest of the above! Here is a triumphant success not dreamed of by the most hopeful of the friends of the enterprise. This success will save the pockets of the people millions of dollars in a few years. And this is not to be wondered at when we observe the inordinate wealth accumulated by a few great publishers of schoolbooks in the Union; they are but second in wealth and power to the great transportation companies. This enormous wealth is to remain disseminated among the people.

"Henceforth no man will dare try to abort this great reform, and saddle again on the people the grinding exaction under which they have heretofore groaned.¹

Here then we have the price: less than a third of the price of the books bought from private firms; and it is true that in the matter of the educational value, the books furnished are as good as the best. In most points the mechanical work is excellent. The binding, though good, may be improved without additional expense.

Inasmuch as the State is completely reimbursed, it has lost nothing, has given employment to as many persons as would have been employed by private firms, and has furnished the books at less than a third of the former price.

Can anything more be desired? And is there any necessity for more words on the

¹ Twelfth Biennial Report of the Superintendent Public Instruction. California, 1886, p. 36.

subject? This saving of cost — heretofore incredible — is not for one time, but for all time. California will save millions on millions by this one measure of economy, by this determination of the people to be emancipated from thralldom, by this putting away of corruption.

In this, is the State entering into competition with private firms? By no means. Text-books for governmental schools are matters concerning the government, matters which government is bound in duty to look after, and which government is bound to take under its control, if by so doing the people can be saved from exaction and fraud, the officials from demoralization, and the schools from scandal. The State publishes school books for its own use only; it does not enter into the field of general publication; the

whole vast range of science and of literature is left to the private publishers.

Does any one blame the federal government for conducting the post office department? for building and equipping its own navy and forts? for making its own cartridges and arming its own troops?

No doubt specious and ingenious arguments can be brought against the scheme of State text-books, and the wealthy publishers will see to it that such arguments shall be brought.

The public has in California, at least, satisfied itself by facts, which render further argument useless, that this scheme is one abounding in great benefits. It has been well said that there may be arguments for a *plenum* and arguments for a *vacuum*, but that only one can be true.

William T. Welcker.

STATE TEXT-BOOKS.—II.

I AM invited to contribute to the OVERLAND an article of a few pages, expressing the views of the publishers of school-books upon the State publication of school text-books in California.

I might express their views very briefly, and I am sure with entire accuracy, by saying that the publishers are very sorry to lose the trade; and yet I understand that a flippant expression is not what is desired, and I am willing to assist in a serious discussion of the subject. I must not, however, be understood as presenting the matter in any way which assumes that it is a question between the publishers and the public, in which each side has certain rights or equities to be maintained or respected. If it seem best that the State should print its own school-books, it is no business of any publisher, who, however much he may regret the loss of customers, cannot properly complain if they prefer to make their own goods. Even were it otherwise, I have no authority to represent "the publishers" in the matter, or any one in the world but myself. If persons connected with

the publishing interest are asked to assist in a public discussion of the subject, it can only be upon the ground that it is a subject which they understand better than others, and that they will be impelled by self-interest to discover and set forth whatever arguments can be brought against State publication. These arguments should be weighed, no matter who presents them; and it is, in my opinion, a great misfortune to the State that years ago, when a committee of the Legislature was assuming to investigate the business, they neglected to ask information from the only persons in the State who knew anything about it.

In the summer of 1882 I was a delegate to the Republican State Convention at Sacramento, and a member of the committee on resolutions. It was the great "Anti-Monopoly" and "Sunday Law" year, and the committee was so exhausted by an all-night struggle over the terms of resolutions upon mighty issues which were not settled at that election, and have never been referred to in party platforms since, that the less important

planks had to be hurriedly spiked on the second morning, while the Convention was impatiently awaiting our appearance. In the hurry and confusion the usual protestation of the undying devotion of the party to the great and glorious cause of education was inadvertently omitted.

Some time during the night, as a breathing spell from our efforts to invent a curse upon the railroads more fervent than that lately fulminated by the Democrats, the committee had taken up for consideration a large number of resolutions, introduced by cranks and others, and referred to us in the usual course. There were about half a peck of them, as I remember, and the chairman read them one by one, and as he read them held each a moment between the tips of his fingers, and inquired if any member wished to move its adoption. No one responding, he dropped it into the waste basket. Among the resolutions thus summarily sent into limbo, was the identical one which subsequently became part of the platform, pledging the party, if successful, to the immediate preparation and publication of a State series of school-books. Had the committee not been miserably sleepy in the morning and so forgotten the plank on education, this would have been the last of it, but upon reading the platform in the Convention, the omission was noticed and the platform referred back to the committee, with instructions to insert a plank on education, whereupon the Convention took a recess for lunch. During the recess, however, the author of the school-book resolution got hold of a distinguished and eloquent gentleman, who was the acknowledged leader of a wing composing about one-half the Convention, and related to him, as afterwards appeared, a most remarkable story about an enormous school-book bill paid by somebody, — evidently a bill for *high school* books, — and presented him with his compliments a copy of the school-book resolution, which the committee had so unceremoniously smothered. When the matter came up after recess, the gentleman arose, related the story of the big bill, and with a most touching reference to the woes and

hardships of the poor Laboring Man, and an eloquent denunciation of the extortion and greed of the Heartless Monopolists who were robbing him, moved the adoption of the resolution, which was carried with thunders of applause. Being considerably amused, and happening to occupy the seat next to the gentleman (who has great legal learning), I could not help asking him as he took his seat, what special object there was in committing the party to a policy expressly forbidden by the Constitution. "How is that?" said he. Whereupon I repeated the language of the Constitution, bearing on the matter as it then existed, at which he laughed, and with a funny expression on his face replied, "Well, it is a d——d good plank, anyhow."

And indeed it was. The poor Democrats squirmed, but their State Convention was over, and they could not get back at us; the San Francisco City Convention, however, raised us a point by pledging themselves to go in for "*free books*," but that was so plainly borrowed thunder that it fell flat, and has not since been heard of, and during that campaign there was no point upon which an orator was more sure to bring down a rural audience than an allusion to the "school-book monopoly," and to the emancipation promised by the Republican party. On the railroad question, I think, with all our efforts the Democrats rather had us. There is a peculiar flavor and heartiness in Democratic cussing which others can seldom compass, but this ground was all our own, and we made the most of it.

All this would be trivial, were it not for the purpose of showing how prejudice is aroused and fostered in exciting political campaigns by thoughtless, or misinformed, or unscrupulous political orators, in order to accomplish immediate ends. The people, — already sufficiently disposed that way, — were made to believe, during the campaign, that millions of dollars were annually paid out in this State for school-books, and that the most of it was clear profit to a grinding and heartless monopoly. As a matter of fact, the wholesale *annual* cost of text-books per pupil did not exceed, for the primary

grades, forty cents, and for the grammar grades, one dollar, — sums which the complaining fathers would expend per week or per day for beer without comment; and the gross annual sales of all publishers to the State did not exceed, for *common school-books*, sixty thousand dollars, and these were supplied, under the keenest competition, by a large number of firms upon sealed proposals, in response to public advertisement; and the profits of school-book publishers are not now and never have been greater than those of persons engaged in other business involving equal capital. Some years they make money, and some years they do not.

At the holiday meeting of the State Teachers' Association, the subject was referred to a large committee of the most eminent educators in the State, who unanimously reported a series of resolutions condemning the proposed measure, with definite reasons for their views. No newspaper, however, thought it worth while to publish the resolutions, and of course they produced no effect. It is not likely that any member of the legislature ever saw them, and yet that association must be supposed competent to judge of the most important phase of the matter, — its educational effect.

In the legislature which convened immediately thereafter, a bill for the necessary amendment to the Constitution was introduced and referred to a committee. In a matter so new, and of so much consequence, one would suppose that a legislative committee would move carefully, and get evidence from all sides. The publishing interest could have been relied upon to give evidence as to the actual amount of business involved, the prices paid, the amount of capital required, and every difficulty and obstacle in the way of securing good results by the State. The local book-selling interest would have given evidence as to the cost, profits, and efficacy of the existing system of distribution; and the protesting educational men could have told in detail in what ways the schools of the State might be injured; and this evidence, when weighed and compared with that of the proponents of the plan, would at least have

informed the people as to the expense and difficulty involved, as well as to the advantages to us hoped for. So far as I know, however, no one, for or against, was ever summoned before the committee, who seem to have been content to evolve the necessary information out of their inner consciousness.

On this point my only information is my recollection of conversations, and of what appeared in the papers at the time. I may say, once for all, that no representative of any publisher was in Sacramento during the session of the legislature, nor did that interest then spend a dollar, or raise a hand to impede the movement, nor has it since done so. It would have been entirely proper for the publishers to have prepared affidavits, secured counsel, and forced the objections to the scheme upon the attention of the legislature, but they did not do it. The subject had been at times agitated in other parts of the country, and it is my understanding that publishers were not unwilling that a distant, and not to them specially profitable, State should try the experiment, in the belief that ultimate failure here would prevent others from attempting it.

There was, however, one man — the State Printer — whose undoubted interest it was that the scheme should go through. Sharing with others, doubtless, the illusion that it was a business involving millions, the increase of power and patronage to the official controlling that business was certainly alluring. To the State Printer, therefore, the committee turned for advice, and elicited from him a remarkable report which is not accessible to me where I write, but which may be found in the San Francisco papers of Feb. 20, 1883. The gross capital required for establishing the business, if I remember correctly, was less than \$40,000, and the exact prices at which he stated that the books could be produced, omitting fractions of a cent, are given below. For convenience I have placed opposite them the net wholesale prices of corresponding books at that time in use in California, and the actual prices of the books at all places outside of Sacramento, as just fixed by the State Board.

State Printer's Estimate of State books.	Net Wholesale Price of books in use.	Present Prices of State books.
Speller.....08	.14 (Swinton)	.30
1st Reader.....09	.13 (McGuffey's 1st)	.15
2d Reader.....18	.34 (McGuffey's 3d)	.40
3d Reader.....24	.58 (McGuffey's 5th)	.65
Arithmetic.....29	.60 (Robinson)	.50
Grammar.....20	.48 (Reed and Kellogg)	.50
History of U. S.30	.80 (Barnes)	.80

The wholesale prices which I have quoted are those paid by large jobbers, but as the State could doubtless contract with publishers for the same books at those prices delivered at county seats, the comparison is not unfair.

The folly of expecting to conduct a business of the magnitude which the school-book business was supposed to possess, upon so paltry a capital, should have been apparent to any one, but it was not.

The constitutional amendment passed the legislature, and was ratified by the people without opposition and without further discussion. Before the next legislature met the State Board of Education looked into the matter, and upon estimates made by the same State Printer asked for an appropriation of \$250,000, — a sum certainly sufficient to establish any private publishing house securely in the business. Of this sum the legislature granted \$170,000, to which the next (and last) legislature added \$197,500, making \$367,500 in all, appropriated to this purpose. I have stated that the annual sales of the publishers to this State, of common school-books, were at that time about \$60,000. The annual sales are about one-third of the total number of books required to supply all pupils. This would give the amount of \$180,000 as the value of the text books in the hands of the pupils of the State, which are a total loss, as they cannot be worn out, but must be thrown away to make room for the State text-books; and this sum added to the cost appropriation of \$367,500, makes a total of \$547,500 already gone into the vortex. I venture to predict that before the experiment is finished, a capital sum will have been invested, the interest of which would more than purchase outright, in the general market, all the school-books required in the State, of the kinds and grades which

will be supplied by the State. The fundamental errors in the case lie,

First, In supposing that the State can conduct a business enterprise requiring special skill, as economically and efficiently as private individuals.

Second, In neglecting to observe that if the State intends to compete in quality, — mechanical and literary, — with private publishers, it must provide itself with all the resources of a publishing house, and it is an obvious waste to provide those resources for the use of so small a population.

Third, In supposing that the business, or the abuses of it, were of sufficient magnitude to justify the interference of the State in this way. For \$60,000 per annum any school-book publisher would contract to place in Sacramento all the text-books in the leading common school studies required for our schools, upon the basis of the population in 1880. Proper advertisement and competition would probably secure them for much less.

It is useless to compute any saving to the people by comparing the prices now paid by them on the State books with those which they paid under the old system, unless it is conceded that this saving of school-book purchasers is desired even at a loss to the State, to be made up from taxation. The cost of our State books cannot be known for some years, if ever. The cost of a school-book includes many elements, such as interest, rent, clerk hire, wear and tear, *mistakes* (a very costly item to most publishers, as the successful books have to pay for the unsuccessful), advertising, agency, transportation, and other items not usually considered. It is hard to reckon. Of all the elements of cost the State can save only advertising (including samples), and agency. Having the right to command, it need not entreat, but in all other respects its methods will be less economical than those of private publishers. It will make more mistakes, for it will, under political management, command less experience; and either the mistakes must be acknowledged, and a pecuniary loss incurred, or the schools must suffer, which is tenfold worse. If it saves in cost of distribution, the

service will be less efficient. It is a convenience to the people if all dealers keep the books, but if no profit is possible, but few will keep them. But distribution has nothing to do with publication. The State can buy the books and distribute them by any system it may select.

It is certainly no part of my purpose to make any criticism of our State books, or upon the business methods employed in producing them. If criticism were possible, it would be unbecoming in me to make it, nor would any criticism of these particular books, however well founded, prove anything against the system. Neither will any excellence which they may possess prove anything for it. Facts upon which any sound induction can be based must be the accumulation of many years. I have the utmost respect for the very competent gentlemen now and heretofore comprising our State Board of Education, who are conscientiously discharging a duty which I think must be irksome and which I fear will be thankless; and with a somewhat wide acquaintance in this and other States, I know none better fitted for the task; but no men can achieve the impossible; fixed causes must produce certain consequences; and in general terms, and in *the long run*, if the State continues the system some years, the result will be this:

First. Our children must be content to use books which would not anywhere, in open competition, be seriously considered.

Second. The cost to the State, in some form, will be much greater than the cost of the same number of the choicest and most attractive books purchased by the State in the open market.

Third. The distribution will be inefficient; remote districts will have more trouble in getting the books than ten times the supposed saving will pay for.

Fourth. The interest and efficiency of the schools will deteriorate, from the lack of fresh thoughts contributed by bright men, in new books constantly appearing, and which are weighed, digested, and utilized in the discussions of teachers and school officers, at periodical adoptions of text-books.

If the State will print books and sell them at *actual* cost and allow publishers free competition, the publishers will at once drive the State books out of the market.

Edward F. Adams.

[Since writing the above I have learned that an expert report has been made to Governor Waterman, which justifies my assumption that the State has been selling books at less than actual cost; but I have not now time to obtain a copy of that report, and am not even sure that it has yet been filed as a public document. E. F. A.]

STATE TEXT-BOOKS. — III.

I AM reminded of my promise given some time since, to prepare for your July number an article in which I should express briefly my views concerning the question of State Publication of Text-Books, — the article, if I remember correctly, to be published in connection with others upon the same subject. It was very inconsiderate for me to accept the invitation for this time, in view of the very full occupation of my time and thought with other things; and if it were not for the disappointment which it would evidently be, I should in justice to the subject, if not to

myself, even now beg to be excused; because any presentation of the subject which should now be made for the time at which it must be in hand, will necessarily be very crude and imperfect.

So far as California is concerned, the subject of State publication as a practical question is no longer debatable, — it is a fixed fact, — it is a part of the Constitution of the State, and it is the duty of all citizens — the sworn duty of all officers — to aid and assist to the fullest extent in securing under it the very best possible results. As one of these

officers this shall be my aim and purpose, just as when, being elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the first term under the New Constitution, the adoption of which I had opposed, (chiefly on account of the Article on Education), it was my privilege to very largely assist in preparing under it the present school law, which has so generally met the approval of the people, and has so fully stood the test of the courts.

As a general question of policy, as a general principle, or a theory, the question of State Publication may still be discussed however; and the fact that it is on trial in that final, and not infrequently expensive, process, that of actual experiment, does not at all change my views concerning it. These views are quite fully and yet concisely expressed in the following report of a committee appointed by the California State Teachers' Association at the annual session held in San Francisco, in December, 1883, to examine and report upon the subject of State publication of School-Books. This, it will be remembered, was several years before the adoption of the constitutional amendment providing for such publication. The report, besides myself, was signed by

James G. Kennedy, Superintendent Schools, San José; James Denman, Principal Denman School, San Francisco; F. C. Sawyer, San José; F. A. Blackburn, Principal Boys' High School, San Francisco; C. S. Smyth, Superintendent Schools, Sonoma County; Albert Lyser, Cosmopolitan School, San Francisco; Ira More, Principal Los Angeles State Normal School; G. P. Hartley, Superintendent Schools, San Mateo County; W. W. Anderson, Principal Public Schools, Berkeley; Martin Kellogg, University of California; H. P. Norton, Vice Principal State Normal School, San José.

The resolution with which the report closed was unanimously adopted.

Your Committee on State Publication of Text-Books have had the subject under consideration, and beg leave to report as follows:

We find that this subject was carefully considered by a committee appointed by the county superintendents at their session a year ago, and ably discussed in a report submitted by them. To that report we invite the attention of all persons who desire to see the points involved presented in detail. From

that report, and from other data and statistics which we have examined, but have not had time to properly digest and arrange, we find as follows:

First, — There is now paid to publishers, by wholesale dealers, for school Readers, Spellers, Geographies, Arithmetics, Grammars, and Histories of the United States, to be sold in this State, about \$60,000 per year.

Second, — That the State, if it desired to supply books to pupils at actual cost, could purchase, delivered in Sacramento, all the books on the above subjects required for use in the public schools in this State for that sum.

Third, — That a private publishing house, working under the pressure of self interest, with a full corps of trained assistants, would require at least five years' time and an expenditure of at least \$150,000, to prepare the plates of a series of the above books, equal in size, matter, illustrations, paper, binding, and general excellence to those generally used in this State, and the type, presses, and other "plant" necessary to their publication.

Fourth, — That the expense to the State, working in inexperience, without proper facilities, under the possible and probable wastefulness and extravagance of its officials, with the certainty that partisan services, rather than fitness and experience, will control appointments in this service; with all the disinterested and enlightened public sentiment opposed to the scheme, and the entire press of the party not in power denouncing the methods of its execution, — would be at least 50 per cent greater, — certainly not less than \$200,000.

Fifth, — That the annual expense of manufacturing the books, after the first expenses were incurred, would be about \$30,000, exclusive of the expense of the central bureau of publication, which would certainly not be less than that of a private firm engaged in the same business.

Sixth, — That the estimate of the State Printer, upon which the legislation for submitting the proposed amendment was based, is, owing to the want of accessible information regarding the school-book business, defective, erroneous, and misleading.

Seventh, — That the preparation of good school text-books is not, as often stated, an easy matter for any educated person, but one requiring the greatest skill, judgment, experience, and patience.

Eighth, — That comparatively few text-books issued by old and experienced houses give general satisfaction; and that the chances under State publication are still greater, and amount to a very strong probability that the first attempts, at least, will be crude, unsatisfactory, and discreditable; will mortify our State pride, injure our reputation, and impair the efficiency of our schools.

Ninth, — That the imperfections which will certainly appear upon trial in these books, will call for new appropriations for amended editions by each succeeding legislature; and equally sure to provoke

political attack, renewed changes of books, legislative enquiry, and public scandal.

Tenth, — That it is particularly dangerous for a State situated like California to stake so great a sum upon the issue of an experiment so doubtful that but one State has ever tried it, and that one disastrously failed ; and especially as this experiment is proposed to be made, not by ordinary legislation, but by a constitutional amendment, requiring years for repeal.

Eleventh, — That no State ought to attempt any business which can be successfully managed by private enterprise ; and that the surest way to secure the best books at the lowest cost is to leave, as we now do, the field unrestricted and open to the competition of all the world.

Twelfth, — That the truth of this reasoning appears from the low rates at which publishers now sell their books ; paying their authors, preparing the plates, incurring the risks, and still providing our books at an advance of not more than \$25,000 per annum upon the actual cost of manufacture after the plates are prepared.

Thirteenth, — That private publishers are enabled to do this because they publish for 50,000,000 of people, while we, after incurring the same or greater preliminary expense, would publish for less than 1,000,000.

Fourteenth, — That in the only State — Minnesota — where any such system has been tried, the result has been disastrous, and the system has been condemned. The Superintendent in the largest county in that State, in a letter addressed to an officer of this Association, writes that “not a single State book has been ordered in that county since 1880” ; that “tabooed books are fast creeping into the schools” ; and that the scheme is considered “an impracticable, unconstitutional, iron-clad failure.” The Superintendent of another large county warns the people of California not “to take pattern from us, and humbug themselves with such an irrevocable, unrepeatable, iron-clad, and foolish text-book law.”

In view, therefore, of the above findings of fact, your committee respectfully recommend the passage of the following resolution :

Resolved — That in the opinion of this Association, the publication of school text-books by this State is inexpedient and impracticable, and will, if attempted, result in great pecuniary loss to the State, and expensive and unsatisfactory books for our schools.

As I have said, the adoption of a constitutional amendment providing for State publication has not changed my views concerning the theory of it. On the contrary, in the light of our very brief experience, much of the foregoing reads like prophecy. For example, we said in 3 and 4 that a private publishing house, to do this work, would

require an expenditure of at least \$150,000, but that it would cost the State much more, — say, \$200,000. In point of fact, the sum of \$367,500 has already been appropriated.

In 6 we said “the estimate of the State Printer, upon which the legislation for submitting the proposed amendment was founded, is, owing to the want of accessible information, defective, erroneous, and misleading.” This has been demonstrated by the fact that the appropriations have already aggregated a sum more than *four times* as large as that named by him as necessary.

Moreover, at the last meeting of the State Board of Education, held this very week, viz : on Thursday, June 14th, it was found necessary to *raise* the price previously fixed at which the books should be sold and up to now have been sold, to cover their cost. Whether another *re-adjustment* of prices will be found necessary as the actual cost of production shall be still more correctly ascertained, remains to be seen. If not, why not ?

The complaints with which the papers of San Francisco teemed when the books first appeared, as to their mechanical imperfections ; the “investigations” which the papers of the State reported concerning some \$20,000 charged to the book fund, which should have been charged to some other fund, or vice versa, — I have forgotten which ; the “Indignation Meetings” held in San Francisco, and participated in by employees of the State Printing Office at Sacramento (and on the pay-roll for that very time), to compel the State Superintendent to expend money in the printing and binding of books in large excess of the number he deemed necessary, simply because the money was available and could be used in giving employment to people who wanted it, — these were not of course the specific things had in mind by the committee when Nos. 8 and 9 were penned, but they are in the general direction of what is therein predicted ; and I will further add that the books are “unsatisfactory,” — vastly inferior to those now in use. Without specifying further I repeat in general terms that in the light of

our very brief experience, much of the Committee's report reads like prophecy. I have been engaged continuously in educational work for thirty years in California. I am proud of the progress made, and of California's educational status, and I am proud too that it has been recognized to the extent of having the great National Educational Association of the United States cross the continent to hold here its session of 1888; but I am not proud, and I freely confess it, to see our educational system made to fly as the tail to the State Printer's kite.

But leaving our own special case, and considering the subject of State publication of school-books as a general proposition, there are many objections which present themselves in addition to those named in the foregoing Committee's report. Of these I shall have space to suggest for consideration but a few.

1. There are in this country a few good writers of school-books, each in his specialty: as Swinton, Steele, Rickoff, Swett, and others. Now, I would not as a school officer agree in advance of its production to adopt for use in the schools any book which either of them might write; much less to use them for an indefinite time. State publication compels us to do this.

2. I know it to be impossible to construct a series of books which shall be equally adapted for the scattered, ungraded schools of a county, say like Modoc, and the thoroughly graded schools of a city. State publication presumes to do this.

3. The best text-books are the work of the brightest and best minds of specialists in the various departments, and their finished work must go into competition for manufacture by publishing houses, which in these days of wonderful progress in school appliances can afford to invest their money in only superior work; and finally, the books of the various houses must compete, and be submitted to professional judgment. All this State publication ignores.

4. The professional judgment of those responsible for the efficiency of the schools and the progress of the pupils of any partic-

ular jurisdiction, is entirely ignored by State publication. What is prepared, whether good, bad, or indifferent, must be taken, and what is worse, must be used for an indefinite period.

5. It is not the policy of the State to come into competition with its individual citizens, in manufactures of any kind, either by the utilization of prison labor, or by the establishment of State manufactories. If the State were to change its policy in this respect it would seem that it should begin in some department which is purely mechanical, and in which machinery can do the larger part of the work. In the making of *good* books, the best, the really valuable part, the sweet kernel, is brain work.

6. State publication will give cheaper books, it is claimed. Well, perhaps so, for even that remains to be seen. Somebody else invests the money for the making of the books as heretofore supplied, and the people of the State have paid to them a slight advance on the cost for the making of them, and a slight profit to their neighbors and friends of the book-stores for handling them, and keeping a supply for their use as needed.

By State publication the people of the State invest the money for *making* the books, and then have to buy them beside. The good people of California have already invested, as has been said, \$367,500 as a capital and plant for making some books, and when they are made the same people must buy the books which they have just made. Why, the annual interest on \$367,500 at 7 per cent is \$25,725! The State books may be sold each for a few cents less than the others, but they are not so valuable by much more than the difference. Here in Oakland at the opening of school next July, all the books now in use in reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and history must be *thrown away*, and books in those branches in every way inferior to those in use must be bought. No exchange price, let it be understood, by which under the former system, when a change was made, the old book was taken back at a valuation but little less than its first cost; but they must be thrown

away. And all this is claimed to be economy because the people get an inferior book which they themselves have made, a little cheaper than a better book which some one else has made.

It may be answered that the money paid for books goes into the "Revolving Fund," and is to be used in the manufacture of other books. Everything that revolves *wears out*, and it is hardly possible that a Revolving "Fund" will be an exception. It sometimes happens that by centrifugal force a revolving body flies all to pieces. Let us hope the "Revolving Fund" will escape this fate.

The Alameda County Board of Supervisors has taken the other option offered by the law, and will establish no revolving fund. The local dealers will handle the State books.

I am admonished that my allotted space must be quite fully occupied. In conclusion let me say that I am opposed to the State going into the business of manufacturing furniture, clothing, boots and shoes, cigars, or books. That all these things could be bought a bit cheaper (if it were true) would not be an argument with me. I am a protectionist.

Fred. M. Campbell.

DONNELLY AND THE SHAKESPEARE CIPHER.

I CONFESS myself one of those whose interest was so aroused by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's announcement of the discovery of a cipher in the plays of Shakespeare, which revealed Lord Bacon as their author, that I waited with impatience the publication of his promised work. I bought the first copy I could lay my hands on, and plunged into the reading and study of it with avidity, giving to it the abundant leisure that an accident afforded me, and bestowing on it not a little pains and trouble. The results are somewhat disappointing.

The first thing about the book that will strike the average observer, is its physical character, and the scant courtesy the author has received from his publishers. The price charged is ample to pay for a well-made book and yield a handsome royalty to the author; yet the publishers have not deemed the production worthy even of the trifling expenditure needed for thread and twine. It is put together with bits of wire, like some ephemeral pamphlet intended to be glanced over and consigned to the waste-basket. Its thousand pages are loosely put together in a single slovenly volume, so awkward in size and excessive in weight that it cannot be handled or read without great inconvenience. It is, I suppose, in compensation for these defects

that the cover is overspread with a tasteless but showy device, displaying the cipher revelation "Francis Bacon, Nicholas Bacon's Son," with the pretended calculation leading up to them, which is, however, practically conceded in the text of the book to be a failure.

Mr. Donnelly having had previous experience of publishers should have been on his guard against vulgar gaud and false pretences of this sort, the inevitable tendency of which is to produce on the mind of the purchaser the combination of impressions embodied in the word "catch-penny." This feeling is strengthened by finding inaccurate quotations, careless proof-reading, and the like, suggesting a book made, not to use, but to sell. We may acquit Mr. Donnelly of much of the responsibility for these defects, for it is to be assumed that misfortune alone threw him into the hands of publishers who looked at his work only from a mercenary point of view; but he was not a novice, and should have guarded against them.

Leaving the externals of the book, however, and coming to its contents, Mr. Donnelly has plenty to answer for. It contains just 998 pages, and is entitled "*The Great Cryptogram; Francis Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakspeare Plays*"; it follows upon

the author's announcement made over a year ago, of the discovery of a cipher in the plays that revealed Bacon as their author. Yet the first five hundred pages — more than half the book — are given up to an effort to prove him such by the old line of argument, with which the literary world has been so long familiar. It is unimportant to inquire whether Mr. Donnelly has put this argument any better, or only worse, than his predecessors in the same line ; the fact is that it has nothing to do with the supposed cryptogram, and is, therefore, simply "from the purpose." Whether a cipher is, or is not concealed in the plays, is a question of fact, to be determined on internal evidence alone. The man who asserts that he has discovered such cannot expect credence for his statement, because he shows plausible reasons for supposing the work written by one fond of ciphers, or familiar with their use, or accustomed to constructing them, or in possession of state secrets which might render their use probable. All these may be sufficient reasons to search for a cipher, but they do not in the slightest degree support the assertion that one has been found ; they have not even a tendency to do so. In devoting, therefore, more than half of his book to the proof of the probability of a cipher, Mr. Donnelly makes a confession of weakness, which, consciously or unconsciously, affects the judgment of every reader. This confession of weakness is emphasized too by the fact that, although avowedly forced, by want of space, to abbreviate the cipher revelations and omit matter he would like to insert (see pp. 784, 844), he yet gives up one hundred subsequent pages to a book of "conclusions," quite as irrelevant as his five hundred pages of introduction. The current headings of these conclusions will sufficiently justify this observation on their character. They are "Delia Bacon," "William Henry Smith," "The Baconians," "Other masks of Francis Bacon," etc. Six hundred pages out of a thousand deliberately given up to irrelevant matter tends to shake faith in Mr. Donnelly's confidence in his own discovery. Unfortunately too, this is not all ; for the four hun-

dred remaining pages, nominally devoted to the cipher itself, are so padded with argument, conjecture, exclamation and the like, and so verbose and studiously obscure in statement, as to corroborate the reader's most unfavorable surmise.

If there be a cipher in the Shakespeare plays and Mr. Donnelly has found it, the proof of the fact is of the simplest kind. A clear statement of the method adopted and its successful application to a sufficient number of examples, would satisfy the most skeptical ; in a word, it is just like the proverbial proof of a pudding. But it will not do to go through the text of Shakespeare, picking up one word here, and another there, in such order as to form sentences ; and then on the strength of sentences thus constructed, to claim that you have found a cipher in the text. A cipher must follow some rule, which, whether simple or complex, is capable of clear expression in words, just as the binomial theorem or any algebraical formula. In fact, it must be reducible to a formula, and the man who claims to have discovered it must either tell us his formula or renounce all claim to credence for his discovery. This Mr. Donnelly has not done. His excuse for the omission, viz, that he would have no copyright in any matter deciphered from the plays, by the use of his rule, unless so deciphered by himself (pp. 583, 584), I must be pardoned for saying seems to me quite unsatisfactory, not to say frivolous.

But just as a juggler ostentatiously shuffles and cuts the cards, from which he has some private method of extracting (or has perhaps extracted in advance) the particular one needed for his purpose, so Mr. Donnelly makes parade of a form of calculation by which he claims to extract from the text of the first part of King Henry IV., the words, "Francis Bacon, Nicholas Bacon's son," to which he attaches a world of significance and importance, even parading them on the cover of his book as an advertisement, although he is compelled to acknowledge afterwards (p. 561) that "these coincidences are either parts of a cipher, different from that which he has worked out ; or that they have no rela-

tion to the cipher proper, but were put there to lead some subsequent investigator to the conviction that there was a cipher in the plays." Mr. Donnelly professes to think that he gets at these important words, "Francis Bacon, Nicholas Bacon's son," by a rule based on the peculiar paging of the folio edition of 1623, and the words which are printed therein in italics or with hyphens connecting them. He multiplies these figures together after ways of his own, and the product, as he says, guides him as to how many words he is to count from some particular point of his own selection to reach the word sought for. But his rule has no uniformity; it varies with the page to which it is to be applied, or rather, with the word that has to be discovered.

Thus to get at the word Francis, he takes the number of page 53 and multiplies it by 6, which gives him a product of 318. He then turns the leaf and taking up page 55, he counts the words from the break in the first column (at "Enter his lady") to the bottom of the same column, and finding them 255 in number, he deducts the 255 from the 318 above arrived at, and gets 62; he then starts at Scene IV. on the second column of page 55, and counting 62 words forwards, he finds the sixty-second word is "*Francis*." Admirable indeed! although excessively complex. What led him, however, to commence operating on page 53, and why its number was multiplied by 6; why from this product the number of words between "Enter his lady" and the foot of the first column of another and different page (55) was deducted, or what determined the point at which he would commence to count the words, is nowhere disclosed; and unless the use of that particular form of calculation is to be continued and applied to other pages of the book, it needs explanation. To get at the next word he takes the same page 53, and multiplies it by 7 (the number of words in italics in its first column) and thus produces 371. Counting the words from the top of the page downwards, he finds the three hundred and seventy-first word is "bacon." "I have a gammon of bacon," etc., says the second carrier.

Next Mr. Donnelly goes to page 54, which he multiplies by 12 (the number of italic words in its first column), which makes 648, and the six hundred and forty-eighth word from the top of page 53 is "Nicholas." For the next word he again takes page 54 and multiplies it by 11 making 594, then starting at the stage direction, "Enter Gad's Hill," near the end of the first column of the same page (54), and counting *backwards to the top of the column and forwards down the next column*, the five hundred and ninety-third word reached is "Bacon's," this being the word desired. The trifling discrepancy between the two numbers 593 and 594 is disregarded, probably on the principle *de minimis non curat lex*. Finally returning to page 53, he multiplies it by 9 and gets 477; and beginning at the end of scene 2 on column 2 of page 54, and thence counting *backwards up the second column and also up the first*, the four hundred and seventy-seventh word we come to is "Son." And thus by five different rules he has got out the five significant words, "Francis Bacon, Nicholas Bacon's Son." "Prodigious!" says Mr. Donnelly. "Can any man doubt after that result that there is a cipher in the plays?" Assuredly not! Not one, but many ciphers; just as many as there are words in the sentence to be picked out, and the rule varies with each one and depends simply on the result you want to arrive at. The number of the page to be multiplied, the multiplier to be applied to it, the place whence you start to count, whether you count backwards or forwards or partly the one and partly the other, whether the result of the count brings you to the word required or within one of it,—all of these things vary with the exigencies of each particular case, and the man who with this liberty to choose cannot discover not one but a dozen ciphers, by which he can spell out whatever he desires, does not possess the requisite ingenuity and patience for a cipher-hunter; he had better confine himself to the puzzle department of a child's weekly paper.

It may be said that this criticism of Mr. Donnelly's work is unjust, as he does not himself claim that "Francis Bacon, Nicholas

Bacon's son" is worked out by the cipher he relies on for his narrative. But if so, for what purpose were the twenty-five pages comprised in chapter IV. inserted in the book? Will Mr. Donnelly avow that they amount to nothing, and were introduced merely for the purpose of mystification: designed to make the suggestion of a cipher appear plausible, and so induce acceptance of it without close scrutiny of what is further on entitled "the cipher explained"? I confess myself unable to imagine any other alternative, and unwilling to adopt a theory inconsistent with good faith on Mr. Donnelly's part, I am forced to assume that he believes he has got out the five magical words in question by means of his supposed cipher, whereas the fact is apparent on his own pages that to fit these five words he has invented five different cipher rules.

In fact, the history of this "discovery" is pretty clear. He evidently stumbled on the form of calculation, which gave him the number of words necessary to count from the top of page 67 to get the word "S. Albones," and the same rule applied to page 53 led to the word "bacon." These are the only real coincidences adduced. But by applying the multiplication to page 54, and starting the count on page 53, — a variation which Mr. Donnelly does not seem to have deemed of any moment, — the word "Nicholas," (or rather "S. Nicholas" was reached). These results seem to have been sufficient to throw Mr. Donnelly off his balance, and lead him to the hasty and premature announcement of his vaunted cipher. All that followed was the consequence of that false step. His rule would work no further, yet there were provokingly in sight the words, "Francis," "bacons," and "son," and there was nothing to do but to vary the rule to suit the emergency and elicit the desired words.

But having worked out these variations he discovered that a cipher based on multiplying the number of the page was unworkable. Multiplication produces figures too large to be readily handled or dealt with. Counting words upwards and downwards when you get into hundreds and thousands (where multi-

plication will surely bring you ere long), and resolving the result of your count into factors is too laborious and tedious. To work out such a rule by experiment and analysis would require a lifetime. Addition and subtraction are more flexible: by them any desired number is speedily arrived at, and the words of the text being once counted and marked off into groups of ten, the number requisite to count from any given starting point to any particular word desired is arrived at by inspection. To form that number out of any other you have but to make the requisite addition and subtraction, and the whole business is done. It is "as easy as lying."¹

Mr. Donnelly has refused to give his readers the alleged basis of his cipher test, lest some one else should elicit from the plays the secret history he believes them to contain, and so rob him of the reward of his ingenuity. We are forced therefore to get at his processes by analysis and conjecture, as he has himself attempted to do with Bacon's. Thus guided we are led to conjecture that Mr. Donnelly having rashly committed himself to the discovery of a cipher, based on his finding the five words above quoted, felt constrained to back up his alleged discovery by the production of matter of some kind, said to be deciphered from the text by a

¹The rule is briefly as follows, as laid down in the cryptographist of the Nineteenth Century, page 0071.

"Select from the text the words composing the desired story in their order, and number them, as counted from any convenient point or points near by. Ascertain how much these numbers exceed or fall short of those you have adopted for your cipher, and subtract or add the cipher numbers, as may be needed to make them correspond with those of the words desired. And note that the better to disguise your work and make it appear plausible, you will do well not to make the transmutation from one number to another too abrupt. Let the change be effected by adding and subtracting and adding again, whereby the reader will presently become mystified and possibly go to sleep over the calculation. Thus you may defy detection, and get out any narrative you desire out of Shakespeare, or indeed out of any other book containing as many and as various words. For the purpose of this calculation you will of course select certain convenient numbers as "radicals" or root numbers, and others called "accidentals," or modifiers, to be added to or subtracted from them as occasion requires. By a judicious selection of these any required number can be easily reached by addition and subtraction."

rule which prudence required him to conceal from the reader. Hence the "cipher narrative" running in fragments from page 673 to page 888. But it will be plain to any one who will take the pains to examine it, and penetrate the tangled envelope of words in which Mr. Donnelly has enfolded and involved his cipher narrative and accompanying explanations, that the second cipher he claims to have discovered is constructed like the first, to fit the emergency and elicit the words already selected from the text, to constitute what is called the cipher narrative. It is constructed like the other on the basis of counting words, and "the count runs not only from the beginnings and ends of scenes and columns, but also from the beginnings and ends of such subdivisions of scenes as are caused by the stage directions, such as 'Enter Morton,' etc." The number to be counted, too, and the direction in which the count is to proceed, are equally undetermined with the point of starting. There are, says Mr. Donnelly, page 583, five "root numbers" out of which the story grows, viz, 505, 506, 513, 516, and 523. These, however, are modified by twelve *modifiers* on page 581, viz, 27, 63, 79, 169, 142, 63, 141, 62, 90, 91, 79, 80, (the repetition of 63 and 79 as *modifiers* seems to have escaped notice), and then there is a second set of modifiers, viz, 28, 209, 212, 237, 240, 209, 208, and 211 (page 581), and a quantity more of modifiers on page 582, not counted by Mr. Donnelly, but which I compute to be seventeen in number. So that we have five "root numbers" and thirty-five "modifiers" to tell us how many to count; liberty to choose for a starting point the beginning or the end, top, bottom, or middle of any page, column, act, scene, or subdivision of a scene, and to count backwards or forwards as emergency requires! With this extensive range of choice it would go hard with Mr. Donnelly if he did not find whatever he wanted in the text. The wonder is that he did not put together a result having some significance, and affording some ground for a resort to cipher. He could just as well have elicited by his wonderfully flexible rule some coherent statement of fact,

important in itself, and consistent with the known facts of history, as the wretched drivel he has worked out with such ostentatious pains and trouble. The fact that he did not do so tends to show Mr. Donnelly's good faith, and that he really believes there is a cipher, and is still striving to find some rule for it; provisionally he probably experiments and takes what liberties he sees fit with his rules, has perhaps a dozen arrangements of figures to work by, analogous to what the scientists call "working hypotheses." But the story he claims to have elicited from the text so far is in itself conclusive against him; for if Bacon had been at such enormous pains and trouble as to invent and interject into the plays a cipher so complex as that Mr. Donnelly thinks he has discovered, it is reasonably certain that it would have been for the purpose of recording something worthy of record. It is incredible that he resorted to a cryptogram not likely to be unraveled for centuries if at all, for the purpose of setting down such trash as the following,—a fair specimen of the whole.¹

"How is this derived? Saw you the Earl? No, I derived these news from a well bred gentleman of

¹The following is a specimen of the way in which Mr. Donnelly combines his root numbers and modifiers to get at the necessary results.

523—284=239,—	51—183,—	20—168.....	How
505—284=221,—	51—170,—	1=109.....	is
523—284=239,—	50=189,—	19=170.....	this
505—284=221,—	50=171,	171.....	derived
523—283=240,—	18=222,—	50=172.....	saw
505—283—222,—	30=192,—	19=173.....	you
523—283=240,—	248=240,—	8,+1=9.....	the
505—284=221,—	167=	54.....	Earl
825—284=239,—	7=	232.....	no
505—284=		221.....	I

A few lines farther down we have variations like the following:

505—284=221,—	219=2:	248—2=246,	
+1=247.....			from
523—284=239,—	18=221,—	50=171:	
248—171=77,	+1=78,	+15=93.....	good
505—284=221,—	218=	3.....	the

It will be seen that there is no rule whatever. The seventh line might just as well have been 523—284=239,—49=190,—16=174, and would have got the same result, but for some reason the decipherer desired to make a change, and as the definite article is a word of frequent occurrence, he easily finds it elsewhere. The text however reads, "How is this derived? Saw you the field," etc.

good name, whom my lord the Earl sent to tell your honour the news ; he is a servant of Sir John Travers, by the name of Umfreville. He is furnished with all the certainties, and will answer for himself when he comes here. He is a gentleman of good name, and freely rendered me these news for true. He left the Strand after me, but being better horsed overrode me ; he came spurring head, and stopped by me to breathe his horse. Upon my life he looks more like some hilding fellow who had stolen the horse he rode on than a gentleman ; he doth look so dull, spiritless, and woe begone. The horse he rode upon was sore spent and almost half dead with spurring ; my instinct tells me something is wrong. He asked me the way here, and I asked him what he is doing here, and what are the tidings from the curtain. He told me that our party had had ill luck, and he gave me the news," etc., etc. 673 and seq. c. 679. Again "Field is a prisoner and is wounded to the death, and Bardolfe is now almost as good as dead, slain, killed outright by the hand of the old Jade."

Bardolfe is conjectured to be a nickname for Dr. Hayward, and the "old Jade" is no less a person than Queen Elizabeth ! That such intelligence as this might have been communicated in cipher by one conspirator to another, when it was fresh, and important to be promptly acted on, is likely enough, though even in that case the conjectured *dramatis personæ* presents difficulties ; but that Lord Bacon, or any other sane man, should undertake to hide it away by an elaborate and inscrutable cipher in two dramas, one of which was not published until two years after the other, and neither issued with the significant paging and italics which alone render the cipher intelligible until twenty years later, is such an absurdity as to defy belief by any one not voluntarily self deceived. Such it is charitable to suppose Mr. Donnelly to be.

Mr. Donnelly seems but imperfectly acquainted with the properties of numbers, a fact that may partially account for his delusion. He announces (page 568) as a notable discovery of his own the "curious fact" that if you take away the last ten words of a sentence, the tenth word from the end has thereby been removed, and he puts this discovery forward in a way to leave it doubtful

whether he does not regard it as a peculiarity of Shakespeare, or even of this particular edition of his plays ! Again he says (page 583) that the "root numbers" out of which the story grows, viz., 505, 506, 513, 516, and 523, "are the product of multiplying certain figures in the first column of page 74 by certain other figures." Now this is demonstrably not so ; neither of the figures 10, 7, 11, or 18, stated on the same page to be "the multipliers which produce the root numbers" can be made to produce any one of those root numbers, by any multiplication whatever, the root numbers 505 and 506 have manifestly no common factor except 1 ; 513 and 516 none except 3 ; and neither these numbers nor their factors appear on p. 74 ; and as for 523, if Mr. Donnelly will point out any numbers, whether on page 74, or not, which when multiplied together will give 523, he will do a great service to arithmeticians. It is in fact a prime number and cannot be produced by any multiplication whatever ; Mr. Donnelly therefore is, to use a very mild phrase, quite mistaken in this particular assertion.

It is safe to say that Mr. Donnelly is no Shakespearian scholar. He was evidently ignorant, long after he commenced his cipher investigations, of the existence of a concordance of Shakespeare ; else why spend time painfully looking through the text for words that he wanted, such as "Francis," "Bacon," "Nicholas," etc., (p. 516) and his insertion of two clean signatures of reduced facsimiles of pages of the folio of 1623, and entire silence as to any other mode of comparison with that edition, show him ignorant to the last of Booth's cheap but immaculate reprint of 1862, to be found in all public, and all well furnished private collections. And finally the man who writes of making assurance "doubly" sure (p. 563) and of "illustrious" Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, (p. 154) evidently gets his Shakespearian quotations from a newspaper and takes them on trust. "*Hunc tu Romane caveto.*"

John T. Doyle.

ETC.

BEFORE our next issue a good many thousands of the teachers of the United States will have visited San Francisco. Of the several great conventions that have been held here, this should surely be by far the most interesting. It will bring here a small number of very important people, and a large number of people who, themselves unknown, are yet a part of the most important activity that can possibly occupy the attention of the race—the forming of the next generation. In the brief week of such a convention it is impossible thoroughly to expound, discuss, or settle any educational question; but weighty topics will be at least brought up, and some exchange of ideas will take place that may bear valuable fruit. To the many outsiders who will listen, absolutely new impressions with regard to the teacher's calling, and the even awful importance of the trust that it involves, may come. Anything that will give a spur to the sense in the mind of San Francisco's good people of their duty toward their own schools will be a great public benefit. San Francisco has learned so well to entertain conventions that every one feels a comfortable certainty that it will pass off pleasantly and successfully, leaving guests and hosts in high mutual good humor.

SOME years ago an unpleasant anonymous novel, which made a badly spoiled high school girl its theme in part, obtained a great temporary vogue, and called out a good deal of pessimistic assertion about the tendency of a high school education to spoil girls, and, in fact, everybody, making them feel above manual work, without making them competent for anything higher. The OVERLAND remarked at the time that a compilation of the actual statistics concerning the graduates of any good high school would doubtless be the best answer to such theories. We are glad to find that such a compilation has been supplied, we infer by undergraduate enterprise, in a somewhat notably excellent school in this State, the Oakland High School. A brief register of graduates gives the address, further education, and present occupation of each graduate, so far as the compilers were able to ascertain it. Some interesting data are here to be had. The school has thus far 566 graduates. 16 of these died within a few years after leaving school, and no report is given of 16 who seem to have been lost sight of, so that the number we shall reckon with is 534, of whom 335 are young women, and 199 young men. 15 of these young women and 17 of these young men (or, more fairly, of the 230 of the one and 113 of the other who have been as much as four

years out of school, that is, 32 of the 343) have since taken college degrees; while 11 girls and 41 boys are now college undergraduates. 77 of the whole 84 college students have sought the State University, but Harvard, Cornell, Williams, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley, have each one. 9 more girls and 11 more boys are reported as engaged in higher study of some sort, in art, music, normal or business schools, law schools, dental or pharmaceutical colleges, etc.; and as besides the college graduates 17 are already in callings necessitating some such special courses of study, at least 121 of the whole number of graduates have pursued systematic study after graduation. A considerable number more, chiefly among those who are teachers, clerks, stenographers, and the married women, have undoubtedly also done so.

THE tally of occupations reported is the most interesting part of the record. It is probably quite incomplete, however, for 38 young men and 126 of the unmarried young women are reported without any statement of occupation. Perhaps half a dozen of these are young boys just graduated and about to enter college, and half a dozen more unoccupied for some reason, but at least 25 have merely failed to report their occupation; a smaller portion of the 126 young women are doubtless in some occupation outside of their homes; but not far from 100 may safely be assumed to be keeping their fathers' or brothers' houses, or filling more or less usefully, as the case may be, the usual position of young girls at home. These are the people to whom in humbler homes falls, jointly with their mothers, the housework and sewing, and everywhere the odd services; on whom the churches depend for a vast amount of "church work," and society for much of its lighter and less responsible volunteer beneficences of all kinds. 81 women are married, and 83 are schoolmistresses; 15 men, also, are teaching school, so that 98 of all the graduates are in this work. The largest number next to this, 72, are engaged in further studies, 52, as we have said, being college undergraduates, and 20 in other studies. Next in order come 45 type-writers, book-keepers, clerks, stenographers, telegraphers, etc., 14 women and 30 men; 15 merchants, bankers, real estate dealers, etc., of whom one is a woman; 12 farmers, 9 doctors and dentists, 9 journalists, (of whom 2 are women) ranging from chief editors to reporters, and 8 lawyers; 6 mining superintendents, civil engineers, etc.; 4 artists and music teachers, 2 mechanics, a janitor, a searcher of records, a commercial traveler and

a missionary. The figures confirm what any fair general observation would lead one to infer : that no one should expect the high school to fill the ranks of mechanics and laborers, nor complain of it that it does not, but that it is primarily the preparatory school of those who seek advanced learning, the wonderfully efficient agency of transition from simple mental exercises of the common school to those of the higher education ; and secondarily, the school of that class of occupations that lies between mechanical and professional labor, — occupations whose usefulness to society will surely be questioned by no temperate person. Less than 13 per cent of the University alumni are in business, and not much over 6 per cent in clerkships, while over 70 per cent turn to the learned professions, journalism, the higher technical callings, and the like. Evidently most business men and clerks, who have not as much as a high school education have less than one, and this grade of education can be considerably expanded without our incurring danger of getting too many high school graduates to supply the number of people needed for such callings.

THE record, again, gives us a desired opportunity to add another to the few data toward judging of the comparative marriage rate among college women and others that we offered in the ETC. of last April. The average age of girls at graduation from a high school is about eighteen. They average four years younger than college graduates, and about a year younger than seminary graduates. When we say, therefore, that 30 per cent of the Mills alumnae, 27 per cent of the University alumnae, and 24 per cent of the high school alumnae, for periods as fairly corresponding as possible, are married, the comparison is misleading. Excluding the three youngest classes, we find 28½ per cent of high school alumnae, few of whom can be under twenty-one years old, 36 per cent of University alumnae, and nearly 37 per cent of Mills alumnae, married. Excluding eight classes, we find 45½ per cent of the high school alumnae, 51 per cent of those of Mills, and 50 per cent of those of the University, married ; these have for the most part reached the age of twenty-six, twenty-seven, and thirty, respectively. If, on the other hand, we make such exclusions as to compare women of equal age instead of those graduated for an equal period, we find that of those presumably from twenty-five to thirty years-old, 62⅓ per cent of Mills alumnae are married, 48 per cent of the high school alumnae, and 36 per cent of the University alumnae. At an average of from thirty to thirty-six, the per cents are respectively, in the same order, 70, 58 and 50. It seems evident from this that college women marry somewhat older than others ; for after the high school girls have all fairly reached marriageable age, the number of marriages at equal periods after graduation from the three institutions does not differ much, while at equal ages the difference is marked. Beyond thirty-six years of age the figures for comparison are wanting.

To a Santa Barbaran.

WHY blooms the fairest flower 'neath rosy skies
Where all is bloom and fragrance? why unfold
Here, where the nectar that its petals hold
Among the orange groves neglected lies,
And its sweet perfume all unheeded dies?
And thou, dear maid, with wealth of love untold,
More precious than all mines of gems or gold
Why linger 'mid these cloyed and listless eyes?

O with thy voice, and smile ineffable,
And eyes so meet for sympathetic tears,
Seek some sad land oppressed by grief and fears,
A bright consoling angel there to dwell;
Fly, ere thy robes are wet with honey-dew,
And thy own sweetness cloy thee through and through.

E. L. Huggins.

What will Become of Amateur Poets in the Next World?

UPON his chair of state the judge with lofty visage
sat,
And frowning brow, as well became the judges'
laureate,
For 't was his noble duty on occasions of demise,
The mortals' fate in Spiritland justly to supervise.
—— Facing the mighty judge there stood a youth
with laurel crowned,
On whose pale cheeks and slender frame the great
judge sternly frowned,
Bending on him his eagle eye, he asked, "By whose
decree
Was placed upon your auburn locks the wreath of
poesy?"
The youth spoke up, but trembled as he made the
bold reply,
"'T was but because the world denied me justice,
sir, that I
Made bold to weave the crown myself and place it on
my brow,
That all should know as poet him who stands before
you now."
He bent his knee before the throne and anxious
looked around,
Then forth sprang Jove's spry messenger, and spake,
in duty bound,
"And where shall he be placed, my Lord? Among
the spirits gay?
With geniuses of every kind, whose mirth flows all
the day?
I wait but for your words to mark this youth's just
destiny,
And bear him off for aye to keep his like souls com-
pany."
"First I must know," the judge replied, "how you
would rightly name
The rôle he played on earth, before death took his
fatal aim."

The messenger reflected long, then slowly scratched his head :

"Indeed I cannot tell, my Lord, I never heard it said."

"Well then, what did he do? — come, quick, what occupied his time?"

"He always wrote bad verses, sir, and studied out the rhyme."

"Aha ! a poet amateur, who in his self-conceit Himself a genius deems, — well, well, he must have some retreat."

And yet, unable to decide a question of such doubt He forthwith called in council all the judges round about.

The query rose. "Where shall we place this amateur, whose trick

Has wearied out poor human souls, and made his fellows sick?"

For fourteen days and fourteen nights the council pondered deep,

And while they thought nor tasted food nor snatched a wink of sleep ;

But on the fifteenth day up rose the foreman to reply ;

"My Lord and fellow-jurymen, we've come a case to try,

A case so right impossible for any to foresee, That spirit-laws have never given a definite decree.

We've come to the conclusion that to place this youth with those

Who gifted are by nature, and whose inspiration flows

Like some deep ever-running stream, would grave injustice be,

For, 'Like with like,' has ever been our spirit-law's decree.

Nor can we give him up to those whose functions have a name ;

Whose deeds have been a benefit, if not of lasting fame.

And yet his virtues place him far above the realm of those

Who've lived an aimless, vagrant life, till death did interpose,

Unlike all other spirits here, not crazy, yet not sane,

His life has been of use to none, he labored, but in vain.

There is no place for him among the spirits of our land ;

A solitary being, from his fellow-spirits banned.

Therefore our council has agreed, in justice to all here,

To place him by himself in a new created sphere."

The foreman ceased ; the jury rose — their verdict was revealed,

The judge then spoke the final word, the rhymester's fate was sealed.

But not for long was this youth doomed to solitary walks,

For every day a kindred soul into his dwelling stalks. And as the years glide by the souls of amateurs increase ;

But in the spirit-judge's room forever more is peace.

Sophie Reinhart.

Oratory vs. Journalism in Political Campaigns.

THE last presidential campaign was one of those especially emotional occurrences that go to make up the political history of our nation. The excitement that preceded election day was surpassed by the greater excitement that followed it. The campaign of 1876 had no such fierce enthusiasm and partisan feeling, and the long-drawn ending of it, decided at length by the seven by eight electoral commission, was not so exciting as the comparatively brief suspense that waited on the counting of votes in the Empire State in 1884. Taken as a whole, that campaign was a memorable epoch, and proves how much our nationality can endure, and neither bend nor break. While we congratulate ourselves as citizens on the fact that patriotic feeling is even stronger than partisan spirit, and is the firm rock on which the United States have been founded, we look back — some of us — to a past that is within easy remembrance, and recognize that "times are not now as they used to was," as the familiar comic song of a past generation had it. Even then, the magician Time was discounting the passing years with changes, but the power of oratory still swayed the world as it had done for all the centuries.

But oratory was only a short remove from barbarism. Among savage tribes the impassioned orator bends and sways the minds of warriors, and leads them into battle. The ancients who had "Demosthenes and Cicero" happily, or unhappily, had not a daily press, or any system of "journalism." There is no doubt that newspapers have killed off orators. There is no longer any new thing for an orator to claim attention for, and political campaigns have become spectacular rather than dramatic. Brass bands and illuminations, transparencies and processions, dumb show and noise, make up a political demonstration of today, rather than the massed multitudes thrilled by the oratory that we knew so well in other days.

Here, on the Pacific, we do not quite come up to the spirit of the modern time in connection with politics. We go more quietly, if not less earnestly, to work. No doubt we shall come to it when we gain population to correspond with Eastern people. I happened, after many days, to go East in October of 1876, and dropped in on Chicago the Saturday that the Republican candidate was there. So I mingled that evening with the Chicagoans, and saw what passed for the most magnificent display the Lake City had ever made. I was under the balcony of the

Grand Pacific Hotel, one small mortal among forty thousand, and one of the hundred thousand people who thronged the streets that beautiful night. There were torches innumerable ; horsemen, footmen, and chariots ; fireworks rushed wildly, and various colored lights fiercely blazed ; various societies and companies, organized for the campaign, marched and countermarched, and the city was given up to display and enthusiasm. "There were ladies among the close-packed thousands, who fainted away as the jostling crowd surged and swayed. The procession, numbering 25,000 people, moved through the streets until the "wee sma' hours" came in with the morrow.

I went on to New York and there, a few days only before the fateful Tuesday, saw both candidates with tens of thousands of their followers. So far as oratory was concerned there was very little of it. At Chicago Mr. Blaine came out and said : "Chicago is great in everything," which delighted the Chicagoans so much that they stopped to hear very little more. General Logan came out and tried to say something, but it was a hard task and he gave it up. Mr. Blaine undoubtedly made telling points in his short sayings, but they were nothing like set speeches, much less orations. Mr. Cleveland was also laconically brief. Reviewing the campaign we must recognize that it consisted of demonstration, and whatever was said in it except by two or three Independents disconnected with any action by either regular party, was said by the newspapers.

Let us see what was done in old times. I am not old, but I recollect when the campaign cry was : "Hurrah for Jackson !" That was not the motto of my own people, for I was educated to believe that Jackson was a terrible fellow. My aunt had some stock in the United States Bank, and when Jackson removed the deposits and smashed that institution, our family felt as if the President was a foe to mankind. We were not for Jackson, but enough were for him to keep him there. Those were times when oratory carried the day. The finest minds and the greatest orators took the stump then. Such a campaign as Blaine made bears no comparison with the times I speak of. Then orators held massed thousands and tens of thousands spellbound, and newspapers reported their sayings.

The amenities of journalism in the late campaign were not more left-handed in matter of courtesy than were those of Jackson's time. "Old Hickory" was a dreadful bugbear to us Federalists. His campaigns were vigorous and overpowering, as history shows. In 1830 New York was not so extended as now, and the focus of civilization seemed near the Battery. Broadway was thronged as the old hero passed up, and the cheers that rent the air were quite as vigorous and enthusiastic as those the adherents of Blaine or Cleveland uttered four years ago.

The campaign that resembled and equals that of 1884 more nearly than any other in my recollection,

was the Harrison, or Hard Cider, issue of 1840, when all sorts of excitements prevailed. That, too, was a condition of personal warfare, though not so disagreeable and persistent in its personalities. Log cabins rose in every direction, liberty poles with raccoons to climb them overlooked every battle-field, and hard cider almost flooded the country. The echoes of that campaign were heard in the melody of its songs, and the sage of Kinderhook caught it right and left. That was the age of oratory, when human eloquence was depended on to wake human natures and rouse partisans to faith and effort. One occasion that remains indelibly stamped on my memory will serve to show what gigantic efforts were deemed necessary to secure Harrison's election.

Connecticut was the debatable ground of politics then, as now. The tariff was the issue then, as now. In the early autumn of 1840, a memorable mass meeting was called for the beautiful "City of Elms," and twenty thousand Whigs of the Nutmeg State responded to the call. Martial music and illuminated banners, and the various insignia of partisanship were present ; and the enthusiasm witnessed there has not been surpassed, if it has been equaled, in our day. The array of talent that stirred the souls of that great audience, it seemed to me, could never have been surpassed in modern times, if it ever was among the ancients. All the names I shall recite have become historic. I found serious question raised, the other day, if it could have been possible that seven such men appeared on one rostrum. I was but a lad of thirteen, and the true question, on my part, is : How could a boy of thirteen remember such men so definitely if they had not been there?

They were Tom Marshall, the inimitable ; Leslie Coombs, the audacious ; John J. Crittenden, the friend and almost equal of Henry Clay ; Kentucky furnished those three, while Ohio lent Tom Ewing and Tom Corwin ; Massachusetts gave us Edward Everett, New York sent Simon Draper and Ogden Hoffman. Draper, though an auctioneer, — one of those wonderful men who convert an auction into a work of art, — was a man of "infinite jest," and the genius of oratory had descended upon him. Hoffman was one of the most polished speakers of that age, almost the peer of Crittenden and Everett. The only one I have the least fear of mistake concerning is Everett, and the question rises if he possibly was present on another day of the same campaign. I am confident, however, that all seven spoke, and thrilled the mass with wonderful oratory.

That was a red letter day of my early life, and the memory of it lives still. I seem to see and hear the massing thousands as if they had remained there until this day. But the age that made them and knew and honored them has gone, never to return. Journalism has supplanted oratory, for the steam press throws off at lightning speed what lightning itself has girdled the earth to transmit.

Much of the interest of my sketch is centered in

Tom Marshall, whose wonderful but erratic genius won for him popularity coeval with the age he lived in. He was educated at Yale, and towards the last of his strange and eventful career he appeared again at New Haven, the scene of the forensic triumph of 1840, remaining there long enough to make acquaintance with many of the older students, and delight them with his many and varied accomplishments. He made friends there, as he did everywhere; and others — magnates of Yale, as well as students — were fascinated by the brilliant Kentuckian.

Not long after his coming came Professor John Lord, who, fresh from European travel, gave a lecture on "The Mediæval Popes," which Marshall attended, remarking afterwards that he could lecture as well himself on the same topic. The suggestion was met by an invitation to do so, and he electrified dons, pundits, and juniors, by giving a lecture that was of extreme interest, showing intimate acquaintance with mediæval history, with impregnable ground as to data and facts.

This led to his delighting the literati of New Haven with a course of well attended lectures, which very happily replenished his exchequer, and encouraged the broken-down genius with hope.

His vice still haunted him, however, for its baleful shadow was ever athwart his path. He was induced to lecture once on temperance; this lecture I particularly remember, because I was impressed with the feeling that he was trembling and thick-tongued when he rose to speak. The lecture was a perfect and sometimes fearfully natural effort at word painting, that haunts me "lo, these many years." I remember that he said: "In my State, the glorious and hospitable commonwealth of Kentucky, if you visit a friend, he pours your glass of spirits, and fill-

ing his own says, 'To your good health.' *To your good health!* TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH!" he repeated with terrible sarcasm and emphasis; giving each repetition a world of meaning. Then, with all the power he possessed of prayer, pathos and invective, he summed up the great and untold evils of intemperance, holding his audience thrilled, spellbound, fascinated, as only he, of all the speakers of his day, could do.

Poor Tom Marshall! He realized it all in his own sad experience, for the demon held him in thrall even while he denounced it. Every welcome wears out in time, and his stay in New Haven became wearisome. He sought change and left, none knew whither. That last episode was a fitting close to his career. The candle flashed and flickered with its wonted light before it expired. Only a few months or weeks after his leaving them, his New Haven friends were shocked to know that Tom Marshall was dead.

At the Cliff.

A SUNSET glow has fallen upon the sea:

The gold and crimson turrets of the West

Tremble and shiver on the rising crest

Of each advancing wave; while joyfully,

From the restraining arms of ocean free,

The water foams and leaps upon the shore.

What beauty can the earth and sky give more,

What mystic shapes and splendors yet to be?

Far-off the pinions of the night-bird sweep

The darkness, on whose face a silver gleam

Touches the clouded waves with starry beam.

Across the sea, like phantom forms of sleep,

Weird shadows, reft by broken moonlight creep:

The winds are hushed; the world lies in a dream.

Virna Woods.

• BOOK REVIEWS.

Starr King's and Lowell's Addresses.

TWO months ago the OVERLAND reviewed a book of sermons by Thomas Starr King speaking of the zeal for higher things, the spirituality and the warmth of the man in spite of the coldness of his creed. Now there is to be noticed a book of addresses by the same distinguished hand, also with an introduction by Mr. Edwin P. Whipple.¹ That these writings of Mr. King's are in advanced editions (this in the sixth) is a good sign; for it is pleasant to think that there are scattered abroad in the world many copies of

¹ Substance and Show, and Other Lectures. By Thomas Starr King. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For Sale in San Francisco by John W. Roberts & Co.

writing helpful to all that is good. The present volume is made up mainly of the lectures that Mr. King repeated many times in the East, as well as through all parts of California. Most of them were written before the war, but some, and these not the least interesting, contain the fervid words by which Mr. King exerted all of his splendid talent for the Union cause. No one familiar with the story of those days, no one, certainly, that ever heard one of these addresses from Mr. King's lips, can need any enforcement of the statement that the country owes to him more than to any other man the peaceful holding of California in the days of secession. But for the younger generation it is well to repeat the tale, and to urge upon every boy the reading of Mr. King's

addresses. In these peaceful days, when patriotism is invoked principally to urge — Mr. 's claim to the supervisorship, and — 's availability as coroner, it is well to show our growing youth the picture of the times when to be a patriot was a life or death matter, involving often supreme self-sacrifice.

The editor apologizes a little for the expressions that recall the days of sectional hate. But Mr. King's admirers should assume no such tone regarding the most scorching of these utterances. They were called forth by a bitter need; their motive was righteous, their purpose was peace. Nowhere does Mr. King fail to separate the evil doctrine from the person that holds it: the sin he hates, but not the sinner. No man would have been more frank and cordial in welcoming to the restored Union the worst of its foes that showed a desire to return. He would have been no waver of the bloody-shirt could he have lived to see his dearest wish, the return of peace to an unbroken Union.

Thus much for the war lectures: the others breathe the same strenuous spirit, the same loftiness of ideal, and faith in the possibility of realizing ideals, that inform all the products of his mind. Socrates, Hildebrand, and Webster all find in him enough that is like themselves to make him their worthy delineator. They stand out in his pages as the reader must believe they stood in the living flesh, strong, devoted, grand. In more recondite subjects Mr. King is no less virile. He makes things unseen and spiritual seem to be real and eternal, and quickens in every reader the insight that gives beauty and value to the things of sight.

It is hardly fair to place in close juxtaposition with Mr. King's work the volume of addresses lately published by James Russell Lowell.¹ The first are the great efforts of a great man; the latter the casual utterances on ordinary occasions (comparatively speaking), of a man no less great, but given no such themes and in no such mood as Starr King's. Lowell could and did speak the winged word in the days when King wrote his addresses; but the book now at hand is of slighter material. All but two are speeches delivered on various occasions when, as American Minister and a foremost American writer, he represented his countrymen before British audiences. His attitude on these occasions was much discussed at the time by the American press, and yet a calm review of the collected volume makes only more apparent the conclusion, irresistible on *a priori* grounds to a reader of the Biglow Papers, that Mr. Lowell abated no whit of his loyalty to America and her institutions in his desire to please English ears. He knows, if ever man did, how to be courteous and yet stand firm on his own conclusions.

Mr. Lowell in his dedication speaks somewhat lightly of his work, of his having needed encouragement to print the present collection, and yet it is sure

that many readers will thank him for the chance to read the manly words he spoke on the death of President Garfield, the worthy tribute to Dean Stanley, his defense of Democracy before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, his scholarly words at the two hundred and fiftieth Harvard Anniversary, and his essays on Coleridge, Fielding, Wordsworth, and Cervantes. Of such books by such men the world never has too many.

Two "Stories of the Nations."

MISS LAWLESS tells the history of Ireland in a manner which in extension leaves little to be desired. Her story begins in the mists of early Irish tradition, and ends with the Home Rule agitation of today. The subject, from the intimate connection of Irish and English history, and from the radically different race characteristics of the people, presents many opportunities for pausing and drawing lessons by the way. Of these opportunities Miss Lawless takes full advantage. Her review is generally impartial, and as critical as the scope of the work allows. She points out the evil influence to Ireland of government by a non-resident king, the consequent lack of an object around which the national feeling might center and solidify, and the subsequent growth of this feeling, arising from the necessity for united defense of the national religion. The events connected with the Act of Union are narrated with an almost exaggerated effort to avoid the appearance of partiality, the mooted question of corruption being set aside, as too much shrouded in uncertainty for a just verdict to be rendered. In its literary style the narrative is unfortunate. Such sentences as the following, which are taken at haphazard, might certainly be improved both in clearness and in smoothness: "He was unquestionably three-fourths of a savage — that fact we must begin in honesty by admitting; at the same time he was a very brilliant, and even in some respects attractive savage," (page 166). "Although free now to import and export from the rest of the world," etc., (page 342). "Their cause lay, as he shows, on the very surface, in the all but unendurable misery," etc., (page 344). The proof-reader is also at fault in several places in this book, a piece of carelessness which is noticeable in *The Goths*,² which follows this book in the series.

The Goths occupy a unique position in history. Emerging from their obscurity when the last feeble flames of the Roman civilization were dying away, they seem to have lived only during a night in the world's history, and to have faded away before the early dawn of the newer civilization. In the year 245 they were an unknown people, dwelling upon the shores of the Black Sea; two hundred and fifty

² The Story of Ireland, by Hon. Emily Lawless. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

³ The Story of the Goths, by Henry Bradley. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

¹ Democracy and Other Addresses. By James Russell Lowell. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.

years later they had overthrown the Roman Empire, overrun the entire south of Europe, and had established in Spain and in Italy the most powerful kingdoms of Europe; two hundred and fifty years more and the only trace of the Goths was a small remnant on the Crimean peninsula which had been left behind in the western exodus of the people. During five hundred years, while Europe slept, the Goths had grown to be the most powerful people on earth, and had died away, leaving almost no trace of themselves. But the justification of their presence is found in their clearing away of the ruins of the Roman Empire, which was tottering from its centuries of internal corruption, in their stemming of the invasion of the Asiatic hordes under Attila, and in their preservation of a remnant, however imperfect, of the civilization which preceded them, thereby leaving a foundation upon which their successors might build. It is curious that the isolation of the facts of their history should have been left to a series of histories intended for the younger generation of readers. But Mr. Bradley's book, like several of its predecessors in this excellent series, may be read with profit by older readers, while to the young it cannot fail to be beneficial, from its marked tone of scholarly inquiry, as well as from the information it contains. The narrative is interestingly told, with good perspective, and with a just appreciation of the underlying forces. The necessary simplicity is nowhere disregarded, though the style is marred occasionally by a condensed construction which tends to roughness and obscurity.

Two Books on Ireland.

SINCE Gladstone made the Home Rule movement his own, we have had an abundance of Irish literature. Two books on various phases of that history lie before us now. The most interesting and valuable is *Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland*.¹ It is one of the series of English History by Contemporary Writers. The object of this series is to place before the reader the events they chronicle by means of extracts from writers who lived contemporaneously with those events, and to cultivate an interest in those old authorities. The principal part of Earl Richard's story is from the "Expugnatio" of Geraldus Cambrensis, who participated in some of these first English and Welsh invasions of Ireland. Prof. Barnard has been happy in his choice of matter, and has given a vivid picture of the battles, marches, and sieges of this bloody drama. The habits, character, and condition of the Kelts are fully described, and many entertaining and to us amusing tales are told of miraculous phenomena, that either had happened or are still to be found in that land. Geraldus writes of St. Patrick and the snakes, but gravely proves that the story cannot be true.

¹ *Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland*. By Francis Pierrepoint Barnard. English History by Contemporary Writers Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Another of the volumes on Ireland is by Judge Maguire of San Francisco. In *Ireland and the Pope*² he indulges in his usual quixotism. Yesterday, he advocated the extremest labor views; the day before, all of Henry George's vagaries; today, he proceeds to demolish the papal influence in Ireland. Interested in that island, the recent rescript and the Pope's treatment of Dr. McGlynn have excited his antagonism. Judge Maguire shows by history that the Pope has always been unfriendly to Irish liberty, and that by his intrigues he has often ruined many Irish movements for independence. From about the time of Strongbow, when Adrian IV. issued his bull delivering Ireland to Henry II. of England, to the present time, every papal move is faithfully related. He claims that the desire of the Vatican to be on good terms with the British government has led to this betrayal of a faithful Catholic land. In the heat of argument, Judge Maguire many times fails to see that his conclusions are not supported by his historical premises. He is attempting to reach a certain end; and unconsciously perhaps, he manipulates facts to suit his purpose. We are satisfied, nevertheless, that much of what he says is true; in fact, is well-known history. The book is a political discussion, and is written in regular political style. It is not for the general reader, but rather for Irishmen and their sympathizers. As might be expected, he is strongly in favor of the boycott and the plan of campaign.

Briefer Notice.

IN a single moderate-sized volume, *Brief Institutes of General History*,³ Prof. Andrews has dealt, briefly of course, with the main current of all history. It is arranged in eleven chapters; their titles will convey a general idea of the scope of the work: The Study of History, The Old East, The Classical Period, The Dissolution of Rome, The Mediæval Roman Empire of the West, Feudalism and the French Monarchy, Islam and the Crusades, Renaissance and Reformation, The Thirty Years' War, The French Revolution, Prussia and the New Empire. Each chapter is again divided into short paragraphs treating of the important parts of the main subject. At the opening of each chapter and paragraph is a well selected bibliography; and at the close of the paragraphs are notes on the more important details contained therein. The book has been carefully and conscientiously labored over, and is well done. It will be valuable as a reference volume to all students of history; and would be useful in any library as a guide to the best historical literature.—In his little work, *Nerve Waste*,⁴ Dr. Sawyer writes sensibly about the duties

² *Ireland and the Pope*. A Brief History of Papal Intrigues against Irish Liberty, from Adrian IV. to Leo XIII. By James G. Maguire. James H. Barry: San Francisco, 1888.

³ *Brief Institutes of General History*. By E. Benjamin Andrews D.D., LL.D. Boston: Silver, Rodgers & Co. 1887.

⁴ *Nerve Waste*. Practical Information concerning Nervous Impairment and Nervous Exhaustion in Mod-

and relations of the medical man to his patients and to society. It is a brief discussion for popular use on nervous diseases, the most prevalent bodily ill that affects American social, professional, and business life. A careful reader can secure useful hints from its pages. Dr. Sawyer has treated his subject under three general heads. He sketches the constitution of the nervous system, and then points out the causes of nervous impairment. These are not hard to find; they are overwork, the spirit of the age, the overpressure and false system of teaching in the schools, with others of lesser note. The principal part of the volume is devoted to the phases shown by, and the remedies for, nervous exhaustion. He has clearly defined the symptoms of these diseases, such as nervous prostration, mental and physical changes, circulatory derangements, etc. The last chapter on remedies, with its numerous and well considered suggestions, is the best and most practical part. The binding is neat, but the press-work is careless.—

In a convenient vest-pocket form has been published a new edition of Horace Mann's *A Few Thoughts for a Young Man*.¹ This address was first delivered in
ern Life. By H. C. Sawyer. The Bancroft Company, San Francisco. 1888.

¹A Few Thoughts for a Young Man. By Horace

1849 before the Mercantile Library Association at Boston, and has proved valuable and suggestive enough to be in demand ever since. So far as good advice is ever of use to young men, Mr. Mann's should be, enforced as it is by the knowledge that the author was a power in the world of thought of his day. It is a day that is far removed from our intellectual time. Fashion rules the world of mind in a less degree than the world of dress, and yet much of this lecture is as antiquated as crinoline. Take for instance the eulogy of phrenology as the coming power, with particular praise of some organum of that science that nobody would ever know of now-a-days but for Mann's advocacy of it. The publication of the *Origin of Species* marks the entrance of the recent epoch in the strata of intellect, and this address was written ten years before that time. And yet the scientific world was in the receptive and searching mood that made the progress of the doctrine of evolution rapid when it once entered on the field. Mann's address shows this in a marked degree, and besides all this contains enough of the stuff that does not grow old, the high moral purpose and love of truth, to make its preservation a matter of congratulation.

Mann. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XII. (SECOND SERIES.)—AUGUST, 1888.—No. 68.

ARTESIAN BELT OF THE UPPER SAN JOAQUIN.



THE MENZO SPRING FLOWING WELL.

AMONG the resources of California and Oregon, the immense supply of artesian water must take high rank. California, in particular, is a land of great mountains and broken rock strata, which furnish the necessary conditions for the artificial water-springs that add so much to the value of the land. If the various engineers' reports upon the artesian basins of other parts of the world be studied, it will be seen that in number, ex-

tent, and amount of water supply, the artesian districts of California are already among the most important in the world, although only partially developed. The State has at least twenty-five artesian districts of importance, and hundreds of flowing wells utilized for irrigation, house-supplies, and farm uses. These districts are widely distributed from Lassen to San Diego, and from the peninsula of San Francisco to the high deserts of Inyo. There is reason to believe that artesian water underlies Death Valley, and some of the most barren parts of California, and will some day be tapped to reclaim these wastes. The upper San Joaquin basin, however, with its deep, rich soil and semi-tropic climate, contains the most important artesian district on the Pacific Coast, an irregular oval of territory lying partly in Kern County and partly in Tulare County.

The artesian well was known to the agriculturist ages ago. The Chinese, the Hindoos, and the Egyptians must have learned to develop "blind springs," and from this beginning went on experimenting with rude dug and piped wells, which in favorable situations brought the water to the surface. In the heart of the Sahara, in Asia Minor, and in Persia, travelers find unmistakable evidence that flowing wells were obtained long before the province of Artois gave its name "Artesian" to these artificial well-springs.

The artesian boring of Paris contains the famous Grenelle well, which took seven years to bore, and is 1,798 feet deep, yielding 864,000 gallons daily. The Passy well, in the same basin, is nearly 2,000 feet deep, and throws up 5,582,000 gallons daily to a height of 54 feet above the surface. Artesian basins, however, are rare in Europe, and their value almost incalculable.

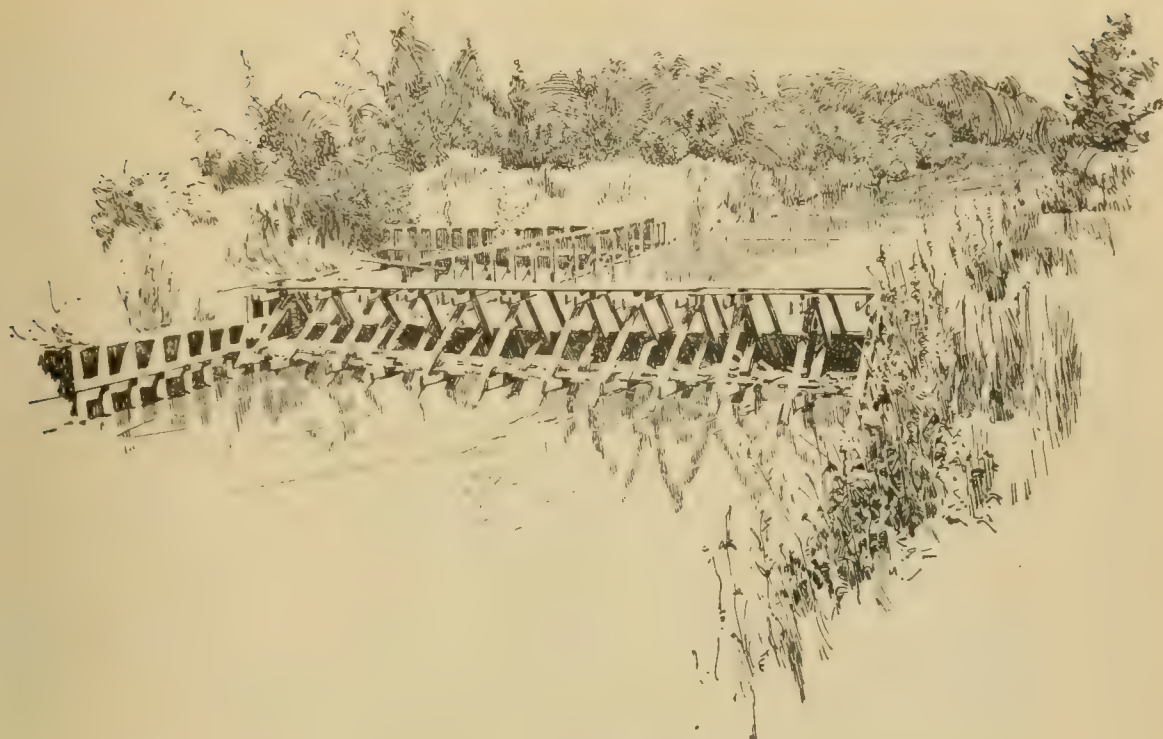
Spon, in his "Practice of Sinking and Boring Wells," describes the process of obtaining these famous wells, and also the chief wells of the London basin. The mechanical operation of boring a well is exceedingly difficult, and many of the failures to obtain artesian water in tested districts are undoubtedly due to the carelessness or ignorance of the well-borers, or to the inefficiency of their tools.

The American apparatus, most of it patented and manufactured by various firms, seems to combine strength and utility to a greater degree than the European machinery described in the text-books. A complete well-boring outfit can be had for from \$400 to \$600; and sometimes farmers club together, buy an outfit, and work it themselves, though it is always best to employ a trained well-borer. The danger of breaking tools, of dropping something in the bore, or of checking the descent of the pipe, so that a smaller bore must be adopted, are dangers that only great skill can avoid. Wells that start out bravely with a bore of fifteen inches in diameter, often fail to strike water with more than a six or eight inch bore. The flow at the top is of course diminished correspondingly. A well of uniform size throughout, piped with a tight casing, so that the ascending water does not escape into the surface strata, will deliver the maximum amount possible.

The subjects of drilling tools, power to be applied, and details of the mechanical work, belong properly to the technical side of artesian well-boring, not to a general review of Pacific Coast districts. But the rate of boring and the various strata found are of much scientific interest. I shall give some notes on these points under subsequent accounts of various wells. Andre, a French writer of repute, says about the rate of boring and the strata in the Paris basin:

There are probably no engineering operations in which the rate of progress is so variable as it is in that of boring. That such must necessarily be the case will be obvious, when we bear in mind that the strata composing the earth's crust consist of very different materials; that these materials are mingled in very different proportions, and that they have in different parts been subjected to the action of very different agencies, operating with very different degrees of intensity. Hence it arises, not only that some kinds of rock require a much longer time to bore through than others, but also that the length of time may change within a short horizontal distance. . . . The following, which are given for this purpose, are the averages of a great number of borings, executed under various conditions by the ordinary methods. The progress indicated represents that made in one day of 11 hours:

1. Tertiary and Cretaceous strata, to a depth of 100 yards, average progress, 1 ft. 8 in.



IRRIGATING CANAL AND DROP.

2. Cretaceous strata, without flints, to a depth of 250 yards,—2 ft. 1 in.
3. Cretaceous strata, with flints, 250 yards,—1 ft. 4 in.
4. New red sandstone, 250 yards,—1 ft. 10 in.
5. New red sandstone, 500 yards,—1 ft. 5 in.
6. Permian strata, 250 yards,—2 ft.
7. Coal measures, 200 yards,—2 ft. 3 in.
8. Coal measures, 400 yards,—1 ft. 8 in.

General average, 275 yards ; progress, 1 ft. 9 in.

Should hard limestone or igneous rock be met with, the rate of progress may be less than half the above general average.

These figures may serve to impress California well-borers with the importance of keeping accurate accounts of every well bored, so as to help other borers, and also because of the scientific value of such data.

In attempting to decide as to when an artesian well will succeed, this general principle must be borne in mind : water that falls on the earth's surface either flows off in rills and streams, or evaporates, or sinks into the earth. That which sinks flows downward until it meets a non-porous stratum ; it follows the surface of this, still downward and onward, to break out at the base of some ravine or slope, as a spring, or to fill some hidden reservoir. When, as it sometimes happens, the reservoir is large, its pressure forces springs to the surface, far out in the valley, or even out at sea. At the foot of

cañons, and in the lower levels of small valleys, it is always reasonable to bore for artesian water ; but first, the fountain head must be higher ; second, the surface water dip towards the well : third, the porous and non-porous strata must alternate.

The ordinary diagrams of artesian basins are insufficient, for they make the supply appear in narrow veins, which is more rare. The real artesian basin is best illustrated by a pile of saucers with porous paper placed between them. The water fills between and rises to the rim. The nearer the center of the basin a well is, the deeper it has to extend to strike water. Artesian wells are not always flowing wells.

Thousands of wells that are rightly called artesian bring the water from deep strata nearly to the surface, but require some pumping. The ideal well is of course the flowing well, delivering its supply like a fountain at the surface or higher ; and all the California wells, except when otherwise noted, are of this sort.

There have been about 1,500 wells bored in the city of San Francisco. The data about these wells are very meagre, consisting mostly of notes in the files of the daily papers, and occasional articles in various publications. Some of these wells flow,



IN THE ARTESIAN COUNTRY.

others have to be pumped, and none are very large. The basin of supply is small and local. In these borings sand is generally passed through, then clay, then sand again, then clay, then sand, and then water-bearing gravel. The average depth is 150 feet. The rock strata underlying the city are called by the Geological Survey the most broken and chaotic in the State. About 20,000,000 gallons of water, it is estimated, flow or are pumped daily from the artesian wells of San Francisco.

A few notes upon the extent of artesian districts in California cannot but be of interest. In fact, an artesian well excitement is extending over the entire Coast. Arizona, Nevada, Montana, Colorado, Oregon and Washington have flowing wells, and many more are being bored. The California wells are cheap, comparatively shallow, and very profitable. As for districts, San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Bernardino have many and superb wells, especially at Ontario, at Pomona, near San Bernardino, and near Anaheim.

Sierra County has a famous belt; Alameda and Santa Clara have another. Hardly a county in the whole State is deficient in artesian water. But the largest and most important district in California, and probably in the United States, is in the basin of the Upper



IRRIGATED GROVE AND VINEYARD.

San Joaquin. This constitutes the especial subject of the present article, and will be reverted to later.

The bay shore district, the first developed in the State, is worthy of a separate sketch, so important to early horticulture was the discovery of artesian water in large supplies, and so near San Francisco. All around the bay, from Berkeley to Hunter's Point, is a cup-like artesian basin, fed from the Coast Range, not from the Sierra. It has but a low rim ; if it were a hundred feet higher, flowing wells could be had at Niles and Haywards, and along the foothills. But even as it is, the district is very extensive, and can scarcely be called developed. Hundreds of new wells will probably be sunk in this belt, but since the water supply is local and limited, great care should be taken to prevent wastage. At Encinal Station, Alameda County, is an old well, bored years ago. Two wells about 75 feet deep are near Berkeley. Near Temescal, is a well 165 feet deep. At San Leandro is one 180 feet deep. A 190 foot well at Alviso flows 18 feet above the surface. A 60 foot well at Alvarado flows 8 feet above

the surface. There are probably about one hundred wells in Alameda County. The first well in San José was 90 feet deep. So many wells near Milpitas and Alviso were left uncapped that the flow of San José wells has been materially affected ; but the district is noted for its many and profitable flowing wells used by the nurserymen, gardeners, and growers of small fruits. At Menlo Park, flowing wells have been obtained at a depth of 180 feet ; at Redwood City at 200 feet ; at San Miguel at 190 feet.

In Sierra Valley the best well is 1,040 feet deep, but many are only 325 feet. They yield from 150 gallons per minute upwards. The Ebbett well in Butte County was dug in 1864. It is 200 feet deep. The Long well is only 30 feet in depth.

The San Diego artesian belt is very valuable. The Coronado Company's first well is half a mile east of the Old Town, and 70 feet deep. The daily flow is 400,000 gallons. There are flowing wells in Lake County ; four are in Scott's Valley, with a depth of less than 80 feet. Among the Colusa wells is the Rideout well, with a depth of 1,000 feet.



FLOWING WELL AT MIRAMONTE.

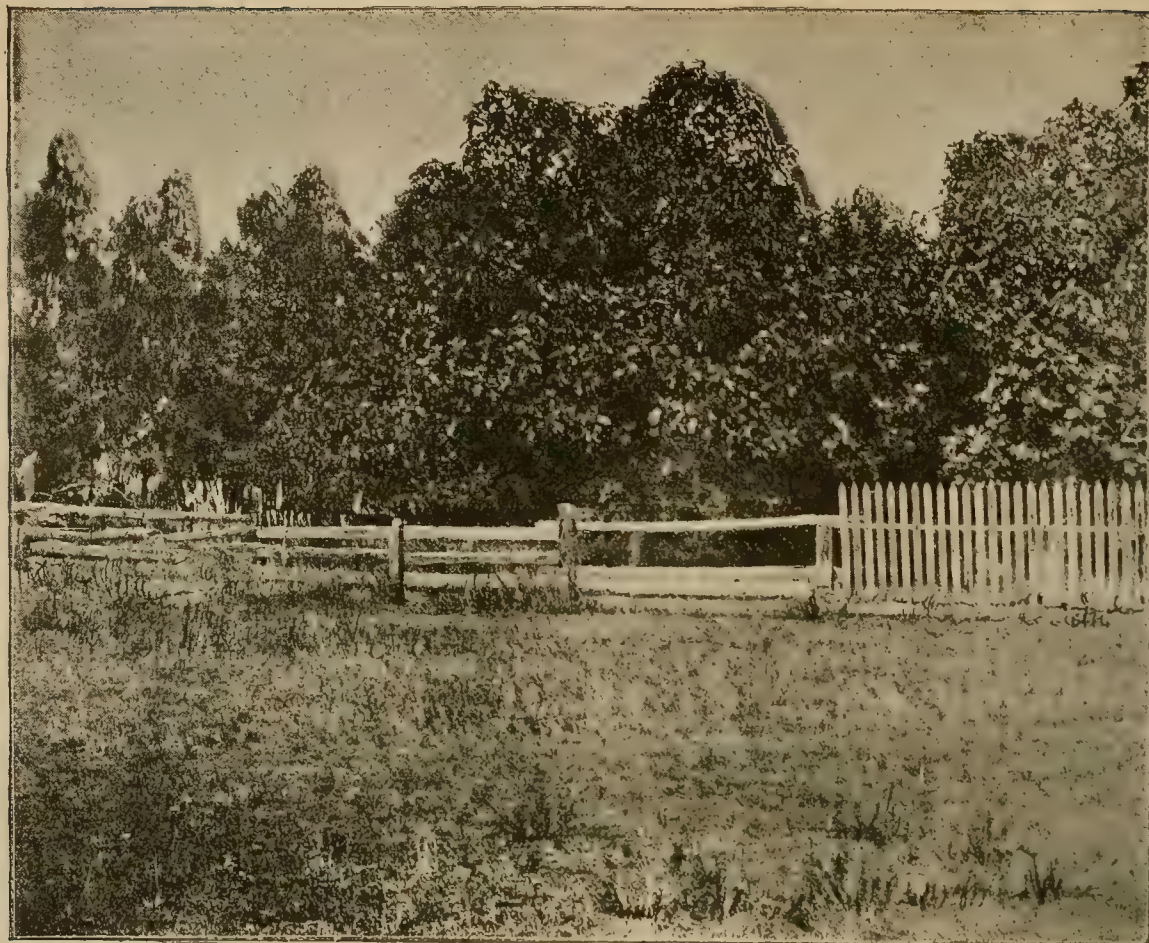


FIG TREES NEAR VISALIA.

At Butte Mountain, Lander County, Nevada, are artesian wells 150 feet deep. They pass through volcanic detritus, clay, gravel, and alluvium. The first artesian well in Nevada was bored at Carson, in 1870. At Surprise Valley, Modoc County, flowing water was obtained at 150 feet.

The Evans Well, Merced County, cost

\$450, and is 310 ft. deep. The strata passed through were as follows: surface soil, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet; hard pan, 12 feet; quicksand and clay, 76 feet; quicksand, 122 feet; cobble stones, 20 feet; heavy gravel and hard blue clay, 50 feet. Water was then obtained, rising to within three feet of the surface. The borers went on through sandstone, clay, and sand, and obtained a flow of 252,000 gallons daily. The pipe was seven inches, reduced to five. The Broadhurst Well, Merced, is 300 feet deep. Strata as follows: surface soil, 3 feet; hard pan, 18 feet; quicksand and cement, 102 feet; blue clay, 19 feet; quicksand, clay, and gravel, 39 feet; pebbles, 1 foot; solid blue clay, 54 feet; quicksand, 60 feet; light clay, 4 feet. The Galland artesian well is 600 feet deep, and irrigates 30



A RELIC OF OLD TIMES.

acres of garden and orchard, with abundance to spare.

Stockton has fifteen large flowing wells of depths from 574 to 1,435 feet. The total daily flow is about 4,400,000 gallons. The first well in this district was sunk in 1858. Several of the Stockton wells have gas in the water, and the district is one of the most important ones in the great San Joaquin Valley. An artesian well dug near Hill's Ferry on the west side flows water as salt as brine, and worthless for use. A line drawn from Oakdale south, to a point five miles east of Turlock, seems to mark the eastern edge of the artesian district of Stanislaus. The

Tipton Well, Tulare, struck water at 280 feet below 6 feet of sandstone. It went 30 feet deeper, through four gravel beds and clays, each of which held water. The yield is 86,000 gallons.

The San Joaquin Valley basin, described by Prof. Hilgard in his tenth census report, contains the most promising artesian districts on the Coast. There are flowing artesian wells for three hundred miles along the valley, and no one can yet say how extensive the underground streams are. Tulare County has about 125 flowing wells, with a daily yield of more than 25,000,000 gallons. Kern, with fewer but larger wells, has a water.



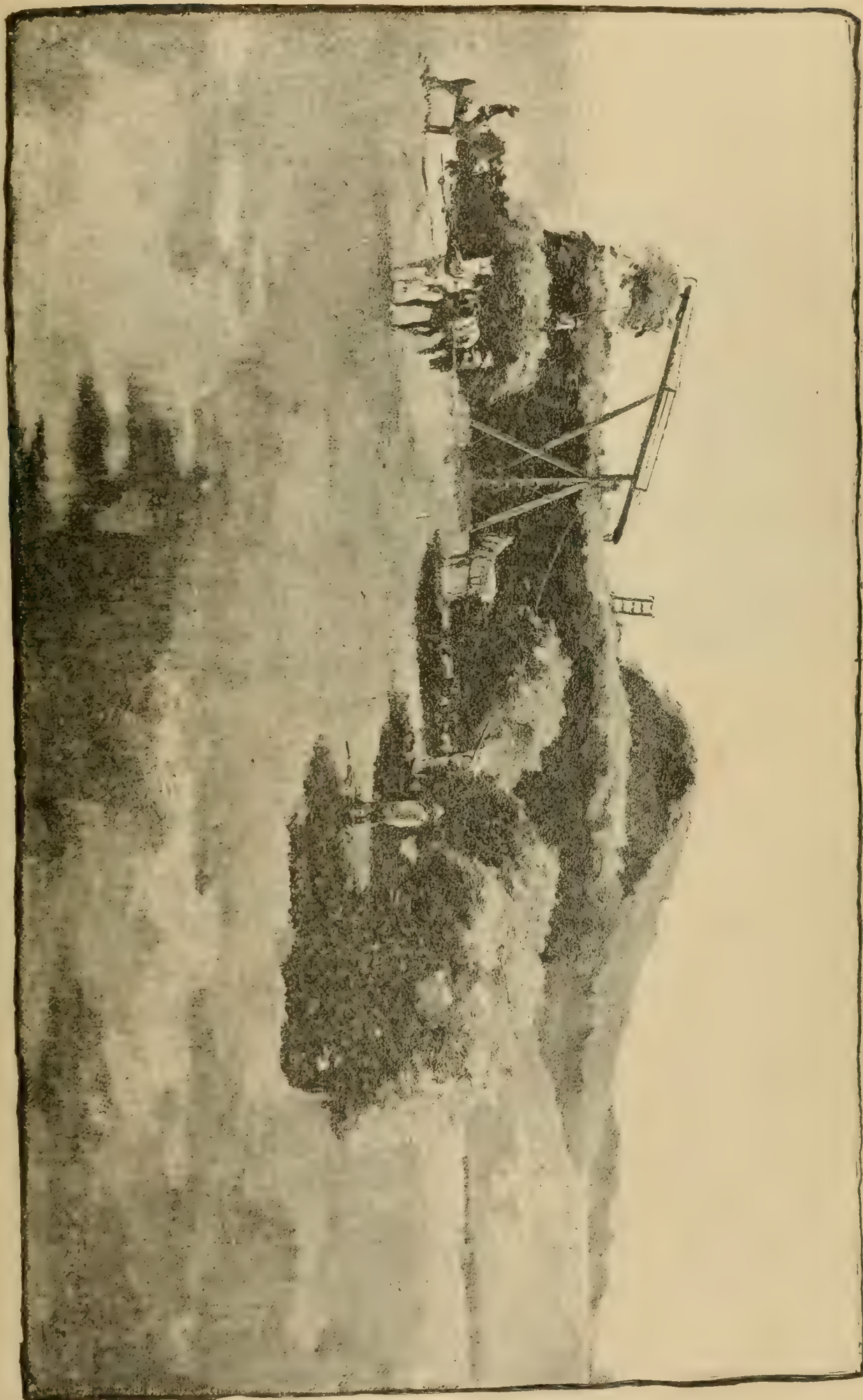
flow more than twice as great. In all, some 400 wells are known to be in successful operation in the San Joaquin Valley, with a yield of fully 100,000,000 gallons daily. This is a gigantic showing for so young an industry as that of artesian well boring in the San Joaquin. Ten years ago the "artesian belt" of Kern and Tulare was a dry and barren plain, fit only for a little pasture. Now it is very valuable, and is becoming as much of a garden spot as the Santa Clara Valley.

The tract of country which comprises the largest and best wells on the Pacific Coast, is about eighteen miles long by fourteen miles wide. The district ends at about the three hundred foot elevation above the sea. The principal wells, with their flow, are here given in a table :

Name.	Depth. in Feet.	Daily Flow in Gallons
Smyrna Colony.....	524	2,100,000
Spring.....	355	2,000,000
Raymond.....	340	1,500,000
Smith... ..	585	3,000,000
Robinson.....	600	2,500,000
Brusie.....	480	2,000,000
Haley.....	640	2,000,000
Columbia Colony.....	607	600,000
Hooker.....	636	300,000
Little.....	330	350,000
Chauvin.....	704	220,000
Mays.....	425	1,600,000
Robinson.....	452	1,500,000
Moore.....	360	2,200,000
Mœbus.....	402	750,000
Miramonte Colony.....	538	1,600,000
Miramonte Colony... ..	568	2,700,000
Sewall	310	250,000
Hutchins.....	512	2,200,000
Hogan.....	369	2,000,000
Henry.....	320	1,000,000
Morgan.....	457	1,100,000
Watrous.....	440	700,000
Phillips.....	420	500,000
Arnold.....	358	1,600,000
Davis.....	234	600,000
Martin.....	525	800,000
Blaisdell.....	253	500,000
Easton... ..	600	500,000
Easton.....	550	700,000
Loutitt	443	500,000
Holden.....	625	250,000
Hoskins.....	374	500,000
Haggin.....	470	1,400,000
Fanning.....	420	1,500,000
Gilmer.....	504	1,500,000
Cox & Clark.....	604	900,000
Gilgoly.....	666	200,000
Haggin	512	1,400,000
Haggin.....	480	1,500,000
Haggin.....	703	200,000
Haggin.....	400	900,000
Total.....		50,120,000

The character of formation found by the well-borers, shows alternate layers of clay and sand or gravel. The clay is in a great variety of character and color, from the white clay to a deep blue, tough clay. Under the blue clay flowing water is generally found in the sand or gravel stratum underlying it. The sand varies in size from the finest of quicksand to gravel, of which, perhaps, the largest sort would be about the size of a hen's egg. Trunks of laurel, manzanita, oak, red-wood, and pine are found in some of the borings. The water, as shown by analysis, is remarkably pure, though a few of the wells are more or less impregnated with sulphur or sulphureted hydrogen. The discharge of the various wells is by no means uniform, nor is it in proportion to the depth, as will be seen by reference to the list ; one of the largest wells, flowing 2,200,000 gallons, is but 360 feet deep, while a well 703 feet deep flows less than one-tenth of that amount, though they are but a few miles apart.

The cost of wells varies somewhat according to the locality, but as a general rule it may be said that the first 400 feet will cost at the rate of \$2.50 per foot, the next 200 feet at the rate of \$3.00 per foot, the next 100 feet, \$3.50, and from thence on, increasing 50 cents a foot each 100 feet. This includes the casing of the well and everything complete, but does not include the cap. Some of the caps are very inexpensive, being merely a plunger brought down on top of the casing and held there by any simple means, while the most elaborate and effectual is that employed on the Miramonte and Smyrna colonies, and by two other parties only, where the well is capped in a very thorough and effective manner, at an expense of about \$175.00. This system comprises a water-tight galvanized iron casing, two inches greater in diameter than the regular well casing, and this large casing is first put down into the ground some 40 feet, and thoroughly anchored into the ground by means of concrete blocks. The regular casing is then put down inside of this, and the space in between the two filled in solid with concrete, and on top of all is fastened an iron and



ALFALFA HAY.



NEAR THE SIERRA FOOT HILLS.

brass water gate, such as is used on the street mains in cities, and as is shown in the illustration of a flowing well.

The system of ditches, by which this water is conveyed from the well to any point, is very inexpensive, not costing to exceed \$30.00 a mile. Some of these ditches are made from 12 to 15 feet wide, and quite shallow. Others again are deeper, and not to exceed 4 to 5 feet wide at the top of the water. The expense in either case is about the same, and the advantage with the narrow ditch is that the loss from evaporation as the water flows through the ditch under a hot sun is reduced to a minimum.

Once put down, an artesian well is of course complete, and requires no further expense to run it, and nothing for repairs. Keeping the ditches in order is as simple and inexpensive as making them.

By the system of capping, mentioned above, a pipe of any size can be carried under ground any distance into houses, barns,

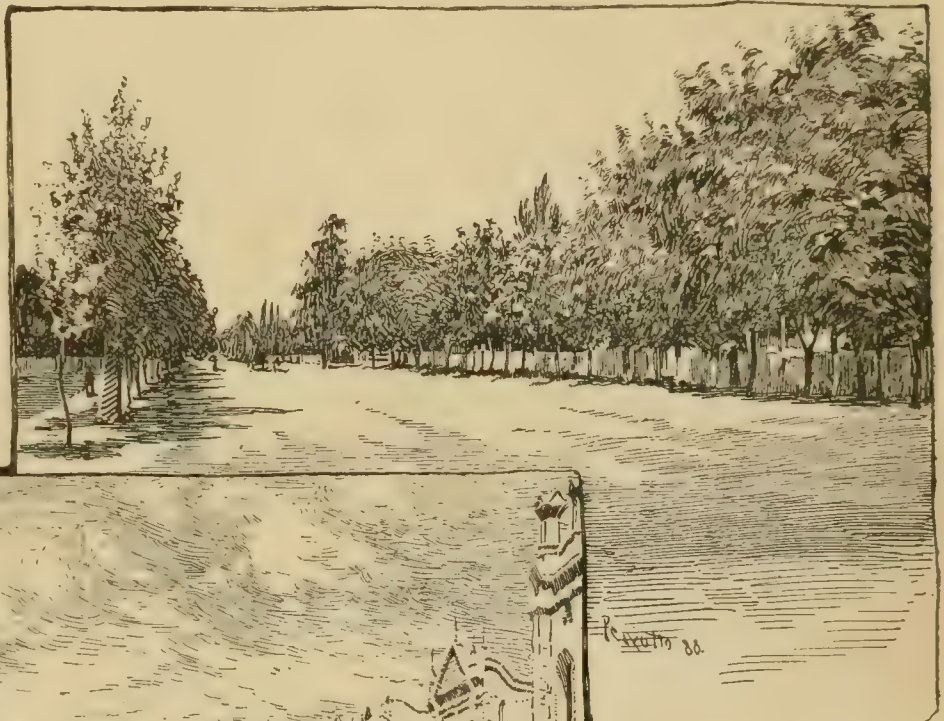
and corrals, under a high pressure; and a fire department need only consist of a hose cart, as the force of the water is often sufficient to throw a stream over a two-story house.

The character of the soil in this region varies extremely, some being of a very coarse sandy or fine gravelly nature, and from that down to a clay, in which there is no palpable trace of sand. The natural grasses of the country are quite varied, the best of them being the wild clover and alfalfa. The ground is more or less covered with white sage and so-called greasewood. The country is level, seldom falling off more than four feet to the mile, therefore easily irrigated. Alkali is prevalent more or less, and where extremely abundant, will for a time interfere with successful cultivation. As a rule, however, there is not such an excess as to prevent the raising of grapes, or fruits of various kinds, or of grain or alfalfa, and most of the land in the artesian belt is entirely free from

alkali. The most successful system of irrigation on the colonies is as follows: the ground is thoroughly plowed and pulverized one foot deep, and subsoiled a further depth of 6 to 8 inches. In plowing it is formed into "lands" of a greater or less width, according to the seepage qualities of the soil, and the water is applied by seepage through the ditches which run between the different "lands."

These ditches are thoroughly opened up by the sub-soil plow before each irrigation. In this way the water is kept from the surface of the ground, evaporation is reduced to a minimum, the growth of weeds

at which time they were thoroughly ripe. This section of country is especially adapted to the raising of fruits for drying purposes, such as figs, raisins, apricots, peaches, and prunes, for it is remarkably dry and free from rainfall, and the drying season lasts quite late into the autumn, there being little or no danger from rain before October, and rarely before November.



TULARE CITY.

From a series of experiments recently conducted, a remarkable state of affairs has been developed relative to the alkali in the soil. Several dug wells have been put down in strong alkali soil, and at

is prevented, and the surface of the ground is easily kept in a state of perfect tilth.

The seasons for fruit are remarkably early, wine having been made this year and last year from Zinfandel grapes, which were thoroughly ripe and in prime condition for the purpose between the 1st and 4th of July. Of certain fruits also, as peaches and pears, there are some exceedingly late varieties, peaches and pears having been plucked from the trees as late as the middle of December,

depths from 8 to 12 feet. Sweet, pure water has been found of the same peculiar characteristics as that which flows from the artesian wells. It is now quite certain that this water comes from the overflow and surplus of the artesian wells lying to the south, which are of course on higher ground. This water flowing over the surface of the ground and through the sloughs naturally sinks downward until it strikes the first stratum of clay which underlies the



(From Photo. by Wyllie)

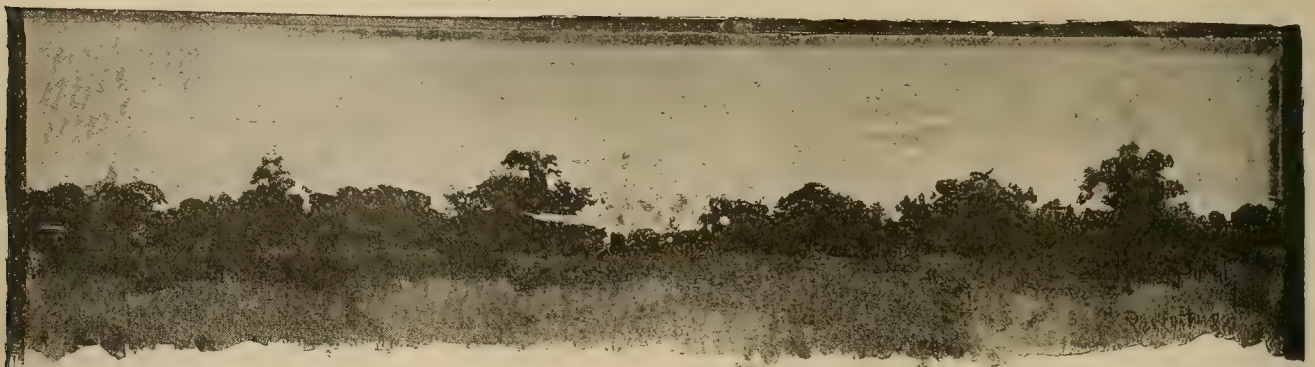
COMBINED HARVESTER.

country at depths of from 8 to 20 feet, and on top of which is almost invariably a layer of sand or fine gravel from 1 to 2 feet thick. This water, therefore, percolating through the earth strikes this clay, and following it down through the sand towards the lower portion of the valley is intercepted in its course by these dug wells. If the lower soil were impregnated with alkali, the water would take it up as it flowed through the soil, as alkali is extremely soluble, and then the water when taken from these wells would be more or less strongly impregnated with the salts. There is, however, not the slightest trace of alkali in any shape; it is perfectly sweet and delicious in taste, and like the artesian flow is as soft as the purest rain water. Indeed, the alkali salts can be seen on the sides of the well from the surface down to a depth of from 8 to 12 inches, below which is no sign of the salts. It follows, therefore, when the alkali is all so near the surface, that it can be easily gotten

rid of by flooding the land, and a few years will witness the reclamation of large tracts now thought worthless.

Prof. Hilgard, in the course of his exhaustive report upon "Alkali Lands, Irrigation, and Drainage," calls particular attention to the enormous difference in the composition of artesian waters in different parts of the State. In some wells near Tulare Lake, carbonate of soda is present in large quantities, and dressings of land plaster are necessary. From Visalia north to Stockton the water is totally different, often containing salt and other ingredients of sea water. The water of the larger number of the artesian wells is however as pure as mountain water.

For beauty and constant delight, nothing, so the visitor to the great artesian belt declares, can equal the immense flowing wells, throwing a geyser-like fountain high in the air, and forming a lake from its magnificent surplus, or bursting out like a fountain head, controlled by great iron plates and



SUNSET IN KERN.

caps. The visitor stands still in amazement. The broad plain, dry, desolate, unfit otherwise for a human dwelling place, is reclaimed in one season by this beneficent agency. From the deeps of the earth a river flows, lifted by the laws of hydraulic pressure, and all that men have to do is to apply it to the soil, and thereafter sow, and cultivate, and harvest their crops, and sow again, and again harvest, in total disregard of the seasons. The fertility of the soil is enormous. Orchard trees of three years age look as large as ordinary trees of five. The vines and young orchards in the artesian belt bid fair

afar, and green field will melt softly into other green fields for mile upon mile.

Nor is it all to be orchards and vineyards, beautiful and profitable though these are. Alfalfa, that most valuable of Californian forage plants, will extend its green acreage over vast fields, alive with Jerseys, Holsteins, Alderneys, and Durhams. Every few weeks, too, the mowers will sing in some of these broad alfalfa seas, and sweep the fragrant hay into long winrows, and pretty soon men with wagons and derricks will stack it in such immense ricks that you shall begin to wonder anew at the lavish fertility of the artesian-



TULARE COUNTY CATTLE.

to be as productive and profitable as any in California. As soon as flowing water has been obtained, the making of an oasis begins. Green grass and weeds first, then alfalfa perhaps, and barley and wheat fields, and a vegetable garden near the settler's shanty, and a few orchard trees that the faithful and enterprising wives of the busy pioneers find time to take care of. Once it was a barren expanse, where a few cactus leaves spread, and wild gourds cumbered the ground, and herds of cattle were driven up for the brander's hissing iron. Artesian water has wrought the change, and in a few more years you shall stand here, and behold fig and orange, apricot and peach, deep-laden with fruitage. The shanty will give place to a modern cottage, the garden will extend

watered soil. There will be golden grain also, and teams afield with harvesters that cut and thresh, or with headers that make a swath like a river's channel. There will be fields of winter-grown vegetables, for shipment not only to San Francisco but to Chicago, St. Louis, and the East. Already, as I am told, early potatoes, cabbages, and many other kinds of vegetables are planted in the Tulare region for shipment, and with low freights the business can be almost indefinitely extended.

The artesian basin of which I have spoken ought to be still more closely defined. It surrounds the northern, eastern, and southern borders of Tulare Lake. It extends a little north of Lemoore, a little east of Tulare City, and far south of the Tulare line into

Kern. The exact limit of the Kern County portion of the basin is undefined. The flowing wells begin at the northern extremity of the county, and they extend to the extreme southern limits of the alluvial land of the valley, with a width of from ten to fifteen miles to the artesian belt. We thus have an oval depression, supplied constantly with mountain water by subterranean streams. Wells sunk anywhere within this district will obtain flowing water, unless local obstacles are encountered,

and in such cases a well sunk ten feet distant has every chance in its favor. Wells sunk outside of the district will obtain artesian water, but not flowing, and the farther one goes from the limits of its belt or the rim of the saucer, the less near the surface can the water rise. It is estimated that five thousand good farms of forty acres each can be carved out of the large and small ranches

in the true artesian district. When the alkali soils are reclaimed, this estimate can be doubled.

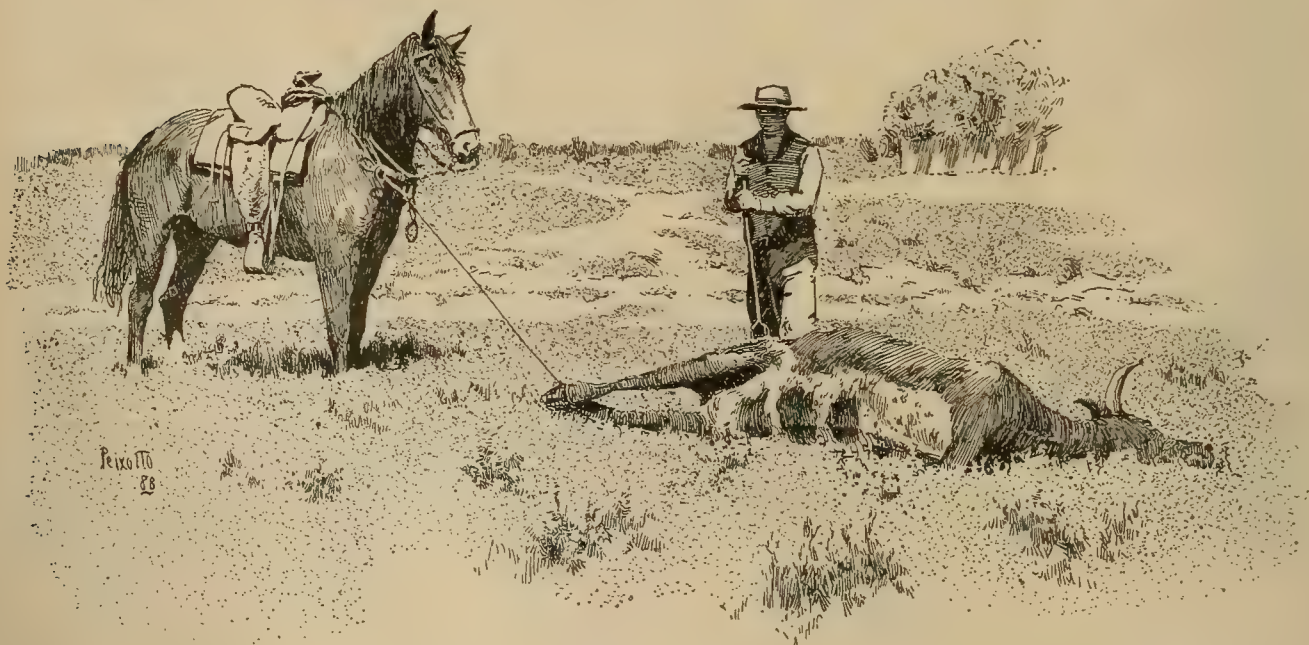
The first flowing well obtained was bored by the Southern Pacific

Railroad Company near Tipton, some nine years ago. It was but 310 feet deep, and having out a half-inch flow was thought to be of little value, but when the superintendent of the tract demonstrated that even with this small well he could keep forty acres of trees in growing condition through the dryest season, people began to talk artesians.

It marks a great change, from this little pioneer well of half an inch bore, and a flow of a few hundred gallons, to the giants of the Kern colonies, the Haley Well, the Menzo Spring Well, the Pixley Well, and the rest, with their river-like torrents, each capable of irrigating a thousand acres of fertile garden soil, and raising its value from the value of a sheep range to the value of the



NEAR PORTERVILLE.



BRANDING.



RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION CAMP.

best irrigated lands of California. It is condensed industrial history.

The boring of an experimental well on the great Paige and Morton ranch, four miles west of Tulare City, marked the second historical step towards developing the district. At a depth of 330 feet a flow of three and a half inches was obtained. Far-sighted men at once began to secure tracts within the artesian district. Land was then very cheap, and still remains at reasonable prices, for the extent of territory is so broad, and the number of owners so great, that the land is rated far below its true agricultural value. The soil is a rich, alluvial, sandy loam, which under irrigation produces all of the cereals, fruits, and vegetables of the temperate zone, and such more tropical productions as cotton, sugar-cane, and tobacco.

Besides the artesian wells which dot this whole depression, there is an abundant supply of surface irrigation streams available. The canal systems, which extend in so wonderful and costly a network over large portions of Kern and Tulare, penetrate the artesian belt also, so that much of it lies beneath irrigation ditches, and the farmer can choose whether he will dig for a flowing well, which will be forever under his own control, or take water from the Kaweah, Tule River, or Kern canals. Those who own artesian wells declare that in cheapness and ease of use artesian water has many advantages over the ditches.

But the great canals, flowing on for miles past poplar-lined banks, irrigate a territory larger than Belgium, and no one can visit the artesian belt without admiring the results of the surface system also. About six hundred miles of irrigation ditches are already in oper-

ation in Kern County. Tulare County's share of the King's River water (which is shared with Fresno County) will irrigate a million acres. The Kaweah River has water enough to irrigate 291,000 acres, and Tule River 100,000 acres.

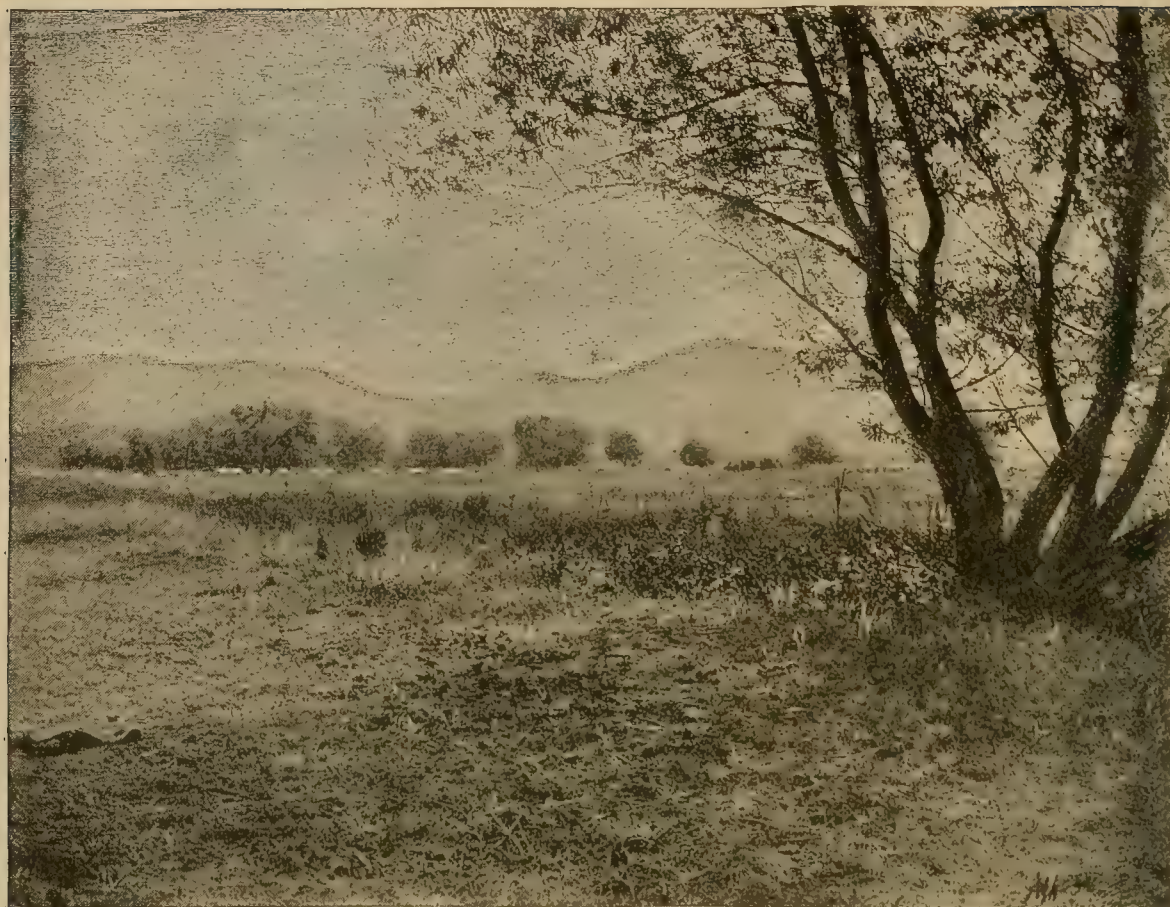
It may be said that Kern and Tulare counties have water resources sufficient, from surface stream and from artesian and surface wells, to irrigate the entire valley. The total area of Tulare County is 4,000,000 acres; that of Kern is 5,138,000 acres. Both counties contain much unentered government land, and a great deal of cheap valley land, besides vast mineral-bearing areas, and extensive forests in the Sierras.

From the rim of the great artesian basin in the heart of the upper San Joaquin Valley, one can journey for miles towards the rolling foothills and the higher mountain walls, across lands whose agricultural resources have hardly been prospected. Be-



THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

yond the artesian districts, near the hills, are towns that were established many years ago, and are just awakening. Porterville, for instance, is in the center of the most impor-



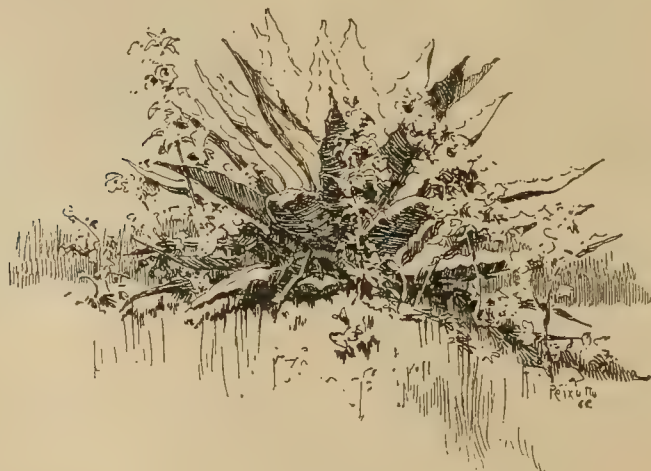
RUNYON AND LAKE RANCH, VISALIA.

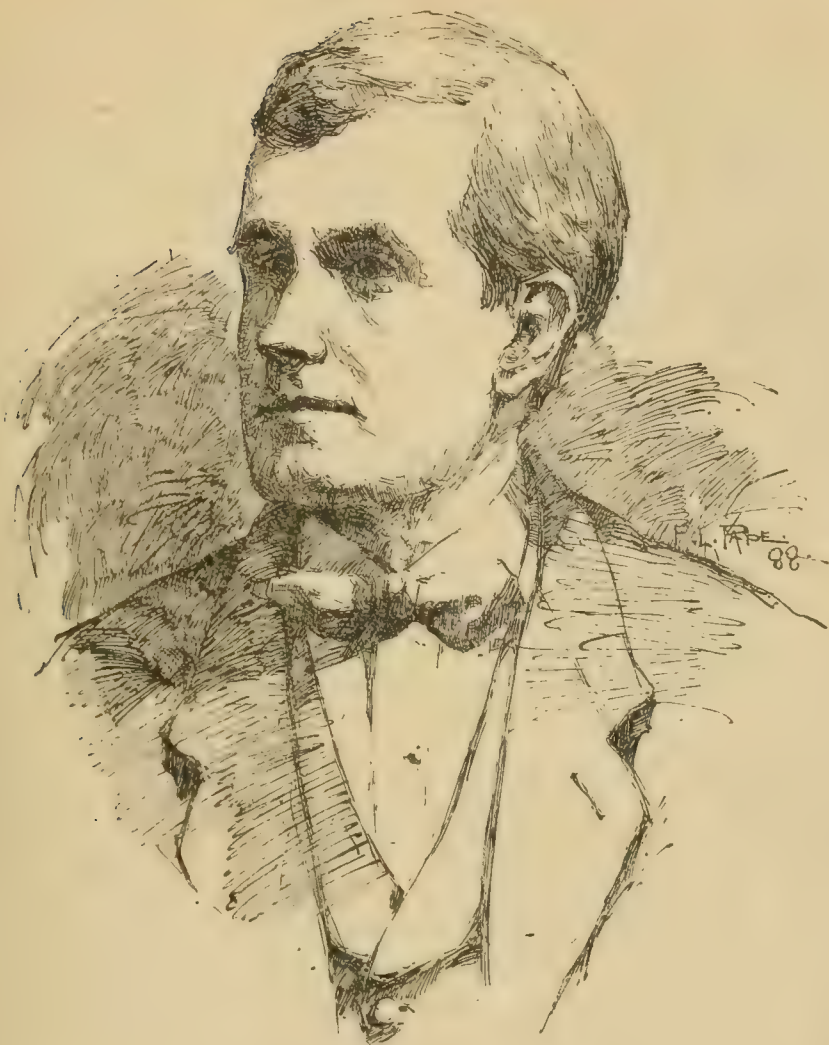
tant citrus fruit interests in Tulare County, and many orange groves are being planted there, as well as the fig and olive.

In the warm southern climate of the foothills, sheltered and frostless, all the semi-tropic plants will thrive. And from these foothills, looking broadly over the sea-like

valley northward and westward toward the artesian colonies clustered together, and the flowing wells with their oases of green, one feels that it is an empire, glorious to look upon, full of almost boundless possibilities, and certain, in some future to be the home of millions and the site of populous cities.

Charles H. Shinn.





MORSE IN 1868.

DUELS TO THE DEATH.

A PAGE FROM THE RECORD OF A DARING OFFICER.

A HISTORY of brigandage in California for the thirty years immediately following American occupation would reveal the fact that a large percentage of what may be called outdoor crimes, such as horse-stealing and highway robbery, have been committed by the class known as native Californians or Mexicans. Murder has frequently been added to this list, and from the numerous names showing Spanish origin, which encumber the criminal records of such counties as Alameda, San Joaquin, and Santa Clara, might be selected a score or more, which, at one time, were borne by as desperate a lot of outlaws as ever infested a civilized community. The reign of these desperados might be described as extending from the time of Joaquin Mur-

rieta, who operated between the years 1850 and 1855, up to the death of Tiburcio Vasquez on the scaffold of Santa Clara County, in March, 1875. During this interval appeared numerous chiefs of lesser notoriety, but of equal ferocity, all of whom ran a more or less bloody career, before being hunted down and brought to justice.

There was, perhaps, a peculiar reason for the existence of this class of outlaws. The native Californians had seen their peaceful, pastoral homes overrun by a horde of greedy foreigners, who were bringing innovation and change. Little by little their lands were passing into the possession of strangers, their institutions were disappearing, and their ancient supremacy becoming a thing of the

past. Accustomed to lives of idleness and ease, the grim spectre of work presented itself as the only alternative of starvation, if they hoped to hold their own with the bustling stranger, who, beside injury actually inflicted, added insult thereto by terming them "greasers," and treating them with contempt. To these considerations were added the bitter feelings engendered by the war with Mexico. It was the old story of race animosity, taken advantage of by the less responsible and more desperate members of the community to excuse and justify their warfare on society. While it would not be correct to assert that the entire native population was in sympathy with these outlaws or upheld them in their crimes, there can be little doubt that they had the sympathy of the lower strata of the Mexican population. To them the murder or robbery of a hated "gringo" was not a crime, but an act of vengeance. It was even exalted to the plane of patriotism, and was looked upon as an incident only in the strife for supremacy between two antagonistic races. There was much of the Indian in this sentiment, which satisfies itself for wrongs committed by making any member of the oppressor race the victim of its retribution. A Mexican criminal, no matter how heinous his offense, was always able to obtain succor and assistance from his countrymen in his flight from justice. They would conceal him, supply him with provisions and fresh horses, and give false information to the officers in pursuit. It was the aid thus rendered, which always made the capture of these outlaws extremely difficult and dangerous.

They operated, moreover, in a country peculiarly adapted to the wild life they led. The State at that time was a great, unfenced cattle range. Horses were plentiful, and feed and game were abundant. The climate was equable, and permitted constant existence in the open air. Railroads and telegraphs were yet in their infancy, and great stretches of unoccupied country separated settlement from settlement and town from town. Free and untrammelled, these reck-

less adventurers roamed with comparative impunity over a country extending from Mount Diablo to Los Angeles, and boldly set the law at defiance.

All along the line of the Coast Range were numerous well-watered cañons, to which they were in the habit of retreating when closely pressed. These afforded secure and almost inaccessible recruiting grounds, and it was the custom of the bandits to resort to them for rest and concealment after making their forays. It was a wild, free life they led, spiced with danger, and not devoid of those picturesque features which in all ages and countries have lent a tinge of romance to the career of the highway robber.

Conspicuous among the civil officers of the State who have distinguished themselves in their efforts to exterminate these lawless characters, stands the name of Harry N. Morse, who served as sheriff of Alameda County for the fourteen years extending from 1864 to 1878. Although but twenty-eight years of age when he assumed the duties of his office, it was evident from the very first that he possessed the rare combination of qualities that fitted him for his dangerous work, and which have since earned for him fame as a detective.

At the time of entering upon his duties as sheriff, the entire eastern and southern portions of Alameda County were overrun by Mexicans, horse thieves, highwaymen, and cut-throats of the most reckless and formidable character, and they carried on the most high-handed outrages without let or hindrance. The Livermore Valley, then known as the Alisal, was admirably suited as a place of rendezvous for outlaws, the cañons all being densely wooded and well watered, and the shanties in each little ravine contained men of the most desperate character. From early times it was the favorite recruiting place of men like Murrieta, Three-Fingered Jack, Pancho, Daniel, and others. No one dared to molest them, and it was almost certain death for a white man to venture among them. The Suñol Valley, and what is known as the Black Hills, at the foot of Mount Diablo, some distance farther north,

were also overrun with them. These locations were intermediate between the great valley of the San Joaquin and the southern coast country, and formed very convenient recruiting grounds for the outlaws in their raids up and down the line of the Coast Range.

There was a famous house in this desolate region on the old Stockton road in the Livermore Valley, which the bandits made their headquarters. It was owned by one Oronio Ramirez, and here the outlaws held their "hell-dances," or fandangos, in which, under the inspiration of bad whisky, the knife and pistol held high carnival. It was the common resort of such men as Procopio, or Tomaso Redundo, Ramon Ruiz, Juan Soto, Narciso Bojorquez, Jesus Tejada, José California, Joaquin Alvarez, and many others of the most dangerous character. A white man was not safe in their vicinity even in broad daylight. They would cut a man's throat for the mere pastime of the thing, and reveled in indiscriminate shooting and murder. Whole herds of sheep at a time were run off by them from the ranches in the vicinity, and peaceful citizens were so intimidated by their violence and numbers that they feared to organize against them.

This was the situation of things which confronted Morse at the commencement of his term of office, and it was one to appall a man of less nerve and determination of character. The new Sheriff fully realized the responsibility that was upon his shoulders, but being a man of many resources he went quietly and systematically about the task before him. It was not his purpose to rush blindly into danger, relying on dash and pluck alone to carry him through. While he possessed these qualities as few men have them, he was also a consummate strategist, perfectly cool-headed and cautious. He never risked life to accomplish a purpose when that purpose could be as well effected by outwitting his victim. In all his experience with desperate men his superior mental organization stood to his advantage, and to it is undoubtedly due his successful exit from so many critical situations.

It was first necessary to familiarize himself with the haunts of the outlaws, and the general topography of the country over which they roamed. This he did in the most thorough manner. Day after day for months at a time he rode up and down the country, studying the ravines and cañons, posting himself as to the location of ranches, springs, and mountain trails, and acquainting himself with the inhabitants and their occupations. He learned the names, the histories, and the haunts of all the noted criminals that crossed his jurisdiction, became familiar with their personal characteristics, and knew them all by sight.

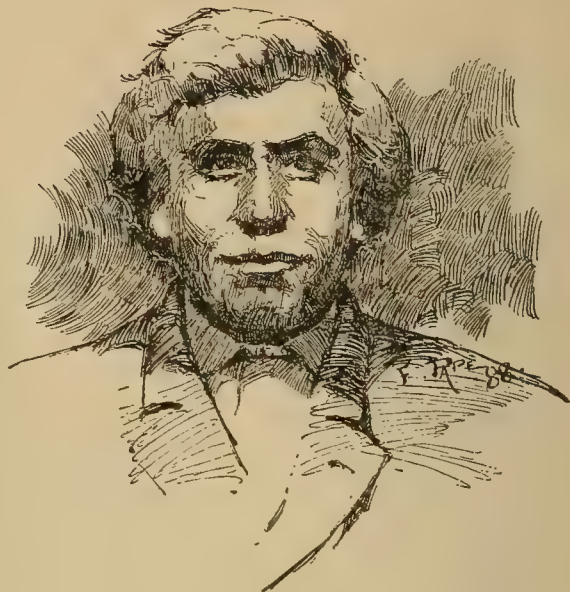
The outlaws, in the meantime, viewed his operations with contempt. What had they to fear from this beardless boy, who went quietly in and out among them with his pale face and gentle manner? But they did not know the iron-like temper that slept beneath the calm exterior of the new Sheriff. When his plans for action were all laid and he felt the ground secure beneath him, there was a surprising change in his demeanor. He suddenly grew aggressive. One by one he began to swoop down upon the outlaws. He nipped them in the most unexpected places and at most unexpected times. He appeared suddenly in the very midst of their camps and fandangos, often alone and single-handed, and snatched his man with unerring certainty from under the very noses of his companions. The audacity of the man and the rapidity of his movements bewildered the outlaws. No one could tell when he was safe, or where he might be free from the searching eye of the tireless official who seemed to know everything and be everywhere at the same time. Little by little the beardless boy assumed the proportions of a relentless terror to the criminal community, and outlawry no longer stalked defiantly through its old haunts. Threats against his life became numerous, and repeated efforts were made to waylay and assassinate the intrepid officer. A history of the many adventures, escapes, and desperate encounters had by Morse about this time would fill a volume, and can claim but passing notice in an arti-

cle of this character. It was towards the makers of threats that he took a special delight in directing his energies.

Upon learning that some man had threatened him he would immediately set on foot a scheme for effecting the capture of that particular person. If there was no charge against him in his own county, he would correspond with the sheriffs of adjoining counties to learn if the man was wanted elsewhere. Sooner or later he was sure to find himself in possession of the necessary warrant of arrest, and the loud-mouthed outlaw was given a speedy opportunity to test his sand. These encounters in nearly every instance resulted in the criminal's finding himself in short order behind the bars at San Leandro, which was then the county seat of Alameda County. Morse's friends began to fear, however, that he would lose his life in some of these adventures, and he was cautioned to be exceedingly careful. He was particularly warned to be on his guard against the notorious murderer and highwayman, Narciso Bojorquez, who had been loudest in his threats. Morse had made every exertion to find something definite against him, as an excuse for his arrest, but the rascal covered his tracks so adroitly that for a long time he was unable to fasten anything upon him. Finally, as the result of a correspondence with different officials throughout the State, he received a warrant for the outlaw's arrest from one of the lower counties.

Within an hour from its receipt Morse was in the saddle, and on the way to a well known haunt of the desperado. An account of the meeting and the fierce duel which ensued was one of the sensations of the time. Morse did not succeed in arresting his man, but he dangerously wounded him and captured both his horse and pistols. Owing to the darkness which prevailed, Bojorquez managed to retreat to the brush before he could be secured, but not before he had made the most determined efforts to kill his assailant, firing upon him repeatedly at the point blank range of a few feet. His failure to accomplish his purpose seemed miraculous, and went far towards convincing the superstitious

law-breakers of Bojorquez's nationality that a charm was on the life of the dauntless Sheriff. Bojorquez came to his death a year or so later at the hands of another desperate character known as One-Eyed Jack, and un-



NARCISO BOJORQUEZ.

der circumstances quite in keeping with the savage nature of the two men.

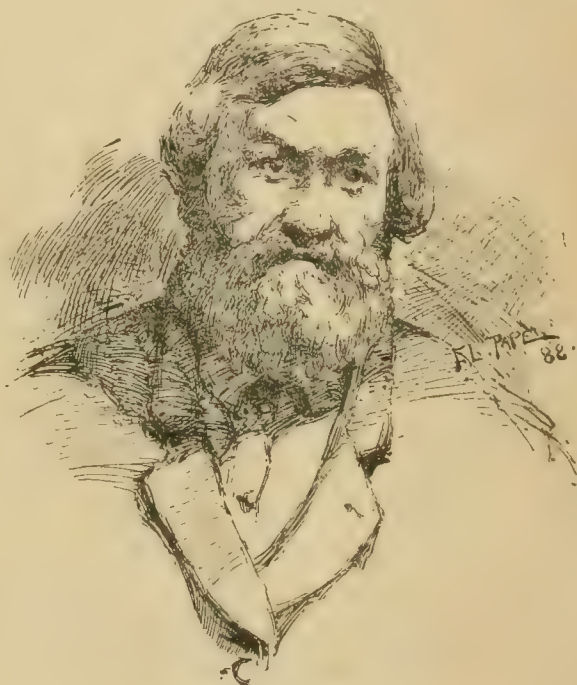
The encounter in 1868 between Morse and Narato Ponce, a notorious murderer and horse-thief of that time, is thus detailed by one of the journals of the day.

"On the 3d of November, 1868, a party of men, among whom was Ponce and an inoffensive man named Joy, were playing cards in a saloon at Haywards. Ponce quarrelled with Joy, left the room, and procuring a six-shooter, returned, and walking up to Joy, deliberately shot him through the heart. Ponce walked up to the bar, took a drink, and courteously asked the other parties present if they "wanted anything." Not a man dared to move until half an hour after the villain had left. Morse was informed early next morning, and at once began a vigorous pursuit, watching for him night after night at places he was wont to frequent, but without success, until some weeks after the murder he learned that the outlaw was at a hiding place in the Black Hills. Ascertaining that on a certain night Ponce would leave his retreat and endeavor to reach the lower country, he formed a plan to capture him at a

point where he would have to pass between two long stacks of straw. A deputy sheriff was posted at the end of the stack which the outlaw was expected to approach first, carefully concealed, while Morse stationed himself at the opposite end and behind the stacks. For some unexplained reason the outlaw approached the spot from the opposite direction to that expected, which change in the programme left Morse in view. The latter, however, discovered the approach of his man notwithstanding the darkness, and throwing himself to the ground, rolled rapidly over and over until he reached the middle of the road. Allowing the outlaw to come on until his horse was nearly upon him, the Sheriff sprang suddenly to his feet, and presenting his rifle, ordered him to surrender. Ponce instantly drew his revolver and opened fire, which was promptly returned; but the darkness was so great that in the exciting duel which ensued each combatant was guided in his aim by the flash only of the other's weapon. Made aware of the situation by the reports, the deputy came swiftly to the support of Morse and began firing. At length the outlaw's horse fell, shot through the thigh, and Ponce contrived to run off and escape in the darkness. Morse set fire to the stacks, and the flames illuminated the country for miles around, but revealed no trace of the fugitive. Soon after daylight traces of blood were discovered, and a coat was found on the ground saturated with the same. A few rods farther on the outlaw's boots were discovered; but the man had escaped and direct search was abandoned.

"Six weeks later Morse was informed that Ponce was being nursed by an old Spaniard among the Black Hills, and he at once proceeded to the locality. The bird had flown, but means were found to induce the old Spaniard to reveal his hiding-place. He had recovered and gone to a rendezvous in Pinole Cañon, at the west end of Contra Costa County. Morse was accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Swain of Contra Costa County and Officer Conway of Oakland. Entering the mouth of the cañon, they proceeded to search the houses as they went along, expect-

ing to find the fugitive at the farther extremity of the ravine. Reaching at length the house in which he was supposed to be stopping, Morse happened to cast his eye up the hill, where he saw a man skulking in the brush. Thinking it might be Ponce he dashed up the hill, leaving strict orders to his assistants not to enter the house until his return. He had scarcely reached the hill when an outcry was heard from Swain, followed by a hurried trampling of feet and the crashing of



NARATO PONCE.

falling crockery. Looking back he saw Ponce run out of the house, a *serape* thrown over one arm, and reserving his fire as he retreated from the officers. Morse rode swiftly forward to cut off his retreat, and dismounting on the brink of the stream that ran between them, he drew a bead on the fugitive and ordered him to surrender. The hunted wretch was now in the center of a triangular fire, and a ball from Conway's pistol had already shattered one of his hands. He ran up and down the bank two or three times, then threw off his *serape*, and stepping to the edge of the stream, he deliberately aimed his revolver at Morse, resting his weapon as he did so over his wounded arm. Everything depended now on the first shot. Raising his rifle to his eye Morse touched the trigger, and the murderer fell lifeless to the earth."

A score or more of similar adventures might be given, illustrative of the risks encountered by this dauntless officer, while in the discharge of duty, but none of them compare in thrilling interest with the story of his desperate fight with Juan Soto, the facts of which are still fresh in the minds of old Californians.

In the early part of January, 1871, a terrible murder had been committed in the Suñol Valley, the victim of which was one Otto Ludovisci. He was a clerk in the employ of Thomas Scott, one of the supervisors of Alameda County, and the proprietor of a general merchandise store in the valley named. On the evening of the murder three masked men appeared suddenly at the store, shot Ludovisci dead, and fired a volley into the adjoining apartment occupied by Scott and his family. The latter, seeking safety in flight, made their way through the darkness, across the fields, to the houses of neighbors, where the alarm was speedily given. A party of armed citizens was soon upon the ground of the tragedy, but the assassins had departed, taking with them the contents of the money drawer and a roll of blankets belonging to a tramp, who had sought shelter for the night at the store.

Morse did not reach the scene of the crime until the following morning, when vigorous measures were taken for discovering and pursuing the perpetrators of the outrage. It was a difficult case to handle, for there was little evidence tending to establish the identity of the assassins. No one had obtained a good look at them. They had swooped down upon the lonely store, accomplished their bloody work, and departed. Fortunately, however, for the cause of justice, a light rain had fallen on the evening of the murder, rendering the tracks of men and horses about the store distinctly visible. These were carefully scrutinized, and led to important results. It was observed that one of the impressions had that characteristic known as the "pigeon toe," and was made by a boot with a high heel. This track was recognized by Charles Hadsell, a neighboring rancher, as being

similar to the track made by one Bartolo Sepulveda, a noted character, who had at one time worked for him. The tracks of the horses were also marked by peculiarities which made them easy of recognition. One animal was shod on the fore feet only; another had been shod all round, but had lost a shoe; while the third had no shoes at all. It was found that these tracks led southward, and could be easily followed for many miles, the course leading past a house in which lived the mother-in-law of Sepulveda, and just back of which was found the roll of blankets that the assassins had carried away from the store. Having satisfied himself as to the course taken by the outlaws in their retreat, Morse now returned to the store, and by the same method reversed followed the tracks backward, with a view to ascertaining from whence they came.

Without attempting to give the details of this labor, it is sufficient to say that, link by link, a chain of circumstantial evidence was soon put together, which satisfied Morse that two of the assassins, at least, were Juan Soto and Bartolo Sepulveda. These men were well known to him as daring criminals of the worst order. He knew them both by sight, and was perfectly familiar with their personal characteristics and previous criminal history.

A long but unsuccessful hunt now commenced for the outlaws. Morse made repeated trips to well known haunts in different parts of the Coast Range. On various occasions he was absent from his home, without being heard from, for weeks at a time, until his friends grew anxious for his safety, and it was feared that his life had been sacrificed to his zeal in the service of the people. But nothing could be found of the skulking outlaws. Knowing the invincible character of the man on their track, they were careful to keep well under cover, and it seemed, for a while, that the murder of Ludovisci was to go unavenged.

Nearly four months had gone by without any trace being obtained, when, one day in the early part of May, Morse received a telegram from Sheriff Nick Harris of Santa Clara

County, stating that he was about organizing a party to scour the mountains south of Gilroy in search of horse thieves. He had heard it rumored that Soto was in that section, and he invited Morse to join the expedition.

Without waiting to change his clothes, Morse secured his Henry rifle and took the next train for San José. He found Sheriff Harris at the head of a posse of nine men, all well mounted and equipped for the trip. Taking a southeasterly direction, towards the line of the inner Coast Range, they struck into a wild section of country known as the Picachos, to the east of the Pacheco Pass, and around the head waters of Los Baños Creek. It was a rough and sparsely settled region, occupied only by sheep-herders and scattering Mexican ranchers. For years it had been a favorite retreat for criminals of the worst description, and there was not a hut or shanty within its wild recesses where an outlaw might not hope to find succor and protection. There were no roads to be followed nor guides to be obtained by the officers in penetrating this wilderness, so they were obliged to move slowly along the mountain ridges, peering into cañons and deep ravines, or sweeping the horizon with their field glasses for indications of human presence. The mountains here, although very intricate, are not densely wooded, and the long grassy slopes at that time were overrun with deer and white-tailed antelopes. Magnificent prospects were obtained from time to time by the officers, as they skirted lofty peaks, the views from which often extended far out over the adjacent plains of the San Joaquin.

In the forenoon of the third day out, while threading a little opening in the mountains, they saw some distance in advance a man mounted on a mule, and making the most desperate efforts to get out of the way. The officers at once gave chase and a lively race ensued. When finally overtaken, the man had dismounted and stood crouched behind his mule, pistol in hand, awaiting the onslaught of his pursuers. He proved to be a white man, — a sheep herder, — and a deep-drawn sigh of relief escaped him when

he discovered that his pursuers were officers of the law. He had mistaken them for Mexicans, and knowing the lawless character of the mounted bands that roamed the mountains, had run for his life, as he supposed, and finally stopped with the determination of selling it as dearly as possible. He proved to be exceedingly well posted as to the various hiding places of the outlaws, and finally consented to guide the officers to a certain secluded valley known as the Saucelito, where they were in the habit of congregating. He stipulated, however, that he should be permitted to retire unseen by the bandits, well knowing that they would hunt him down and kill him if it became known that he had piloted an enemy into their fastness. These terms being satisfactory, the march was resumed, and the officers were guided along the ridges to a point where they could look down into the valley named.

On the level immediately below them stood three adobe houses which must be passed, before it would be possible to get into the stronghold of the outlaws, some few miles farther up the cañon. Fearing that word might be carried from this settlement which would give the bandits warning of the danger which threatened them, it was decided first to put the inhabitants of these huts under restraint, and a plan was arranged for descending upon them simultaneously. The posse was divided into three parties, and to each was assigned the duty of capturing one of the houses and securing the people found therein. To Morse and Deputy Winchell of Santa Clara County fell the duty of raiding the nearest house. Approaching it cautiously from the south, they succeeded in reaching the corral in its immediate vicinity without being discovered. Here a Mexican was busy at something, and of him the officers requested a drink of water. The man apparently suspected nothing, for he replied courteously and invited the strangers to accompany him to the house. Fastening their horses to the fence, Morse and Winchell followed the Mexican through the corral and around to the northern side of the adobe, where they stepped upon a narrow portico

and entered a door leading to one of the central rooms. Not expecting to find the outlaws at this point, Morse had injudiciously left his rifle swinging to the horn of his saddle, and was armed with a revolver only. Winchell, however, carried a double-barreled shot-gun, heavily charged with buck-shot. On entering the room, Morse was surprised to find himself in the midst of a party of nearly a dozen persons of both sexes, and there, seated at a table directly in front of him, surrounded by three or four villainous-looking confederates, sat Juan Soto, the murderer of Ludovisci. To cover the outlaw with his revolver and order him to throw up his hands was the work of an instant. Instead of obeying, Soto sat gazing sullenly back at the officer, while a scowl of unutterable ugliness gathered about his shaggy brows and small bead-like eyes. A second time Morse ordered him to throw up his hands, threatening the desperado with instant death if the command were not obeyed. No motion, however, was made by Soto, other than to continue his savage glare at the intrepid officer. Not desiring to kill the man if he could by any means avoid it, Morse with his left hand now drew a pair of steel handcuffs from his belt and passed them across his body to Winchell, keeping the outlaw covered in the meantime with the pistol in his right.

"Put them on him, Winchell," he said.

The latter took the bracelets, but made no motion towards the outlaw.

"Put them on him," again ordered Morse, growing angry at the hesitation of his assistant. But Winchell stood like one dazed.

"Then cover him with your shot-gun while I do it," cried Morse, now thoroughly awake to the fact that he had a desperate job on hand. But Winchell did not like the atmosphere of the place. Instead of standing by his brother officer he backed out of the room and incontinently fled around the corner of the building, with a view to his own safety. At almost the same instant an Amazon of a woman, who was in the room, seized Morse by his pistol arm, while a confederate of Soto grappled him from the other side.

"*No tire V. en la casa!*" they both screamed, as they threw themselves upon him, and during the desperate struggle made by the deserted officer to free himself from his assailants, Soto sprang to his feet and placed himself behind one of his friends.

"I might have killed him then," Morse afterwards explained, "by shooting through the man in front of him, who was much smaller than Soto, and my first impulse was to do so; and then the thought occurred to me, 'Why kill this poor devil, who may be innocent of any crime?' So I raised the pistol and fired over him at the head of Soto."

But the aim was uncertain and the shot only knocked off the outlaw's hat, the ball sinking with a thud into the adobe wall behind him. This miscue turned the tables on Morse and nearly cost him his life. Soto wore a heavy blue overcoat of the military pattern, which was buttoned low down over his knees as he sat at the table, preventing him from reaching his weapons. On reaching his feet he had torn the coat violently open, and by the time Morse had fired his unsuccessful shot was in full possession of his six-shooter. With a fearful imprecation he sprang towards his assailant. The fight was now on even terms, and at once became to the last degree exciting. Realizing that he was at a disadvantage in the house, Morse jumped backward through the door before the outlaw could shoot. Soto followed close on him like a wild animal. Springing from the portico Morse ran round to the open space behind the house and there turned to face his foe. On came the savage outlaw, his pistol raised high in air, and his villainous face aflame with murderous passion. With that consummate mastery of himself which had so often carried him through desperate straits, Morse watched with the eye of a cat every movement of his antagonist, and just as the outlaw's pistol came down to shoot, he ducked his head and the ball whistled harmlessly over his shoulders. Four times in quick succession were these tactics repeated before Morse had an opportunity to return the fire.

The view, in the mean time, had of this

portion of the fight by Sheriff Harris and his men, from the heights above, was to the last degree dramatic. Soto was a gigantic fellow, standing six feet two in height, and as lithe as a panther. His hair, which was coal black and very long, blew out on all sides of his uncovered head, giving him an appearance at once fierce and demoniacal. With each discharge of his pistol he bounded savagely forward, as though to make more sure of his victim, and it seemed to the excited spectators that Morse went down with each report. It was only the perfect-coolness of the latter, coupled with his accurate knowledge of Soto's methods of shooting, that saved him. He had learned in advance that the outlaw's custom was to raise his weapon above his head, and bringing his arm swiftly down fire as the muzzle passed the line of sight. His knowledge of this fact enabled Morse to time the desperate man's movements so accurately as literally to dodge the shower of bullets poured upon him. Under the circumstances, he had little opportunity to use his own weapon, and as has been already noted, the outlaw made four shots before it was possible for Morse to return the fire. When at length he did manage to shoot, his ball struck the pistol in Soto's hand, disabling it in such a manner that its chambers would no longer revolve, and driving the barrel violently against the desperado's cheek. It is supposed also that the shock of the bullet temporarily paralyzed the man's arm, for he dropped his hands to his sides, and immediately turning on his heel, dashed back into the house from whence he came. As he ran, the recreant deputy, Winchell, recovered himself sufficiently to take a flying shot at the outlaw, but the charge went wide of its mark, lodging only in the adobe wall of the house. Why he did not fire upon Soto when the latter was engaged in his duel with Morse can only be explained upon the supposition that the man was paralyzed with fear, for he had every opportunity, and might easily have dropped the desperado in his tracks.

Upon the return of Soto, Morse turned and ran back at the top of his speed to the point where he had left his horse, bent upon

recovering his Henry rifle. Returning at once, he had reached the northern corner of the corral when Soto again emerged from the house — a six shooter in either hand — and made a dash for his horse, which stood saddled and bridled under a tree near by.

The subtle cunning and presence of mind of the outlaw, even at this critical instant of his career, now stood prominently forth. Although scarcely a moment had elapsed between his entrance and exit from the house, he had, in that brief time, thrown off his conspicuous blue overcoat and compelled a confederate to put it on. He had also recovered his hat, and secured two extra revolvers. He undoubtedly counted upon deceiving the officers, in the excitement of the moment, by this sudden change of guise, and hoped so to distract their attention as to secure time for escape. Morse, however, saw through the ruse at once.

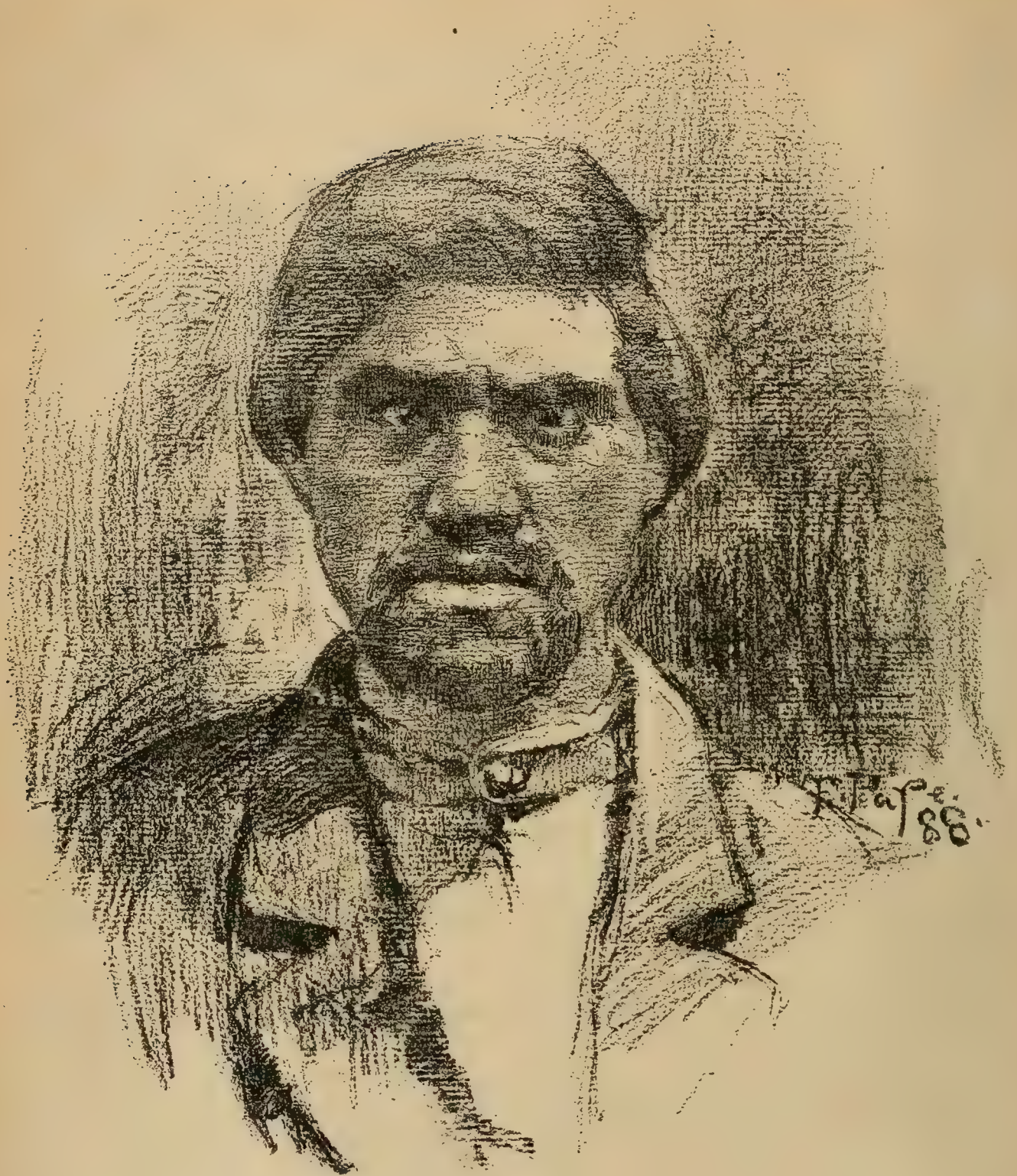
"For God's sake, Juan," he cried, as the latter made frantic efforts to reach his horse, "throw down your pistols. There has been shooting enough."

But the outlaw paid no heed, and Morse had already brought his rifle to his shoulder, intending to shoot the horse, when the mad rush of the desperado stampeded the animal, causing it to break its fastening and dash away down the cañon.

For a second Soto stood bewildered; then, recovering himself, he turned and ran directly away from the officer, and down the mountain, to a point where he had a second horse tethered, being accompanied as he ran by the confederate in the blue overcoat.

Sheriff Harris, in the meantime, had come up in hot haste to the support of his brother officer, and being deceived by the overcoat, was on the point of firing upon its wearer. Morse, however, with a coolness and consideration which appear most remarkable under the circumstances, perceived his intention and stopped him. Harris then fired at Soto but missed.

The two fugitives were now fully one hundred and fifty yards distant, and moving away at the top of their speed, when Morse brought his rifle to his eye and fired, the ball



JUAN SOTO.

striking its victim with a sharp click, and passing through the outlaw's right shoulder.

Stung to desperation by the wound, Soto now abandoned all hope of escape, and turning in his tracks came right back towards the officers, with the appalling determination stamped upon his features to kill some one or die himself in the attempt. Again Morse called upon him to throw down his arms; but appeals were vain to the maddened out-

law. The Indian in his nature was uppermost. With that grim indifference to danger, born of supreme desperation, he charged straight down on his enemies. Seeing that entreaties were useless, and that the man could not be taken alive, Morse again raised his rifle, and taking deliberate aim, sent a bullet crashing through the outlaw's skull.

Thus ended one of the most thrilling personal encounters ever fought in the West.

Soto was a magnificent type of the criminal class to which he belonged. Of mixed Mexican and Indian blood, his whole life had been spent on the outskirts of civilization, and was one long record of rapine and crime. Although but thirty years of age at the time of his death, he had already committed several murders, and served one or two terms in the penitentiary for lesser crimes. In physique he was powerful, but his face was most repulsive in its ugliness, and plainly revealed the cruelty, low animal cunning, and desperate recklessness of his nature. Like many a man before him, he was lured to his death by a woman; for it was the charms of a dark-eyed señorita, who lived at the ranch where the fight occurred, that induced him to venture down from his fastness at the upper extremity of the Saucelito. He had repeatedly boasted that no officer could take him, and his tiger-like resistance, in the face of tremendous odds, showed that his boast was not an idle one. In his contest with Morse, however, he had a foeman worthy of his steel, and the victory fortunately — almost miraculously, one might say — rested with the stern representative of the law which he had defied.

Securing the horses and weapons of the dead outlaw, and leaving the body to be buried by his now thoroughly intimidated associates, the Sheriff's party continued on

its way up the cañon, and after arresting one or two suspicious characters, returned to San José, and disbanded.

Bartolo Sepulveda, the confederate of Soto in the Ludovisci homicide, hastily left the State, and sought refuge in Mexico, upon hearing of the death of his partner; but, with that strange indiscretion which so often prompts a criminal to revisit the scene of his crime, he afterwards came back. Morse had already laid plans for securing him, when the fellow walked into his office one day and surrendered himself. He had a speedy trial, was convicted, and sentenced to the State's prison for life. For some reason, which has never been satisfactorily explained, and which reflects little credit on the administration of justice in California, the murderer was pardoned out, after serving a term of about twelve years.

In recognition of Morse's gallant services in connection with the killing of Soto and his tireless pursuit of other outlaws, the legislature, at its next session, passed a bill for his relief. The amount appropriated, — \$2000, — was insignificant in comparison with the hardships and dangers encountered; but the passage of the measure without a dissenting voice was a well-merited compliment to a brave officer, and reflected the appreciation and good will of the people of the State at large.

D. S. Richardson.



MISS SUE'S WHITE TURKEYS.

"O DADDY, Daddy, come heah en look at Miss Sue's white tu'keys! Look lak dey hevin' er wah-dance!"

Uncle Ben, more familiarly known on the plantation as Daddy Ben, willing to give his old back a respite, paused in his vigorous efforts at the wood-pile, where he was shaping a huge back-log for his evening fire, and turned about.

His face broadened and a low chuckle escaped him as he caught sight of twenty or more snow-white gobblers of most warlike mien, formed in battle array and marching abreast upon little Pete, the son of his old age and the pride of his heart.

Their wings trailed upon the ground with the clicking sound of a belted sabre; their tails were outspread, their feathers aplume, their heads thrown back, with red crests aflame and throats swelling with pride and apparent rage. Ere reaching little Pete, however, the line broke and a series of evolutions was strutted vaingloriously through; all stepping as if to the sound of martial music, and ready to burst with pride and bravery, until suddenly a general scrimmage took place which ended in the routing of all save three or four "old soldiers," who held the field, content to eye each other at respectful distances and to cool their ardor by an inglorious onslaught on a flock of timorous, motherly old hens, which had gathered to watch the lordly show.

"Wah-dance? You's des right, boy. Hit's meat en drink ter dem critters," said Daddy Ben, dropping his axe and coming round to the sunny side of the wood-pile, where little Pete was already basking in a sun-bath, lying flat upon the ground, with his chin propped upon his hands and his elbows planted in the soft earth.

"I hain't no gre't 'miration fo' dem bu-des, myse'f," continued the old man, as he seated himself on the saw-buck, removed his dilapidated hat, and taking therefrom a large ban-

dana, bound it turban-wise about his head, tying it in a knot with sharply pointed ends above his forehead. Then replacing his hat, setting it well back on his head, and thrusting out his feet, he gave his trousers an upward hitch, and tied each leg of the same snugly just above the shoe with a strip of red flannel. Daddy Ben was given to rheumatics, and these were customary precautions on his part, which only needed the blackened cob-pipe shortly produced from his capacious pocket to render him a grotesque as well as typical "before the war" plantation veteran.

Little Pete, to whom these precautions were simply indicative of a temporary truce with labor and a talkative humor on the part of his parent, gave an exultant shout, and with one vigorous somersault placed himself at his father's feet, where he assumed his former position, looking up expectantly into the old man's face.

"Get up from dar, yo' lazy little brat! Wanter get yo deff er col' down dar in dat dut en wet, atter de rain?" sternly exclaimed the old man, at the same time reaching down and fondly drawing the child up on his knee.

"Look lak dey gwine ter gobble we uns up, hey daddy?" said the little fellow, as he cuddled down within the arm which held him.

"Look lak er mis'ble, aggrawatin' lot ez evah bruk de shell!" exclaimed old Ben with a shout of wrath. "Dey's made life er mis'ry ter yo' ole daddy mo'n once, min'."

"W'at dey do, daddy?"

"W'at dey do, boy? Dey keep dis ole niggah in hot wattah de whole endurin' time, day in, en day out; dat w'at! En dat been gwine on evah sence de fust pair un'em was fotched onter dis heah place. Dat ole gobblah — see him ovah dar in dat cornder, boy? — well, dat ole gobblah, he one un'em; en he allus been on de wah-paff fum de fust minnit. W'at time he ain't peckin' de leetle chickens to def, er taggin' up de Guinea fowls to steal deir scratchin's, er tweakin' de comb

ov de ole Dominick rooster en pullin' he tail fedders out,—en eve'y odder kin' ov dey-blement w'at he kin compass,—he des struttin' dat ar away, fit ter bus' hese'f wif big head.

"En dat ain't de wust on 't, boy. De dey-blement ain't stop dar. Kase why, de fust settin' ov aigs w'at Miss Sue sot onder de ole hen turkey, tu'ned out nudder batch ov gob-blahs, eve'y one un 'em des lak deir pa, de worl' ovah ! Deys allus quo'llin' en tryin' ter scrouge somebody er suffin' ouden place, en peekin' 'bout contin'lly whar dey done got no business ter poke deyse'fs.

"En its bein' proned inter me, right heah, how't I'se seen chil'en w'at got dem same kin' ov tu'key manners ; en I needn't go fur nudder, fo' ter put my finger on one un 'em. Mebbe yo' doan know no leetle boy w'at went ter bed las' night 'thouten he suppah, 'long ov shovin' nudder leetle chap offen de doah-step en mekin' he nose bleed ?"

Here old Ben turned a searching eye upon little Pete, who was at no loss to apply the question just propounded, and hung his head in a shamefaced way.

"Joe pulled my ha'r," he muttered by way of apology, at the same time slipping his hand placatingly into the palm of old Ben.

"Heah dat, now !" exclaimed the latter. "Des lak I say, quo'llin' en scrougin' ! Ef dem ain't tu'key manners, whar yo' gwine find 'em, I wanter know ?" A problem, the solution of which Uncle Ben sought in his pipe, puffing it in contemplative silence, while little Pete assumed a penitent air and wisely refrained from further response.

"Fum de fust," presently resumed the old man, "dem tu'keys was de strayin'est kin' ov critters. I 'low ef I'se followed up de creek, en beat 'bout de woods, en th'u de bresh once, huntin' ov de pesky tromps, I'se done it er million times, twell my ole back got ter ache lak de toof-ache."

"W'at fer, den, yo' do it, daddy ?"

"Wat fer I do it, boy ? I 'low somebody hatter do it. Miss Sue done got 'em heah, en dey hatter be looked atter. Dat part en pa'cel ov my business dem days.

"Yo' see, boy, when yo' ole daddy came down so po'ly wif de rheumatiz — 'bout ten yeah ago, I 'low 't was — Miss Sue, she see

'rec'ly dat ole Ben gwine ter be er chimbly cornder niggah fum dat on, en she des handed ovah de keys ter de smoke-house, en de po't'y yahd, en de stable, en de gyarden-patch, ter de ole man, heah ; en fum dat day I knowed Miss Sue gwine ter hold ole Ben 'sponsibul fer de supervidgeon ov mahters in gen'al 'bout de place.

"En yo' kin des b'leeve, boy, dat business 'nuff for one pusson. No hah'd wuk, I ain't sayin', min', but des putter, putter de endurin' time. Nuffin gwine wrong, no time, fum chimbly afire ter cat in de cistern, but w'at dey hollers : 'Run fo' Daddy Ben ! Go fotch Daddy Ben ! Tell Daddy Ben come right away heah, fas'er 'n he kin jump !'

"Did n't tek Miss Sue long to find out w'at Daddy Ben wuf 'mongst so many no-count niggahs, yo' kin put yo' 'pendunce on dat, min'.

"But somehow, last spring, de ole man tuk ter runnin' down so 'mazingly I'se 'bleeged ter mind Miss Sue of de fack. I 'low'd I mout hoe 'bout de gyarden-patch yet awhile, en do de cho'es 'bout de house en bahn, but when it come ter racin' contin'ally all ovah k'eation atter er pa'cel ov pernickity ole tu'-keys, 't was past my bre'f. I put it strong, kase my mind hit was made up ; an de line, hit hatter be drawn.

"Miss Sue, she pooty sot in her mind, too ; but atter some argyment off en on t'ween us, dem bu-des was made ovah ter Maum Patty, long wif de po't'y yahd key. En I 'low Maum Patty nevah had no cause ter quo'll wif her appetite atter dat.

"Day atter day, I'se leaned ovah dem gyarden palin's, watchin' un her streakin' ovah dem hills 'long to'ads night ; en bimeby I'se seen her comin' back, tollin' dem strag-glin' ole gad-'bouts atter her wif an apun full ov corn w'at she th'owed out at em er few kunnels ter oncet, w'iles dey dwadled 'long lak deys mo'nahs ter dey own fune'al. I des hugged myse'f. I did dat, boy !

"But time come when I'se on de hunt myse'f once more ; en not so ve'y long sence nudder.

"I 'low 't was 'bout two weeks ago — er hit mout hev been er leetle more — th'ee ov dem tu'keys want no whars ter be found. Maum

Patty 'clared she done tromped de yeth clean ovah, en ain't done found 'em. She was tired ter deff, she say, en hoped she mout die ef she was fool niggah 'nuff ter tromp nudder step atter 'em.

"'I reckon, Daddy Ben, you'll hev ter try yo' hand,' said Miss Sue; en she give me — well dat 'tween Miss Sue en me, w'at I got fo' dat hunt, en I hain't tellin' nobody.

"But 'twan't no kind ov use. Daddy Ben could n't find dem tu'keys, nudder; en we des 'bleeged ter give 'em up."

"O daddy! en yo' nevah foun' out w'at came ov dem th'ee tu'keys?" cried little Pete, full of disappointment at what he deemed an unsatisfactory as well as far too quickly reached conclusion of the tale. For old Ben had again resumed his pipe and relapsed into silence.

"Now, dat des w'at I gwine ter tell you, boy, 'rec'ly. But ef you gwine ter keep on proddin' queshuns inter me, eve'y time I kotch my bref, I gwine stop right heah. How many times I gotter tell you, 'Leetle chil'ens mus' keep dey mouf shet, when ole folks got de floor'?"

Little Pete hastened to plead forgetfulness, and so earnestly promised respectful silence henceforth that Daddy Ben, quite mollified, after a few more unctuous whiffs at his pipe, continued:

"En dat how hit come 'bout when de well got outen ghee last week, nobody gwine ter be 'sponsibul fo' de fixin' on't: 'W'at Daddy Ben doin' he ain't tendin' ter de mahter? Dat he wuk. Go fotch him heah. I 'low nuffin ain't gwine be done 'thout he gives de wud'!

"I 'se wukkin in de gyardin, clus by, en I heah dem niggahs quo'llin' dat fashion 'mong deysels, so I des knock off wuk en sarnter in 'mongst 'em. 'W'at gwine on heah?' I say. 'I 'low ef er few ov yo' lazy coons doan go 'bout yo' wuk dar gwine ter be er racket ov nudder kind gwine on heah — 'thout no p'elimnay'es, nudder."

"Den dey all begin ter squawk ter wunst: 'O Daddy Ben, suffin down de well; suffin live down dar, Daddy Ben! Who gwine get hit out, Daddy Ben?'

"Dem two fool house-gals, Pink and Zora,

dey de ones w'at started de rumpus. Dey been tellin' all 'long how dey's witches down dat well; dey knowed it kase dey heared 'em tork back eve'y time dey let de buckit down; en dey 'low dat ve'y mo'nin' dey done seen 'em ridin' on white hosses down dar, en cuttin' up ole Sam. Dey des wild, deysefs, en hed mighty nigh eve'y niggah on de place scared e'en amos' ter deff.

"Now, dat well forty feet deep, but yo' ole Daddy he gwine down dar ef 'twas forty mile. You see he know de navigash-un ov dat well pooty clus, kase he holp build it, nigh onto fifty yeah ago in ole Marse's time. Hit mons'ous wide de top, en all stone cu'bin quite er piece down; den come er shelf lak ov earf, en attah dat it get mo' narrerer, en no mo' stone twel yo' come down er piece funder.

"But w'at I does, fust and fo'most, I call fer a can'le en let it down easy inter dat well, en when I sees it come up wif de wick all flarin' —"

"W'at fer dat?" queried little Pete, forgetful in his curiosity of former admonitions.

"Why, den I knowed dar wan't no pizen air down dar fo' ter snuff out dis ole man en leave er leetle pickaninny w'at I knows un 'thout nobody fo' ter fetch 'im up 'specter-able. En dat minds me yo's gwine back on yo' manners ag'in, en gettin' fo'handed wif queshuns. Best look sharp attah dat landmark, boy.

"En den, des lak I 'se sayin', I put one foot inter de buckit, en laid holt de rope, en say ter dem wide-mouf igiots: 'Lower away, dar! I gwine down ter say "howdy" wif Mis' Witch. I 'low I fotch her up to tek dinnah wif you ails. Mind yo' wind up de rope car'ful when yo' heahs me holler!'

"'Twas pooty dark attah I got er piece down kase ov de well bein' onder kiver, but 'twan't long twell my ole eyes spied suffin' white squattin' on de aige ov de clay cu'ben', des whar hit mek er leetle shelf, attah de stone done give out.

"'Gre't King! Look lak ole Miss Witch down heah sho' nuff, I say ter myse'f; 'but I gwine ter grab her all same; dat w'at I come fo'.' En I des hug dat rope clus wif

one hand, en kep' my eye tu'ned on ole Mis' Witch twell I got on er level wif her, en den — ziss! I yank her offen dat shelf, en give er whoop, en de boys haul away lak good fellows, en fotch me up on dry lan' once mo'.

"I 'spicioned wa't I got de minnit I laid holt un it; en when I got head en shoulders outin dat well, I des th'owed it — bliff! — in 'mongst dem ash-colored niggahs. Land sakes! how dey squoll and cl'ar deysefs outin dat well house, en scat deysefs eve'y place whar dey could hide deysef!

"But ole Joe, he hol' fast ter de crank er dat win'lass, bound fo'ter see Daddy Ben th'u, witch er no witch.

"Now w'at yo' t'ink, boy, I fotch up outen dat well wif me? Witch? Nuffin de sort, — nuffin mo' nor less'n one er dem th'ee stray gobblahs! Dat w'at!

"Miss Sue, she dar by dat time, en des laffin fit ter kill at dem crazy niggahs en dat mis'ble ole gobblah tryin' fo'ter keep he balance on he laigs.

"Den I say: 'Brung me de can'le. I 'lows de rest dem budes down dar. I heahs er mighty rustlin' roun', en I gwine down ter fotch 'em up.' En shu nuff, boy, I fotch up de odder two ov dem stray tu'keys outen dat well!

"Nine days dey been down dar, squatting on dat narrer aige of dut, thouten er mou'ful ter eat er drink!

"W'at call dey hed ter go flopping deysefs down dar, gracious on'y knows; but I kin hol' up my hand en sw'ar, dey come up outen dat well des ez able fo' de wah-paff, en des ez full of old *ebo* ez dey went in.

"Fustly, 'peared lak dey's er leetle heady, en could n't see fust rate. So I des tuk 'em by de laigs en toted 'em 'long ter de hen-roost. 'Better put 'em in a pen by deysefs,' I say ter Miss Sue, 'en feed 'em suthin' soft twell dey gets some stren't. I 'lows dey so weak de odder tu'keys kill 'em quicker'n scat.' En Miss Sue she call Maum Patty, en tell her to do lak I say. En Maum Patty she put dem th'ee tu'keys by deysefs in er leetle pen made outen palin's in one cornder ov de po't'y-yahd.

"Den right away, 'rec'ly all dem odder tu'keys wa't been fed en tu'ned out, dey all

came roun' outside dem palin's en peeked thu. Fust one ole gobblah he stretch out he long neck en say, 'Gobble, gobble, gobble,' kind ov sassy, lak. Den nudder ole cayarcass, he strut up en down, en he say, 'Gobble, gobble, gobble,' ve'y consekential, en bimeby de whole regimen' un 'em stretch out dey necks en gobble, gobble, gobble, all in one bref. Den dey go thu wah-dance des lak dey been doin' er spell ago. Pear lak dem tu'keys was des pokin' fun at dem pore critters inside dar, en sorter eggin' 'em on ter do suffin despit. En den ergin 'peared lak dem th'ee tu'keys inside dat pen knowed it, en want gwine ter stan' no sech meanness, fo' all ter wunst — ouff! — up dey went — flowed right outen dat pen, dey did, ovah our heads en down 'mongst 'dem struttin' gerrymanders, bound fo' ter lick em' if 't was de las' ack.

"En dey done it, boy. Yes, sir! dat whole regimen', ole kunnel en all, skedaddled afore 'em lak er pa'cel er coon-huutin' niggahs afore de pattyrollers."

"Lick em hahd, Daddy, mek em squoll?" cried little Pete, too thoroughly enthused for further repression.

"Yo kin des b'leeve dey did dat, boy," replied old Ben, indulgently ignoring this last breach of decorum. "Yes, chile, dat was a reg'lar raw-head en bloody-bones battle, dat was. Want no sham 'bout dat fight. I 'lows imperunce got de full stent ov punishment de law 'lows, dat time.

"En I tek notice dat most gen'lly de kase. Ef er boy go fo' ter giv' hesef airs lak he mo' count'n somebody else's pickanniny, en 'lows hesef ter grow inter selfish, low-down, scrougin' tu'key ways, he gwine ter get he come-uppence, too, sho's preachin'. I'se torkin' facks now, boy, w'at fits right heah, en yo' best membunce de gist un 'em.

"En now I 'lows we's done loafed long 'nuff. Ole sun, he gwine down des er sail-in'. Gwine ter tu'n cold attah dark. Bettah rustle roun' en finish pickin' up dat baskit ov chips, whiles I trims dat backlog. Ain't nuffin I knows on w'ah 'll mek er suppah ov hoe-cake en lasses fit snug inter a boy yo' size, lak er wahm chimbly cornder."

Sara D. Halsted.

HIGH TIDE.

How many a power hath to this moment bent !
Wave after wave hath broke its jeweled crest,
Its pride hath shattered, lavished of its best ;
The storm of yesterday a force hath lent,

The tempest long forgotten ; all are blent
In this fair hour of perfectness and rest ;
Hour of fulfillment, ere the heaving breast
Swells with the soon-stirred pulses backward sent ;

Lack has been, will be. Now the cup brims o'er ;
The balanced moment holds abundant peace ;
Peace in the mild blue heaven overbent,

Peace in the tender light, the slumbering breeze,
Peace in the wave, as, soft along the shore,
Dies the low sob of sorrow-born content.

S. W. Weitzel.

IN A FAIR GARDEN.

A BREEZE, a brightness, branches overhead,
One near, (else, sweet, what would the garden be?)
A troop of poppies, sunflower, peony,
And motley phloxes to the sunshine spread ;

Beneath her window wallflower lifts its head,
The goodly wallflower Bacon liked to see,
Its bright fires burning soft and smokily,
Its breath condensèd richness, richly fed

By earth, by sunshine, and by summer showers
Here lilies fail not, nor the glowing rose,
Here foxglove tall rings out the sun-lit hours,

Here sweetly, like the thought of one most dear,
The breath of violets comes, and gently goes,
And comes again, and savors all the air.

S. W. Weitzel.

COAL AND IRON INTERESTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE writer has been invited to prepare for publication a paper on Pacific Coast coal and iron, known localities in the State of California, the quality of these important minerals, and the extent or magnitude of the deposits. The subject is of great importance, and one that can only be treated generally within the limits of a magazine article.

Our State has developed with exceptional rapidity: beginning with a period of great and successful mining activity, she has reached a condition of things when agriculture is assumed to be of paramount importance. The people practically ignore her vast mineral resources, to which she is directly indebted for the position she holds, and discourage mining under a mistaken idea that the highest condition of prosperity can be gained by agriculture alone; manufactures which should be fostered and encouraged languish or meet with but moderate success. Our wisest men and deepest thinkers tell us that we should avail ourselves of all the bounteous resources nature provides. To make agriculture successful beyond the mere production of food, a portion of the people must engage in commerce, manufactures, and mining. There can be no great commerce without a population having means to purchase imported goods from the merchant, and to furnish material to freight his return ships.

Causes, the discussion of which would be out of place here, have given a check to gold mining, and exerted a depressing influence on other mining, but an increased demand has again drawn attention to the mineral resources of the State. While it will be impossible at present to re-open the hydraulic mines, it is beginning to be realized that other minerals besides gold are important to manufactures, and conducive to the wants of man.

By far the most useful metal known is iron. While the working of that metal has been confined to one locality in California, yet many deposits of excellent iron ore are

known to exist in the State. It is believed the quantity is sufficient for all our requirements for many years to come, while other minerals essential to the metallurgy of iron, as lime, manganese, and chromium, are not wanting. Iron is the foundation of nearly all manufactures. Before they can flourish, that must be both abundant and cheap. When those conditions exist, the crude metal will not bear transportation. That is to say, when iron is transported from one country to another where the facilities or material for its production do not exist, or lie dormant, it will be impossible for those receiving it to compete with distant producers in any secondary manufacture; because it costs but a trifle more to transport the finest cutlery, hardware, or other forms of iron, than the crude pigs. Crude natural products are the true wealth of a country, the value of which is increased if manufactured by the people producing them. But in some localities where population is sparse and the natural products beyond the requirements of the people, it is judicious for a time to send them to other countries where population is greater, to be manufactured by those depending on the exercise of manual and skilled labor for their support; and the articles so manufactured are frequently returned with advantage, and purchased by those who furnished the crude material.

The manufacture of iron requires an abundance of cheap fuel of a certain quality. Coal is therefore an equally important mineral; and it is a question if there is a single one so essential to the comfort and happiness of mankind as this. The desire for gold is one of the strongest known to man, yet the use of the precious metal bears no comparison to that of coal. While man under certain conditions may pass an aimless indolent life without either, in some parts of the earth life itself is almost dependent on cheap and convenient fuel. The present advanced condition of civilized man is largely due to the use

of iron and coal, neither of which could be produced in a large way or cheaply without the other. Iron could not be manufactured economically into useful or indispensable forms without steam, also dependent on the use of fuel; nor could the commerce of the world be maintained without a fuel convenient to burn in ships, otherwise recourse must again be had to the winds. It is useless to speculate here as to the high pressure methods of modern times. The fact remains that the present condition of mankind depends much on an abundant supply of coal. And the startling fact is generally admitted that we are rapidly exhausting the supply, and are looking in every direction for some substitute which we hope to find in natural gas, petroleum, and electricity. If coal is so essential to the wants of mankind elsewhere, it is of special importance to California and the Pacific Coast, and on the discovery of extensive deposits of a mineral fuel of good quality depends our success as a manufacturing and commercial people, and our ability to compete with Eastern and foreign manufacturers.

Notwithstanding her vast mineral resources, we are compelled to admit that California is sadly deficient in that important factor, so indispensable to great and successful manufacturing operations, Carboniferous or true mineral coal. Our State is not without mineral fuel in other forms in considerable abundance, such as lignites, bituminous shales, asphaltum and petroleum, with indications of natural gas; but these are not suitable for certain manufactures, notably that of iron. To make iron successfully on a large scale, coke, anthracite, or charcoal is required. The use of charcoal, — while the iron produced is of superior quality, — renders the manufacture expensive; for the furnaces consume such large quantities that the forests are soon exhausted, and charcoal must be brought from increasing distances. To import better fuel is still more costly. The coal that has so far been discovered in California is inferior in quality, and limited in quantity. While this rather discouraging view of the situation cannot be ignored, it

must not be taken for granted that it will always remain unchanged. There are hopeful indications that true coal may yet be found in the State, several localities both in California and Nevada being known where Carboniferous rocks exist, and perhaps there is a much larger area buried beneath a newer formation. We may in the future find where some upheaval or folding of the strata has brought these to the surface, and exposed them to be examined and prospected. Lest this statement should be misunderstood and perhaps misquoted, it should be repeated that these indications of coal are by no means as encouraging as we could wish.

Errors are frequently made in prospecting for coal: the poorest of poor lignites is too often mistaken for the best of fossil fuel, and the statements first made to this effect are sometimes widely published. True coal is never found except in those rocks known to geologists as "Carboniferous." These can only be distinguished by the fossils they contain, and by their relative position to other rocks the geological horizon of which is known. If indications or veins are found in rocks devoid of these well-known and characteristic fossils, or containing others, it is vain to expect true coal. To make this intelligible, a brief resumé of the principal coal theories, and a statement of our present knowledge of coal formations, may not be out of place.

The beginning of the world is supposed to have been without life, animal or vegetable. Long before the lowest forms could exist, the primitive rocks had begun to disintegrate, and sedimentary ones had formed. When life began to dawn, the same condition continued, but dying animals and vegetables were buried in sediments, which in time also became rocks, and their fossil remains gave a distinctive character to the new formations, which modern geologists read like a printed book. Thus a stratum of sandstone or limestone is known to be older or younger than another exactly similar in color, structure, and even chemical composition, by the form of the animals which lived and died while the sediments were

deposited ; and this is known with certainty, notwithstanding the rocks may be broken, distorted, or misplaced. It sometimes happens that a mass of rock is thrown down or plicated, and covers a younger member, but the fossils invariably show this to be the case, and the geologist is enabled to unravel the mystery and explain how it occurred.

It was long a favorite theory that during and before the Carboniferous period, free carbonic acid permeated the atmosphere, which condition, aided by the warm rains of a still thermal earth, stimulated vegetable life, while animals struggled for existence ; — that during a long period the excess of carbonic acid was locked up in the coal beds and limestones, while oxygen was set free, which imparted greater vigor to animal life, and established an equilibrium as near as might be. It has been assumed that during the deposition of the Carboniferous system vast coal beds were formed ; but of late years many geologists discredit this theory, and some go so far as wholly to repudiate the vegetable origin of coal. The true genesis of coal is yet unknown, but there are numerous published theories, none of which, however, are wholly satisfactory or conclusive. Several geological writers, even in the beginning of the present century, expressed dissatisfaction with the coal theories of their time, and since then much has been written and said on the same subject.

The coal theories of today may be classed under two general heads, the inorganic and organic.

The inorganic theory assumes that the elements, carbon and hydrogen, combined during the embryonic condition of the earth, without the intervention of organic life, and that the hydrocarbons so formed, being volatile, sublimed and consequently condensed. This theory has been advanced and advocated by some of the ablest of modern geologists and thinkers. Arguments of considerable weight can be urged both for and against the theory.

The organic theory holds that animal and vegetable remains have furnished the material since changed to carbon and hydrocar-

bons in their various forms as coal, anthracite, asphalt, petroleum, graphite, natural gas, etc. This general theory may be subdivided into a vegetable and an animal group. The vegetable theory has long been a favorite one, not without reason, and more than one geologist has been criticised with severity, and regarded as a geological heretic, for daring to express doubt. It must be admitted that the weight of evidence seems to be in favor of this theory ; but how the changes have come about, and why true coal is only found in the Carboniferous rocks, is not easy to explain, nor can it be proved that coal is wholly vegetable, notwithstanding the fossil plants found both above and below beds of true coal. Hutton, in the latter part of the last century, seems to have been the first to examine coal under the microscope. He found parts of plants and cells filled with wine-colored matter, which was volatile. From this evidence he assumed that coal was wholly vegetable, an opinion held by most writers since. Patrin, quoted by Parkinson, objected to this theory, stating that volcanoes threw up large quantities of bituminous matter, and that coal was formed from this. He called attention to the sixty-one alternate beds of coal at Liege, and asked how vegetable matter alternating with strata of stone could be deposited with such regularity. On the other hand many instances are known in which wood has changed to brown coal : many years ago a wooden shovel was found in France wholly changed to jet and pyrite, and trees turned to lignite have often been piped out of the banks in hydraulic mines in California ; but these recent metamorphoses have never produced coal with a black streak. There are several sub-theories based on the vegetable idea. One known as the peat theory attributes coal to peat deposits, altered by heat, pressure, and time. There can be no doubt as to the vast accumulation of vegetable matter in peat beds and in the soil we cultivate ; how this can become coal is not so clear. Some theorists hold that water bearing vegetable matter in suspension flows to the sea, and becomes an oily liquid, which is carried down and covered by sediments ;

but it would seem that this could only produce bituminous shale or sandstone, never true coal. Others believe that peat deposits themselves become coal beds. In rather high latitudes both north and south peat beds abound, as in Ireland and Scotland. The writer has seen them of great extent in Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. In the bogs of Ireland, oak wood which lived when the gigantic elk roamed the land has become black by carbonization, showing the incipient change. Wood imbedded in the earth in a few years becomes brown and powdery, somewhat resembling lignite. Cut grass dried in the sun with frequent stirring becomes hay, and emits a fragrance not inherent in the green vegetable matter, showing that a certain change has taken place. But if stored without being properly dried, decomposition takes place, accompanied with evolution of heat; it is then found to have become brown colored, and emits an odor of petroleum. In this condition it is called "mow-burned hay,"—sometimes it actually takes fire and is consumed. Theorists claim that a similar change on a larger scale produces coal from vegetable accumulations. Decomposition accompanied by spontaneous combustion takes place in peat beds,—many cases are on record in which disastrous conflagrations have occurred. A serious objection to the peat theory lies in the fact that the best quality of coal yields a very small ash, sometimes as little as one per cent, while peat when air-dried contains from 5 to 20 per cent of sand and fine silt. The great regularity in thickness and extent of coal beds, which by this theory might be expected in irregular masses, is also a serious objection.

Another vegetable theory claims that kelp and sea-weed furnished the organic matter of coal and petroleum. It is known that sea-weed in immense quantity grows in the tropical ocean, and kelp on rocky sea coasts in higher latitudes. This may be observed on our own coast at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, and San Diego. On the Scottish coast and elsewhere in Northern Europe, and in the straits of Magellan, and on the rocky islands of Terra del Fuego, these marine

plants abound. The quantity being admitted, it is easy to realize that large accumulations of organic matter might result from their decomposition. Ships sailing in the Gulf Stream or on the Equatorial Atlantic often encounter masses of floating sea-weed requiring days to pass,—the "Sargasso Sea," extending from latitude 19 to 30 north, and from longitude 30 west to the Bahama Islands,—an area computed to be 360,000 square miles,—is practically covered with sea-weed. Columbus, who crossed it first in modern times, was astonished, and daily expected to see land where none existed.

Another theory holds that animals as well as vegetables contributed largely to the formation of the hydrocarbons,—that mollusca once inhabiting shells now fossil fell to the bottom of ancient seas, and became covered by sediments of rivers now no more; that subsequent upheaval caused the waters to recede, and coal beds were formed. The polyps, once inhabiting calcareous cells now changed to limestones, must have contributed vast quantities of organic matter; the beds of diatomaceous earth, covering hundreds of square miles, must not be forgotten, for the organic matter once constituting the minute bodies of the diatoms has been removed but not destroyed, and may have played an important part in these accumulations.

Still another theory, and one generally accepted, is that trees were carried down rivers now dead, as great as the Amazon or the Mississippi, and deposited by drifting in the bed of an ocean now extinct, and covered by sediments. But serious objections may be urged to this favorite theory.

The distillation theory seems most nearly to account for the coal deposits. It is the most plausible because it seems to combine the best points of all the others. It assumes that organic matter from any of the sources mentioned became imbedded in sedimentary formations, and that it has been since sublimed by heat or other causes, and by changing its position has left all impurities behind; but even this does not show why the best coal is always found in the Carboniferous rocks. The theory of natural distillation of

organic matter from bituminous shales was advanced by Prof. J. S. Newbery, in 1859, to account for the presence of petroleum in other rocks. He attributed the organic matter of the shales to sea-weed mainly, but also to animals. He gives Klamath Lake as an illustration, in which he thinks bituminous shales are now being formed, the organic matter in the lake being covered with silt from the rivers flowing into it. This theory was foreshadowed by earlier writers. Darwin in his Botanic Garden mentions it, and refers to localities in England where distillation had actually taken place.

After considering all known theories we are forced back to the original position, and must admit that we do not yet understand the genesis of coal.

While petroleum, maltha, and asphalt were early known, and frequent mention of them is met with in history, it is doubtful if the ancients were generally aware of the combustible nature of coal. Wood being plenty they did not require coal, even if they had some idea of its properties. They were familiar with amber and the diamond, but had no conception of their chemical composition.

Theophrastus, Diodorus Siculus, Flaccus, and St. Augustine, mention coal. Theophrastus, who died about 286 B. C., wrote in his history of stones as follows :

Certain stones there are about Tetras in Sicily, which is over against Lipara, which empty themselves in the same manner in the fire ; and on the promontory called Erineas there is a great quantity of stone like that found about Bena, which when burnt emits a bituminous smell, and leaves a matter resembling calcined earth. Those fossil substances that are called coals, and are broken for use, are earthy. They kindle, however, and burn like wood coals. These are found in Liguria, where there also is amber, and in Elis, in the way to Olympias over the mountains. These are used by the smiths. There is also found in the mines of Scaptesyllæ a stone in its external appearance somewhat resembling rotten wood, on which if oil is poured it burns ; but when the oil is burned away the burning of the stone ceases, as if it was in itself not liable to such accidents.

Pliny in his natural history describes anthracites found in Africa as a black schistose use-

ful in medicine, but no mention is made of its inflammability. Jet was called black amber, — *succinium nigrum*. When Roman traders told of the burning of amber for fuel by the natives on the shores of the Black Sea, it is supposed the material was a variety of lignite, and not amber as reported.

Coal was probably used in China as fuel long before it was known in the western world. About the middle of the thirteenth century a Venetian traveler and writer, Marcus Paulus Venetus, gives the following account :

Through the whole province of Cathay, black stones are dug out of the mountains, which being put in the fire burn like wood, and when kindled, continue to burn for a long time. . . . If lighted in the evening, they keep alive the whole night.

The ancient Britons made use of coal to a certain extent. Stone hammers have been found in coal croppings, and the name, — formerly "cole," — is of British origin. After the conquest the Romans began to use it, for coal cinders have been found in Roman walls, and Roman coins in beds of cinders. Ireland was probably colonized by a civilized people at a remote period, as evinced by the prehistoric round towers and other remains. Extensive coal workings and other mine openings are found, of which there is no history.

We are informed by historians that coal was burned as a fuel in the ninth century. Æneas Sylvius visited Britain about the fifteenth century, and in his writings may be found an account of poor people in Scotland

begging and receiving for alms pieces of stone which they took with content. They burned these stones instead of wood, of which the country is destitute.

In the year 1232 Henry III. granted license to dig coals for one hundred pounds per annum.

Boetius, a Scot, in a description of his native land written in the beginning of the sixteenth century, says, —

There are black stones digged out of the ground which are also very good for firing, and such is the

intolerable heat, that they resolve and melt iron, and therefore are very profitable for smiths and such artificers as deal with other metals.

But coal was not brought into general use until the reign of Charles the First in 1625.

Pettus, whose "*Fleta Minor*," a work on the assaying of metals, was published in 1683, mentions coal, but writes:—

They are not used in metallurgy. 'T is true many have attempted to chark [coke] them, and make cinders of them, to be used for metals when wood is scarce, but I have not yet heard of any certain success therein, though I wish it.

Lignites and brown coal are known to exist in greater or less quantities on the Pacific Coast from Cape Horn to the Arctic Ocean; but as far as known, no Carboniferous or true coal has yet been discovered. South American coals are lignites or brown coal of rather inferior quality, but at some localities are extensively mined and used. An inferior kind of coal was discovered many years ago in Patagonia near Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan. It was proposed at the time to equip a line of tow boats to assist vessels through the Straits, but the success of the enterprise was dependent on these coal fields, and as the plan was not carried out, we may infer the coal found to be deficient in quality, quantity, or both.

Coal mining in Chili has assumed great importance. The coal beds extend from Conception to the most southern limits of the republic. John Miers, in his "*Travels in Chili and La Plata*," 1826, wrote as follows:—

A sort of pitch coal is found in several places near Conception Harbor, which could be employed if it did not cost more to lay it down in Valparaiso than English coal, including freight.

The coal mines near Talcahuana were opened about 1841: the most extensive workings are near Lota and Coronel. The writer visited them in 1858; there was at that time one shaft twelve hundred feet deep sunk by an English company. Since that date attempts have been made with but partial success to smelt or matt the rich ores of copper formerly sent to England. The coal is Tertiary, and has all the faults and deficiencies

of lignite coal. While it is considered good for steaming and domestic purposes, it is unfit for metallurgical operations. The highest carbon obtained by analysis was 67.6 per cent,—some tests showed only forty per cent. It contains considerable pyrite, which unfits it for the manufacture of iron even if it had the other qualities of good coal. Notwithstanding this, it is a valuable and indispensable fuel at the locality, and without it steam navigation on the coast would be impossible, unless by the establishment of coaling stations supplied with imported coal.

Coal discoveries of minor importance have been made from time to time in Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador. With these exceptions mineral fuels are almost unknown from Chili to Mexico. Coal is found at several localities in the last mentioned country, but the deposits are not known to be of great importance. Some years since samples of anthracite which gave considerable promise were brought to San Francisco: they were from the Santa Clara Mine near the Yaqui River, and about one hundred and twenty miles east of Guaymas. This coal was said to be found in thick veins covering a wide area. It is difficult to ignite, but it is claimed that it can be burned without a blast, and has served a useful purpose at the locality. If this is so, it may supply a want and make the manufacture of iron possible.

Analysis :

Fixed Carbon.....	94
Ash.....	3
Water.....	1
	—
	98

According to recently published reports, beds of coal claimed to be extensive have been found in Eastern Arizona. A large bed is said to exist twenty-five to one hundred and forty miles northeast of Holbrook, Apache County. A writer in 1883 claims to have ridden for days over solid coal beds, yet as nothing has lately transpired, it is uncertain whether the discovery has the importance claimed for it.

Lignite of rather poor quality has been discovered in several localities in Nevada,

but no productive mines have been developed. The writer investigated the old workings near Verdi. He found the quality very inferior, rather more so than those of some in California; still in his opinion the deposits may in the future be turned to useful account, the scarcity of fuel making even this valuable. At Pancake Mountain, White Pine County, twenty-five miles from Eureka and fourteen miles from Hamilton, coal has been discovered in very small veins, but of superior quality. From the color, physical properties, and fossils found near by, there is reason to hope that this is true coal. The bed crops out on both sides of the mountain and lies in a bituminous shale that can be burned. It cokes fairly well, and produces an abundance of gas. The following is the result of an analysis made by the writer:—

Fixed Carbon.....	59.26		
Volatile Combustible			
Matter.....	22.34	Inflammable.....	81.60
Water.....	4.00		
Ash.....	14.40	Waste.....	18.40
	100.00		100.00
Coke, 73.6.			

The Coos Bay fields of Oregon have an area of several hundred square miles, extending from the mouth of the Umpqua, beyond the Coquille River south, and inland from the coast fifteen to twenty miles. The receipts from Coos Bay at San Francisco in 1887 were 17,100 tons. The coal is a lignite rather better than the Mount Diablo. The coal mines of Washington Territory are on Bellingham Bay near the line of British Columbia, and also near Seattle and Lake Washington. The coal at Bellingham Bay is of the lignite variety, rather better than the average. It occurs in a vein fourteen feet thick, but only part of the vein matter can be utilized. At Seattle there are several veins of the same general character, — better than any California coal, and very good for household purposes. A caking coal is found on Puyallup, White, and Cedar rivers. There are also the Carbon River mines about thirty-two miles north-east of Tacoma: as the coal is shipped from this port it is often called Tacoma coal, — the mines belong to the Pacific Improvement

Company, which runs a line of steam colliers to San Francisco.

There are three veins worked at Carbon Hill, one having a thickness of seventeen feet, one of six, and one of four feet. The coal was carefully examined by the writer, and a number of analyses made. It is a remarkably good coal for the Pacific Coast, having the very useful and convenient property of *caking*, after which a fairly good coke may be obtained by continuing the heat in close chambers.

On Skaget River, thirty miles from its mouth, are situated the coal mines of the Pacific Cumberland Coal and Iron Company. They claim to have 1520 acres of coal lands, and at least seven veins, varying in width from three to eight feet, and large deposits of good iron ore. The following is a published analysis of this coal:—

Fixed Carbon.....	68.30
Volatile Combustible Matter.....	19.38
Ash.....	11.85
Water.....	.47
	100.00

The receipts of coal from Washington Territory in 1887 were 466,281 tons.

The coals of British Columbia, — lignites of good quality, — have been largely mined and shipped. The exports to California last year amounted to 251,668 tons.

Lignites, some of fair quality, have been found at various points in Alaska, but no true coal is known. These burn fairly well and make a hot fire, but are too quickly consumed to be suitable for steamships if other fuels could be obtained; nor are any known that could be used in the manufacture of iron on a large or economical scale. Coal is found at Chugachik Bay, near the entrance of Cook's Inlet. The Russians used it many years ago for their steamers, but it burned out so quickly that it was found impossible to take on board sufficient for the passage. Twenty miles inland another cropping may be seen near Anchor Point. The vein is four or five feet thick. It burns like wood, makes a quick, hot fire, and a voluminous, white ash. At one locality oil is represented

as oozing from the ground. Captain Kimberly, a celebrated otter hunter, went to Unga Island ten or twelve years ago, in command of the schooner *California*, and brought down coal. This island lies in lat. 55 N., 160 W. long., and nearly joins the main land of the Alaskan peninsula. Captain S. L. Beckwith, who has hunted seal and wintered in the neighborhood, informed the writer that soon after taking out the coal slacks and crumbles. This is one of the properties of lignite. The coal is found on the north-northwest side of Coal Harbor, and crops out about fifty to seventy-five feet above tide water. A schooner load has been sent to San Francisco. There are rumors that Indians have brought down coal from Chignik Bay of better quality, and there is a cropping half way there.

An examination and assay of a sample of Unga Island coal resulted as follows:

Volatile Combustible Matter...	32.5
Fixed Carbon.....	39.5
Water.....	20.0
Ash.....	7.5
	<hr/>
	99.5

Coke, 47.25 per cent.

The coke is soft and pulverizes quite easily, is not very good, but could be used for some purposes. Coal Harbor on Unga Island is open nearly all the year.

Directly north of Unga Island on the Alaskan peninsula at Port Moller the same coal has been found. Cropping on a sand beach a vein five feet thick dips into the hill. The tide rises here from twenty to thirty feet, and the coal would have to be lightered for three or four miles, but a dock or pier could be built. Port Moller is a good harbor, generally open from June to November.

North of Cape Vancouver and about north by east from Nunivac Island, across the Etoilin Strait, coal occurs again in large croppings, which have never been worked. The landing is shallow, and the coal would have to be taken off in lighters.

Coal is found on the Arctic Sea north of Cape Lisburne, where the whale ships sometimes make use of it during the three or four

months in which ships can find shelter on the coast. Another locality in the straits is reported, at which point coal has been brought down from the interior by the Indians, who say there is plenty of it. The harbor, twenty miles distant from the mine, is quite a good one, in which ships can lie in safety during certain months of the year. The straits are free from ice from June to October.

Examination and analysis of a sample of lignite from Cape Lisburne have been made by the writer. The specimen was brought by Captain L. N. Herendeen, who obtained it from a vessel on board of which it was used as fuel.

Volatile Combustible Matter.....	29.00
Fixed Carbon.....	56.00
Water.....	4.00
Ash.....	11.00
	<hr/>
	100.00

Coke, 67 per cent.

It was rather soft but tolerably good, and would answer for some purposes, perhaps for iron smelting. The test for coke should be made on a larger scale. At Cape Lisburne there is no harbor, ships must lie at anchor and take the coal from lighters, for though there is practically no tide at this point, no wharf could be built that would stand the winter ice-drift. The landing could only be made during the summer period from the middle of July to the middle of October. No coal has ever been taken out except by whale ships.

The following are the known localities in California by counties:

Amador County. — The only one of any importance in this county is the Ione deposit. There are two openings, both near the town, one belonging to the railroad company and the other to a private corporation. These mines were discovered about 1870, and for a few years some lignite was extracted. In 1877, 3,458 tons were raised and used. An experiment was made by the Central Pacific Railroad to use it in locomotives, but after what was considered a fair trial its use was discontinued. Recently, however, the

company have again opened their mine and are taking out enough daily to run their trains to and from Galt, using this material wholly. While the fuel is not all that could be desired, it has been found possible to run the engines with it by using a blast. The two mines are raising large quantities, which is not only used in Ione and vicinity, but is shipped by the carload to Stockton, Sacramento, and even to San Francisco.

This fact is a stiking illustration of the straits we are sometimes driven to in our efforts to procure a cheap and available fuel. This coal — if this is a proper term — is yellowish-brown in color. It is always wet when taken from the mine, and falls to a powder if long exposed to the atmosphere. Samples analyzed by the writer were found to contain :

Fixed Carbon.....	10.6
Volatile Combustible Matter.....	30.0
Water.....	40.0
Ash.....	19.4
	<hr/>
	100.00

It will be seen that more than half is waste, — only 40.6 per cent can be utilized as fuel. Still under the circumstances, this is a valuable material, and if experiments could be made by drying and mixing with other fuels, better results might be obtained. As it is always used wet, the forty per cent of water more or less is a great detriment.

Mr. T. R. Muir, superintendent of the Sacramento and Ione Coal Company, informed the writer that 100,000 tons of coal had been extracted in four years, seventy tons having been raised in a single day. The width of the bed varies from 6 to 24 feet. It is overlaid by thick strata of clay of excellent quality mixed with pure white quartz sand, both of which are important and valuable minerals ; ten thousand tons of clay were shipped from Carbondale in 1887. Most of the coal is burned in Sacramento and Stockton, three car loads being sent to those cities daily for use at the water works, for breweries, and by the electric light companies.

Ionite contains much less water but makes

a larger ash ; it would seem to be a variety of Ione coal which has dried naturally without disintegration.

Butte County.—A vein of coal has lately been found near the Marysville Buttes. From newspaper descriptions it would seem to be a lignite not materially differing from that of Ione, but the deposit has not been developed.

Contra Costa County.—The Mount Diablo mines were opened in 1860, when 6,620 tons were taken out, and the yield increased gradually until 1874, when 206,255 tons were extracted. From that time the product diminished ; in 1887 only 7,500 tons were mined. The total yield from 1860 to 1884 inclusive was 2,570,461 tons.

This coal brought in San Francisco and elsewhere about five dollars per ton. While the Mount Diablo coal is perhaps the best yet found in any quantity in the State, it is really an inferior fuel. It was burned on specially constructed grates, and was largely used for making steam, but it contained sulphur, and was otherwise objectionable.

Still it satisfied an important want and served a useful purpose. The best Mount Diablo coal has about the following composition :

Fixed Carbon.....	46.48
Volatile Combustible Matter.....	33.89
Water.	14.69
Ash.....	4.58
	<hr/>
	99.64

Fresno County.—Within the last year some prospecting for coal has been done in this county. A deposit of importance has been reported, said to resemble Seattle coal, and the indications are considered favorable for further developments. A sample from Panoche Pass was found by analysis to contain 63 per cent of available fuel.

Humboldt County.—Lignite of fair quality has been sent to San Francisco, but with no certain information as to quantity. Emanations of natural gas have long been observed there.

Kern County.—A sample of lignite from Tejon Pass was examined by the writer, and

found to contain 79.46 per cent of available fuel.

Lake County.—Bituminous shales and indications of lignite have been found near Calistoga, and lignite was recently discovered on Cache Creek, but there have been no developments of importance. Bituminous shales and natural gas are reported near Kelseyville.

Los Angeles County.—Indications of coal have been found a few miles from Fulton's Wells, and in Santa Ana Cañon. A sample of the product of the Santa Clara coal mine, twenty miles east of Santa Ana, contained 79.40 per cent of available fuel.

Mendocino County.—A bed of brown coal is reported on the middle fork of Eel River, which is said to be of good quality, but being difficult of access it has not been developed. A sample from Willit's cakes and cokes, and if the specimen examined was genuine, resembles the Carbon Hill coal. The following is the analysis.

Fixed Carbon	41.75
Hydrocarbons and Water	19.00
Ash.....	39.25
	<hr/>
	100.00

Mono County.—A thin seam of lignite is reported twenty-five miles from the town of Bodie, which is said to burn well and give out much heat.

Modoc County.—A vein of lignite has been found on Soldier's Creek, which is said to burn in a blacksmith's forge.

Monterey County.—A vein of coal has been discovered in this county that gives considerable promise. It is situated near Carmello Bay. Samples examined by the writer gave the following results: Streak, dark brown, cokes tolerably well; fixed carbon, 50.3; volatile combustible matter, 40; water, 6; ash, 3.7. These results are remarkably good; better than Mount Diablo or Seattle.

Placer County.—Years ago lignite, clay, and quartz sand were found in Placer County, near Lincoln. An attempt was made to utilize this find, but the results were so discouraging that the mines were abandoned, although the clay has been very extensively

worked. Some time after, another trial was made, and as many as twenty-five men were employed in taking out coal, which was used in the hotels and flouring mills as fuel, very much as Ione coal is now used in Amador county; but neither the material nor the results were satisfactory, and the coal mines for which so much was claimed were again abandoned. The day will come when this fuel, inferior though it be, will be turned to account.

San Benito County.—Some years ago the writer visited a coal deposit in this county that gave promise of prospective value; it lies in township 19 south, and range 11 east, Mount Diablo base and meridian. Three separate and parallel veins crop in a ravine, and while the development was nothing, the outlook was considered favorable. The veins were wholly filled with an earthy lignite, and seams of black and shining coal four inches thick. This by analysis proved to be a good quality of lignite, as follows: Fixed carbon, 52.2; volatile combustible matter, 28.3; or, 80.5 per cent of available fuel and 19.5 waste. Fossils found in place at the locality showed the rocks to be tertiary, which is the case at the Mount Diablo mines. Another sample of San Benito coal, from an uncertain locality, showed 61.15 per cent of available carbon.

San Bernardino County.—Coal and shale that will burn are reported seventeen miles from Riverside. At fifty feet in depth the vein was from twelve to sixteen inches in thickness. It was thought it would serve for smelting ores, but this is probably a mistake. A sample from a five-foot vein—so reported—was found by assay to contain sixty per cent of combustible matter and forty of waste. A sample from Cajon Pass gave 74.20 per cent of available fuel.

San Diego County.—The McIntosh and Chaney mine at or near Pinacate has been opened by tunnel 246 feet. The vein at that point is said to be seven feet thick in solid coal. It resembles in composition Mount Diablo and Coos Bay coals, the best selected samples showing the presence of from 60 to 87 per cent of fuel. The general outlook is

said to be good. At Elsinore, not far distant, brown coal of fair quality and bituminous shale are found with good clay. These deposits are likely to prove of value. Coal was known to exist near the town of San Diego in very early times, but neither quality nor quantity have been determined. There is a large area of Carboniferous rocks in this county.

Shasta County.—This is one of the few counties in the State in which Carboniferous rocks are known to exist. Any indications of coal here should be carefully examined and studied. Promising indications are said to exist, but accounts are conflicting.

San Luis Obispo County.—A recent discovery of coal has been made in the mountain range about 23 miles east of San Miguel, near the boundary of Monterey County. The croppings lie in Slack's Cañon. A late newspaper article states that four hundred tons of coal have been taken out, and that analysis shows it to resemble Seattle, but no information has been gained upon which calculation can be based.

Solano County.—At American Cañon in this county indications of coal have been discovered.

Sonoma County.—A deposit of coal and clay is reported near Fisk's Mill, but no development has been made.

There are indications found in other counties of the State, none of which, however, give more than a promise. In Inyo, San Diego, and Shasta counties Carboniferous rocks are known to exist, but no systematic survey or even careful prospecting for coal has been encouraged, although the importance of such a search is admitted.

After this showing — the best we are able to make — we are the more ready to admit that without the discovery of true coal — possible but unfortunately improbable — we have but little to hope for from our own State, and that we must for the present, at least, look to some other source for our fuel supply.

Some idea of the amount of fossil fuel required by the State of California may be gained by examining the following figures

quoted from the annual Journal of Commerce published in San Francisco :

Foreign coal received at San Francisco, 1887, tons :			
British Columbia.....	251,668		
English.....	108,168		
Australia.....	159,602		
Other countries.....	7—	519,445	
Foreign coal at San Diego.....		69,996	
Eastern coal at San Francisco :			
Cumberland.....	26,675		
Anthracite..	1,901—	28,576	
Pacific Coast coal, United States :			
Seattle.....	245,684		
Tacoma.....	220,597		
Coos Bay..	17,100—	483,381	
California coals :			
Mount Diablo.....	7,500		
Ione.....	25,000—	32,500	
Coke.....		22,657	
			1,156,555

This is 3,168 tons for every day in the year. The coal imported into California from January 1 to April 1, 1888, was 254,797 tons : about 2,800 tons daily.

We are accustomed to consider the coal fields of the world of such great extent as to be practically inexhaustible, but when a calculation is made the area will be found to be really small. The total area of the coal fields of Europe and America is :

Europe.....	8,964 square miles
America :	
British Possessions..	7,530
United States.....	196,939
	204,469
	213,433 square miles

about twice the area of California.

Borneo has coal fields ; Australia is also well supplied ; there are extensive beds in New South Wales and Queensland. The coals of New Zealand are of the lignite variety, of Cretaceous or Jurassic age.

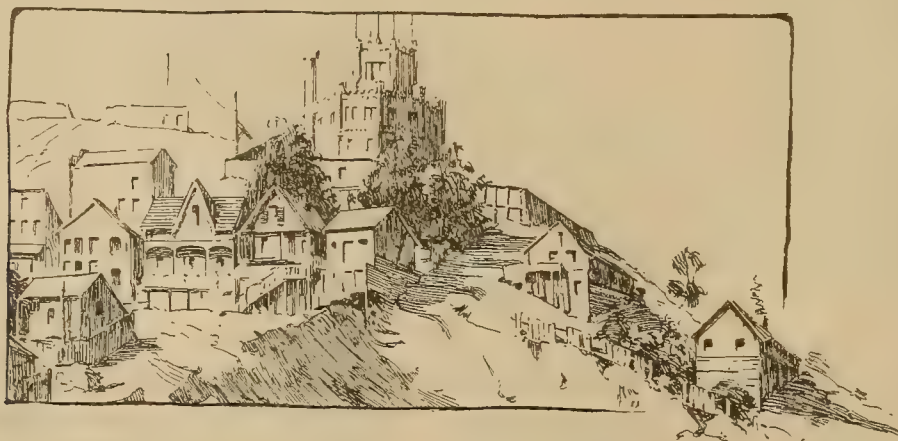
3,168 tons of coal are now required for daily use in California. To devise means to economize our imported and utilize our domestic fuels is a matter for serious consideration. It seems impossible in our present condition to compete in manufactures on a large scale. This makes it the more important that we should work our other mines, in

which no country can excel us. Those who discourage mining in California make a great mistake.

Having enumerated the difficulties of obtaining cheap and suitable fuel in California, it may be expected that some remedy will be suggested or a substitute named by which fuel may be economized, if it cannot be largely produced in the State. It is the opinion of the writer that every source of heat should be utilized, all inferior fuels be used for making steam and gas, — petroleum, asphaltum, maltha, lignite, Ionite, and even bituminous shale, would serve this purpose. The better quality of Coast coal and all imported coal except anthracite should be used for manufacturing alone or be coked, saving at the same time the gas which is generally wasted. Prospecting for coal and natural gas should be encouraged. Wind power and the water power of the State should also be utilized for manufacturing purposes, and the sun's heat for making salt and borax. Still further to economize fuel, companies should be organized in all large cities to furnish power, gas, and steam by shafting and pipes laid in the principal streets. By buying close or importing largely, these companies could furnish power or heat cheaper than would be possible for individuals. Fortunately, the climate of our favored California is such that fuel for warming purposes is not so essential as in the Eastern or Central States. Cheap mineral fuel in our cities and wood in the country would supply

this want. The companies already established could make two qualities of gas, one as now for illumination, and another, inferior for that purpose but cheaper, for daylight use in small manufactories, and for domestic purposes. Ionite, refuse petroleum, asphaltum, and bituminous shale, could be used for this purpose also. Two gasometers might be necessary; one for day-time and one for night. If the price of daylight gas was put down as low as possible, it would stimulate its use for cooking and small manufacturing. The same system of mains and pipes could be used; from broad daylight until say four o'clock the inferior gas could be turned on. The revenue to the company would probably be increased by adopting this plan. There would be no coke of good quality to sell from the daylight manufacture, but the residues could be used with other fuels for making steam, and the ammonia and coal tar would still have some value. This plan might necessitate the use of more meters, but the difficulty could easily be overcome. This system, with a supply of steam and power by other companies, would insure the greatest economy, and would make competitive manufacturing in Californian cities possible. Manufactures in the country could take care of themselves with wind and water power, and wood for fuel. Having economized the use of fuel, better coals would be cheaper, when perhaps the manufacture of iron on a large scale might be undertaken with a fair expectation of success.

Henry G. Hanks.



LA GENARA.

III.

THE next night Doña Genara danced again to an even more enthusiastic house ; and again Reel Turner made an attempt to see her at the stage-door. Just as on the previous occasion when Tom Watts had missed him, and while the *encore* was vociferously sounding, he rushed from the theater.

A dull glow suspended in air pointed out the spot where a hack, itself invisible, was standing. A new idea had hardly darted into his head, when his impetuous youth came to a dead stop against a human body a good deal more stolid than his own. "Hal-lo !" growled a deep voice, "did something hit me ?"

Reel pulled himself together somehow, got his breath, and said with his usual frankness, "You're the better man of the two, partner, whoever you are, — I was looking for the hack-driver."

"You've found him," the man remarked dryly. "I thought you was a feather a-flying." Physical superiority was evidently a source of deep pleasure to this Jehu.

Turner pretended not to know for whom the vehicle was waiting. "Which way are you bound ?" he asked.

"Out Broadway a turn or two."

"Good ; just my direction. You'll give me a lift ?"

"I don't know about that. Me and this perambulatory concern are hired — O well ; climb on, climb on. It can't do no harm."

Reel did not dally with this invitation. Lying along the driver's seat with his face toward the theater lights, his eyes hastened to use themselves to the darkness. How simple it was, after all, for one whom the gods of chance favored to find out La Genara's retreat. And her retreat known, what might not follow ?

A side door of the building opened. There

was a rush and flutter. A light, small figure had bounded into the carriage. The tall shape known to fame, and suspected of heaven knows what, followed.

But just before the occupants of the hack were shut in, those sharp ears above caught words that set the romantic tinder in their owner ablaze. A harsh voice commanded silence in the Spanish tongue. The driver was on his seat. The wheels rolled hollowly over a strip of planked street, alternately to splash through standing puddles, and to muffle themselves in thick mud.

Secure of running his quarry to earth, Turner was yet impetuously anxious to approach the subject most inviting to his imagination. Who and what was La Doña Genara ? Why had that soft, deep sigh been uttered, — and in unmistakable English ? The words he had caught were these : "Another ordeal over !"

Reel tried the driver with a question very distantly connected with the object he had in view. His attempt received a decided rebuff. The driver emerged from his great-coat collar to remark with gruff familiarity :

"I ain't a sucking in storms this season, skeesicks. The bigger a fellow's lungs, the more bad weather he can take into 'em."

And down went his mouth and nose into his beaver again.

Condemned to silence, Turner's anticipations flew high. Their roundabout course rather kept curiosity alive than awakened any anxiety. Suddenly, without word or signal from within the coach, the driver drew up and flung himself down to the ground. Reel peered curiously around. His eyes, although accustomed now to the rainy darkness, could discover no sign of any habitation.

Yet the occupants of the carriage had alighted, and a muffled voice was saying in English, "Not tomorrow night."

"Thankee," said the driver ; probably to an accompanying clink of currency.

He whipped up to his seat, whirled his team about with the celerity of one familiar with the spot, and was driving rapidly away before Reel could collect his thoughts. He stared backward. La Genara and her companion had disappeared as utterly as if dropped into an adjacent pond, or buried in those heaps of sand dimly made out.

His impatience of defeat forced him to inquiry.

"Who are those ladies?"

"Youngster," the driver answered, refusing even to un-muffle his mouth for the purpose, "Whether they 're both ladies may or may not be a question. You probably know more about 'em this minute than I do. Did you think I did n't see you a-bolting out of the theayter?"

"Come, don't be a confounded old grizzly. You'll tell me where they're going?"

"Of course I will. It may do you good?"

Turner's spirit took fire with expectation.

"They're going—about their business; I'm going about mine; and your're—"

"Good night," laughed Reel, "A hit is a hit. Till next we meet." And he was preparing to alight by way of the whirling wheel.

"Don't break your neck, boy," grumbled the driver, slowing down, "for a dancer. Suicides are too common. She would n't think any more of you dead than living. It's six of one and half-a-dozen of t' other."

Then he came out of his shell a bit.

"If a man's paid to keep his mouth shut,—well, that's me. I pick my fares up, and let 'em down in the same identical spot. That's all I ought to know."

"Thank you," said Reel politely. But whether for his ride or for a flash of illumination inseparable from the driver's admissions, scant as they were, he did not specify.

When next the fair incognita alighted from her carriage at the foot of yonder sand-heap, why should not Reel Turner be quietly on hand, safely shrouded in the darkness? To make sure of his ground, he resolved to look over it by daylight.

IV.

LIFE compounded of many crude elements was in full swing at Starr's when Reel bolted in after his unsuccessful drive. The first person he ran against was Tom Watts. The friends laughed into each others' eyes as they grasped hands.

"He's not here," said Tom.

The next evening, going early, they were more fortunate. Nor were these two the only persons who had traced La Genara's spokesman to his haunts. Quite a number of the Jenny Lind's frequenters were among the ever enlarging group, of which "Lou the Warbler" was the center.

He had sung a half dozen ballads, perhaps, when a player cried out from a table near by, "I say, Lou, give us Old Dog Tray. I've just doubled my stakes."

The man's opponent profanely objected; said in straightforward language he would go to the bottomless pit if it was fair to steal luck in that way. A wrangle of words ensued, during which it became apparent that though "Lou the Warbler" had never been known directly to win a game of chance worth the winning, he was somehow associated with every victory achieved in Starr's this two years past.

Lou took no part in the colloquy except to laugh in a rollicking way, and without waiting for the gamblers to settle the point, he turned to their table with, "I bet on Burke, boys," Burke being the name of the man who had accosted him.

He then tuned his silver-mounted banjo, thrummed a lively accompaniment, and let his voice ring out above the various noises of the crowd.

"Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away.
I'll never, never find,
More suited to my mind,
A better friend than old dog Tray."

As this chorus, given with racy abandon, repeated in a fine falsetto with strange, indescribable pathos, ended for the last time, something was dropped glittering over the singer's shoulder. It fell rattling along the

banjo — a fifty dollar gold piece, or slug, familiar enough in those old days.

"Hallo Burke," laughed Lou, "is that my half of the winnings?" And he rose with a "Come on, boys!" to treat all hands.

Now it was a matter of fact that two persons standing by were busy planning how to get a word with him alone. Neither Turner nor Watts could doubt Lou's business association with La Genara, for that lady's acceptance of the benefit had duly appeared in the *Herald* and *Alta*.

Suddenly both men heard the subject so interesting to them openly broached.

"I say, Lou," — it was Starr himself who spoke, in the most genial and confidential fashion, — "the boys here" — indicating no one in particular — "want you to give 'em some pointers as to the little dancer, La Genara, you know. Is she her own woman or somebody's half? Come, open your box."

A strange flush appeared around Lou's bold blue eyes. A shadow of something like wincing or faltering passed over his countenance. Then he collected himself, laughing in a rich and richer way.

"It's a secret," he began, "but I foresee I sha'n't have any peace until I give curiosity something to feed on. Boys, it's no go there."

Then, while every one hung on his words, he tossed off the remainder of his glass. Was it to gain time? If so, he showed no further hesitation.

"La Genara is pretty much married."

"There's that old *diablo* comes with her to the theater; — married to him?"

"Married to a woman!" echoed Lou, his eyes fairly starting from his head with a peculiarly knowing delight.

A chorus of contradictory ejaculations arose.

"See here," said Tom Watts, making his deep chest growl audible above other voices, "it takes a heap more 'n a petticoat to make a woman. I've heard tell La Genara's watchdog is a regular buccaro" — Watts meant vaquero — "in disguise."

"Or a 'dobe Don," suggested "Shorty," Starr's assistant behind the bar.

"Do they say that?" shouted Lou, who had every appearance of hearing these rumors for the first time. "Do they?" Then bringing his fist down upon the shoulder of the man who repeated them. "By Jove! I had no idea any guess came so near the truth."

"Which is it then, don or greaser?" asked Turner. He had been studying Lou's manner with considerable shrewdness.

Quick as a flash, as if recognizing a questioner worth quieting, Lou, by one level beam of his speaking eyes, imparted the existence of a secret not to be shared with the vulgar horde. Reel replied by a look of answering intelligence, and contented himself with remaining a critical listener while Lou went on.

"Greaser or don, I'm not going to tell secrets out of school. But the fellow has a legal claim on her that can't be questioned. And what's more, the poor little wretch does n't dare call a dollar of what she earns her own."

A growl of rage might be interpreted as sympathy for La Genara's unhappy condition. Inquiries continued briskly.

"How old is the little critter, Lou?"

"Seventeen; not a day more." A second growl.

"And the old coyote?"

"Oh, perhaps fifty, perhaps more."

"The miserable cuss! to marry a child like that."

"Come," from Starr, with an air of wanting to know more than appeared on the surface, "how is it you are so well acquainted with these queer fish that you can answer for 'em, as the boys tell me you did night before last at the 'Jenny Lind'?"

"Well, you see," returned Lou, with the easiest manner in the world, "there's a long story back of it. The old don came up in a sailing vessel from Valparaiso. He was running away from the brother of a big official whom he had killed down there in a duel. This girl was the cause. Somehow he persuaded her to marry him. Beggared old Castiliano! he thought he could start all right in a new country. Lost his treasure chest overboard as he was embarking, but

imagined he could live here on his pride and pedigree. Had a fortnight of it, — 't was no go."

Cries of "You bet," "No pride or pedigree about us," "Nuggets is the music."

"Gets on his last legs. Comes to me. I said, 'See here! your wife dances like an angel.'" "Now you're talking,"—from Tom Watts.

"Well, the old don was as mad as a trapped grizzly at first. But he came down to it. I went to the Jenny Lind, and made terms for 'em. Durcan will tell you I was the principal in the affair."

"Durcan's as close as a crab."

"But at last it was arranged. The little woman was always to go masked, and Durcan was to do everything he could to preserve her incog. So, you see, after doing so much for 'em, when that old fool declined a benefit, I just naturally bristled up."

"Naturally."

"I announced the benefit, and then went off to rake the don over."

"Tell us where he lives. Just whisper the address out loud accidentally. We'll give him a coat not made at the tailor's."

"I brought him up with a round turn. If *La Genara's* salary is acceptable, why, a bucketful of money would be worth catching in a single night; eh, boys?"

Exaggerated comments upon Lou's story and *La Genara's* situation showed that whatever young Turner might choose secretly to doubt, other listeners were not troubled with internal queries.

Several toasts were now in order. A big house to Doña Genara, who had been announced not to appear again until her benefit; confusion and a quietus to old Don Coyote (as he had been hastily dubbed),—the miserable sneak with a dog's hide and a wolf's heart.

In fact, the more toasts were drunk, the more subject matter for other toasts was evolved.

Reel presently turned his back on the wassail and stood at Starr's door, looking forth into the irregular street, the lonesomer to him for its strange hurry of many men.

It was Friday night, and well he knew how at this very hour a pair of tender blue eyes were wandering toward a certain doorway. How blank it must seem with only old Wormser sitting there buttoned to the chin.

Yet Reel's mind had been fully made up. Why should he seek Della Hathspey's society on two set evenings of the week, only to suffer tortures of longing for her on the remaining five evenings? Let him play the man and forget her. Whether or not his jealous guess about Philpont were true, Mrs. Hathspey certainly did not care about cultivating his acquaintance, except at the dancing-school, where—to follow his angry thought—he paid his two and a half at the door. His blood tingled. Who were the Hathspeys anyway? A Turner of Kentucky might better associate with miners, mechanics, ballet dancers, anybody, on terms of patronage and good-humored fellowship, than with the Hathspeys on terms of equality. And would the Hathspeys be content with less?

Still, with the society he decided better for him right at hand, Reel stood melancholy until a sudden impatience seized him.

He had barely swung out on his long stilts of legs, meaning to walk anywhere to walk off his nervousness, when a gay voice called after him, "O, I say, Judge."

Reel had excited the reckless application of this honorable title by his frequent reference to his father.

It was "Lou the Warbler" who had dashed out of Starr's after him, and now linking an arm familiarly through his, kept along with him, indifferent as to direction.

"Look here," began Lou in a challenging tone, "what made you stare at me as if you did n't believe a word I was saying about—"

"Come, honest now," interrupted Reel, entertained for the moment, "what was your object in stuffing the boys?"

"My object," repeated Lou, lowering his voice confidentially, "was to scare 'em off."

"Then *La Genara* is n't married?"

"You're the devil for probing a fellow! Well, then, no; but she's marked 'hands off.'"

"Who did the marking?"

"I did, by ——!" with an oath.

In a flash all Lou's social amiability disappeared. He stood revealed, hard, brutal, selfish.

"I don't think your dodge will work."

"Explain yourself, Bluegrass."

"From all I've seen of California boys, they would n't hesitate to call on Judge Lynch to pronounce a decree of divorce if they think a pretty little woman is being abused."

Instead of flaring up again as Turner expected, Lou gave a harsh half-laugh.

"If there's anything of that sort, the fun will be rare, I promise you. I'd like to see the fellow's faces when they discover how I've fooled 'em."

Reel did not follow up the subject. His mind, whose inner core had been concerned with other matters, was suddenly afire. While he was wandering aimlessly about in companionship that had already disgusted him, the evening was waxing late at Mrs. Hathspey's, and without him. Ah, what a fool he was to cut himself off from an elysium, no matter how brief. What worse than a fool to leave the field to maudlin old Philpont, if indeed there were a shadow of reason in his jealous theory connecting that person with Della's future. A likelihood that at that very moment — why not? — the Honorable John was leading Della into a quadrille; in other words, was preparing to enjoy ten undiverted minutes of her sweet society, maddened him.

He broke in upon some story of Lou's by coming to a dead halt, and saying in a tragic tone, "Really, you'll have to excuse me. I have an engagement."

"Count me in for anything, old fellow," was Lou's imperturbable answer.

Reel walked on, but not in the direction of Mrs. Hathspey's. His secret convictions in regard to his recent associations were expressed in his behavior now. He shrank with horror from presenting "Lou the Warbler" at the dancing school.

Lou went on with a long story concerning his reputed power of bringing luck to whichever side he favored in games of chance. Suddenly finding his companion silent and

their course indefinite, he started up with, "I say, thought you were going somewhere?"

"I've decided it's too late," said Reel curtly, with a sinking of the heart. Four days now before the chance he had deliberately thrown away of seeing Della would be offered him again!

"O, well," retorted Lou, "then let us do something. This is getting monotonous. What d'ye say to Starr's again?"

Reel submitted. But Starr's was quite a distance away. Lou insisted on drinking at every bar *en route*. It was eleven o'clock, lacking ten minutes, when they reentered the familiar haunt.

An even larger crowd than before filled it. A crowd whose nucleus was a small table, two men, a bottle, and a deck of cards.

"The closest game I ever saw," said a looker-on, when Lou asked for explanation of the excitement.

"Who's playing?"

"Burke and Watson."

"They've been at it ever since, eh?"

"I don't know about that, I've just come in. But every time Watson gets ten games, Burke puts a cipher to the stake, and wins. The only time he does win. I've got a bet of a hundred to ten on him now. It'll be decided this game. — Eh? how are they going?"

Lou's presence became known to the men at the table. Both began calling for him. Bids were lively for his favor.

"Wait, boys," he cried, "Another pull at the bottle first, for inspiration, you know."

Reel was looking at him as he spoke. The fellow seemed none the worse for the liquor already made way with, though he was flushed and excited.

"Fill up, Kentucky!" he cried, lifting a bumper to his lips. Then as if secretly aware how Reel longed to be rid of him, he locked an arm through his and drew him forcibly to the gaming table.

Suddenly a strange thing was happening. Reel felt his companion stagger, and without further warning that detaining arm was slipping from his, and Lou was falling heavily against him, a senseless heap.

"What ails him?" he asked, bewildered. "Is it a stroke of some sort?"

Starr bustled up and eyed Lou, dropped to the floor in a place cleared for him.

"Yes, he's been struck," said Starr.

"How? What d'ye mean?"

"John Barleycorn," explained Starr laconically. "Here, Shorty,"—to his assistant,— "help me stow him away in a corner. 'T ain't the first time he's slept in the sawdust."

Then answering Turner's continuing look of astonishment, "He's always like this. It's the last glass fetches him as sudden as if you hit him under the ear,—and you never know which is the last glass. He'll be as straight as a string until he goes down. There's no easy stages about Lou."

Reel did not stay to wonder. He was sure it was too late to try to see Della, yet now that he was free he could not help flying as if on wings. As he turned up Washington Street, his heart beat loud. He was eager, and yet apprehensive. What might not have happened in these three days,—ages,—since he and Della were cosily chasseezing together to the music of Old Fritz's fiddle? He had left her almost rudely. Would she be changed,—angry?

His haste brought him quickly within range of familiar sounds. That sharply accented down stroke seemed a note from Paradise. It drew his feet on still more swiftly. He bounded up-stairs, and devoured the well-known scene with a sweep of gray eyes all afire.

Old Wormser and his buttons at the entrance; the white stretch of the canvased floor; the rhythmical stir of couples weaving in and out,—how familiar it all was. And Mrs. Hathspey, in her trailing black silk with stomacher of yellow lace, might have been sailing about just so calmly during all his fevered absence! Now Mrs. Hathspey, never hurrying a step, yet avoiding the dancers, was coming to greet him.

"I was afraid we were not to see you this evening, Reel," she murmured, her falcon eyes softening to doves' eyes, and so resting upon him. Her lips smiled; but Reel was

sure he saw with quickened senses new traces of suffering.

Instead of giving her his hand, he could have gone down upon his knees to her, and burying his pale, bright face in her dress, could have wept his soul free from all stain. Her very atmosphere, the essence of maternal oalm and power, was an inspiration. The boy's bent was strong toward goodness and cleanliness of life.

"And we wanted very particularly to have a little talk with you tonight."

We? Reel had looked for Della already. He could not help glancing about eagerly.

When did Mrs. Hathspey fail to understand a turn of the head? "Della is entertaining some new people. Such a strange set, Reel,"—a bit of fun twinkling in her kind eyes. "The biggest-bearded man of them all more diffident than you ever were. She could not get them to make a motion in here, so she has taken them away into the dressing room and is coaxing them through their first steps there. But she has worked long enough, poor child. Fritz is going to play an Esmeralda next. Would you like an Esmeralda?"

They had been walking toward the dressing room as they spoke. Mrs. Hathspey peeped in first, then brimming with merriment—for she could still be merry at odd moments—beckoned Reel.

"*One, two, three; one, two, three,*" they heard Della's voice counting. "*One, two, three; one, two, three.*"

The signal for a strange approach. As the numbers fell pearl by pearl from her rosy lips, five gaunt masculine figures came forward from their range along the wall to meet her, they hobbling painfully, she with the airiest waltz steps imaginable.

"*One, two, three; one, two, three.* Don't turn in your toes, Mr. Barr."

How gently serious she was! No covert smile when two of the five forgot which foot to start with on *one*, or at the ridiculous hitch which was the best any man could do at *three*. How encouragingly she looked up into their hot, uncomfortable faces, her own rosed with exercise and interest.

"Get her away,—do!" whispered poor Reel, flinging himself nervously about. "I can't bear to see it."

Mrs. Hathspey humored him. "Della, here is Mr. Turner. He wants the next number with you."

"Yes, mamma," — very dutifully. Yet why that dazzling flush.

"Go away, then, dear; I will take care of these gentlemen."

And Mrs. Hathspey beamed benignantly upon the awkward five, fiercely mopping their moist brows.

"Worse 'n trampin' up a mountain trail, ma'am," said one, "with fifty pounds of flour on the broad of your back."

But Della and Reel had gone into the hall and were alone together once again as two persons may be, be there never such a crowd.

"How late you are," she whispered, revealing her innermost heart in one eloquent look.

"You see I meant never, never to come again, Della."

She did not speak her grieved astonishment. She need not.

"I suffer so much, Della, at not being allowed to see you, that I thought it would be easier to break off entirely — forever. But I could n't do it."

The music had sprung up gayly, and instinctively obeying its behests, these two went down the room in a dream of rhythmic steps. When a question occurred to Reel, he did not imagine how imperiously he put it.

"What is your mother going to say to me?"

Della was silent.

"Prepare me. Is it something good or bad?"

They began to walk on the utmost rim of the wheeling dancers. Della's red lips moved in changing curves, pathetic as a child's.

"O Della, don't think me angry. Only I am so anxious. You certainly know what your mother has in her mind."

The girl's expression became quite piteous.

"Ah, Reel, you will never ask me to betray my mamma's confidences."

Then, although she had modulated all

self assertion out of these words, she must add, lifting her flower-like eyes to his, "Will you?"

Reel's tenderness, his blood, his breeding, would not let him answer unchivalrously. But Della had not lightened a certain heaviness of foreboding.

He waited impatiently for Mrs. Hathspey's communication. She did not approach him again until just before the last dance.

"It is to be a Virginia reel," she said. He understood and gave her his arm. They took the "heads," facing one another from opposite sides of the room.

The expected word came at their first "down the center" together.

"My boy, you must be prepared for a little shock."

"O, I knew your news would be as bad as bad can be."

"Della and I are going to leave San Francisco."

"For good?"

"We are going to leave the West altogether."

Reel turned quite sick and faint. He thought it cruel of chance that his heart must throb with pain while his feet went on ever so gayly.

"Can't you be a little easy on a poor, homeless boy? You have called me that yourself, and have seemed to care."

How could Mrs. Hathspey answer? The "balancez" had ended. And now so many forwardings and back, so many swingings of opposite lady with right hand, left hand, both hands.

Reel's despairing mood had changed before the "*dos-á-dos*" was over, and another "down the center" gave them brief speech again.

"Mrs. Hathspey, I will follow you, wherever you go."

"So will the circumstances separating you and Della."

"Circumstances, ah!"

"Hush, not so loud. You are attracting attention. You shall see Della once before we leave."

"Where?" — eagerly.

"I will invite you to be with us a little while under the roof which I thought would shelter my old age," — a stormy tremor here in her suppressed tones.

Fritz's voice, diabolically distinct, "Swing partners with right hand, vis-a-vis with left," and so on in infinite repetition. Yet the fiddler talked out every step with unflagging gayety.

The dance was over, the last dance the Hathspeys were ever to conduct in that cheery little hall. Perhaps Reel alone knew the truth, and he was too desperate for any sentimental elaboration of the crushing fact. Della was to be taken away from him forever. The lines of inflexible resolve into which Mrs. Hathspey's countenance settled when she was neither laughing nor talking turned his heart quite cold.

Fritz's fiddle and the accompanying piano perfunctorily hinted at a strain of Home, Sweet Home. The people were all going.

Reel led Mrs. Hathspey nervously aside.

She said, "I have only a moment. I must see my guests away. They and I may never meet again in this world, — not that I mean

to tell them of my intentions, though! — You shall see Della. I will send you a line inviting you. But remember, we are to have no scene. My daughter's mind must not be torn. I won't have it. There has been misery enough already, God knows. Be brave, and help her to be brave. Come, you will give me your word of honor?"

Reel hesitated long enough to read that stern glance with his, so piteous. He bowed assent then. He could not speak.

Mrs. Hathspey swept away. He stood stony, looking into the blank which life had suddenly become. Something flashed upon his consciousness. It was the fold of a dress, blue as Della's eyes. Della herself had ventured timidly near to say good-night. Her sweet face was all drawn and quivering. Her little ungloved hand, trembling forth, stirred Reel to something like longing again. He took the soft palm between both his own. He struggled hard to find a few strangely sounding words:

"I shall do something terrible, Della."

"When you hear all, you will say there is nothing to be done."

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AT NIGHT.

AT set of sun we felt the breath of night
 Come with the salty seaweed up the bay,
 We heard the curlews calling, far away,
 We saw long lines of foam, and watched the flight
 Of glittering gulls, and trailing snowy white,
 The shrouded crane flew inland; dim and gray
 The crags rose, as the sun sank with the day,
 And like a horn the moon hung o'er the height,
 Steeped in her mists, and haloed in her light,
 Blurred like a face in oils, or like some dye,
 Her beauty stained the canvas of the sky.
 The winds turned seaward, and the stars were bright,
 And when the tide went out,—as tides must do,—
 Our hearts went with it, and we thought of you.

Allan Simpson Botsford.

HER VOCATION.

DOCTOR AGNES YALE had now been two years in Japan, and her prosperity in both worldly and spiritual matters had been noteworthy.

Those who envied her said that her success was due to the fact that Mrs. Sanford had taken her up. No doubt there was some truth in this remark, for Mrs. Sanford was an extremely rich American lady, who had happened to be a passenger from San Francisco in the same steamer with the Yankee girl doctor, and there were reasons why she had become interested in her then. A few weeks after their arrival in Yokohama Mrs. Sanford had been severely ill, and she had insisted that Doctor Yale should be her only attending physician. This circumstance had directly surrounded Miss Yale with a prestige, the value of which she herself hardly appreciated.

"You are really very ill," she had said to her patient in the beginning, "but it is not a dangerous illness, I think, and makes towards health if you have a good nurse. It is humiliating to me to know how little a person needs medicine."

"Now, first of all, let me tell you, you are not to talk like that!" exclaimed Mrs. Sanford, her feeble voice still melodiously imperative. "You need not go out of your way to be honest. If I get well, as I shall, since you say so, you may be sure I shall vehemently ascribe my recovery to your treatment. You will see you will soon have all you can do."

The prophecy came true. Doctor Yale's practice, among English and American ladies particularly, began so that she knew she was in danger of losing sight of her main purpose in coming to this place. That purpose was to doctor the Japanese women, and at the same time use every opportunity to inculcate the Christian religion. She had become a physician that she might the better be a missionary. With prayers and tears and anguish

of heart she had in her school days made the vow that had brought her half around the world. And now at the very outset this temptation toward worldly prosperity assailed her.

Mrs. Sanford, a graceful, warm-hearted widow, a woman of the world, formed no small part of that temptation.

"This useful popularity is a providential sign," she said, "that you should remain here and accumulate a trifle of money and experience before you begin your life-work." Then suddenly dropping her serious tone, "Now, Doctor Yale, don't be unnecessarily conscientious. There is no absolute sin in your being comfortable."

Agnes Yale's stiff conscience took her away, however, in six months after her reaching Yokohama. She deliberately left a career that smiled before her in long vistas of probable worldly success. She was going two hundred miles inland, to a town where she believed there was a call for such work as she could do.

Mrs. Sanford actually stamped her foot, and then began to shed tears when Doctor Yale told her her resolve.

"If there is anything I hate, it is a person with a sense of duty!" she cried. But she never tried to change the girl's decision; she knew how useless such an attempt would be.

She bade her goodbye quite airily. "If I get ill I shall send for you," she said. "In the meantime I am grateful that the Rev. I. W. Bond's field does not lie in that direction."

Doctor Yale blushed at this remark, but made no reply to it. She essayed to express her gratitude to the elegant woman who was lolling on a velvet chair, the rich folds of her morning robe falling luxuriously about her. But her spoken words were cold and stiff. Perhaps the warm hazel eyes fixed upon her read her heart and all its thankfulness; but the girl could not break through the chilly

wall that nature had built about her emotions. She went out and left her only friend. Her heart was like lead, and yet a dull excitement hurried her pulses.

"She will forget me in a month," she was thinking. Like other people of her temperament, she could hardly believe that any facile expression of affection or interest could be accompanied by constancy. At the same time that power of expression had a strong charm for her.

Thus the girl of twenty-five had turned her back on her fair fortune, and gone away to a work wherein she could not expect to be cheered by any phase of her experience.

The tireless energy, the resolution, and the live Christian purpose of the missionary physician had their effect, — an effect that other eyes could see perhaps better than her own. She possessed in an unusual degree medical judgment and skill; these she used as wedges to open a place for her real work, the work of instilling the Christian belief into those heavy-looking, narrow-eyed women. More and more she had access to these women. Her sincere uprightness, the purity of her purpose, made themselves felt even in this heathen place. As time went on her fervor for the work increased. She cast herself wholly into it, making everything else subservient to it. Sometimes in moments of self examination, it seemed to her that she led no individual life. She could almost think she was no more Agnes Yale than another. She was glad that it was so. She had wished to sacrifice herself, to become a tool for Providence to use in the great missionary work.

Her letters from home appealed to her more and more vaguely. At first they had opened a heart wound, which bled freely every time she saw that beloved hand-writing of her mother, and the post-mark of the town in Massachusetts. Now her childhood and girlhood in that far-away place were misty things.

When she had left home she had thought she would stay ten years before she returned for a visit; now she began to think it were not wise to waste precious time so soon as

that. She felt that she was really beginning to lead souls in the right way. Would it not be a sin to pause in that work while the strength of youth was in her?

At the end of the second year, when she returned from her round of duties one night she found a native messenger awaiting her, a messenger from Yokohama, from which place there was no telegraphic communication to this town.

Startled, thinking of course first of her father and mother, Doctor Yale opened the letter.

I told you I should send for you in case of illness. Will you come immediately? This surely is a duty.

RHODA SANFORD.

To Dr. Agnes Yale.

Certainly, she would go. Prompt, effective and cool headed, in an hour she had made her arrangements. An absence of a month or two could not seriously retard her work; besides, this was a duty.

After she had started, it occurred to her that Mrs. Sanford had been able to write the summons with her own hand. But in spite of that fact, she might be seriously ill.

It required twelve hours to reach the nearest town from which there was a railway to Yokohama.

Mrs. Sanford's messenger put himself at Doctor Yale's service and was very useful, making her far more comfortable than she would otherwise have been. Once she tried to question him, but he was ignorant, and his gentle face looked so blank and puzzled that she forbore.

Mrs. Sanford's carriage was in waiting at the station, and in a few moments the girl was entering the sumptuous house, which she remembered as her only home in Japan, for its owner had been kind to her from the first.

She was evidently expected, and was conducted immediately to the lady's private sitting room. She had no sooner entered than a door opened, and a slender figure came gliding swiftly toward her with both hands extended eagerly.

"You are not ill, then?" asked Miss Yale after the greetings were made.

"Are you disappointed at that?" retorted Mrs. Sanford. "Besides, I did not say *I* needed you. But you, you are worn to a shadow. Really, as some one said, 'Your soul is hardly covered.' Is suicide included in the list of duties that are required of you? Better that all the Japanese women in the world should die in their own religion, than that you should look like this!"

Mrs. Sanford's silken voice was almost harsh with indignation as she said these words. She gently pushed Doctor Yale into the deep softness of a lounging chair.

"You exaggerate," said Agnes, her hollow eyes dwelling with languid pleasure on the glowing face near her. The luxury of looking into eyes that returned her look with unmistakable affection was suddenly prostrating to her. She had almost begun to believe that she had ceased to have the weakness to be thus affected. "Remember," she continued, "that I am very weary. And since I thought you ill, I have been anxious about you."

"You did me the honor to be anxious?" said Mrs. Sanford, not quite steadily. Woman of iron, do you care for me a little?"

"More than you know," murmured the girl, when in spite of herself her eyes closed and she was asleep.

Her friend stood and watched her in silence a moment. The face of the young physician was indeed fearfully worn, but there was no look of disease. Doctor Yale would have said that she was perfectly well and able to do a great amount of work. She had not slept the night before she started, being in attendance on a patient, nor at all during the journey. It was no wonder that she fell asleep the moment her mind was relieved and her body at rest.

"I am convinced that I do not believe in self-sacrifice," said Mrs. Sanford in a whisper, as she noiselessly summoned two women servants, who so softly did her bidding that Doctor Yale only knew indistinctly, as in a dream, that she was bathed and put to bed.

"She is not fit to judge of any patient's condition until she has slept," was Mrs. Sanford's decision.

Before that lady had thought of rousing from her slumbers the next morning, a servant brought the message that Doctor Yale wished to see her, as she was afraid she ought to leave that day.

"Ask her to come here," was the answer, and Doctor Yale followed close upon the summons.

"Now that you are awake enough to hear me," began Mrs. Sanford, "I will tell you that I called you from your heathen that you might heal a Christian. I suppose you will condescend to treat an enlightened American, who doesn't need to be decoyed from his idols. We have had the English Doctor Stanley; he asked last week where that little Yankee was; he said you were a natural born doctor, as well as that you had capital judgment."

"Doctor Stanley is very generous," interrupted Doctor Yale, flushing with pleasure at praise from such a source.

"And just," amended Mrs. Sanford. "As he has suddenly been obliged to start for England, he could afford to make the remark,—and I had announced that I was going to send for you. My nephew has been with me for six months. Two days before I sent for you he was thrown from a horse. He says he has broken or injured every bone in his body; that he shall probably never be able to use his legs or his arms again. In short, he is in a state of mind and body that is frightful."

"How many bones has he really broken?" inquired Doctor Yale, now with interest.

"O," said Mrs. Sanford, scoffing, "You sniff a 'case,' and can care for that. He has broken his leg and has done something to one of his ribs. I do not mean to be alarmed about him until he is less ferociously cross than he is now."

In half an hour the two women stood at the sick man's door.

"I will go in first," said Mrs. Sanford, and thereupon approached the bed with an ostentatiously cheerful face.

"Well, George," she began, "I have brought you a new doctor. We won't have you groaning here much longer."

A man of about thirty, with a thick, fair beard, and hazel eyes very much like those now looking at him, turned his head toward the speaker.

"I don't want any more doctors," he said in an irritated baritone. "If nature is n't a sham she'll pull me through. At my age a man's legs ought not to be as brittle as chalk."

"But I've set my heart on your having this physician. This one knows something."

As she spoke, Mrs. Sanford put her cool, healthy palm on her nephew's forehead.

"I shall be so grateful to see a doctor that knows something," he replied.

Mrs. Sanford did not wait for any further permission. She moved quickly from the room and returned with her friend.

"This is Doctor Yale," she announced.

The patient flounced as well as he could for his broken bones, and then he exclaimed, "What the devil—" At this point in his remarks his voice ceased, and he grew red, meeting Doctor Yale's calm eye, and feeling that it was fixed upon him in his character as a case, and not in his character as an individual.

"I did not know the new doctor was a woman," he said, very ungraciously.

"And a lady," added his aunt, significantly.

"I beg everybody's pardon," said George Lyons, much as if he had said "confound you all."

Doctor Yale had been looking at him intently. Now she said:

"If the patient objects to having me treat him, I shall not be offended in the least. One of the first requisites to success is that there should be a trifle of confidence."

At this Lyons met the girl's serious gaze with a look so keenly penetrating that Mrs. Sanford glanced anxiously at her friend, fearing she would be displeased.

"I don't object," said Lyons. "I ask you to take charge of these cracked bones of mine, and I hope you won't put any more obstacles in the way of nature than, as a physician, you think absolutely necessary."

This speech touched Agnes, because it

reflected on her profession. She reddened, and her eyes shone angrily. But she said nothing.

"When you get well, George," remarked Mrs. Sanford, "you will be obliged to give a good deal of time to repentance."

George groaned, and then writhed with pain, but he did not think it worth while to make any reply.

Later in the day Doctor Yale came into the room where Mrs. Sanford was sitting, waiting her coming, that she might hear the report from the sick-room.

The girl looked so weary and so grave that her hostess half rose from her lounging position and exclaimed:

"You have bad news? Remember, George is almost like a son to me. Surely he will recover?"

"I think so; I hope so. But he has very little recuperative power for one so young as he is. There is a lack of stamina that surprises me. He does not have the look of a dissipated man."

"He has killed himself with business; he overdoes everything; he rides harder and faster than any other man, and he walks in the same way. He lives two years in one."

Mrs. Sanford spoke these words with great rapidity, the anxious look deepening on her face.

"He is now feeling the result of the overstrain," Doctor Yale said, "and his fuming is so much against him. I believe he will get well, but I am worried about his broken leg."

"You don't mean that he will be lame?"

"A few days will determine that. Meanwhile, can't some one read to him, sing to him, do something to entertain him?"

Mrs. Sanford rose.

"We will have a menagerie, a group of dancing girls, anything, but what he shall be entertained."

"But not excited," amended Doctor Yale, smiling.

"Entertained, but not excited," repeated Mrs. Sanford. "You, Agnes, shall decide where is the dividing line between these two emotions."

A servant was summoned, and received imperative orders of some kind.

In a week's time the feverish symptoms that had afflicted Doctor Yale's patient had so far abated that she felt little more anxiety on that score. The broken rib was also doing well. But the leg, which had been broken between the knee and the ankle, was not so prosperous. Agnes was positive, however, that the bones had been set properly, that all mechanical appliances had been correct.

She rarely spoke to Lyons unless for some plain reason, — to question or to advise him, or to answer. When she had been in attendance for a fortnight, she received a summons from him, and hastened to respond to it. She found him with his face more flushed than usual. He had just sent away a musician whom his aunt had engaged to play on the violin to him occasionally. Agnes met the young man carrying the wreck of a fiddle, in the room next to that occupied by Lyons. To her involuntary look of surprise he said, his eyes flashing as he spoke :

"Mr. Lyons says I am not fit to touch a violin. He twitch it from my hand, and bang it on my chair."

The Italian rushed from the house, so angry that he dared not stay any longer.

Lyons was swearing audibly when Doctor Yale raised the heavy portière, and entered the room. He became silent immediately. She walked up to his bedside, and mechanically felt his pulse.

"I am convinced that you are keeping something from me," he said, after there had been a few moments' silence.

"Did you send for me to tell me that?" asked his physician.

"Yes ; and to hear a little sensible conversation. Won't you sit down in that chair, and lean back in it? Sometimes you have a look as if you never would lounge and be comfortable. You will defraud no one if you really recline, and it will gratify me to see you do it."

Without any comment, Doctor Yale did just as he requested. They looked at each

other an instant, and both smiled involuntarily.

After a moment he frowned slightly, and remarked that he hated to be treated like a petulant child ; and when she asked who treated him in that way, he answered promptly :

"You do. Just now you obeyed me as if I were a child whom it was best not to cross."

"I saw the wreck of a violin as I came through the outer room," she said.

He looked annoyed. She was gazing at him as if pondering whether she should say what was in her mind. While she was thinking thus in silence, he said, as if speaking to himself :

"He should not have tried Scotch airs, the Italian puppy ! — and play them with an operatic affectation. I shall be obliged to beg his pardon."

"I should hope so !" returned Doctor Yale.

"I suppose I am a brute ; I am sure that I feel like one," he said with an apologetic manner.

"And you act like one," was the unexpected response.

Lyons looked angry, but he kept himself silent, and shortly his companion spoke again.

"You will have to bear a great deal of pain. I suppose it is brave to bear it with the self-control of a man. You said I was keeping something from you, and you said truly. I fear that the bones in your leg are not knitting as they should ; I fear a disease of the bone itself. Will you have another physician?"

"No. Are you afraid that I shall lose my leg?"

Lyons spoke calmly now. The girl's remarks had been a bitter tonic to him.

"I do not as yet anticipate such a loss," she answered. "But a permanent lameness may result. It seemed right that I should tell you. I wish you would call in some other advice. Something might be thought of by another mind."

She was resting her head on the back of her chair, while her eyes dwelt with intro-

spective persistence on the worn and fiery face before her. At last she became conscious that he was meeting her gaze. She roused herself from her exploration among the stores of her knowledge of bones.

She repeated absently her last phrase, and Lyons told her that she might bring whom she pleased to examine into his state, but he wished her to understand that he retained her as first medical adviser, also as resident physician.

"And I should be glad," he added, with the most genial smile she had yet seen on his face, "I should be glad if you would also accept the office of entertainer and occasional companion. You see I am very modest in my demands."

"I have discovered that," she answered rising.

She was about to leave the room when he called her back to tell her that he had, while she had been sitting there, employed his time in making good resolutions.

"Perhaps," he went on, "you will help me celebrate such an event in my moral history by shaking hands, and wishing me God speed."

"Gladly," she said, and promptly extended her hand, which he took eagerly, holding it fast a moment. Then she left the room, and he remained for a long time with his eyes, now grown somewhat pathetically large, fixed on vacancy.

A few days later Mrs. Sanford expressed to Doctor Yale her fear that her nephew was worse, for it had now been a long time since she had been afraid of his temper; indeed, he was getting to be angelically patient and considerate. Did Agnes think he was going to die very soon?

On the contrary, Agnes thought he was decidedly better, and she believed that his amiability was the result of a strong determination to be good. She begged Mrs. Sanford not to be alarmed, as Mr. Lyons was not as yet nearly good enough to die.

Having made this explanation of her opinions, Doctor Yale sat silent a long time; so long, in fact, that her companion began to watch her furtively, and to be afraid that the

girl was thinking of some resolve which she must combat; and Mrs. Sanford already knew how useless it was to struggle against the dictates of Agnes Yale's conscience. It was like beating up against an iron wall. She was always battered and breathless after such a struggle, but she could never quite decide that the attempt would be useless until she had essayed it. One effect of these battles in Mrs. Sanford's mind was that they seemed to increase her respect for her antagonist, while they left her with an angry sense of impotence.

At last the girl broke the silence by saying that Mr. Lyons was steadily improving; that she did not now think that he would be more than slightly lame, perhaps not at all, if nothing disturbed the healing process now going on. "In short," said Agnes, with what seemed unnecessary emphasis, "I am not needed here now, and my work is waiting for me. I cannot stay! I must not stay!"

Having thus suddenly spoken, the Doctor colored slightly, and was unnaturally quiet.

Mrs. Sanford heard, and roused and girded herself for the fight. She had learned subtlety from previous defeat.

"I suppose the heathen women out there in Ning-po, or whatever you call your retreat, are pining to be converted by you. Still, if you could think it your duty to stay with us in our trouble, when you can really be of so *much* use, Agnes, say a week or ten days longer, I would not say a word. You did not mean to go instantly, did you?"

"Not for a few days. I should be ungrateful if I could not remain the time you mention. Let ten days be the limit, then; if our patient is no worse, I will go then."

"I beg you won't stay out of gratitude," said Mrs. Sanford somewhat sharply. She was about to say more, but a servant entered and said that the Reverend Mr. Bond was in the reception room, and would like to see Doctor Yale.

When the girl had left the room Mrs. Sanford walked through several suites of apartments until she stood by the heavy silk portière that hung over the entrance to her nephew's rooms.

"May I come in?" she asked. Entering she found Lyons sitting upright on a couch, his injured leg extended carefully before him. He was reading, but he gladly put down his book.

"Brother Bond is here, so I came to you," she said, sitting down by him.

A yellow light flashed into the man's eyes as he asked, "Is that the donkey who wanted Doctor Yale to be his second wife?"

"It is the clergyman who did her the honor to ask her to be his helpmeet."

Lyons turned round so that he wrenched his leg. "Will she think it her duty to marry him?" he asked.

"Having once said no, she is not the kind of a woman to say yes," was Mrs. Sanford's reply.

"That is true, thank fortune," responded the man fervently.

"She has just been telling me she must leave us and return to her work," said Mrs. Sanford.

Lyons stooped and picked up his book. Mrs. Sanford could only see the side of his face, but a sudden knowledge or fear, she hardly knew how to name the feeling, came like a gleam of light to her. She rose quickly and went close to him, putting her hand on his thick hair.

"George," she said softly.

He did not answer or look at her; but she knew that he did not resent her attitude.

"When is she going?" he asked at last.

"In just ten days."

"Ah! That is not tomorrow," he returned, and nothing more was said on the subject.

That night Doctor Yale sat up longer than usual after she reached her own room. When she knelt for her evening prayer she remained a long time on her knees. She almost felt that her life here was so pleasant, so luxurious, that for her it must be sinful. She was sure that her patient had no real need of her for ten days longer. But, she asked herself, did she not owe something to Mrs. Sanford, who had been so kind to her?

The interview with Mr. Bond had awakened heart-breaking memories of his little

daughter who had loved her, and who had died in her arms on the voyage from San Francisco. Doctor Yale was disturbed and distressed when she put her head on her pillow, but she fell asleep directly and slept soundly for several hours. Then she awakened with a great start and sat upright in bed, bewildered and frightened. The first thought that came to her was that she was alarmed by a nightmare. Then she fancied that she smelled smoke. By this time, which was less than a minute, she was thoroughly herself, cool and courageous. Without seeming to hurry, she yet with great rapidity drew on slippers, then fastened round her the gray flannel wrapper that she always had ready by her bed at night.

She flung open her door and was met by a mass of black smoke, which gripped her round the throat as with cruel fingers.

This was worse than she had thought. As she felt her lungs and throat close, she dropped to the floor and began to creep and writhe almost with the rapidity of a snake, thankful that she found air enough to sustain her.

Within one room of her was Mrs. Sanford's bedroom. There was a frantic haste in her heart, but the girl could not be so inhuman as to pass by. She groped until she found the door she sought. As she had had expected it was locked. She pounded and shouted, but her shouts seemed stifled in her chest, and she knew no one could hear them.

"Oh, I *cannot* wait!" was the cry in her soul. But honor itself held her there.

Suddenly the door was flung open with such violence that Agnes fell forward on to the floor, while the Japanese maid who had pushed back the bolt turned and fled by the dim light of the night lamp, her flying, loose-clad figure looking like a phantasm to the burning eyes of Doctor Yale, who flung herself swiftly on to the bed, and was met by Mrs. Sanford's shriek.

"What is it? What is it?"

"It is fire," said Doctor Yale's voice, so calm that it sounded cold. "Is there any way to save yourself. That maid seemed to

know. I think the fire is in front. You can escape by the back rooms, I am sure, if you go now."

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Sanford, wavering as she stood in her white night robe, then choking, though Agnes had been careful to shut the door. "Come, come!"

Agnes had made a step away from her friend, who now caught her hand, and pulled her toward where the maid had retreated.

"I am going to help if I can," explained the girl in the tone that was in itself a tonic. "But you, you are not strong enough. I bid you go. I will do all that is necessary."

Saying this, she vanished in the black smoke outside, and Mrs. Sanford ran away as she had been bidden, finding little difficulty in reaching a place of safety.

Without being able to see, Agnes yet knew her way. She could never have told how she reached Lyons' sitting-room, which, though it was not yet itself on fire, was so situated that escape from it would be difficult, if not impossible.

Lyons had not been in bed. He had been so restless in the first part of the night that he had read for several hours, and then had fallen asleep upon his couch by his reading lamp, which was blazing brightly now, its light falling full upon his face, which was quiet in a deep slumber.

Agnes was not hindered here by locks and bolts. The latch yielded instantly beneath her touch. She stood panting in the middle of the room, and as soon as she could again command breath and muscles, she went to the sleeping man and put her hand on his, speaking his name in a hoarse, penetrating whisper.

Instantly his eyes opened, and looked into hers; looked with an immediate and full sense of joy that she was there. The expression of this happiness was so complete that there was no need of words.

It was but for one briefest instant that Agnes met that look. Then she turned, and brought the crutches, which every day he had hoped to use more and more; but as yet he had barely hobbled to his bed by their aid.

"We must risk everything now," she said, "for the house is burning. You will come with me."

It was a curious thing about Doctor Yale that there was never, as I have said, the least appearance of haste; but afterward one could appreciate that she had not lost a moment.

She dipped a towel in a bowl of water, and bound it about Lyons' head; then she fastened a similar bandage round her own head. "After all," she said, as they reached the door, "you can hardly use your crutches much. We are to writhe like serpents. Remember, it is better to lose your leg than your life."

There was a cheery courage in her that would have inspired one more despairing than Lyons, who, paradoxically, was almost happy, still thinking of that mutual gaze of a moment ago.

The smoke in the passage was less dense than when Doctor Yale had come through it last; but the heat was much greater. At their left, in the front of the building, they could hear a fearful roaring and hissing, and they knew the engines had come, and were playing upon the flames. The structure was very large, and could they reach the rear of it, it seemed certain they would escape.

Lyons swung along on his crutches at an astonishing rate. He almost felt that his leg was not so bad as he had thought.

Midway in the hall they were traversing, toward the back of the house, the ceiling fell in, and a long, fiery gap in the wall suddenly opened, as if it were a live thing come to thwart these two human beings. They stopped perforce, the way blocked, the heat reaching out for them, — withering them.

"We must go back. There is one more chance through my room," said Lyons.

They turned. A great column of smoke, like something solid; a deafening hissing, as floods of water met walls of flame; a crackling and roaring; calls and shouts of warning and direction from furious voices below somewhere.

In the midst of it the two there were, most of all, conscious that they were together. In

George Lyons' heart was still a strange and delicious exaltation.

Obeysing the plain command of the smoke, they had cast themselves down on their faces. They writhed along as well as they could, still in the direction where hope lay, if there were any hope. If they could only reach a certain point they yet believed they could save themselves.

A part of a burning beam fell upon Agnes. Lyons saw it, and almost before it touched her he had wrenched it away, flinging it over the abyss that had opened near them, the skin and much of the flesh of his hands going with it. But he did not know that.

The incident hardly stopped them in their struggle. They had crept a yard nearer release when the grimy, head of a white man, an English sailor, suddenly appeared over the edge where the wall had opened, at a place which had been soaked with water in the last ten minutes.

"Hand over the lady first," he said.

For some reason, Agnes, though she seemed not unconscious, did not struggle against what followed.

Lyons, raising himself on his knee, lifted her in his arms and handed her to the sailor, who immediately disappeared, while a great shout rose from some crowd unseen. He lay back on his face again and shut his eyes, waiting. It must be that the engines had been able to subdue the fire, for a time, at least, in that part of the building.

He could not guess how long it was before the sailor returned.

"Now for it," he cried out. "Can you step down a ladder?"

"I can try," said Lyons, forgetting his leg. But as it turned out, he never could have reached the ground without assistance, for he found that he had, practically, but one foot.

They were the last out. Servants had all saved themselves without thought of any one else. It was Mrs. Sanford who had roused the fire department. It was Mrs. Sanford, still in her night-dress, with a great blanket held around her, her bare feet bleeding, her hair blowing, who was at the foot of the lad-

der as the sailor came down each time with his charge.

Half a dozen friends hurried around to offer shelter and help, but Mrs. Sanford asked for a carriage to be brought, and named the hotel to which she would go.

All this time Doctor Yale, though conscious, said nothing. Several couches had been brought to the spot, and Miss Yale was lying on one of them.

Near her was George Lyons. He sat so that his eyes could rest upon the woman who had saved him, for he knew that without her he would before now have died in the fiery wreck from which they had barely escaped. Characteristically, for the moment, he forgot the sailor who had saved them both.

It was late the next day when Mrs. Sanford, coming out of her room in the hotel, met her nephew making his way painfully on crutches along the corridor.

"You should not stir!" she exclaimed peremptorily.

He took no notice of her injunction, but said, "I am going to see for myself how Doctor Yale is."

"She is going on well; somewhat shaken, of course. I have just seen her," was the response.

Lyons knocked at Doctor Yale's door and was allowed to enter. He saw that she was sitting in a large chair, and he saw that she was alone.

"Ah!" she said sharply, as he swung himself in through the door, "It is wrong for you to walk."

"I do not call this walking," he replied, "but it would go hard with me if I could not see you today."

He reached her side and sat down near her, his eager eyes full of such light and hope that her own sank before them.

While he was entirely quiet, there was yet in his whole aspect a fire and ardor that seemed mysteriously to fill the room with some indescribable atmosphere, before which the girl in her heart secretly yielded. Her eyelids were for a moment weighted with a delicious sense of weakness.

"You know why I came," he said with

tender abruptness. He bent and took both her hands awkwardly in his bandaged ones. He looked down at them with a lover's appropriating gaze. Then he lifted them, palms upward, and kissed them repeatedly and passionately.

He now raised his gaze, and it beat down upon her pallid face with a glow and a heat, as he whispered again and again, "Agnes, I love you! I love you!"

His tone revealed something of the happiness the words gave him. It was as if at last he drank from a cup for which he had longed all his life.

"Will you not look at me?" he asked, after a moment's silence. "Because I know it is impossible for you to assume anything. I have believed what your eyes told when you came to me last night in the fire. Was I wrong to believe what I hoped? Tell me."

"No," she said, "you were not wrong."

"And you love me?"

Now her eyes met his, and in the absolute love he saw there was something else, which struck cold upon him. But the voice in which she replied was not cold.

"Yes," she said, "I love you."

For this moment in her life, beneath the eyes of this man whom she loved, the years of cold reserve in which she had felt that she must always live melted in a warm flood, which filled every thought and every feeling. This sudden giving way of these barriers was like sight to the blind, like a new sense whose power she had hitherto never guessed. She trembled as she leaned back in her chair. And all the time this woman knew that for her this dual life of bliss could never be. But in this supreme hour, nature asserted herself and would be heeded.

"Since you love me," said Lyons with quick, assertive power, "there is no reason why you should not be my wife immediately; today, or at least tomorrow. I will speak to my aunt; she will make all necessary arrangements that I cannot attend to myself. For I am a cripple."

It was to his last words that she replied by asking about his leg. Then she gave

minutest directions as to how it should be treated, adding with a sigh, "You will always be lame now, I fear. You should not have moved."

"It makes little difference to me, since I am to have you," he answered quickly. "Shall our wedding-day be tomorrow? I think I deserve praise for not insisting that it shall be today; I have loved you ever since you came to my room that first time, Doctor Yale, and were so calm, and cold, and skillful. I snubbed you well. I must have been a pleasing object to you. How long ago is that? Only weeks?"

Agnes Yale suddenly withdrew her hands from his hold and covered her face with them. "I cannot look at you and say what I must say!" she cried.

Lyons was ominously still for an instant. Then he said, "Perhaps you are engaged to that missionary, that Mr. Bond, with whom you came to Japan."

She shuddered, remembering that time when it had seemed to be her duty to marry the minister whose life work was the same as hers. "Oh, no, no! Not that," she answered quickly.

"What, then?"

She uncovered her face, and fixed her eyes upon him. "I do not know why God allowed me to love you," she cried solemnly. "I had never dreamed that love could be like this; so strong, so overpowering, so sweet." Here, meeting the deeper flash in her lover's eyes, Agnes blushed painfully. But she went on. "Yes, I love you with all my heart; with all my heart," repeating the phrase which, in its simplicity is so full. "No, no, do not touch me," as he made a movement toward her. "Let me tell you once for all. Besides the deep, true love I have for you, your temperament charms, enthralls me; it is so different from mine; and yet I understand it in a way that captivates me. Mrs. Sanford is in many ways like you, and I was drawn to her from the very first."

"As she to you," interrupted Lyons.

She did not notice his interruption. When she spoke again, her voice had that firm,

controlled tone that told a different emotion had assumed command.

"I am naturally so strong that by next week I think I shall be able to return to my missionary work. You have no sympathy in that work. As for me, I am vowed to it. God has heard and answered my prayers that I might have a share of success in bringing the heathen to him. To that work I go back. Now, will you leave me?"

He did not move. He was looking at her as if some other woman had taken her face and shape, and had thus spoken. And yet, afterwards, he told himself that he ought to have known there was this rock in her nature.

She was very white. There was a terribly pathetic vibration now in her voice, as she repeated her words, "Will you leave me? Do you not see that I am spent?"

Lyons struggled up upon his crutches, while Agnes lay with her head back and her eyes closed. It was plain that she could not bear to look at him. He put one hand painfully on her chair to steady himself.

"I obey you now," he said, "because you are suffering. But I want to say that even if I do not think of your work as you do, I would not ask you to give it up. And this, too, I tell you: I have never yet found any one whose will was any stronger than mine. You have told me that you love me. You are truth itself. I will never give up my purpose. You shall be my wife."

When he ceased speaking, he stooped and kissed her lips. Then he hobbled out of the room.

The next day the rudely treated fractured bone asserted itself, and Lyons was shut up in his room. But he would not have thought it best to make any attempt to see Agnes so soon. Mrs. Sanford carried reports of the condition of the one to the other.

Perhaps it was Lyons's resolution that overcame in a degree the prostration and the inflammation. On the third day he would have tried to go to see Agnes, had she not sent him positive word that he must not. On the next day Mrs. Sanford came to him and told him that Doctor Yale had hastened her departure. She had gone back to her Japanese women and her sacred work.

For a moment the lady was frightened at the effect of her words. She tried to soothe and comfort.

"Don't talk!" said Lyons. Finally he looked up at his aunt's distressed face. "You need not grieve for me," he said almost gently. "She loves me, and as long as we are both in the world I will never give up the effort to make her see this matter as I see it."

"You might as well try to marry a nun," replied Mrs. Sanford. "Her vocation is the most sacred thing on earth to her. She is truth and purity and honor; but, George, she is narrow-minded. Well as I love her, I must say that."

"There is one thing in my favor," said Lyons, "I know where to find her. I have not to hunt the world for her. She shall know how I love her. I will not give up."

"God send you may succeed!" was Mrs. Sanford's response.

Maria Louise Pool.



UNDER THE MIDSUMMER MOON.

UNDER the midsummer moon
 So gently the brooklet is flowing.—
 It bubbles and dips, it sings as it slips
 Through meadows all ripe for the mowing.
 To grasses and willow-herbs tall
 It murmurs a fairy-tale tune ;
 Its pathway it traces to lonely sea-places,
 Under the midsummer moon.

Under the midsummer moon
 So softly the dark tide is streaming.
 It stretches dim hands to the welcoming strands,
 And cliffs where the culvers are dreaming.
 Each foam-flake laughs low as it flies,
 Each wave has a mystical rune,—
 Each wave as it poises with delicate noises
 Under the midsummer moon.

Under the midsummer moon
 So fragrant the garden reposes,—
 The jasmine boughs all by the turn of the wall
 Lean out to the scents of the roses.
 The poppies retain the red glow
 They stole from the heart of the noon,
 When winds wander stilly past larkspur and lily,
 Under the midsummer moon.

Under the midsummer moon,
 So hushed through the tranquil night watches,
 The little town sleeps, while the white glory creeps
 Aslant on its gables and thatches.
 The water that kisses the quay
 Is still as a silent lagoon.
 Where vessels lie harbored, with lights slung to starboard,
 Under the midsummer moon.

Under the midsummer moon
 So quiet the graveyard is lying ;
 A song of old times floats faint through the limes
 That circle the dead with their sighing :
*" O weary one, wait but a while,
 Thou also shalt rest with us soon!" —*
 While wood-odors waken, and fields are forsaken,
 Under the midsummer moon.

Under the midsummer moon,
 Alone with the skies and the clover,
 And lucerne all sweet round our lingering feet,
 We strayed in a summer passed over.
 Ah, dearest one, kiss me once more !
 Come back from that far-away June !
 While yet the musk-mallow is pink in the fallow
 Under the midsummer moon.

M. C. Gillington.

OVERLAND STAGING ON THE THIRTY-SECOND PARALLEL ROUTE IN THE FIFTIES. — I.

THE Giddings United States Mail and Stage Line was the extreme southern route across the continent, crossing the plains from San Antonio, Texas, to California. Upon this route, in the early fifties, thousands of emigrants journeyed to the land of gold. The cities of San Antonio and El Paso were the main objective points on the route in Texas, and San Diego and San Francisco in California.

San Antonio was the point on the route through Texas farthest from the Mexican border, the Rio Grande del Norte. This portion of the route lay in an open plain, except upon the principal streams, where there were massive groves of pecan ; everywhere else mesquite and sage-brush were all that met the eye of the traveler to break the monotony of the dreary waste. At the first crossing of Devil's River, a hundred and seventy-five or more miles west of San Antonio, the route lay within about seven miles of the Rio Grande, and as it approached Fort Davis it turned away from the Mexican border a few miles farther to supply that post with mail, then back to the Rio Grande, touched the river five miles below old Fort Quitman, and followed it past the Fort ninety-five miles to El Paso.

On leaving the headwaters of Devil's River, the route entered the *Llano Estacado*, or Staked Plain, traversing it to old Fort Lancaster, a distance of about eighty-five miles. The Staked Plain is one vast desert,

level as a floor, except where it is broken up by shallow arroyos. At Howard's Springs is a depression resembling a dry river-bed, with occasional rocky bluffs from fifty to one hundred feet high. As late as 1853 Howard's Springs afforded abundance of water for travelers and immigrants. In its crystal waters were myriads of fish, in catching which travelers found a pleasant pastime ; but about this time the water began to fail, and in the latter part of that year wells had to be sunk thirty feet to procure water enough for the demands of travelers ; so the place has since been called Howard's Wells. The Staked Plains were everywhere covered with villages of prairie dogs, and where these little pests procured their water supply was always a mystery to travelers, as there were but two or three places of living water to be found upon the surface of that broad waste. Upon the Butterfield route, which crossed these plains some fifty miles or more to the north, and intersected the Giddings line at Comanche Springs, Captain John Pope, now Major-General, spent large sums of money for the government in boring for water, but with little success. Pope's boring expedition occurred in 1856, extended west to California, and proved a costly failure. Since that time, however, artesian wells have been sunk by cattle men in many places on these plains with success, converting them into the finest grazing lands in the world.

From the time the San Antonio, El Paso,

and Santa Fé Mail line was established to the completion of the Texas Pacific Railroad, there were at least three thousand men employed in different capacities upon the line. The Butterfield, or St. Louis and San Francisco Overland Stage Line, which was established afterwards, via Little Rock and Fort Smith, Fort Chadwin, El Paso, Mescilla, Tucson, Fort Yuma, and Los Angeles to San Francisco, also had a great number of men employed. Giddings at one time received \$50,000 in damages for loss of live stock and coaches by the depredations of Indians.

Old frontiersmen say that over two thousand persons were murdered by the savages on the stage line from San Antonio to El Paso, and a very great number on the overland route, to say nothing of the loss of property, aggregating hundreds of thousands in dollars. The bones of thousands of these victims to savage warfare lay and bleached upon the plains, while comparatively few graves mark the spot of death, and suggest stories of blood and cruelty that would harrow civilization could they be fully told. The tribes that inhabited these plains lived for the most part by plunder, and warring among themselves and against the whites. They did not readily take to agricultural pursuits. Though indolence is characteristic of Indian nature, they are as constant and energetic in the employments that occupy their minds and their hands and feet as most civilized peoples. All the plains tribes delighted in the chase during the times when large herds of buffaloes and wild horses were everywhere to be found upon the plains; but of all these tribes the Comanches excelled. They were the most successful of any in killing game, and the most skillful horsemen in the world. Though energetic and skillful, however, these tribes have been kept by their absolute dependence for centuries upon the buffalo for food and raiment from making much progress. Their knowledge of the mechanical and industrial arts was limited to the preparation and preservation of meats and skins, and the making of arms and equipments necessary for war and the chase. Their symbols represent only the most commonplace

ideas; and even in these they are so far from having any particular or fixed system that the hieroglyphics of one Indian cannot be read or understood by another, even of the same tribe, when they are at all unusual. All the southern tribes delight in pictures. The Apaches go into ecstasies over the photograph of a beautiful woman, or of a gaudy flower, and gaze upon it for hours with delight. They are fond of making pictures of their own remarkable exploits and achievements, though their knowledge of drawing and painting is primitive and limited to very simple ideas.

At the time of the occurrences about to be related, Captain Henry Skillman had the mail contract from San Antonio to El Paso, and was preparing to supply his route with mules, horses, and stage-coaches. Accordingly, late in the fall of 1854, with a detachment of ten United States soldiers and nine citizens, the latter under the command of William Wallace, Captain Skillman started out from Fort Inge, about one hundred and twenty-five miles west of San Antonio, to escort the United States mail to El Paso. The route taken was the old Santa Fé and San Antonio trail, afterwards known as the Giddings Mail route.

The Indians virtually held the country, and it was worth a man's life to undertake to traverse the route unless in a strong, well armed squad, and under the leadership of a daring frontiersman, well acquainted with the topography of the country and well versed in Indian warfare. Such a frontiersman was William Wallace, who commanded the squad of nine kindred spirits that started out on a bright autumn morning through that dangerous country to El Paso.

The outfit consisted of two six-horse Concord coaches, two extra mules to the man, and twelve animals as change for the coach teams. As there were no stations yet established on the route, the relief stock was driven in a herd along with the coaches by members of the escort. The "changing-off," as stage drivers say, was usually made at the watering places, when the animals relieved were carried along with the coach herd. To

the wrinkles in the shoe leather, was securing a tolerable likeness. It was at this moment that Saunders came in. Saunders was a stoutly built little fellow, a student in the medical department, who, through being a member of our boarding club, genial and somewhat forward in manner, had been admitted or had advanced himself to our hospitalities. They were in large measure afforded by a glass tureen of very small and very bitter Michigan hazel nuts, which graced our study table. Sandy took his accustomed seat and a generous handful of the nuts.

"You fellows lead an easy life."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, enjoying the nuts (he enjoyed everything), and looking from Chum to me.

"It's Sunday, Saunders, a day frequently observed; and in some localities devoted to church-going and rest." This was Chum's reproof from the depths of his book.

Saunders thoughtfully regarded us. "It is strange," he said, "how religious information descends in families from a remote ancestry. Now you two cubs were not at church today, nor last Sunday, nor Sunday week, and I don't believe you have attended chapel enough to know Professor Crocker by sight, yet you instruct me in religious duties — pious grandparents, perhaps?"

"Well nurtured, me boy, both of us," returned Chum complacently. "Besides, we know Miss Annie Ormalee, already. No need to attend services at the Avenue, Saunders, — eh, Chum?" Chum looked at me triumphantly.

Here Saunders, in pretended difficulty with a nut hull, coughed and reddened.

Chum was relentless. "See the child, Shackelford, he actually blushes at the sound of her name."

"Pretty good scheme, these hazel nuts," said Saunders, wiping his eyes, "but they ought to be hulled. Mighty thoughtful landlady you have. Same investment in apples would n't have lasted two days. Now that tureen of homœopathic filberts has menaced you fellows for three weeks, to my certain knowledge."

"Yes, we are under obligations to our friends for lowering the stock; but no reflection on Mrs. Jones, we beg. Admire, Shackelford, you must surely admire the easy transition from Miss Ormalee to a filbert! Happy simile, too. She's like a filbert, Saunders; bright, brown, plump, and not much different in size."

"O bother Miss Ormalee!" said Saunders, beginning to recover his color and composure and resuming the nuts.

"Softly! softly! me boy!" pursued Chum soothingly. "You'll not be so rash when you see her wear your lost button as a bangle. Lateen told of your heroism the other night at the party, and gave her the button, which he declared had great value, as it was torn from the coat of a genuine cowboy of the plains."

Now there were two circumstances concerning Saunders, besides the fact that he was interested in Miss Annie Ormalee, both necessary to be related here. The first, told by himself one evening while a quart of chestnuts were boiling in a second-hand peach-can on our stove, was that some years before when quite a boy he had left an unappreciative home, wandered to Texas, and being out of money and friendless had hired out as a herder of stock, and thus passed a summer as a cowboy on the Texas plains, an incident which, under the circumstances as he related them, we thought rather to his credit than otherwise.

The second had occurred only the week before, and illustrated Saunders's impulsive yet simple-minded and confiding nature.

Half a dozen medical students, sons of darkness that they were, had been holding a "tobacco parliament" in Clan Alpine's room. Clan Alpine was a raw, red Scotchman, whose real name was Wilson, but whose Caledonian appearance had suggested the epithet to the wits of his club. After the production of unlimited tobacco smoke and clamor, Heinell, the Armenian student, withdrew and went home, and then the elegant but treacherous Lateen, the rival of Saunders, slyly laid before the ever ready Clan Alpine a plan for the ridicule of his enemy. Clan

Alpine, nothing loth, quietly locked the door of his den in pursuance of this scheme, thus fastening his guests in with him ; and then, slipping the key into the depths of his pocket awaited developments.

These soon occurred. Saunders, yawning and sleepy, made an effort to retire, but was confronted by the fastened door, whereat Lateen, the false and elegant, professed great indignation, charging the absent Heinell with the trick. Clan Alpine, the accomplice, chimed in with an assertion that he had "noticed a mischievous twinkle in Heinell's eye as he passed out"; and the innocent Armenian, as foreign to a trick as he was to the country itself, was covered with abuse from all parties. Then the conspirators, led by Lateen, pretended to accept the situation for themselves, but Saunders had all the unrest of a caged animal.

"No use, Sandy!" they cried, "you can't get out: why not stay all night, and make the best of it?" "No earthly way out, unless we lower you from the window by a rope," suggested the cunning scamps.

Ah, the rogues! Well they knew that bold Saunders required but a hint of a means of escape to adopt it.

"Let me see the rope!" he cried. "That rascal Heinell can't fasten me here, if I have but a twine string to go down on."

Strangely, but luckily enough too, there was a rope at hand; but it belonged about his trunk, Clan Alpine said, and anyway he feared Saunders would get hurt; and so on. But the adventurous Saunders seized the rope for reply; the window was thrown open, and in a moment the denizens of the room below heard the scuffling feet of the descending student and the thud of his final spring, for the young scamps above made him jump the last ten feet, claiming that the rope was too short to lower him farther. Then, as the foot-steps of the departing Saunders died away in the direction of the campus, Clan Alpine, producing the key, unlocked the door and the parliament dissolved in uproarious laughter, and with the most delightful anticipations of jeering the wrathful Saunders at the club table next morning.

But, alas for their cherished plans, Saunders, to the amazement of everybody the next morning, was not wrathful. On the contrary, he was good-humored and genial. Reconcile it with his infantile greenness if you can; laugh at his impetuosity if you must; I still aver, calmly and confidently, that there lurked in the rough quartz of Saunders's nature a vein of shrewd ability. Unflurried, serene, jocose, he laughed with the rest; he even told the entire story to a new arrival, Max Alexander, with some additional embellishments. What "bothered" him most, he declared, was that the rope caught his coat button just as they told him to jump; would have been hanging there yet, he supposed, if the button had n't pulled off.

His good nature was irresistible. The club laughed with Saunders. Observe the preposition. It makes a striking difference whether the laugh is with, or at, one in this world.

Lateen, who had found the amusement less and less to his liking, lost his temper altogether at this, and gave it as his opinion that Saunders should "keep to his own side of the joke." Then all laughed at Lateen. Chum, who sat at the head of the table and presided, remarked judicially that Lateen might get on Saunders's side of the joke, if Saunders was crowding him. Thereupon the cry arose from all points; "That's it, Lateen. There is your chance! Get on Sandy's side of the joke!" amid great laughter at Lateen, until the uproar drifted to the subject of class canes, and an argument by the medical students on the best method of preserving a cadaver.

Ah! Those medical students! Did it ever occur to you, crabbed reader, that your staid, gentlemanly, and dignified medical adviser, now so solicitous for your stomachic equipoise that Betty's fresh bread must become stale before it may be used, was once a wild "medic," with a disposition to talk on all sorts of unseemly subjects at his club table? O yes, your kindly favorite might have been an exceptional man of his class; but there are more likely possibilities, I assure you.

These were the circumstances in Saun-

ders's career to which I have referred; and so it was that when Chum, on that peaceful Sunday afternoon, mentioned the name of Jack Lateen in that connection, he became suddenly and suspiciously silent. Evidently there were limits even to his good nature. When he spoke it was in a tone sounding to me ominously indifferent.

"Yes, capital joke. Never suspected I was sold till the boys called out the rope was short and I'd have to jump. Lateen told Miss Ormalee, did he? What did she say?" He added this carelessly.

"Oh, she was joking of course; you know her laughing way. She said, 'How like a cowboy! Give it to me for a bangle'; and Lateen tied it to her bracelet."

Saunders here threw a handful of nut-hulls into the wood box, crushed his hat on his head, and rising abruptly, walked out without more ado.

"Chum," said I, "you've made mischief."

"Do you mean Sandy will pound Lateen?" said Chum fiercely. "Don't care if he does. Tempted to myself. The thought of such a disreputable scamp as Jack Lateen associating with a girl like Miss Ormalee annoys me. If her brother was n't such an invalid he would find him out. Good family is well enough, but it won't cover gambling and worse, and it's a mortal poor substitute for brains. Confound that hearse driver, he's at it again, trotting that funeral up hill!"

I'm afraid Chum was a little inclined to ill nature at times; but as he was a good-hearted fellow at bottom, six feet two in his stockings, and the best boxer of the fifteen hundred, he was never very closely criticized, and I dropped the subject, jammed the stove full of hickory wood (we burned hickory and elm), and resumed work.

Time passed at Ann Arbor; and winter set in, in fickle, unsteady spirit. It snowed fitfully, and then the snow melted in the changeful weather. The walks were sloppy and disagreeable, but the town was peaceful and again habitable, as the classes were now at work. Maiden ladies, however, kept close watch and ward over their beloved feline com-

panions, for the demand among the students for cats for anatomical investigation had never been so great, nor the strife for possession so keen, as now. The most irreproachable of tabbies, guileless and guiltless of midnight serenades, were unsafe and liable to be swept off the very piazzas of their homes, while waiting in crouched expectancy the opening of the door. To such desperate straits, alas, does an ungoverned thirst for knowledge reduce its votaries. One student alone seemed to have ample time for pleasure. Jack Lateen, driving a dashing cutter, and enjoying such sleighing as there was to the utmost, was the envied of the thoughtless and the despised of the studious throughout the town.

He was frequently the escort of Miss Ormalee, who was understood to be at college in attendance on an invalid brother, whose whim to study was humored by parents of immense reputed wealth in lumber and machinery. Nevertheless she took certain studies and went daily to recitations, her trim little figure passing frequently before our door.

It was again Sunday. Saunders and I were returning from church; for, notwithstanding Saunders's innuendoes, Chum and I were not entirely without regard for Sabbath observances, although we went our different ways. Saunders had joined me at the head of Ann Street, and as we sauntered homeward together, Miss Ormalee and Lateen, she dainty, bright, and pretty as ever, he well-groomed and modish, turned into the avenue before us. Evidently they also were returning from some one of the many church services held in the town.

It was one of those days known as "a pleasant day overhead," and the walks were slushy from accumulated and half-thawed snow. As we passed the pair, which we quickly did, I saw that Miss Ormalee was having trouble with a refractory overshoe, which, having slipped partly off, after the manner of that useful article, was being coaxed on again by insinuating little shoves of her dainty foot. She acknowledged our salute pleasantly enough, though her attention was very evidently otherwise engrossed;

and just as we passed she gave her foot an impatient and pettish little stamp upon the plank sidewalk. But alas! instead of this vigorous effort setting the shoe more firmly on, as she evidently intended, the impulse sent the diabolical little article sailing completely over our heads, and landed it before us at Sandy's feet. His back was towards her; but from my position I noted her look of amused dismay as the shoe left her foot change into one of concern, almost horror, as she saw the final freak of the treacherous sandal. A red flush of confusion ran quickly over her pretty neck upward into her hair.

Before I could return it to her, — my first impulse, — Saunders secured it, and without hesitation or backward glance, slipped the shining little shoe, with its blue flannel lining, into the side pocket of his overcoat, and sauntered on. I was so completely thunderstruck by the coolness of the act that I moved mechanically along with him, not doubting that he would restore it, yet wondering how he could extricate himself from what I thought an awkward position. At the same time I heard behind us the suppressed anathemas of Lateen, too cowardly to utter them aloud, and I was conscious that they were crossing the sloppy road to her gate, — without the shoe, of course. But Saunders made no effort to extricate himself.

I stopped at my own gate in another moment, and looked at him in surprise. "Sandy," I said, "what do you mean? You will return the girl's shoe?"

He switched his boots doggedly with his cane. "Well, I don't know," he replied, looking at me with a queer gleam in his eyes, "It is n't a fit; and besides, since this fashion of bangles has set in, I may want to wear it myself." He gave me an odd look, and walked on toward his rooms a few doors above.

"Shocking bad form in Sandy," I remarked to Chum, as I related the circumstance.

"Very like a cowboy," quoted Chum, as he drummed upon the window and scanned the wood-pile where a "moss-back" (native farmer) had given us scant measure in a load of hickory the day before.

"It is certainly unpardonably rude in Sandy," I persisted.

"There you go again, Shackelford, deciding the cause before the evidence is summed up. Now it looks this way to the court." Chum sat down on the window ledge, spread out his long legs, and struck an attitude with his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest. "Saunders is tricked into jumping from a window, loses a coat button, and becomes an object of ridicule to his whole class. A fair maiden, instigated by his rival, secures the button, and wears it as a trophy and perpetual reminder of his mishap. Now for the other side. The fair maiden is pursuing an Ann Arbor pavement in winter, and her sandal becomes loose. She gives it a little stamp, and it sails gracefully over Saunders's head. He in turn secures a trophy and wears it as a reminder of her carelessness. See?"

Chum maundered on. "A legal mind, Shackelford, such as yours may become in about twenty years of culture and such precept as I'm giving ye, would have at once discovered the celebrated doctrine of estoppel in this case. How can Miss Ormalee, on sober reflection, object in Sandy to what she does herself? Answer me that."

"Nonsense, Chum," I said in disgust, "You know Miss Ormalee had no such motive. It is certainly stupid in Sandy, as well as rude. It gives Lateen the race. She will never speak to him again, and serve him right," I said with some heat, as I proceeded, "the impudent little cub! to shove a girl's overshoe into his pocket and leave her standing in the mud!"

"Shackelford," said Chum solemnly, "your innocence is at the same time admirable and appalling. Of course she won't speak to him, — at first. She is hating Sandy this very minute, a hundred pounds to the square inch; but what does that signify? Simply that she will think more of Miles Saunders in twenty-four hours than she ever did before in her life. She will perhaps cry half the night in vexation. Ye Gods! if Saunders will only wear that overshoe next his heart, his fortune is made. Better have her hate, than not think of him at all. She can't hate forever; and

it's so much free advertising. Then Sandy will come around with that ripple in his hair, sunny manner, and engaging impudence, and she will think that after all he is nothing but a cowboy, and, perhaps, entitled to his revenge, as he is,— I say, as he is," reiterated Chum. "If Sandy is the cowboy of the University, he is entitled to the perquisites of the office and all the trappings, revenge, blood, feathers, fire, and fair ladies."

There were times when Chum, usually a man of judgment, had no reason nor seriousness about him, so I dropped the subject and went to dinner. But, our nonsense aside, we were both really interested in the result of the play, and watched the actors closely in the little scenes shown before our parlor windows.

These occurred when they met, which was of necessity almost daily. For instance, Saunders passed Miss Ormalee before our door going to class,— she ignored him. He met her coming from the library,— and crossed the street to avoid her. This went on for two weeks, when they were seen walking slowly up the avenue together, in earnest conversation. How the changed state of affairs came about nobody knew ; but it continued for several weeks.

At the end of that time an event occurred that stirred our club to its center. A carriage drove to the boarding-house opposite, and the Ormalees, brother and sister, were driven off, bag and baggage, and their classes knew them no more.

"It was Lateen," said Chum, confidently. "He was jealous and notified the old man, who has taken the youngsters home by the ear."

This was Chum's rude way of talking. I don't excuse him, but I think now that Chum was oftener right than I was willing to admit, when I built fires for him and put up with his arrogance on Cemetery Avenue.

II.

ONE morning Saunders came into our room, traveling bag in hand, and evidently equipped for a journey. He was neatly

dressed, but graver than usual, and apparently a little nervous.

"What is it, Sandy?" said Chum as he entered. "Not going away?"

"Yes," he replied, "I can't stand this any longer. I'm about to apply for a situation, and I want you to do two things,— say nothing to the boys, and write me a certificate of character."

"What line of business do you propose to honor?" asked Chum as he reached for a pen, while I looked in surprise at the handsome little fellow, and noted anew the girlish flush in his cheek, and Sandy's peculiar feature,— the slightest of rippling waves in his short brown hair. Saunders said "Lumber," curtly and somewhat indifferently, and after we had both signed Chum's paper he thanked us, folded it neatly, without glancing at its contents, and placing it in his pocket-book, bade us goodby and was off.

Chum looked wistfully after him down the avenue. "Confound him, he was a sociable little beast," said that senior law student, resuming his books with a sigh.

Saunders went directly to the station, and bought a ticket to Ormalee by way of the Junction. It was a long ride, and when late at night he at length arrived at Ormalee Junction he was quite tired, and sought a hotel and bed without delay.

In the morning he saw, opposite his window, an immense building painted or washed a creamy tint, and bearing on its hither side in two-foot letters the words, "Ormalee Planing Mill." Later he asked the station agent where he could find John Y. Ormalee. The agent looked him over contemplatively.

"You are hunting the biggest man in these parts," he said at length.

Another man, evidently a brakeman off duty, suggested that old J. Y. O. "had his name on 'most everything," but that Jim Deering was a richer man if the truth was known. The agent offered to bet seventeen hundred dollars that J. Y. Ormalee was the richest man in the State. The brakeman replied that he could n't reach seventeen hundred ; but he would bet him five dollars, and produced the money to place with a by-

stander. The agent searched through his pockets for a like sum, but ineffectually. He insisted, however, that Ormalee was the richest man in the State, and he didn't know but in *any* State. The brakeman thumbed his five dollar bill into his vest pocket with a snort of disgust, and threw himself contemptuously upon a greasy bench, placing his coat under his head for a nap.

Saunders sought information elsewhere, and was presently informed that Mr. Ormalee might be found at the Ormalee Plow Factory, or the Ormalee Harvester Works; but it would do him no good, as Mr. Ormalee saw only people on very important business. He took the Ormalee street cars to the harvester works, skirting as he did so an eighth of a mile of buildings connected with that enterprise. At the main entrance a watchman with a wooden leg came out of a sort of sentry box and asked him his business, and on being told by Sandy that he wished to see Mr. Ormalee, pointed to a long two-story building at the end of one of the avenues leading from the gate.

When Sandy opened the door of this building he found himself in a little ante-room about eight feet square, painted of a lead color, and furnished with a single high stool and a small inner window inscribed "cashier." An elegantly whiskered young man sat at this window, and beyond him Sandy could see scores of clerks busily working at desks. Sandy walked to it, tossed his traveling bag upon the floor and his overcoat atop of it, and, as the clerk took no notice of him, gently tapped upon the glass. At this the window was drawn quickly and fiercely aside by the elegantly whiskered clerk, who looked at him superciliously and suspiciously.

"I want to see John Y. Ormalee personally."

The clerk smiled patiently but pityingly upon him, and remarked that he did not see how this was to be accomplished. Mr. Ormalee was always busy.

Saunders produced his card. "Send him this, please," he said, "and tell him the owner wishes ten minutes' private conversation with him on important business."

The cashier took the card with a mocking smile, walked with it to a desk some ten feet away, out of sight as he supposed, and tossed the pasteboard into a waste basket. He then chatted a moment with the clerk who labored there, and returning, informed Sandy that Mr. Ormalee was engaged, and closed the window.

For a moment the genial Saunders was absent and the cow-boy appeared. A tap with the back of his gloved hand sent the small pane in splinters over the clerk's desk, while the triple row of clerks looked up at the sound of breaking glass to Sandy's determined face at the window.

"Now, young gentleman," said Sandy, sharply, (the cashier was at least five years his senior,) "I send a message to Mr. Ormalee that I want to see him on important business. You fail to deliver it and toss my card into the waste basket. Now will you announce, mighty quick, that I'm coming, or shall I go in myself?"

The cashier was perplexed and a good deal scared. It was hardly a proper occasion for the use of the ivory-handled pistol in the drawer at his right hand, for fifty of his fellow clerks had heard the charge of a suppressed message, (a charge covering treason of the greatest magnitude,) nor was he inclined to yield. But on the other hand the gleam in Sandy's eyes and the broken pane admonished him that the new-comer would not be particular as to his method of securing the desired audience; and besides, a cripple who had entered the ante-room and heard part of the colloquy was waiting behind Saunders with a face expressive of amused attention.

Sandy handed the cripple the single stool the place afforded. The cowboy had disappeared and he was genial again. "I'll get you a better seat inside, if you like," said the affable Saunders, "when the youngster gets the door open."

The cripple's face twitched oddly, and his expression changed from amusement to a grim severity. When it had secured stolidity he said, "Thank you," quite gruffly, and as the cashier now opened the door with much politeness they both entered.

Saunders was handed a chair; but the cripple shuffled onward, and in a moment limped back and beckoned Sandy to follow him. Sandy lingered to tell the cashier, who was looking much alarmed at the turn things were taking, that he would not mention the suppressed message to "the boss"; and dropping a coin on the desk, advised that functionary to get a new window before he caught cold from the draught; and nodding facetiously followed his guide.

As they passed numerous offices Sandy noticed that while the cripple's coarse shoes were unlaced and dusty, and his whole attire slovenly in the extreme, he had certainly been mistaken in taking him for a stranger, for he showed the greatest familiarity with the place, and seemed almost as indifferent as Sandy himself to rules and regulations, passing through doors plainly inscribed "No admittance," in the most nonchalant manner possible. They at length entered another ante-room elegantly wainscoted in hard woods. The cripple paused at a handsome desk, cast his hat upon it in a way implying ownership, and then led the way to an inner room, where a stout, handsome man sat in a tilting chair before a plain desk, reading a newspaper.

"Mr. Ormalee."

Saunders bowed at the guide's mention of the great man's name, and introduced himself affably. "I'm Miles Saunders, and mighty tired of trying to find you." He deposited his bag and overcoat conveniently.

"I don't know," pursued Sandy, "but I would have had to pull the doorkeeper's nose if it had not been for the courtesy of this gentleman." He indicated his guide with a motion of his hand.

"Yes," said the great man grimly, "this is our superintendent. I'm not certain I could get along with some of the clerks myself without him." He threw his newspaper upon the desk before him, and taking the folded document which Saunders handed him, read it aloud:

The undersigned law students of the University of Michigan hereby certify that Miles Saunders (medical student) is honest, active, and quick at figures;

he pays his bills, is a man of his word, and has great capacity to get there. We recommend him to the lumber trade.

DURNFORD W. EAST.

AL. SHACKELFORD.

"This is a little unusual, Mr. Saunders," said Mr. Ormalee, slowly and thoughtfully folding the note. "Our foremen of departments usually employ the new men. However, tell me what you can do."

At this the superintendent withdrew from the room, and closed the door upon them, leaving Sandy to his fate.

III.

ONE morning a brisk figure appeared at the entrance of Cemetery Avenue, with a burden of some character in each hand.

"Another student's moving, Chum," I said: "let's examine his goods."

Chum turned from his book with a snarl at the interruption; but curiosity quickly overcame his impatience.

"Don't think so," he replied, "he lacks the complete outfit. The moving student's furniture is a book, a lamp, and a pair of shoes, all in hand."

Suddenly he sprang up, ran the window blind to its highest estate, and upset the landlady's geranium on the ledge.

"It's Miles Saunders, as I'm a coming President," he said, with his nose against one of the upper panes.

This proved true enough, and five minutes later that young gentleman whisked through our hall, and waltzed in upon us, in uproarious spirits.

"What do you mean, Sandy?" expostulated Chum, as the new-comer, with arms around his neck and a firm grip of his ears, proceeded to execute a bear dance about the apartment.

"You've secured your position, perhaps, but you need n't overturn the stove. We are glad, of course, — that is, Shackelford is; but I'm blamed if I justify a man in mashing my collar for any prize less than the Presidency of the United States. DURNFORD W. EAST! Stop!"

"Presidency of the United States!" ex-

claimed Saunders with immense disdain, releasing his victim. I've something better. Presidency! foh!" He seized the tureen of small hazel-nuts, and deliberately emptied the contents into the wood box, while we looked on amazed, and irresolute whether or not to rush the little scamp through the hall into outer darkness. He then produced an enormous package of chestnuts, and filled the tureen to its utmost capacity.

Chum looked on with a mocking smile.

"Yes, the gutters shall run chestnuts this first year of our reign," he remarked. "Now settle down, Jack Cade, — don't be an idiot, — and tell us about your new kingdom."

"Well," said Sandy at length, "it was this way." He settled himself comfortably in an easy chair, with his feet on the table. "Shove in another stick of hickory, East, and turn on the draught. It is chilly here."

It was like Sandy's impudence to order the tall and dignified East to make up the fire; and it was an illustration of the winning nature of impudence in general, or of Sandy's particular variety, that East promptly obeyed.

"It was this way," began Saunders. "You see, it was n't really the lumber trade I was specially interested in. Annie Ormalee and I had made up our differences, and everything was going right, when she was suddenly called home, as you know. I knew Master Lateen was behind it somewhere, but I did n't know just where. I was desperate, and did n't care, and I determined to go up to Ormalee, and beard the Douglass in his hall, so to speak; and if I had known what immense swells some of these people are at home, I don't believe I would have had the assurance."

"Here! Shackelford," interrupted Chum. "He does n't think he would have had the assurance! Pretty good! But go ahead, Sandy."

"Well, I found the old gentleman after a time. He is a kind of spider up there in the middle of a great web of factories and works; but he seemed pleasant and affable, asked me what I could do, and settled down for a talk."

"I spread a paper on his desk so my boots would n't scratch the varnish, put my feet up, and also settled down for a talk. It's the only position for true comfort."

"Hear him, Shackelford!"

"The old gentleman had a kind of mocking way with him at first, and said, 'O, never mind the desk, the entire office is at your disposal. Here Alex,' he called with a kind of gleam in his eye to a slim darkey, who was a kind of messenger in waiting, 'have n't we cigars for the gentleman?' I thanked him and said I did n't smoke; and then he seemed struck with my care for the varnish of the desk, sent for a paper, put it on *his* end of the desk, and leaning back in his office chair, put his feet up also."

"Hear him, Shackelford," repeated Chum with intense enjoyment.

"I saw the old fellow was a good deal amused. He is a kind of a king up there (his people would call him Your Majesty or Your Excellency, if he would permit it), and my treating him as a man and a brother struck his fancy.

"Then I launched out on my Texas experience and the Missouri excursion and my getting out of money, — you remember how it was. I had spent my last nickel and found I would have to hire out to a farmer somewhere, so I picked out the nicest-appearing farm I had seen in Missouri and went in."

"The tramp picked out the nicest place on the road, Shackelford, and went in. Modest Saunders."

Saunders smiled patiently and continued:

"The proprietor was stacking grain in the rear of the barns, and said he did not need any help. I then told him I had picked his place out from among others as a nice place to work. He admitted his was a nice place, but winked at his men, and said he had not picked me out to work it yet, but may be he might — next year. I then offered to bind wheat, but he had binders; to carry sheaves, but he had two men carrying sheaves already. I proposed to stack wheat, but he said he was stacking this year himself.

"I then asked him why he did not stack

his wheat so it would turn rain. He looked a little anxious, and I said if I could n't stack grain better than he was doing, he need not pay me. At that he slipped down off the stack with a pitchfork, and I thought he was after me, but he told me to go up and try it, which I did.

"He watched me while I completed the stack, and then said he allowed I might as well continue, as he had some other things to do, and I went on and stacked his entire harvest; and when I left he offered me an increase of wages to stay.

"Old Mr. Ormalee said he had stacked wheat himself when he was a boy, but he seldom got near a harvest field now, and asked how I improved on the farmer's plan. And when I said by inclining the sheaves outward and downward, he nodded assent as if that was quite right. Then he told me of his own work when he was a youngster, and we had quite a jovial time. After a while he glanced at the clock, reached for a pen, and said, 'I think we can find something for you, Mr. Saunders. I will give you a note to Stephens, to put you on in the pattern room.'

"Then the plunge had to be made, and you ought to have seen that poor man when I asked for his daughter. Thunderstruck is not the term for it; he was depressed. His face reddened and then he sat and twiddled his thumbs helplessly. I took my feet down, for I did not know how soon I might need them; but he was n't violent. He rose, went to the window and looked out a while, jingling the keys in his pocket absently. Then he came back and said I had given him a very pleasant morning, but, of course, my request could not be granted. My own good sense would later tell me this, when I should consider the different social position of his daughter, and so on. He spoke as if sorry for me, however, and ended by inviting me to dine with him next day, and meet his daughter and another schoolmate of mine; and who do you suppose it was? Why, Lateen!

"Well, if you suppose I did not accept that invitation you are mistaken, and I can't

imagine why it was given unless with some mixed feelings of kindness and policy in showing me courtesy, and at the same time discouraging me by the baronial style of the house, and the superior elegance of Miss Nan's other beaux; for besides herself and family and a young lady friend, I met Lateen and another gentleman and the old superintendent at the dinner. The fact that that contemptible puppy Lateen was there had made me all the more determined to be present; and moreover, I felt pretty sure I had a friend at court who would not desert me, and whom I did not propose to desert.

"So there I was when the time came, and not very happy, I can tell you. Miss Annie took no special notice of me, Lateen was slyly insolent, and Mr. Ormalee seemed struggling with the conflicting emotions of a partiality for me and disgust at his own folly in inviting me there.

"But I had an ally in the old superintendent. He is a queer old fellow, looks like a teamster, and does n't lace his shoes. He is a little lame too; and a pawnbroker would n't advance three dollars on his whole outfit. I took him for some poor devil out of work, myself; but he's shrewd, and being a relative of the family and manager of the business, has a good deal of weight. Somehow he took a fancy to me from the start, and as he does n't like Lateen and his ways, it was great luck that he did. Nevertheless, matters were looking pretty dismal for me, when Mr. Ormalee said suddenly, 'Nannie, what is that odd pendant you wear?' And she replied archly, but with a little quiver in her voice, 'It's a cowboy's button, papa, something new.'

"We all looked up, and there, sure enough, was my old coat button swinging by a tiny gold chain from a bracelet on the prettiest arm you ever saw. Lateen turned pea green, the old gentleman looked disturbed, as if he knew something of the matter, and my spirits went up like a rocket. I was delirious; I talked and laughed with Uncle Jack, the old superintendent, and he met me half way. I told jokes, and all the fun and wit I had ever heard or thought of seemed crowding

for utterance. The old superintendent joined in, the ladies followed, and when Lateen excused himself, as he did on some plea, Mr. Ormalee himself yielded and helped in the merriment.

"Well, Miss Nan is an only daughter, and she has her own way much of the time, and there were other invitations; and one day, when a party of us were looking over one of the factories, I overheard her father and the old superintendent in an earnest debate.

"See the trouble you have got me into, Jack, by advising me to let those children loose in Ann Arbor," said Mr. Ormalee.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "Nannie does seem to have made good use of her opportunities. Three beaux in as many months is n't a bad record." And he laughed. "I don't know but you may as well meet the issue at one time as another. There's Vance, Lateen, and this chap to choose from."

"Yes," said Mr. Ormalee: "Vance is a fool, Lateen I don't like, and this fellow, though I admit the youngster meets my judgment, is out of the question, of course."

"Then the blessed old cripple said, (he's a cripple you know), 'Whose judgment have you followed, John, in accumulating this property, your own or other people's? Really I don't see, Johnnie, if the boy meets Nannie's

liking and your judgment, that there is anything left but my consent; and I tell you I've a great notion to give it,' and the old superintendent chuckled as he said it, and I hurried off.

"Well, there was a great change in the climate about that time. The hotel was considered too cold and cheerless for me, and a change was suggested; and — well the extent of it is, that we're to be married in the spring; but I'm to finish my medical course first. Uncle Jack said they had no use for a doctor in the family; but it had never possessed a cowboy, and it had aspirations. — Now, what do think of that, Mr. East?" ended Sandy, triumphantly.

"Well," drawled Chum slowly, "a fool for luck, I say"; whereat Sandy made such a savage attack upon him with our landlady's sofa cushion, that I joined Chum in rushing him into the hall, and turning the key upon him. And that is about all I know of Sandy's affairs, except that he graduated after hard study; and the handsome old gentleman who followed Miss Ormalee and Sandy into the carriage in waiting at the University entrance, and snapped the door to after him with a bang, carried Sandy's diploma in his hand as proudly as if he himself had won it.

Charles H. Roberts.

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, that as at early dawn
The crowd kneel, waiting at the altar rail,
Behind them, noiseless, shadowy, should steal on
Another crowd, as if behind a veil.

Suppose, that as the shadows fall,
And lamps are lighted, and the darkness grows,
A step should sound upon the path without,
A step familiar; O, my heart, suppose!

Mrs. Edward W. Bacon.

PROTECTION.

IN a country with free institutions and general manhood suffrage, it is necessary for the continued maintenance of any doctrine that the masses should be persuaded to it. They must be made to believe that their interests are served. It is for this reason that the doctrine of Protection has had invented for it in this country the theory that it sustains labor prices, and is therefore in the interest of the masses.

The point is put in this way : Low-paid labor means low cost of production ; high-paid labor means high cost of production ; therefore a country where labor is paid high cannot compete nor even hold its own with a country where labor is paid low ; and further that a free and open contest between two such countries must result in the lowering of the wages in the high wage country to the standard of the low wage country. If this claim be true, then indeed has Protection, or the levying of public taxes for the benefit of private persons, good ground to stand on. If, on the other hand, it be found untrue, then is Protection again thrown on the precarious support of the lobbying so familiar in its political methods. This is a question of fact, and it is the facts we must examine.

If it be true that the lowest paid labor produces most cheaply, and gives industrial and commercial supremacy to the country where it exists, then low wage countries must control the commercial destiny of the world, and must continue to control it. The countries where wages are lowest are those in which slaves are held, as the interior and equatorial portions of Africa, Turkey, Arabia, and considerable portions of Asia. Slaves are subsisted, but work without any wages ; consequently by this theory slave countries should easily dominate the industrial world, since wages in them are at a minimum.

Passing from slave countries to wage countries we find the lowest price paid in India,

China, Brazil, Mexico, and the northern states of South America and in Central America. Wages in these countries for ordinary unskilled labor vary from seven to forty-five cents a day. The labor in these countries, instead of producing the great results the Protection theory claims, does the reverse ; and the product of labor being even lower comparatively than its price, these countries are poor. Instead of fearing these cheap labor countries we think of them with cheerful compassion, and send missionaries to convert them from the error of their ways.

Coming now to the highly civilized countries of Europe, I find the weekly wages in them, stated by a Protectionist, to be as follows :

Occupation.	France.	Germany.	Italy.	England.
Bricklayers.....	\$4.00	\$3.60	\$3.45	\$8.12
Carpenters.....	5.42	4.00	4.18	8.25
Painters.....	4.90	3.92	4.60	7.25
Plumbers.....	5.50	3.60	3.90	7.75
Cabinet-makers....	6.00	3.97	4.95	7.70
Coopers.....	7.00	3.30	4.35	7.30
Blacksmiths.....	5.45	3.55	3.94	8.10
Bakers.....	5.55	3.50	3.90	6.50
Gasfitters.....		3.65	3.95	7.25

The proposition of the Protectionist is that a low wage country can *flood* a high wage country with competing goods, lower the wages of the high-priced country, and control its markets. The Protectionist expresses a profound contempt for theories and principles. He will admit that the economic principles of Free Trade cannot be logically overthrown, but he stigmatizes them as “theories,” and declares that facts and experience destroy their validity. The question then is, Do the facts contradict the principles of trade ?

In examining this first proposition we see that slave countries do not now compete with high labor countries, neither do they flood their markets with manufactured goods. The exports of slave labor countries are almost exclusively confined to products dependent

on climatic conditions, such as chocolate, coffee, tea, indigo, sago, pepper, and bananas. They take in exchange for these products the manufactures of the high-paid labor countries. This is not a condition of today only, but it has been the case from time immemorial.

In examining this question further, we find these slave and low labor countries do their exchanging and their trading principally with the country of the world paying the highest wages, that is England; and not with low labor countries engaged in the same manufactures, as Italy, France, Russia, Austria, and Germany. It is the high wage country, where the laborer's hours are the shortest and the pay the best, that produces the cheapest and controls the market. It is not at all, as the Protectionist asserts, the low wage countries that produce the cheapest and the best.

The United States is still a high wage country. The tendency, however, is distinctly to a lowering of wage rates. When our free land is exhausted and the population is as dense as in European countries, the fact will be apparent enough. The reason that we do not hold the world's markets is that Protection increases too much the cost of the materials that enter into our manufactures. It is not the high price of labor which does this, for if this were the case England paying high labor prices as compared to other countries could do no trade with the world in competition with low wage countries.

The proposition that cheap labor means cheap production has another aspect. If it be true, it is just as fatal to the interest of labor with Protection as without it. The domestic industrial struggle here at home, if carried on under this doctrine, must operate to grind labor lower and lower, till a maximum of hours and days work is achieved, at a minimum of pay. If cheap labor means cheap production, then are the interests of labor and of capital irreconcilable. It must in this case always be to the advantage of the employer to obtain his labor at the lowest rates, for his production will thereby be cheapened. His safety as a producer at a profit will make it his main business to re-

duce wages and to keep them down. The establishment of this doctrine must make the lot of the laborer hopeless, for we unfortunately see every day that capital has the whip hand in contests between itself and labor.

I deny this deadly and cruel doctrine. It is not true. Does the sagacious man with sickness in his family employ the cheapest doctor? No, he leaves that to the fool. Is it amongst successful enterprises that you find the lowest wages? No, it is amongst those of small profits. The only exception is the monopoly, that with unholy grip wrings the blood from the people through defective laws. In the fair industrial fight, high wages are paid by the successful. I personally know of one case where the manager of a large business in this State is paid a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Could not a cheaper man be obtained? Of course. But in the opinion of these sagacious men a cheaper man would be more expensive, in that their business would not be so well managed, and would not be so profitable. What they gained in diminished labor expense they would lose ten-fold in diminished efficiency of labor.

The most intelligent and self-respecting labor is the cheapest. It is not the ignorant, inefficient, cheap man that can produce at the lowest price in any business. If a large industrial establishment lowers its wages below the average in that industry, it will soon have the least efficient laborers engaged in that industry. Consequently, its product will diminish in quality, its plant will be less economically administered, and its profits will diminish. If all employers engaged in the industry lower wages, then the best workmen will tend to other industries, and it will lose in general efficiency. Those remaining will have their hopes and ambitions clouded, and the whole of the labor engaged will lessen in activity and effectiveness, and the employer will with his laborer lose money.

Within reasonable limits cheap labor does not mean cheap production. In my own business ventures I know that this is true. A good man is always worth good pay, and a poor man is generally dear at any price.

I venture to say that every practical man will sustain me in this position. I believe that the interests of labor and capital are really one, and that the truest self-interest on the part of the employer is to increase the intelligence and efficiency of his laborers, and not to reduce their pay. This latter course in the long run must diminish efficiency.

This Protection doctrine that cheap labor means cheap production means an unending war between labor and capital, — a war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. Its logical outcome is the re-establishment of slavery, for this is the minimum of labor pay.

In our own country we have had a striking illustration of the fallacy of this Protectionist doctrine. Before the Civil War and during that war it was said and generally admitted that the abolition of slavery in the South would stop the production of cotton. Wages, it was held, could not be paid to farm hands in the South, and cotton produced cheap enough to compete with countries with labor at a minimum, as in Egypt and India. Nevertheless, slavery was abolished, and nevertheless cotton is produced. Wages are paid, and more cotton is produced than ever was produced with slavery and no wages, and what is directly to the point, the cost of producing a pound of cotton is cheaper and less than it ever was with no wages at all.

The second proposition of the Protectionist to be examined is the assertion that Protection creates and maintains high wages. This is a new doctrine. The original arguments for Protection were that certain industries in this country were infants, and were very desirable for the country to have, but that owing to the higher wages prevalent in this country, as compared to those of our competitors, it was difficult if not impossible to establish them.

Protection at its inception found wages higher here than in Europe, and made the fact the foundation for its demands. Now its advocates say that it makes and maintains high wages. If Protection makes and maintains high wages, then as a matter of

course it must do so as well in one country as in another. What are the facts?

There are four European countries which, as to age, density of population, absence of free land, and their general conditions resemble each other as nearly as any four countries of which I can think. They are France, Germany, Italy and England. The first three are Protection, and the last Free Trade. Turning back to the Protectionist table already cited, it will be seen that the wages in Free Trade England average more than double those in protected countries. Here we have the Protectionist's own figures to show that Protection does not make and maintain high wages. The fact is exactly the reverse; the three protected countries have the lowest wages, while the Free Trade country has the highest wages, although only a few miles from the continent where these other countries are. Not only are the wages higher, they remain higher, and are double those across a little arm of the sea.

The logical outcome of Protection must be apparent to any one. It is, of course, no trade at all. The absolute prohibition of imports means the absolute absence of exports. A one-sided commerce can by no possibility continue. Goods are paid for with goods. Money is only the convenient tool by which the exchanges are made between persons and nations. Money is only paid from one country to another as a balance to settle the large transactions. It cannot be eaten or worn. When used, or exported, or imported in quantity, it is as a metal and not as money. The exchanges and business of no country could be carried on for any length of time with money alone. In such an attempt the value of money as an exchange medium in the country exporting it would rapidly rise to a point where the trade could not continue. The price of all articles would necessarily fall, tempting the exchange medium back. On the other hand, the country importing money only would soon see the price of money fall and of all other goods rise. Thus would trade come to a no thoroughfare. The immense exports of this country are only possible by reason of its

immense imports. It must be clear to even a muddy thinker, that impediments to imports must of necessity be to an equal extent impediments to exports. As Protection impedes imports, so equally does it impede exports. This is an effect which the manufacturer here, desiring a larger market, can put in his pipe to smoke, for he is really as much interested in having the world for a market as the poor farmer who pays for the whole business.

One country has tried the extreme of Protection. It is the Empire of China. This country built a solid wall on its land side and forced all ships to be built with an open stern, thus preventing more than a close coasting trade, and absolutely forbade its ports to all foreign ships. Here was complete Protection in a vast country with diverse climates and products and hundreds of millions of people. When the ports were opened by force, we have the recorded observation of the first visitors to show what the effect of Protection on this complete scale was. Infanticide was rife. The labor system was partially slave by the sale of themselves and of their children to rich men by the hopeless laborers. The pay of a workman was lower than it is today in China, and lower than it has ever been recorded in any industrial community. The Protectionists make a great fuss about introducing English Free Trade. What then? Is it the doctrines of the Flowery Kingdom they prefer?

Colonel Robert Ingersoll asks, "Why do not Americans emigrate to England, if Free Trade is good?" Here is a question for him: Why do not English workmen emigrate to France, Italy, and Germany, if Free Trade is bad? Here is another problem for him or his ilk: If Protection makes high wages, it must first be felt in the protected industries. These with us are for the most part in the Eastern and Middle States, with many now in Ohio and Illinois. How is it then that Western men do not emigrate to these high wage States? An examination of the U. S. Census will at once show that American emigration is from the protected States and not to them. If Protection is for the benefit of

the native-born American, how is it that he flies from it as though it were a pest? How is it that the protected industries are more than half manned by men of foreign blood, such as Hungarians and Italians in Pennsylvania, and Irish and French Canadians in New England? Here is a table showing the nativity of the labor in the protected industries of three Massachusetts towns:

	Native-born Employed.	Foreign Labor Employed.
Fall River	3,137	9,334
Lowell.....	4,883	5,175
Lawrence.....	3,415	5,724

The protected employer, accepting the doctrine I have already attacked, seeks his labor where he can get it cheapest. He cares no more for the American workman than for the dirt under his feet. He brings his labor from Europe by contract when he can, and when the law prevents, he still brings them in indirectly. This seeking for cheap labor being an error, we naturally find as a rule the product of the protected industries inferior to foreign makes, and more expensive in the proportion labor bears to the output than our industries that stand on their own merits. The intelligent and self-reliant free-born American, I am convinced, can produce, if let alone, better goods at a less cost than the workman of any other country. Our unprotected industries do this today, and are easily ahead in the world race. Not so the protected ones. It is not only that the American knife is higher priced under the protective system than the English; it is not so good. It is not only that American cassimeres under Protection are higher priced than the English, but they are not so good. After nearly thirty years of excessive Protection, after nearly thirty years of searching for cheap labor to make cheap products, and after thirty years of coddling by the government, and begging and log rolling by the protected industries, we still find them giving poor product at high figures, and still find them begging and whining for Protection. It is said by Protectionists that the prices of protected articles have gone down, while the unprotected farmers' products have gone up.

It is a most inconsequent statement, for if it shows anything it shows that Protection is the greatest fraud on earth and does not protect at all. The fact these persons point out they state as though it were confined to this country. It is, however, world wide, and it is as true in Free Trade England as in Protection America.

Protectionists also set up the doctrine that the extraordinary progress of this country is owing altogether to Protection. How is it that protected China did not also progress wonderfully? It seems that our free public domain, open to the laboring citizen on the most liberal terms, has had no part in this. Our free institutions apparently go for nothing, and the security of the laborer in keeping his wages without having to fight for them, whereby he is encouraged to work and save, play no part in our progress. The schooling and consequent intelligence of the American born citizen is a waste of time; the moral teaching of the churches all nothing; the land on which we have grown and which we have developed is naught; our freedom, our self-reliance, our schools, our justice, our morals, all nothing. Protection is everything. A more blasphemous and unpatriotic doctrine could scarcely be devised.

What! American freemen incapable of competing with slaves and paupers! I never saw a slave or pauper that I would be afraid to meet in industrial competition. A free, intelligent citizen of this republic can paddle his own canoe anywhere. He can invent and apply his labor more economically than any man on earth. If it is not so, then freedom is a failure. If the slave and pauper is the best laborer, then our institutions of freedom a failure and a flaunting lie. The best and cheapest laborer can sustain the industrial fight the best. If this laborer be the slave and pauper, then should all laborers seek for slavery or the poorhouse. No thoroughbred American can accept such a cowardly doctrine.

It is indeed the business of every good citizen to be concerned about the conditions of labor. His own children, if they ever amount to anything, will be laborers after he is gone.

He must wish them to be so, for by labor alone can the faculties improve. By labor alone can health of body and mind be maintained. The line of activity for labor's cause must never be to diminish the self-reliance of the man. The responsibility for failure or success must rest with the individual. The government can assume this only to the injury of the man. Our line of advance must be far from the greenhouse coddling of the Protectionist. Education should be made more practical. Sanitary regulations in towns and factories should be more studied. The mortality in some trades greatly exceeds that in others. One set of statistics I have shows the average age at death of farmers to be sixty-five years, while the average age at death of women operatives in the same district was only twenty-two years.

So also the hours of labor and the employment of children should be considered, together with many other matters, all running to the welfare of the worker, without undermining his self-reliance, while increasing his capacity, health, dignity, and manhood. One care must always be taken, and that is not to bring slave or pauper labor or any poor labor into contact with free labor. Labor is thereby degraded. We have an experience of this in America. The free white labor in the South was degraded by contact with slave labor, and came at last to be called, as laborers, "poor white trash." So also in this State the introduction of Chinese labor will produce, if persisted in, the same result.

No greater curse to our country ever happened than the introduction into it of slave labor, and of a race not sufficiently developed to demand and maintain its freedom. Chinese immigration, if persisted in, will have different effects from those of the slave trade, but in the same line, and, I believe, equally dangerous.

One strong argument advanced for Protection is that Free Trade would be of advantage to England and Canada especially, and to the rest of the world in general, and therefore it would be bad for us. Commerce and trade, in the idea of the Protectionist, is a one-sided affair. What is a benefit to one

country is an injury to another. The Protectionist is opposed to the trading of our products with England so long as we take anything back in manufactures. I cannot think what else we could take. The Protectionist, however, as a rule, expresses himself as strongly in favor of exporting our manufactures to Brazil, Mexico, and other similarly situated countries. The ground of opposition to receiving English manufactures is that it will injure us, and he is studying all the time how to export manufactures of our own, and consequently to injure other countries.

The principles of trade, according to the Protectionist, demand that somebody shall be injured whenever international trade is established. Nothing is more untrue. Trade, exchange, and commerce, whether individual or national, will never go on unless both sides see their profit. With freedom of exchange, such as we see in its perfection between our own States, everything is voluntary. We trade those things we produce easiest for those things we want most. Thus it is also with him who trades with us. If a man trade and be injured or deceived he will surely be wary of trading with the same person again, — while if he see his advantage in former trades he will be ready to trade again. So it must be with him to whom the trade is proposed, he must see his profit also.

The individuals of one nation trading with the individuals of another are no more likely to continue a losing trade than the individuals of the same nation are to do so. If it be necessary to protect the individuals of this nation from making bad bargains with individuals of another country, and to regulate their trading by government interference it must be equally necessary to extend this government interference to protect the individuals of the nation from injurious trading amongst themselves. It certainly cannot be true that the American people, as intelligent as any people in the world, are going as individuals to trade where they will be injured and not benefited. The Protectionists as usual have not gone to the logical end of their tether in this matter, and I do not think that

they hold that an individual American would be a loser in trading with a foreigner, but they do say that the nation would be. It is difficult to see how this can be. It is none of the nation's business in any case where a man trades, or whether he trades well or ill. The result of a man's labor is his own, and he ought by all means to be free to do with it what he likes. This is part of the value of a man's wages or produce, and to the extent that his freedom in the disposal of the results of his labor is interfered with, to the same extent is its value diminished.

Nowhere, curiously enough, is there a more complete demonstration of the advantage of Free Trade and the fallacy of Protection than here in protected America. There is nowhere else so extensive a commerce carried on without restraint as in this Union. This Free Trade is carried on over our vast country between places having different climates, different products, and different wages for labor. It is carried on between agricultural States and manufacturing States, — mining communities trade with agricultural and with manufacturing communities: Wages are today one-third higher in San Francisco than they are in Massachusetts. In Southern California farm hands obtain nearly three times the wages they do in Mississippi. I am told that smelters in Montana receive about four times the daily wage of those in Jersey City. Still, under this perfectly Free Trade we exchange and exchange and seem very well satisfied with the results. The cheap wage States do not flood us uncomfortably with their goods here in California. If the doctrines of Protection be correct, this Free Trade certainly must be a mistake; for they say a high wage community can only trade with a low wage community at a loss. Especially must it be disadvantageous for the agricultural States to permit Free Trade with the manufacturing ones.

The trading of the West with the East, of agricultural products for manufactures, must according to Protection, be an unmitigated evil to the West. It can make no difference to the Western States whether an imaginary political line does or does not separate them

from the Eastern States. The economic condition could not thereby be changed, and it is just as much an injury to the high-paid Western laborer to be brought in competition with the Eastern cheap laborer as with any other cheap laborer. How can Free Trade be good for the United States as between themselves, with all their diversity of labor prices, conditions, and products, and not good as between the States and other countries? The doctrine of Protection being admitted, the self-interest of half the States in the Union demands secession from the other half and from each other. Wherever wages are high, Protection is demanded against States where it is low. California, being a high wage State, with a few infant industries, certainly needs Protection against the Eastern and Central States, which now flood us with their cheap labor wagons, plows, agricultural implements, and other manufactures.

If California does not need Protection against the cheap labor of the East, there can be no community that does need Protection, for the conditions in this State and in the East are exactly and completely the ones asserted by the Protectionist to be those requiring trade impediments. Not long ago there was but one transcontinental railroad from California to the East. To put it mildly, the rates on this road were high, and the service slow and poor. The high freight tariff of the railroad was an impediment to trade exactly similar in its effect of increasing the price of imported goods to that of the government tariff, — with, however, this exception, — everybody paid the freight tariff, whereas every importer does not pay the full government tariff, because of the undervaluations and various abuses which honeycomb its administration. Recently three other lines of railroad have come to the Coast. Competition has given us a better service, and greatly reduced the freight tariff, whereby we are in a measure protected. These things have been considered a great advantage to the State, and everybody is glad. I pay one hundred and ten dollars for a wagon made in the East, whereas a few

years ago, for a similar one made here, I paid one hundred and sixty-two dollars. Still, there are more wagon works in Los Angeles today than ever before. The State has prospered and grown under this lowered tariff, and in no parts more than in the South, where a competing road has made the lower tariff and better service most marked.

Protectionists, to be consistent, would prefer the high tariff one railroad. They ought even to go further and prefer ox-teams and mule trains, for by such means would insurance, interest, and freight add most to the price of importations.

It does seem strange that supposedly intelligent men will hurrah and shout and celebrate at the lowering of natural tariffs by increased speed in transportation, increased security, and lower freight tariffs, while they fight every attempt to modify artificial tariffs set up by the government to impede the same trade. The city of San Diego has recently endeavored to secure a steamship line to Australia, which would have facilitated trade with that country. Many Los Angeles merchants have expressed their desire for the same thing, and would be glad to have steamship lines to many places. For what? Why, to facilitate trade between Los Angeles and the world. Yet there are many advocates of improving transportation and lessening freight, who, as Protectionists, vote to have the government keep the bars up, and make trade impediments. On one side the invention of the world by improving and cheapening transportation has spread the light of civilization amongst mankind, has made a peace by commerce, has alleviated distress and famine, and has broadened our hearts and our heads to a larger view of human interests. On the other hand we have the Protectionists who follow the monstrous and inhuman doctrine that the advantage of others is our loss, and the loss of others our advantage; who by government tariffs and bars endeavor to neutralize as far as possible the benefits we derive from the removal of the natural tariffs of time and distance. Their minds are in the dark ages of wars and strifes, — of selfishness in its narrow

sense. They stand in the path of progress.

California suffers greatly from the tariff. For our interests, even admitting Protection to be correct, we should have free jute for bags, free hemp for ropes, free iron for our iron manufacture, free coal for fuel, free tin for our cans, free sugar for our fruit men, free lumber for everybody, etc. The only thing we produce in this list is lumber, and that of all things should be free; a more conservative and intelligent management is absolutely essential for our forests. This is an irrigating State. With the forests destroyed on the mountains, torrents will form to alternate between flood and drought, the springs and streams will diminish in summer, flow and dry up sooner, and the State will tend to the aridity of Arabia. Wool on the free list would, I believe, benefit the woolen manufacturers and the wool growers themselves. In any case our agricultural lands can scarcely be put to a worse use than desolate sheep walks.

The protection we receive on fruits amounts to nothing compared to the other protected industries. Prunes, for instance, get 10 per cent, while iron, blankets, etc., all receive over 40 per cent, and some over 100 per cent. The highest protective duty is over 300 per cent. We thus have the big end to pay for protection and the little end to receive.

Undoubtedly the climate and soil of this State will some day give it the control of much of the fruit trade of the world. Only a few thousand acres are now in cultivation, and still we are rapidly coming to a point where our product will fill the American market. We need Canada as well as this country for a market; we need the world for a market, if we are to fully develop our resources. To have the world's market the fruit industry must stand on its own merits.

To Eastern men we fruit growers say: "Come to us. On this vineyard the net profit per annum is \$50, \$100, or even \$500. On this orange orchard the net annual profit is from \$200 to \$800." How can we be justified in such statements when we appear as beggars before Congress, asking for the dol-

ing out of a Protection pittance for our bankruptcy?

There is no doubt that we fruit men in our tins, labels, boxes, houses, clothes, plows, nails, etc., pay in Protection a great deal more than we receive. The brandy and wine maker can feel safe, for no Free Trader ever thinks of taking off the tax on these. The old idea was that taxes were only justified by the necessity of government for support. The higher the taxes the worse off you were, the lower the taxes the better off you were. Taxes were considered a drawback, a disadvantage, and a nuisance. Now comes the Protectionist with the proposition that taxes on the contrary are a blessing, and any reduction in them is to be resisted to the death. Every free citizen should understand that the public needs are the sole excuse for a public tax, and that no public tax for a private use can ever be anything but robbery under the forms of law.

The Protectionist comes to the government and says: "I am in a losing business or wish to go into a losing venture. For the sake of establishing this business, claimed to be a losing one, in the country, I ask the government to establish a tax or tariff on all goods such as I propose to make. By this means the government will collect the tax from the people on the foreign goods used, while I will collect the tax from the people on the domestic goods used." So Protection prostitutes the principles of taxation. The government power of taxing is delegated to private persons for their private benefit, and private fortunes are augmented at the public cost and by public authority.

No one can ever know what this system has cost us, or what injustice it has done. Our progress has undoubtedly been in spite of it, and is owing to our free lands, free institutions, free schools, and free trade amongst ourselves.

The tariff is full of abuses, wrongs, and injustice. Its administration has always been honeycombed with dishonesty and corruption.

American copper is made to cost Americans four cents a pound more than it costs in Eng-

land. American sugar refiners receive more drawbacks for exporting sugar than the government receives in the protective tax. Drawbacks and bounties of all kinds exist, whereby Americans tax themselves to enable foreigners to buy American goods cheaper than they, the Americans, can buy them. This taxing ourselves to make goods cheaper to foreigners than to ourselves seems indeed the very height of absurdity.

Amongst these goods on which the most bounty is paid are guns, bayonets, Gatling guns, and gunpowder. Thus we tax ourselves so that in case of war we can be killed cheaper by foreigners with our own weapons than we can kill them. A case of the engineer hoist by his own petard.¹

¹ I cannot further load this article with the drawback tables and the tariff duties. Any one desiring to see them in condensed form can find them in a pamphlet of mine, "*Protection vs. Free Trade*," to be found in the San Francisco book stores.

The weakness of Protection is continually being shown by the combination of the protected industries to lay their men off on half time, or to shut down part of the productive plant altogether, under an agreement that the factory closed shall receive its share of the proceeds from those who continue to produce. Thus, the protective laws foster trusts, monopolies, and extortion. In no case do these protective combinations undertake to keep up the price of labor. When labor is considered by them, the question is how to keep it down.

In conclusion, we may safely lay down two propositions, either fatal to Protection.

First. — All freedom for man, consistent with order and morality, is good, and every infringement of freedom for any other cause is bad.

Second. — All taxes should be exclusively for a public use. No tax for a private use can be just.

Abbot Kinney.

A LEGEND OF MARTINEZ.

To the east of San Francisco and somewhat towards the north lies a long, narrow valley. Its western extremity glides almost imperceptibly down to the bay of San Pablo, while its eastern end breaks into the rolling Briones hills, which reach so far that they finally disappear in the purple, misty distance. Somewhat more than a half a century ago this valley was unpeopled, but on the day when this chronicle of events commences a young Spaniard and his wife, mounted on the back of a forlorn looking burro, pushed their way through the dense lupin copses whose silvery foliage extended as far as the eye could see in every direction, and even down to the water's edge to mingle with the long waving tules. Tied to the pommel of Señor Zamacoña's saddle was the leathern leading string of a second burro, which was heavily laden with the family possessions consisting of a sack of frijoles, a sack of maize, a frying

pan, a flitch of bacon, two pairs of red blankets, and a huge pack of miscellaneous articles.

As the quaint caravan halted on the beach to rest, the Señora slid down from her perch on the burro's back, and proceeded to stretch her tired and cramped limbs. After running about among the lupins like a delighted child for some time she crept back to her husband's side, and placing a wreath of yellow and purple blossoms on his head, she said earnestly, "Miguel, why can we not stay just where we are? I am worn out with riding, riding, riding; I am tired of seeing so many new places, and of never finding one which we can call our own."

Before replying, Miguel, with the wisdom of a good provider, glanced over the length and breadth of the valley, as if to measure its resources. It was between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and the western horizon was ablaze with gorgeous masses of or-

ange, scarlet, purple, and clear blue. Over the bay hung a thin violet mist, which was slowly creeping up and obscuring the hills that hedged in the stretch of still water. Impatient at her husband's long silence the Señora exclaimed, "Of course I know that we must have something besides beautiful landscapes to nourish the body; but if one can have a charming home and plenty of food at the same time it is so much the better, do you not think so, querido? There are laurels growing up the valley, and sycamores as well, so there is plenty of water. In this bay we can find enough fish to last a lifetime; and I am sure there is game on that big mountain which you see through that gap in the hills at our left hand. Now, Miguelito, say yes."

"Dear little woman, I always agree with you. Besides I feel sure that you are right about this place,—it is too full of resources for us ever to die of *el hambre*," answered the Señor with an easy laugh, as he gently disentangled himself from his wife's arms and went to unsaddle the animals.

"Perhaps, Miguel, if we call it El Hambre Valley, we shall always have enough and to spare, for things go so by contraries in this world," suggested the Señora. So it came to be named El Hambre — Hunger — Valley.

Miguel Zamacoña was stalwart and light-hearted. He stood six feet in height, and wore his bristling black hair clipped close to his head. His eyes were afire with pioneer enthusiasm, his voice deep and resonant, and his muscular limbs well fitted to bear the heaviest strain of a settler's life. As for his wife, she was womanly and engaging without being beautiful, more than this she was courageous and uncomplaining,—two qualities that go a great way with the masculine half of humanity. Only one who has suffered the privations of a pioneer life can fully appreciate the heroism its vicissitudes call forth. There are lonely days when one would gladly sacrifice a half of life to be placed in communion with the outside world once more. There are hungry days that recall the harrowing accounts of certain famines during which the starving creatures gnawed the leaves and

the bark from the trees. In such moments one looks abroad and calculates the relative sustaining power of every herb in sight. Then there are the cold days when one almost perishes, and the scorching days when one is fairly shriveled with heat. But Miguel and his wife were young and strong, and they not only had endured these and countless other hardships, but they had apparently thrived under them.

In time the young people built themselves an adobe cabin, Miguel making the clay bricks and his wife helping him to place them. They even fashioned concave tiles for the roof, to take the place of the less durable thatch. When the house was completed, they planted a kitchen garden, which thrived as never a garden thrived before. Occasionally Miguel shot a deer; then they would dry its meat and hang it away to use when the rains came, and they could no longer leave the house to hunt and fish.

At last it became necessary for Miguel to make a journey to the city of Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was then called. At first the Señora Emilia would not listen to the proposition that she should remain at home, take care of the plants and the animals, and with her voice trembling with anxiety said: "But Miguelito, to be alone three weeks is terrible! Even when you are out hunting for a day I grow desperate with loneliness,—it chokes me and oppresses me."

"What! the bravest little woman I have ever known shrinks from her duty?" replied Miguel in gentle admonition. "Besides, I shall only be gone three weeks at the very outside. The burros are fat and strong, and the one I ride will surely make the trip in that time. Then I will bring back still another burro and ever so many new things to make our nest more comfortable."

"It is as you wish, of course," said Emilia, turning her brimming eyes away and busying herself with the breakfast.

When Miguel was ready to start, his wife accompanied him as far as the beach. After he had bidden her goodby, she climbed a neighboring bluff, shaded her eyes with her brown lithe hand, and watched his big white

sombrero as long as she could see it. Once he turned and waved his handkerchief at her, she fancied that he passed it over his eyes as if to dry some furtive tears. Soon after that he turned a corner and was lost to view.

The days seemed interminably long, — and O so dull ! After the tenth day had passed, Emilia walked down every evening to the bluff where she had stood to watch him on the day of his departure, — she even called out to him, to make the dead silence of her surroundings less oppressive. Twenty days, and still no signs of the absent one. When three weeks had come and gone, Emilia's anxiety knew no bounds, and towards the evening of the twenty-second day, when her suspense became unendurable, she went to the meadow where the burro was tethered, and throwing her arms about the animal's neck she sobbed, "Good, strong burrito mio, something has happened to your master, and you and I must go and search for him."

The burro pricked up his long ears and whinnied intelligently, so that the Señora was certain that he understood every word. She untied the riata that tethered him and packed the saddle bags with frijoles, tassajo, and dried fruit. Strapping a pair of blankets across the saddle, she leaped into her place and galloped off, threading her way along the coast, sometimes up to the burro's knees in the rippling water, and sometimes along the cliffs of shale that rise abruptly out of the bay at intervals, and thus break the smooth continuity of the sands. The Señora's piercing eyes, a hundred times keener on account of her anxiety, allowed no trivial mark to escape them. Every trail, rock and tree was examined as she rode along. From time to time she slid from the burro's back and placed her ear to the ground, hoping to hear the gallop of an approaching rider ; but the only sound that broke the dull, lethargic silence was the plash of the waves against the narrow beach. Even the birds forgot to sing. In the marshes however the bullfrogs practiced their weird, discordant chant with a vehemence that only a June day could inspire. June ! and yet the distracted little woman on the burro's back was blind to the fact that

the mornings were sunny, that the time was June, and that all nature was reveling in motley hued garments of surpassing richness and splendor. If she had been conscious of it she would have beaten her breast in the heat of her anguish, and would have cried out rebelliously :

"What right has the summer to rejoice, when I have lost my husband, — when the life of my soul is gone? Rather let storms rage and the biting blasts of the tempest hide the weeping face of the sun. Rather let earthquakes swallow up the hateful earth. Miguel ! O my Miguel !"

When night closed down, she rolled herself in a blanket and lay in a springy bed of lupin branches. She lay down, but not to sleep ; she wished to rest the poor burro for the hard ride of the following day. Once in the night as she gazed through her tears at the stars, she heard a low moan. Springing to her feet and madly disentangling her limbs from the restraining blankets, she turned in the direction from whence came the sound and shouted, "Miguel ! Mi-i-gue-e-el !" Again came the cry, but her well trained ear told her that her heart had been deceived, and the sound was the voice of a hooting owl in some distant tree. She nervelessly relaxed her tense body and sank to the ground in an attitude of prayer. At the first manifestation of daylight, she re-saddled the burro and traveled onward. Not twenty yards beyond her own resting place she found the gray ashes of a camp-fire. To find even a trace of Miguel revived her sinking spirits, and led her to say frequently as the day wore on, "I shall soon find him now. He will come riding this way, and then he will be so glad to think that I have come to meet him."

The day drifted into twilight. A thin gray mist rose from the marshes, and as the darkness became more profound, faint flashes of peculiar blue light sparkled here and there among the tules. A low crooning came from the throats of the birds that were sinking to slumber 'mid the branches of the distorted scrub-oaks, which clothed the more elevated portions of land. Presently the moon rose :

seen through the vaporous medium that enshrouded the marshes, it appeared to be an incandescent violet sphere. As it mounted higher it paled to dull gold, and finally faded into its normal tint of bluish silver. In the midst of these weird surroundings, the señora perceived a moving object in advance. Her sturdy burro pricked up his ears, opened his great jaws, and uttered a peculiar call, which was instantly answered by the object in front of them.

"Miguel's burro!" exclaimed Emilia, as with a strange tightening sensation about the heart she called faintly,

"Miguel!" — then as they drew nearer the other burro she saw that the saddle was empty.

"Where is my husband?" she angrily cried, forgetful in her paroxysm of terror that the poor burro was not gifted with speech.

"Where is Miguel? O burrito mio, lead me to him. Dios! why can you not speak!"

The supplicating entreaty did not seem to be lost on the animal, for he soon faced about and retraced his steps, while Emilia followed on foot, leading her burro by the bridle. They pushed their way through bull-rushes, reeking with the damp, foul moisture of the lowlands where salt and fresh waters mingle. The Señora's feet slid out from under her more than once as they slipped on the elastic mold. When they had traveled an interminable distance the first burro whinnied and commenced to nose the ground, and refused to go farther. The Señora leaped forward and roughly pushed the burro aside. Parting the long, swaying branches she bent forward, and then rent the air with a piercing shriek.

"Dios! Dios! is this my Miguel? O mio, speak,—speak, I say."

The pale, upturned face was not one that could speak. The body was cold and rigid in death. Emilia cast herself upon the prostrate form, and held her breath that she too might die; but death is not so easy to woo. The poor woman took no note of the wearing away of midnight into dawning, and of daybreak into the clear intensity of another June day. Dragon-flies whizzed about her

head; the burros brayed, and the frogs kept up their harsh, exaggerated rasp, and leaped in and out of the pools with noisy splashes. When daylight had once more softened into gloaming, Emilia rose to her feet, weak, pale, and terror-stricken.

"Something must be done; I cannot let him lie here like this."

She looked around her, but found no better place in which he could lie, for there was little else than mud, water, and tules, as far as she could see. So she took his blanket, and covered him tenderly. On top of this she heaped a heavy mass of reeds, that tore and bruised her poor hands as she pulled them. When that was done, she placed some stones on the four corners of the blankets, and the burial ceremony was completed. Twice after she had started on her homeward way she crept back to the side of the dead, lifted the blanket from off the white face, and became unconscious. O the struggle of the hour, when she finally left him to sleep in peace in his cold, damp bed. Only you who have loved and who have been robbed by death of one who is dearer than life,—only such an one can recognize the grief that paralyzes all feeling, that dries forever the tear springs, and clouds the sunshine of life till the bitter end.

Once back in El Hambre Valley, the Señora succumbed to the effects of the exposure and excitement that she had undergone. For days she tossed on her bed in unconscious delirium. No loving hands administered the longed-for relief. Then came an interval of consciousness. Weak and faint, she crept out of bed, and out into the garden. The soft velvet grass cooled her hot face. The sight of their familiar haunts, so gay and fresh, made her forget herself, and she called out feebly:

"Miguelito! Where are you?" Then as her cry met no response, the truth flashed across her mind, and throwing herself upon the soft greensward she sobbed for release, and this time it came.

A few years later some settlers chanced upon this fertile valley. There they found a

woman's skeleton partially imbedded in the rich black mold.

"Died of starvation, poor thing?" exclaimed one of the men lifting his hat respectfully, as he looked down upon the bones. Then casting his eyes over the valley he continued, —

"Who would ever imagine this to be a haunt for hunger!"

"I don't believe it is," said another. "I propose that we stay here; there's a garden and a cabin all ready for us."

"Not much," said the speaker with determination. "I never did feel right about settling in a place which death had pre-empted. I may be superstitious, I'll admit, but no money would tempt me to stay here."

"Well then, Bill, we'll move along. What shall we call it on our map, — Death Valley?"

"Hunger Valley would be better," returned the first speaker, "though to my mind the greaser name, El Hambre, would be an improvement. I'm no baby, but I do hate these ghastly American names that some of the boys give to new settlements," and the map artist located the spot on his chart, and in a cramped, illegible scrawl wrote "El Hambre Valley."

A town has sprung into being in El Hambre Valley, — a town that has been christened

Martinez. Beautiful homes adorn its sloping hills; orchards and vineyards clothe every available foot of land; broad, winding roads stretch out in all directions like the myriad threads of a cobweb; green hedge-rows of cypress and osage orange border the farms; palms and orange trees lift their proud heads in the great rambling gardens; prickly pears nestle in neglected corners, overshadowed perhaps by old adobe houses that are laden with a tangle of wisteria, smilax, and roses. Everything speaks of progress and thrift, everything but the one adobe cabin that stands to the left of the county road that runs through El Hambre Valley.

It is said to be haunted by Señor Miguel and the Señora Emilia. Too small and inconvenient for a well-to-do American family, and too dangerous for any of the superstitious Portuguese in the vicinity to inhabit, the adobe remains tenantless. It is yellow with age, and discolored in patches with green mold and mud. Rank grasses grow on the roof where the mud has settled. In the dim twilight one's fancy can transform the two yawning windows into eye sockets, the low, broad doorway into a gaping mouth, and the break just in the center of the black roof into the hollow left by the vanished nose; the grasses might be a few stray locks. Yes, it makes a very fair skull.

Emelie Tracy Y. Swett.

RECENT FICTION. I.

ATTEMPTING to find a system of classification on which to present the dozen miscellaneous books of fiction now to be noticed, we start with the "novels with a purpose," and work away from them. The first place in such a classification, if indeed the purpose has not so overcome the novel that the book belongs altogether in another category, is undoubtedly due to a solid, repellant volume announcing itself in its sub-title as "A Philosophical, Lego-Ethical, and Religious Romance, in Four Parts." The author of

Within and Without,¹ nameless on the title page of his book, may surely be acquitted of any attempt to obtain attention to his doctrines on false pretences, for, in addition to the sub-title quoted, his preface says that the use of the romance is "merely a convenient form for impressing popular understanding," and gives the true objects of the book, all of a highly metaphysical character. Then comes

¹Within and Without. Chicago: J. Thompson Gill, Manager C. and B. Publishing Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

a Philosophical Summary, to which the reader is advised to make constant reference. There is accordingly so little of the jelly of romance admixed with the didactic quinine, that it merely increases the bulk of the dose without hiding the taste at all. Furthermore, the book ends with an announcement of an Organum of Philosophy to which the present volume is merely a propaideutic. Considered as a romance it is worthless. All the characters talk the same jargon of pseudo-philosophy, the main point of which is to introduce wherever they can be lugged in the words "within" or "without, printed in italics or small capitals. If anybody can do this, he is *WITHIN* the philosophical condition of the author; others are *WITHOUT* the condition, and consequently unenlightened. As a sample of the philosophical doctrines, take the law of analogy, which the author says should be expressed negatively, thus: "Every act, thought, being, existence, phenomena [sic],—everything, in fact—is analogous to every other act, thought, being, existence, phenomena—everything, in fact,—when divested of that in which the analogy does not consist." Now and then there is a little oasis in the desert of solemn nonsense, as for example, the sketch of little Miss Chip-pety, the worker on the outside of the Moody revivals,—but these are rare indeed, and it seems pretty clear that if the publication of the threatened Organum depends as intimated on the expression of public desire for it, its thirty-two propositions and their corollaries will never see the light.

Almost equally open to the charge of being a didactic novel, and yet on every other point the antipode of the book just noticed, is Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*.¹ Its purpose is to present in an attractive way the doctrines of socialism, and to do this Mr. Bellamy hit upon the ingenious scheme of putting his hero into a mesmeric trance for a hundred and more years, waking him up in a socialistic republic, the America of the year 2000. Money has lost its power, or rather there is no medium of exchange except gov-

ernment credits. Every citizen because of his humanity is entitled to an annual credit covering every reasonable want,—all wants being met by labor managed and directed by government officials. Every person between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five is enrolled in the "army of labor," and the work of this disciplined host, free from all rivalry and clashing of interests, is found ample for a comfort and magnificence for the race undreamed of in the days of hap-hazard private initiative and cut-throat competition.

It is not possible to give all the details or even all the main features of the ingenious system that Mr. Bellamy has worked out. His Boston of A. D. 2000 deserves and will hold a place in the world's Utopias, and it is impossible to read it without a stir of the blood, and the question, Why may this not be? Unfortunately the answer is only too apparent and too valid. It may not be because human nature is what it is. For example, in 2000, all persons, and more especially all persons of mediocre ability, are to be highly educated, because they are thus made the most of, even if that be not much, and because they thus become more companionable and pleasant to their neighbors. But all the educational facilities in the world will not inspire the love of study in the sluggish brain even in these days, when the possession of a superior education is a potent weapon in the battle for wealth, honor, and position. But when a man's comfort in no way depends on his intellectual exertion, the mediocrities will find still fewer spurs to prick the skin of their self-content. It is a bit amusing to find the boycott surviving as the most powerful social force in the beginning of the third millennium, for the discipline of the industrial army has as its compelling force the rule that "A man able to do duty, and persistently refusing, is cut off from all human society." As a story, the book is intensely interesting, and no reader will ever lay it down with a yawn. It was a truly Boston idea that made the young girl feel in duty bound to fulfill the engagement made by her great grandmother.

Having had a book that teaches philoso-

¹ Looking Backward. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

phy and one on sociology we turn to less formal didactics, in the books with a dominant moral purpose. Chief among these is Edgar Fawcett's *A Man's Will*,¹ a novel that would serve as a tractate for the teetotalers. It is the story of a man's struggle with an inherited taste for drink, a battle lost time and again, until delirium tremens scares the poor fellow into a resolve that holds. The drunkard's course from the first glass of beer at a Columbia students' mock burial to the fearful end is told with painful particularity. Columbia men, by the way, will not be pleased at the picture of student life given by Mr. Fawcett, and New York society people will doubtless find their own portraits somewhat too black in the drawing. As in all of the author's work, however, there is a distinct falling short of the object aimed at, and the reader is all the time conscious of this, though he may not be able to analyze the feeling. The characters are distinct enough, but not real enough, and the minute details of how and why the hero drinks every glass of liquor, from one schooner of beer to many nips of absinthe, are wearisome rather than instructive. The effect on his sister of the father's murder in a bar-room, in making her a temperance fanatic, and her relations with her easy-going husband, are better told.

The moral purpose is strong also in *The Man Behind*,² a book of some strength, it must be confessed, and yet one that is intensely disagreeable. It deals with people in the middle West, and largely with the lower castes in that region. John Hollencombe, the hero, (by the way, won't somebody invent names for the chief male and female characters in a book other than the misleading ones of hero and heroine?) betrayed a girl of the people, and the evil effects of his sin follow him through a long career of outward prosperity, and crush him at the last. The ethical teaching is good, but the manner of it is not, for the book is filled with

glaring improbabilities, and of needlessly minute descriptions of the bad manners of "the timber set." As examples of the first, it can hardly be the custom in "the Paw Paw State" for learned judges to take into partnership a clerk on the day of his graduation, nor for judges' daughters to fling themselves at the heads of such callow youths; of the second fault the dinner party at the Timberlins is an instance. 'It cannot be pleaded that to represent the lives of these people truly their vulgarity must be shown, for Miss Murfree deals with quite as common a set of people, and her books are never repulsive.

Dealing with a similar subject, that is, with the rural districts of Arkansas, is *Len Gansett*,³ by Opie P. Read. It is, however, without the moral purpose, without the strength, and without the disagreeable tone of *The Man Behind*. It is quite as improbable, however, in places, and the style is abominable. Here is a picked specimen, an evening scene :

The chatter-jack sang in the oak-tree, and the droning black bug, with clumsy bump, struck the clothes line. A soft, mellow light and a growing shadow waltzed over the fields, and down the lane the bell-cow came, while the capering calf pressed his head against the bars to catch the appetizing fragrance of his mother's breath.

There are bright pages to the book and some good character sketching, as, for instance, old Hobdy's talk, growing in luridness as the attacks of rheumatism come on. It is nevertheless no book to win a second reading, — nor even a first unless the reader be a person of much leisure or a professional reviewer.

Of slight character and no marked good or bad qualities is *Isidra*,⁴ a story of the Mexico of the time of Maximilian. The author had a chance in material and setting to make a strong story; but his hand is unsteady, and he fails when a climax is needed. The description of the games is good, but the battle scene is too much for

¹ *A Man's Will*. By Edgar Fawcett. Funk & Wagnalls: New York. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Co.

² *The Man Behind*. By T. S. Denison. Chicago: T. S. Denison. 1888.

³ *Len Gansett*. By Opie P. Read. Ticknor's Paper Series. Boston. 1888.

⁴ *Isidra*. By Willis Steell. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

his skill. The soldaderas, or Mexican camp-followers, are well-drawn; but the mysterious heroine is evidently a mystery to the author, for he presents no lifelike view of her, and even his denouement does not help matters greatly.

Taking a long leap backward into history, George Dulac writes of Paris and France in the days of the Jacquerie uprisings, soon after the battle of Poitiers. He begins his story with a rather powerful sketching of the oppressed Jacques Bonhomme, and of the secret meetings where the peasants worked themselves into a fury that soon burst all bounds. The author's feelings are, nevertheless, with the oppressing aristocrats, and he insists on bringing in the threadbare device of making his bourgeoisie maiden prove to be of noble birth, before he allows her to marry the vicomte. There is not much attempt at character drawing, and but little success in making ancient manners and speech. The first chapter is the best of the book, and that not good enough to redeem it.

In *Sara Crewe*² Mrs. Burnett has not reached, nor perhaps attempted to reach, the mark made in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; though it is evident that the idea was to create a girl character somewhat on the same lines as the little American lord. It is by no means so fresh a theme, that of the proud child thrown on the mercies of a grasping boarding school mistress, and though nobody but Mrs. Burnett could treat it just as she does, and few writers that have touched upon it have done it so well, still there is something of a disappointment. With all its inculcation of the pride that is only self-respect, and of generosity and truthfulness, it is doubtful whether the book will not harm most children, by confirming them in the idea that a teacher may be a tyrannical and mercenary creature, — a truth that children

are only too quick to see, and to imagine applicable in the special case where they are most concerned. Fancy the ordinary boarding school child trying to put in practice Sara's plan, when addressed by her teacher in an unbecoming manner:

"As to answering," she used to say, "I don't answer very often. I never answer when I can help it. When people are insulting you, there is nothing so good for them as not to say a word, — just to look at them and *think*. Miss Minchin turns pale with rage when I do it."

In a pleasing volume³ Sarah Orne Jewett has gathered together seven of the short stories that she has printed in several magazines, adding to them one new one. All of them are of New England life with one exception, when the scene shifts to Acadia. Miss Jewett's work is of the conscientious sort that gives her likenesses a photographic character. Every reader familiar with the life of rural New England can name the originals, or if not the originals, yet what might have been the originals of all the principal characters. The conscientiousness, the curiosity, the love of gossip, the veneration, the pride, the pugnacity, the thrift, that characterize the Yankee when unspoiled by city influences, — all these are typified and illustrated on Miss Jewett's pages. This work is admirably done, but the reader that seeks for excitement, for plot, or for the dramatic, must seek elsewhere.

Possibly in such a search *The Argonauts of North Liberty*⁴ may be taken up, — Bret Harte can be dramatic enough when he tries. An OVERLAND reviewer is in a peculiar position when a book by Bret Harte comes to his table. The traditions of the time when Harte edited the magazine, and contributed to its pages the series of stories that made him and the magazine famous, still linger in the sanctum. When, therefore, a new book with the

¹Before the Dawn. By George Dulac. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

²Sara Crewe, or What Happened at Miss Minchin's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

³The King of Folly Island and other People. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁴The Argonauts of North Liberty. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

well known name comes in, it is read with special interest, and a strong desire to find in it the old-time power. And yet it must be said, if anything be said at all about them, that the recent books and especially the most recent one, named above, disappoint such hopes. Miss Jewett's *New England* we know, but where shall we find a *North Liberty*? To what purpose has Mr. Harte drawn a community wholly made up of hypocrites? Touches of the master's hand are found on many of the pages of the book,—the hand whose cunning has often pleased us well,—but it is set to an unworthy task; it no longer shows us the warm heart that hides beneath the red flannel shirt of the rough miner, or the generous impulses that visit the gambler, making us believe that there is good in every human heart; but it rather tries to undermine our faith in things pure and high, by making it seem that the woman of the most saintly life on the surface is probably only the most skillful in hiding her real self. The plot is not clear, the characters are put together badly, and altogether the book shows the grind of the wheels; it is a pot-boiler of the most unpardonable sort. It is a pity it should have been written, and unless Mr. Harte can do better,—or rather will do better,—we hope that he will write no more. Far better is it to leave the world its faith in humanity, even if it be sometimes a mistaken faith, and far better for Mr. Harte to leave the thought of the Luck, and Tennessee, and M'liss, and Miggles unclouded by any such wretched later work as *The Argonauts of North Liberty*.

To close are two books of translations, the first a charming collection of fairy and folk tales from the German of Baumbach.² These

²Summer Legends. By Rudolph Baumbach. Trans-

are the sort of stories that children love to hear, and yet the sly bits of satire and keen observations of life furnish amusement to the older person that reads them to the youngsters. In this they are much like Laboulaye's work in the same direction. The translator has done her work well, and the book should be popular.

The other translation is a new volume in Roberts Brothers' edition of Balzac, the previous issues of which have been reviewed at length heretofore. In *Modeste Mignon*³ Balzac deals with the lighter and sunnier side of the *Comedie Humaine*, often more of a tragedy in his hands. It tells of the love affair of a pretty daughter of a Havre merchant with the friend of a Parisian poet, carried on in a correspondence in which the friend masquerades as the great poet himself. The most amusing situation in the book is where Dumay, the watch-dog of the maiden, goes to Paris to pull the nose of the impudent scribbler that has dared from his garret to address the girl, and is amazed and confounded by the splendor of the Canalis mansion. There are tedious places in the book connecting the various episodes, but the reader would as soon quarrel with life itself for its stupid hours, as with Balzac, for it is impossible in reading him to avoid the feeling that Balzac is life. The various favorable comments on the work of the translator in this series have probably induced the publishers to place her name on the title page of this volume. Miss Wormeley has earned the right to be spoken of as among the successful translators of the day.

lated by Helen B. Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1888.

³Modeste Mignon. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



ETC.

WHEN the periodic times arrive in which every one's attention is absorbed and nearly every one's mind slightly deranged by the fervors of an important political contest, it becomes the place of journals that ordinarily avoid expression on matters strictly political to put in their word in the interest of the higher public spirit as against campaign politics. The OVERLAND is by no means without a political position, and that position has repeatedly been stated here. It is that the best and freest place for an independent American citizen is outside of any party subjugation; co-operating freely with one party or another, as the men or measures offered seem most for the general good in each case; supporting, it may happen, at one and the same election, one party in national matters, another in State, and a third, if he can find it, in municipal. Many very intelligent people agree that one should bolt his party when it specially outrages his judgment, but insist that when he has "nothing particular against" a nomination or policy he should follow his party, even though the men and measures offered by the other should chance to be somewhat better; that he should not, indeed, investigate which are the better, but take it for granted that those bearing a certain party name always will be, unless he chances to know to the contrary. The voter's mental attitude seems to them properly that of the advocate or permanently retained attorney of one or the other party, instead of that of an umpire or juror called upon to render decision between two men or policies.

Now if there were any fixed and consistent difference between the parties, there would be some reason in this. If, as in France, one party stood in its very nature for republicanism, and another for monarchy, or if either existed for a definite and unmistakable purpose, like the Prohibition party, the presumption for and against it would not have to be re-examined at each election. But the Republican and Democratic parties are not, and cannot be, defined by any such permanent and unmistakable reasons for existence. No old party keeping in organization through successive settlements of questions can be. The knowledge of *what*, in definable and concrete measures, either party will do, is lost, and with it the standing presumption for or against either. Taking the whole history of American parties into view, a certain trend or bias in the Democratic party toward individualism and high local powers, and in the successive opposing parties toward paternalism and centralization, is unmistakable; there is no other distinction that has continued through all party changes; and even this one has been obscured by

immediate party exigency again and again, and is largely unconscious, a matter of unconcern to the great majority of the voters and the machine politicians. As a corollary, there has always been in one party a disposition toward the revenue idea in laying national taxes, and in the other a disposition to magnify the protective idea. But, as everybody knew six months ago, and will know again when the evasions and unfairness of the campaign are over, several of the most influential men in the Republican party were from the outset disbelievers in the whole idea of protection, and several in the Democratic party believers in it; while between these extremes all shades of opinion were found in both parties, and the rank and file cared very little about the matter. The party planks on the subject, even in national platforms, and oftener in State platforms, could more than once or twice have been transposed without making any practical difference.

THIS year the two parties have been forced, the one by the personal ascendancy of the President, the other by the triumph of its high Protectionist wing, and both by the imminent question of the surplus, into distinct declarations on the tariff question. However dim, therefore, the general line between "Republican principles" and "Democratic principles," it is possible in the present instance for the voter to know with great precision what he is voting for, in choosing between Cleveland and Harrison. No personal consideration need enter into the matter. Both nominees are worthy gentlemen, and have filled honorably the positions of public trust they have held, in their different degree. The vital consideration of civil service reform need not greatly affect the choice: Mr. Harrison has not showed special sympathy with the reform, but neither is there reason to suppose him hostile to it; and the President, while known to be a sincere friend to it, has not proved able to enforce his views to any marked extent. The chief agency in forcing further reform will doubtless be the daily improving public opinion. The only sure and calculable effects to result from the vote this fall are such as bear upon the taxation and economic conditions of the country, and therefore economic considerations must take precedence this time in deciding the action of intelligent voters.

To decide then which policy of taxation of the two now offered the country is for its best interest, is the duty of every voter. It will be wrong and unpatriotic for him to take it for granted that the one offered by his own party is necessarily the best;

and foolish, because, whether he be a Republican or a Democrat, his party is in a new position, one previously denounced and still deprecated by many of its own members. He should consider the question involved from the bottom up, as if it had been propounded to him upon his arrival here from another planet. Putting aside campaign recriminations and efforts to befog the matter on this side and that, and taking the plain declarations of the two parties, (to which they are, for once, so distinctly committed, that they will have to stand by them in action) the issue is simply this: Our taxation is now producing a revenue in such excess of the requirements of the government for current expenses, that the money is being drawn into the Treasury to lie idle, at the rate of fifty or sixty million dollars a year, some hundred and fifty million being already congested there. Both parties agree that the business of the country cannot bear this withdrawal of circulating medium. The Republican party proposes: 1st. To increase expenditures by public works, pensions, etc., and so pay out again into circulation part of the surplus taxes; 2d. To take all taxes from home-grown tobacco, and spirits used in the arts, etc.; 3d. To repeal taxes on imported articles not produced in our country, and increase taxes on others to a point that will lessen the revenue by checking importation; 4th. To take off, if necessary, all remaining internal revenue taxes. The Democratic party proposes: 1st. To remove the tax from home-grown tobacco; 2d. To reduce the taxes on imported goods from an average of about forty-seven per cent to an average of about forty per cent, making these reductions upon articles of necessity and the raw materials of manufacture.

IN general, thus, both parties will remove taxes from domestic tobacco, the Democratic rather as a concession than otherwise; Democratic success will in addition reduce the taxes upon imported articles by about one-seventh, this reduction being made upon revenue principles; Republican success will in part increase expenditures and in part reduce taxes, this partial reduction being made upon rigidly protective principles. The particular articles upon which the lowering of taxes proposed by the Democrats will occur can be easily learned from the Mills bill; wool is the most conspicuous item. As the Republicans have no specific measure in shape, it is not so easy to know where their reductions will fall; a study of the tariff list (it is just published in good paper form by Belford, Clarke, & Co., Chicago) will show what articles not produced in this country, and not luxuries, are still taxed; and all reduction not made upon these (after the remission of the tobacco tax agreed on by both parties) must fall on the internal revenue, consisting chiefly of the tax on domestic liquors. Of course, the amount of Republican reduction of taxes, and the articles to be reached thereby, depend on the extent to which the

proposed increase of expenditure is to go; and no formulated measure for this has been proposed by the party as a party. But as it stands the issue is clearly enough drawn for any one. We have no opinion to offer as between the two policies. We have stated them colorlessly, and hope that some at least among the OVERLAND'S readers may be influenced to consider them colorlessly, without reference to party names or partisan cries. They need not be affected in the matter by liking or disliking for free trade: the question of free trade remains a purely academic one in this country. It will inevitably be drawn into the discussion of the next three months; but the present question is between a strictly protective tax of about 47 per cent, and a largely protective revenue tax of about 40 per cent, with the resulting differences in the matter of expenditures and of internal revenue.

Betsey and I in Alpine County.

Now, buckle the saddle tighter, and make it good and stout,

"For things at home are crossways and Betsey and I are out,"—

Out for a morning ride, over the hills and away;
Cleaning house is the fashion, we are glad to be gone today.

Betsey's the name of my pony. Be careful! None of that!

Wait! I'll be in the saddle as soon as I fix my hat.
One, two, three! I am ready. First, we will go up the hill,

Then through the woods it is level, you may go as fast as you will.

This mountain air is inspiring, scented with odor of pines;

Now we have reached the hilltop, I do not want the lines;

I will tie them round the pommel; take your sweet will and way;

You always have carried me safely, I trust that you will today.

To be alive is a pleasure such a fresh, bright day as this:

Betsey! no one is looking,—I'll just give you a kiss;
Here on your smooth brown neck, under your flowing mane.

Be sure not to tell of it, Betsey, it would seem to be given in vain.

Stand still for a moment, *mon amie*, we will look at the view from here,

Away in the distance are mountains, snow-covered, white, and clear.

The greenness and beauty and freshness lie round upon every side;

The quiet and peace of the hilltops seem spread out boundless and wide.

Over this side of the valley, with their rough gray
heads in air,
Are pillars of rock like sentries, guarding the place
so fair,
Or ruins of some old castle built in the long ago,
I see the places for windows looking out on the vale
below.

On the opposite side of the valley, half hid in a cluster of trees,
I see something shine like a diamond, as the branches sway in the breeze.
It is a lake, I am certain ; it looks from here like a gem
Set on the garment of Nature, in the 'broidery of its hem.

I know 't is the heart of summer ; but here is an arch of snow,
The sun has not melted it yet,— it seems it was loth to go,
As I am unwilling to urge my pony's nimble feet,
To turn away from this grandeur, this beauty so complete.

But we must be turning our faces and starting out for home ;
I lay my hand on the bridle, somehow the tears will come,
For the picture spread before me it seemeth all too grand,
It fills me, thrills me, in a way I cannot understand.
Such restfulness and quiet, such gladness in my heart,
This joy and peace shall always of each new day be a part ;
My cup of blessings seemeth full, it brimmeth o'er I know,
And singing softly, I "praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Sarah F. Bel.

In the Valley.

ABOVE the grain the air is bright and clear ;
I see the crest of Mount Diablo rise
Against the blue-gray depths of cloudless skies ;
And the Sierras, snowy-topped, appear
Purple with shrouding mists ; I know how near
Above their heights the quiet heaven lies,
Not cold and dark, but warm as loving eyes,
When fondly gazing on the one most dear,

The day is garish in the valley, yet
I know how soft upon the rocky steeps
And pine-clad hills the mellow sunlight sleeps ;
And when at eve the day and night are met,
How weird the subtle darkness on them creeps.
How can the heart that loves such scenes forget ?

Virna Woods.

In the Valley of Avenal.

[Avenal Valley is in the western portions of Tulare and Kern counties. It is sometimes called "Sunflower Valley," and is designated on maps made from the government survey as "McClure's Valley." The name Avenal (oat field), which appears to be the oldest of its several names, was given it because of the wild oats which grow there. It was in this valley that one Pacheco was shot and killed in the fall of 1886. He had been convicted of a crime in the Superior Court of Santa Clara County, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the State's prison at San Quentin. He escaped from the custody of the sheriff and fled to this valley, where he was ambushed by a sheriff and posse and called upon to surrender. Instead of surrendering, Pacheco discharged his rifle at his pursuers and fled. He fell riddled with bullets.]

How still the Valley of Avenal !
The loud and shrill nocturnal noise
The wild coyotes make, is hushed ;
The only sounds, the songs of birds.
The virgin soil unturned by plow,
These unkept fields of native weeds
Are eloquent of lasting calm.
Man's ravages are here unknown ;
And man himself is unannounced,
Save as yon tiny cabin tells
That here shall one day be his home.

This mountain girth in one place broke,
The rocks, the stones, the soil declare
That once this valley clasped a lake ;
But who beside its shore has stood,
What scenes of traffic or of sport
Upon its glassy surface passed,
Or how the waters left their bed
And gave its mold for man to till,
Or whether when that mold was dry,
And o'er the vale the grasses grew ;
A race of men to us unknown,
Who left no token of their times,
In her embrace, lived, loved, and died,
Can ne'er be told to mortal man.

While yet I mused, the morning sun
In splendor clothed the western hills.
In grace yon gentle slope appears,
And there a crag, abruptly grand,
In condescension nobly smiles.
These mountain walls a barrier seem
Against the sins and pains of life :
How happy thus to be walled in
From all of human wrongs and woes !

But I had come a day too late :
For while I mused of peace secure
The quiet air was pierced with sounds ;
The hills with scorn the discord mocked ;
By hostile guns was man announced.

An erring man met sudden death
In Avenal ! His soul was sent
From man, avenging and unjust,
To the all-just avenging God !

Pacheco would not render up
His freedom to the law's demands,
He fled to this secluded vale
And reckless met a soldier's fate.

O, Valley of Avenal, thy woes
Begin as man invades thy soil !
Thy hills shall ever stand on guard,
And smile and frown forever more,,
But smile and frown on other scenes ;
Thy worth to man no more unknown,
Now shalt thou know his many woes,
Upon thy soil through countless years,
Shall men be born to strife and sin.
In human blood, I read thy fate,
Thy dedication now is made.

But thou shalt learn that man is great
In arts, in arms, in mind, in heart.
Through him shalt thou be known afar.
Thy beauty and thy worth thy sons
In loyal, native pride shall sing
Long ages hence throughout the world.
Thy indolence, thy quietude,
To active life shall man convert.
Thy sunflowers and thy rank wild oats,
Competitors in christening thee,
Shall be torn rudely from thy breast.
But waving grain and fruitful trees,
And vines with lavish clusters rich,
And rarest flowers from other climes
Shall make more beautiful thy fields
Than these fair children of today.

And learned men shall ponder o'er
Thy present name, and question why
'T is Avenal : and with their love
Shall search and with each other vie
To be the foremost one to say
What in thy fields I read today.

In Summer Time at Santa Barbara.

"YNEZ," a queen in robes of amethyst,
With shifting pearl is crowned ;
Afar the isles in veils of opal mist
Are languorously drowned.

Of sapphire luminous the atmosphere,
Caressing, warm as love,
And all the paths of light are crystal clear,
Below, about, above.

The bare round bosom of the balmy hills
Burns bronze beneath the sun ;
The upland torrent narrowed into rills
In liquid light doth run.

The dusky wood is full of ambushed song
Concealed in sweet wild throats,
Too lazy now the dainty brown-winged throng
To pipe their wonted notes.

They trilled at dawn and sang the morning through,
Untiring minstrels they ;
But noon's high blaze of burnished gold and blue
Has hushed their roundelay.

The drowsy herds in shadows cool recline,
And dream of dewy green ;
The crooning bees in every fragrant vine
And honeyed cup are seen.

Proud yellow poppies flame along the slope,
The cricket's glee is shrill ;
Dun, blinking owls in deeper hollows grope,
While motionless and still

The small striped lizard basks on stony bed,
When pale wild roses reel,
Though fiery mountain pinks with richer red
A welcome kiss reveal.

Green grapes grow purple in the throbbing heat,
And nodding columbines
Swing lower still their lamps of incense sweet
Before their hidden shrines.

So stealthy creeps the wind athwart the wheat,
It flaunts no fluttering sign ;
No ripple stirs the water at my feet
Serene as nuns' eyes shine.

Slim dragon-flies dart swiftly up and down
The isles of sunshine gay,
And beat from off the thistle seeds their crowns,
With wings as light as they.

The 'brodered, blissful butterflies
Float slowly, safely on ;
'T is gala day ; abroad no hunter hies
Till their short hour is gone.

In garden niches lilies breathe a prayer,
Their golden hearts aglow ;
Magnolias lift on high beyond compare
Their globes of chiseled snow.

The trembling peperel's pendulous sway
Is almost unperceived ;
It scarcely quivers in the windless play
Of sunbeams swift received.

The peaceful palm points on to higher planes,
Unmoved as pyramid ;
Eternal verdure on its calm brow reigns,
Emblem of fountains hid.

Cross-bearing passion-blooms their tendrils twine
About the trellis gray ;
The silver olives whisper Palestine
And sigh their souls away.

While all the tender odor of the place
Is languorous as wine,
Whose perfume was some ancient vineyard's grace,
Ere dawned this day of mine.

The children gaze from out the school-house door,
With longing to be free ;
How gladly would they give their studied lore
To be a bird, or bee,

Or anything that roams the woodland ways
In wanton liberty,
Rejoicing in the glorious summer days
That flush with fruit the tree,—

To dwell secure beneath the silent stars,
The scented leaves alone
Between them and the sky's broad azure bars ;
So childhood makes its moan.

From casement deep, all honey-suckled o'er,
Star-eyed Speranza peers,
And yearns for night to bring to her once more,
The voice that lulls her fears.

In music's language oft it tells the tale
So sweet, so true, so old ;
Strong fingers lightly strike the strings so frail,
The story to unfold.

Beneath her window will the loved one wait ;
Castilian roses blow
Her answer down at eve, the crimson gate
Of Paradise drops low.

A fairy fleet of snowy cloud-sails lies
On heaven's cerulean sea ;
Along the sands the sobbing softly dies,
Before it reaches me.

The world is perfect peace and life is rest,
So dreamful is the air ;
No sorrow heaves my slumbrous, quiet breast,
Sleep's kiss has sealed my care.

Juliette Estelle Prescott.

Morning in the Mountains.

THE cherub day behind the skirts of night
Peeps laughing o'er the hills, and glances through
The darkness and the shrouding mists of blue ;
And soon the mountains are aglow with light.
Here is a rocky steep, whose sun-brown height
Is clothed in green of many a varied hue ;
There, in the deep ravine, bursts on the view
A sea of fog, with billows foaming white.

The soft leaves rustle faintly ; everywhere
The joyous waking from the darkness brings
A subtle stir of morning in the air ;
With noisy fluttering of little wings,
From out the chaparral a songster springs,
And greets with rapturous notes the daylight fair.

Virna Woods.

On the Hill above Alabaster Cave.

SOME artist's hand should trace this matchless scene,
For words are futile to depict the lines
And varying shades of undergrowth and pines,
The warm brown blending with the myriad green ;
The clear brook softly murmuring between
The sun-lit hills, and glimpsing on its breast
A thousand fluttering leaves ; while in the west,
Veiled softly in the faint blue misty screen,
And touched with golden haze, the mountains rise
Against the azure plain of cloudless skies.
Here in these hills the cloak of languorous day
Is soft and warm ; and couched upon her bed
With tapestry of green and golden spread,
The sweet day lies and dreams her life away.

Virna Woods.

Coloma.

To this fair valley, green with fruited trees,
And slumbering now through long, long sunny days,
Once fervent thousands came by weary ways,
O'er desert wastes and mountain wilds, or seas
Icy and far and stormy. Every breeze
Brought voices new of men, a golden haze
Of magic dreams had led by night ; their gaze
By day was fixed on wondrous destinies.
Cloud-like the luring rumors went before,
And following on they reached this chosen spot,
Where a poor man, of humble life and lot,
Had found the bright prophetic bit of ore ; —
Beside his grave and from his vine-grown cot,
Still may be heard the river on the shore ; —

Still may be seen the stream that singing flows
Swift from its mountain sources, down where bands
Of many men from many far-off lands
Found treasure, lost as soon. Up towards the snows,
And seawards through the valley, soon there rose
Smoke of a thousand camp-fires. Eager hands
Turned over rocks and stones and shining sands,
And hearts beat quick and hope forgot her foes.
Silent today among the ferns and pines
The valley sleeps ; scarce two-score homes are here ;
The iris sky shines cloudless, high and clear,
Month after sunny month above the vines ;
While rosy peaches, purple figs, each year
Spring from the hearts of old deserted mines.

Minna Caroline Smith.

Coloma.

WHAT was thy gold, Coloma, to the crown
Of radiant hills that all about thee rise ;
The rocks on which the amber sunlight lies ;
The valley, with the shadows creeping down
At solemn twilight, on the silent town ?
What was thy gold to cloudless, star-gemmed
skies,
When Night to slumber on Earth's bosom hies,
And wraps his robe about her mantle brown ?

Far better are thy beauty and thy rest,
 The bright air, fragrant with the breath of
 pines ;
 The vales, where soft the summer moonlight
 shines ;
 The rocky steeps the deer's light foot has pressed ;
 These are thy glory, and reward my quest
 Far better than the wealth of all thy mines.

Virna Woods.

Frijole Arroyo.

(Santa Cruz Co.)

THERE a cloud of sweetbrier's lifting
 Faces like the morning's glow.
 There a meadow's white with drifting
 Of the satin flowers' snow.

There a fragrant breeze is sleeping
 (Never breeze so sweet before !)
 Where the purple lupine's sweeping
 Sea-like to a cottage door.

And beyond the pink sweetbrier
 There's a hillside all aglow,
 All a wide, bright flame of fire
 Where the Indian brushes grow.

There the fir trees dark and solemn,
 Cool and odorous branches spread,
 There in column after column,
 Like marshaled hosts to battle led,
 Stand the redwoods, tall and stately,
 They, the mighty ones of earth,
 There have grown to heaven greatly
 Since the night-time of their birth.

There the red madroño blushes
 By the flowing of the creek,
 (Just the dusky hue that flushes
 In an Indian maiden's cheek.)

There a mountain stream is gliding,
 With a hundred twists and turns,
 Rushing over boulders, sliding
 Through long avenues of ferns.

O the lawn and garden closes,
 Never touched by gardener's art !
 Dearer are their sweet wild roses
 Than all others to my heart.

Dear are all the dips and hollows,
 Fir-crowned heights and valleys fair ;
 Their beauty calls and my heart follows
 At its bidding and is there.

M. F. Rowantree.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Scudder's Men and Letters.

THOSE who enjoy thoughtful, scholarly essays upon the literary men and moods of our time, will do well to read *Men and Letters*¹ by Horace E. Scudder. In the graceful preface addressed to Henry Mills Alden, the author says : " My occupation has compelled me to print much comment upon contemporaneous literature ; fortunately, I have been able for the most part to work out of the glare of publicity. But there is always a something in us that whispers *I*, and after a while the anonymous critic becomes a little tired of listening to the whisper in his solitary cave, and is disposed to escape from it by coming out into the light even at the risk of blinking a little. One craves company for his thought, and is not quite content always to sit in the dark with his guests."

As daylight guests, then, we enter with the writer the homes of Mulford, Longfellow, and Emerson, or are introduced to less familiar English men and women,—to Dr. Muhlenberg, founder of St. Luke's

Hospital and St. Johnland, to Annie Gilchrist, the charming wife of Wm. Blake's biographer, and to Frederick Denison Maurice, the " Modern Prophet," of whom Mr. Scudder writes, " now Maurice was at once the most humble of men, and the most confident in the delivery of his message from God to man."

Mr. Scudder possesses great sympathy in analysis. He strikes the keynote of Longfellow's skill when he says, " He was a consummate translator, because the vision and faculty divine which he possessed was directed toward the reflection of the facts of nature and society rather than toward the facts themselves. To tell over again old tales, to reproduce in forms of delicate fitness the scenes and narratives which others had invented,—this was his delight."

Landor's works are recommended to the English student as giving a truer idea of classical literature than can be derived from translations of Greek and Latin authors. American History on the Stage, Aspects of Historical Work, and The Future of Shakespeare, are other subjects treated in this volume. In searching our history for dramatic situations, our author finds one, and but one of eminent merit, namely : the life and death of Captain John Brown. He cites many incidents to show " how

¹Men and Letters. By Horace E. Scudder. 1888. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

rich in subsidiary action is the entire dramatic scene. The great value of it lies in the microcosmic presentation of the mighty conflict so soon to shake the land." The Future of Shakespeare appropriately closes the volume. It is critical in its keen analysis of the views taken of Shakspeare by the past generations, and prophetic in its outlook into the intellectual future. To Mr. Scudder's eye, failure to apprehend the height and depth of Shakspeare demonstrates the dwarfed stature of any age; while universal recognition of his greatness is a symptom of advance in spiritual intelligence. The unflagging interest of the present age in Shakspeare study, finds in his dramas a miniature world, just far enough away to serve as a convenient measuring rod in solving the great problems of human life.

Briefer Notice.

The Original Mr. Jacobs,¹ by its title and binding, is calculated to trick people into expecting to find it a novel; but it is, in fact, a ridiculous and scurrilous assault upon the Jewish people. "Malignant and diabolical" the writer calls the race in his preface, and the book is all in the same tone. It is anonymous. We should conjecture it to be the work not of a fanatic anti-Semite, but of a sensation-monger, who hoped only to turn a dishonest penny by making a violent enough book. The title page calls it "A Startling Exposé," in true cheap sensational fashion; but there is nothing either startling or of the nature of an exposé in it. — One Clarence Stuart Ward has been inspired with the idea of making an anthology of extracts from Shakspeare, for the benefit of those who do not wish to wade through the whole of this somewhat voluminous author. He publishes them in a pretty volume,² and if any one desires to take his Shakspeare in that way, he will find the collection handy. — *The Best Reading*,³ one of the Putnam's useful hand books, is the third of a series, the first of which was "a priced and classified bibliography, with hints on the selection of books," edited by F. B. Perkins, brought up to the end of 1876; the second, edited by L. E. Jones, covered the five years thence through 1881; the present volume by the same editor indexes "the more impor-

tant English and American publications for the five years ending December 1, 1886." The classification is by topics. It is a most desirable reference book for all readers and buyers. — There is little doubt but this book⁴ of Mr. Ballou's will be a popular success. It contains pleasant accounts of travels in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Samoa, and other Pacific islands, told in the bright chatty way that people who cannot travel accept as the way they would want to look at things, if it were permitted them to do their traveling in person. The whole work, of course, is sketchy and superficial, and the statements made in it are not always to be relied on as absolutely true. Mr. Ballou no doubt believed them to be true. But in his hurried jaunt from place to place, he of necessity took things as he saw them, without taking the time for any very serious investigation. There is little or nothing in the book of that delicate character sketching and noting of daily habits and manners, which make such a book valuable ethnologically. It was written for the pleasure-seeker and not for the student. It is not to its detriment at all that it accomplishes so well its purpose. It is a most delightful book to pick up when tired or in a mood to be amused. The pictures of places and events pass like a panorama across the pages, and one feels no weariness in the progress, and if when in Rome he still does as the Boston man does, the fastidiousness of his taste has kept him from describing much that a more cosmopolitan traveler would have told, and which it is just as well to leave unsaid. — Mr. Bowen's book⁵ was originally prepared as a thesis, presented to the faculty of Columbia College in attaining the degree of doctor of philosophy. It is a close business-like statement of the condition of Egyptian affairs during the past thirteen years, and while not of general interest, will no doubt prove valuable to those who need in clear and concise form the political history of that unfortunate land. The intrigues of England, Italy, Russia, and France are touched on in very plain language, and the responsibility of the native rulers for the financial ruin that gave a pretext to the outside nations for taking a hand in its affairs is handled without gloves.

¹ The Original Mr. Jacobs. New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.

² Wit, Wisdom, and Beauties of Shakspeare. Edited by Clarence Stuart Ward. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.

³ The Best Reading. Third Series. Edited by Lynds E. Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

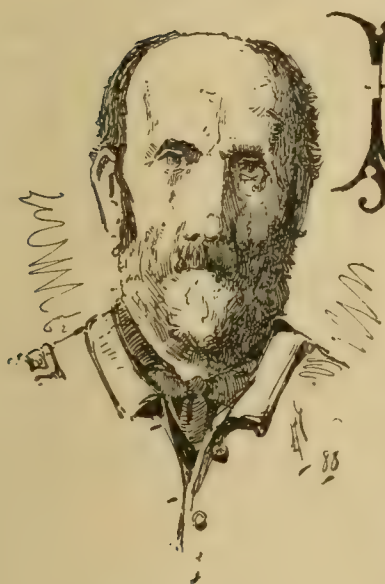
⁴ Under the Southern Cross. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Ticknor & Company. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by John W. Roberts & Co.

⁵ The Conflict of East and West in Egypt. By John Eliot Bowen. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

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THE UNITED STATES SOLDIERS' HOME AT SANTA MONICA.¹



FROM time immemorial the warworn and decaying soldier has been recognized as belonging to the realm of the picturesque; and like other ruins, the more dilapidated his condition, and the more abject his misery, the

more available he becomes for the purposes of the poet, the novelist, and the artist. It is the purpose of this article to describe the efforts and the progress made by the peo-

¹ I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness, in the preparation of this article, to Gen. Negley and Capt. Blanding, of the Board of Managers, Col. Brown, Inspector General, and Col. Treichel, Governor of the Santa Monica Home, for their courtesy and patience in furnishing me with information in regard to the management of the Homes; and for a detailed account of the energy and enterprise displayed by the Southern people in securing the location at Santa Monica, to Judge Walter Van Dyke of Los Angeles, to whose good judgment and skill, as the representative of Senator Jones, the people of Los Angeles County are perhaps mostly indebted for the result —E. F. A.

ple of the United States in transferring the poor and unfortunate of the survivors of our volunteer army from a state of picturesque and adventurous misery to a condition of comfort and happiness, in the midst of most attractive surroundings.

"The National Military and Naval Asylum for the relief of the Totally Disabled Officers and Men of the Volunteer Forces of the United States," was incorporated by an Act of Congress approved March 3d, 1865. The idea was no new one; modern humanity had long before recognized the claims of this class upon the bounty, or rather upon the justice of their countrymen, and the well informed everywhere are familiar not only with the system of "Homes" established by many of our States, even before the close of the war of the rebellion, but at least with the names of such establishments as the Soldiers' Home at Washington, the Greenwich Hospital in England, and the Hotel des Invalides in France, all of which are institutions for the relief or support of disabled soldiers of the regular armies of their respective countries. I have no such information in regard to any of these institutions as will justify me in writing definitely about them, but in general it may be said, that as compared with the establishments which I am about to describe, they are more limited in their scope, more

difficult to get into, and more rigid in their discipline.

Our present system of Volunteer Soldiers' Homes was a natural outgrowth of the sentiment which maintained the war for our national union, and of the peculiarities and necessities of those who formed the bulk of our armies. I am impugning the patriotism of no class when I say that the integrity of the nation was preserved by its poor men. While the patriotic impulse doubtless burned in the hearts of all classes alike, yet as a matter of fact, when all were not called, the temptation to escape was so great, and the way thereto was so easy for the rich, that the burden of the actual fighting fell in much more than their due proportion upon the poor. Acquaintance in any post of the Grand Army today will disclose the fact that while among the old soldiers there are certainly many well to do, and some actually rich, yet the great majority, at least in the large cities, is composed of those who depend upon their daily labor for their daily bread, and who, as their ability to labor decreases or fails, must become partly or wholly dependent upon others for support. It is also unquestionably true that the store of vitality and the capacity for earning of the survivors of the army were immensely decreased by their service therein. Young men who, from 1861 to 1865, should have been learning trades or professions, were thrown upon the world wholly unskilled in any art but one, happily no longer in demand; those who had prepared themselves, and were just entering upon their vocations, returned, to find that their right hands had forgotten their cunning, and that the places they once occupied were now filled by others more skillful than they; some, broken by wounds or carrying within them the seeds of insidious disease, plunged eagerly into the competition and excitement of business, only to find, too late, their strength unequal to the contest, and to fall back, struggling, into the ranks of the unsuccessful; so great an army, also, must necessarily have included some men of vicious tendencies, and very many who, if not bad at heart, were the not unwilling victims

of degrading vices which wrecked their lives. In the main, the soldiers returning to civil duties did not fail; against whatever disadvantages they were compelled to struggle, the majority had strength for success; the achievements of many, indeed, in civil life, have been remarkable; but when all is said, there is, in the aggregate a great number who have failed,—some from weakness, some from misfortune, some, if you please, from vices.

There is a residuum in every community who finally do not succeed in making homes for themselves, or providing any means of decent subsistence amid the infirmities of age. Of the old soldiers who are now or soon may be in this condition, some would have in any case been there, and some would not; and no man can now tell which or how many of these unfortunates, now destitute of everything, might, had it not been for their patriotic devotion, have been ending their lives in comfort and plenty. And as to this, it is the duty of the nation to make no inquiry, but extending the strong hand of encouragement to the weak, and covering the erring with the mantle of its charity, to make sure that no man, whether worthy or unworthy, who once periled his life in his country's cause, shall fail of a secure and peaceful home in his declining years.

To this desire and conclusion the nation has now come. The title of the original act of incorporation, already quoted, does not, however, by any means express it. In the following year a new act was passed and approved, March 21, 1866, which contained the outlines of the system, on which, with some modifications, the Homes are now conducted. The most important change from the original plan has been the gradual extension of the privilege of admission, which is now granted to "all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served in the War of the Rebellion, and the volunteer soldiers and sailors of the Mexican War and of the War of 1812, not otherwise provided for, who are disabled by age, disease, or otherwise, and by reason of such disability are incapable of earning a living, *provided* that

such disability was not incurred in service against the United States."

The Act of 1866, as subsequently amended, provided:

First, That the President of the United States, Secretary of War, Chief Justice of the United States, with such other persons as may from time to time be joined with them, shall

charged volunteer officers and soldiers and sailors of the classes prescribed by the Act of Congress.

Sixth, That all members of the Home shall be subject to the rules and articles of war, and liable to be governed thereby in the same manner as if they were in the Army of the United States.



MAIN BUILDING OF THE YOUNTVILLE HOME.

be incorporated as the Board of Managers of the National Asylum for disabled Volunteer Soldiers. The number of Managers, in addition to those *ex officio*, was at first fixed at nine, and is now, since the creation of the Pacific Branch, ten. The word "Asylum" in the original title was, also, for obvious reasons, subsequently changed to "Home."

Second, That the Managers shall be appointed for specified terms by joint resolution of Congress, and shall as managers receive no compensation, their expenses, of course, being paid, and compensation for any special services.

Third, That the Board have power to establish Homes as they may be required, in which, however, it is practically controlled by the necessity of appropriations by Congress.

Fourth, That these Homes be built and maintained by funds appropriated by Congress.

Fifth, That the Managers have power to admit to this Home, under rules prescribed by themselves, all disabled, honorably dis-

Seventh, That the Managers have power to extend outdoor relief to persons entitled to the benefits of the Home, provided that such relief shall not exceed the average cost of maintaining a member of the Home.

The above points include all the essential features of the law in regard to these Homes. In effect, persons of the classes entitled to their benefits are admitted and governed at the discretion of the Managers. No man has a "right" to admission in the sense that he can *demand* it, or call upon the courts to enforce it if denied, but practically no one eligible to be admitted is kept out except by his own misconduct; the members of the Home are made subject by the law to all the rigor of the articles of war; practically they come and go and conduct themselves as they please, subject only to the rules necessary to protect their own health, enable them systematically, while in health, to wait on themselves, and to secure in so large a society the order and method essential to the greatest general comfort.

There are at present six "Branches" of the National Home, whose names and locations, given in the order of their establishment, are as follows, with the total number of members reported by each, as shown by the report of the Board of Managers for the year ending June 30, 1887 :

Branches	Location	Total Members at last Report
Central.....	Dayton, Ohio.....	5,116
Northwestern ...	Milwaukee, Wis	1,864
Eastern.....	Togus, (near Augusta) Me...	1,866
Southern.....	Hampton, Va.	2,445
Western.....	Leavenworth, Kan.	1,487
Pacific	Santa Monica, Cal.....	_____
Total.....		12778

The total number cared for in all the Branches of the Home from date of organization to June 30, 1887, was 42,605. The total expenditure on behalf of the Homes for the year ending June 30, 1867, was \$1,861,050.54, and the amount estimated by the Managers, as necessary for the current year, was \$2,157,789.77, exclusive of the Pacific Branch.

The present organization of the Managers and Staff is as follows :

Managers: the President of the United States ; the Chief Justice ; the Secretary of War,—ex-officiis. General William B. Franklin, President, Hartford, Connecticut ; Colonel Leonard A. Harris, 1st Vice-President, Cincinnati, Ohio ; General John A. Martin, 2d Vice-President, Atchison, Kansas ; General Martin T. McMahon, Secretary, 93 Nassau Street, New York City ; General James S. Negley, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania ; General John C. Black, Washington, D. C. ; General Thomas W. Hyde, Bath, Maine ; General William J. Sewell, Camden, New Jersey ; Colonel John L. Mitchell, Milwaukee, Wisconsin ; Captain William Blanding, San Francisco, California ; Colonel E. F. Brown, Inspector-General ; Major J. M. Birmingham, Asst. Inspector-General.

The President, General Franklin, devotes a large portion of his time to the service of the Home. He is practically a commander-in-chief, exercising, between the sessions of the Board, a very wide discretion in matters of government and expenditure ; he acts, of course, under the general direction of the Board as to all matters which can be foreseen, and reports for confirmation or otherwise his action on all other matters. His

right arm, and the man who, next to the President of the Board, has most to do with the general management of the system, is Colonel E. F. Brown, a one-armed veteran, who, after thirteen years' service as governor of the Central Branch at Dayton, was promoted to the office of Inspector-General. His position is substantially that of Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief, and he exercises a wide and varied discretion in many matters, but always in the name of the President of the Board.

The official organization of each Branch includes a Governor, Treasurer, Secretary, Surgeon, Commissary of Subsistence, Chaplain, and if required, an Adjutant and Matron. All these officers are appointed by the Board of Managers, or by its President subject to confirmation by the Board. The government and discipline are absolutely in the hands of the Governor, who prescribes such rules and penalties as seem to him best, guided in very few matters by any general resolutions of the Board. The Governor exercises in effect the authority of a colonel commanding a regiment on detached service.

The By-law of the Board in relation to his duties is as follows :

Under the control of the Board, the Governor shall be charged with the internal management of the Branch to which he is appointed. He shall be the General Superintendent and Commandant thereof ; he shall hire or engage all persons employed in or about the same, not otherwise appointed by the President, and shall procure all articles necessary and proper for the comfort and subsistence of the members of the Institution ; he shall fix the amount of compensation to be allowed the employees, and may remove or discharge any of said employees when their services are no longer required, or for any good cause ; he shall report monthly to the President a full account of his action, and the condition of the Institution ; he shall examine, correct, and certify all accounts for expenditure before the payment thereof ; he shall from time to time make printed rules for the government of the officers, employees, and inmates of such Branch ; he shall at all times be subject to the orders of the President of the Board.

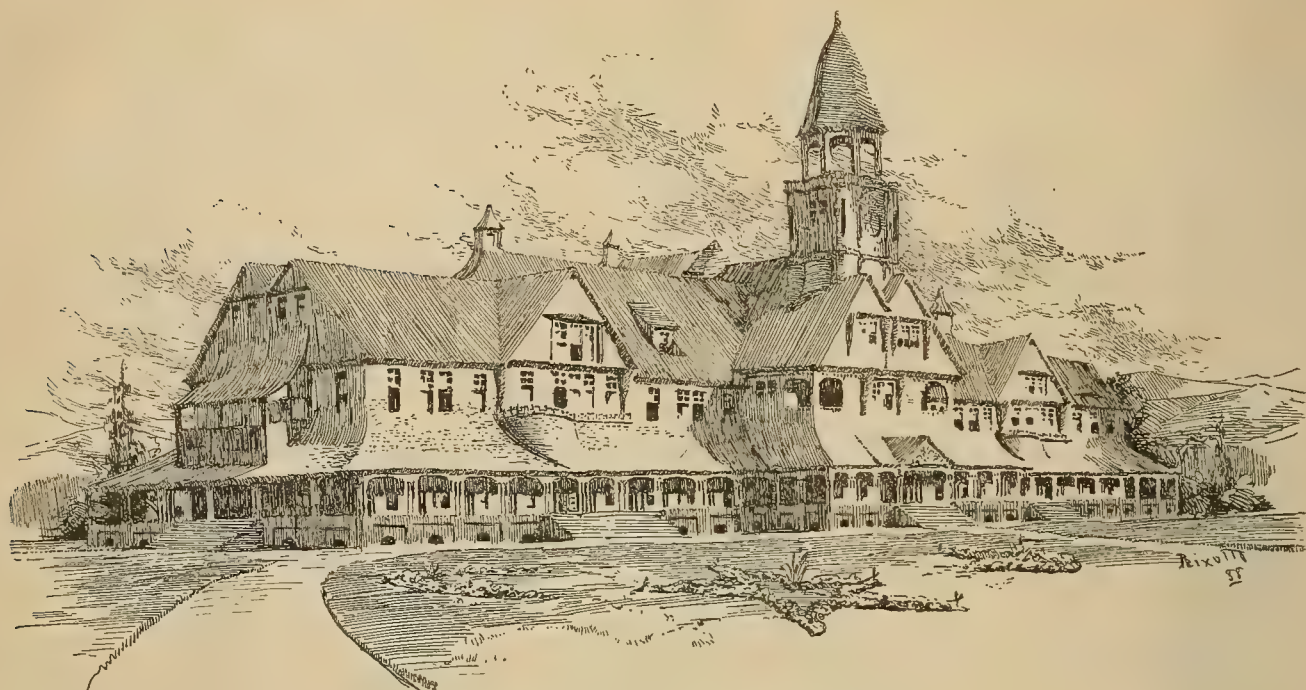
The officer who is to wield this formidable authority in the Pacific Branch is Colonel Charles Treichel, late of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, and appointed to this position



from New York. The appointment of the other officers has not, at this writing, been made.

In order to secure admission to one of these Homes it is necessary that the applicant be, 1, an honorably discharged soldier or sailor of the Union Army in either the War of 1812, the Mexican War, or the War of the Rebellion; and 2, without means of support; 3, physically unable to maintain himself by his own labor. An old soldier possessing these qualifications, and desiring to

become a member of the Home, upon writing to any manager or officer of the system will receive a blank application, which, when properly filled out, will contain, 1, a personal description of the applicant; 2, his military history; 3, the nature of his disability; 4, a statement that he is unable, on account of his disability, to earn a living "by manual labor"; 5, the amount of his pension, if he receives one; a statement that he in no way aided the late rebellion; that he has never been a member of the National Home; that he will



DINING HALL OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

obey the rules of the Home, and the orders of its officers ; and that he will perform all the duties required of him ; 6, a formal transfer to the Home, of his pension, with authority to its treasurer to draw and dispose of the same, subject to the laws of Congress, and the regulations of the Board of Managers ; 7, a certificate of identification from some State or local officer ; 8, a surgeon's certificate, all properly executed and sworn to.

Having filled out, signed, and sworn to this application, he forwards the papers to any one of the Managers, and in return, if his papers are satisfactory, will receive an order for admission to the nearest Home, accompanied by an order for transportation thereto.

In regard to the pensions of the members, while the applicant must transfer it to the Home, and must abide by whatever appropriation may be made of it under the law, the present law, as I understand it, requires all pensions to be paid over to the members, or to their order, by the treasurer of the Home ; in fact, one of the remarkable features of this system is the great contrast between the rigorous treatment to which the applicant agrees to submit, and the mild and paternal discipline to which he is actually subjected. I have never visited any of the

Branches which are in operation, and have failed to obtain a copy of the printed rules for the government of members of the Home, but my understanding of the daily routine of life at the Homes is about as follows :

The officers of the Branches lead busy lives, and are charged with responsible duties. They are provided with furnished quarters on the grounds, where they can live with their own families. Their salaries, ranging from \$1500 to \$2500 per annum, approximate the pay of army officers of corresponding responsibility, and are sufficient for their support. The officers, of course, are veterans of the Civil War, often, and perhaps always, with brilliant military records. It is intended by the Managers that an appointment to one of these positions shall of itself be an evidence that the recipient is a brave soldier and an honest man.

The barracks for the members are usually of two stories, and consist of a central building, which contains the halls, bath rooms, and other common rooms, with wings, each of which contains two dormitories, each for twenty-five men. Each man has his own bed and an allotted space about it, which he keeps in order. The members rise at reveille, put their beds in order, attend roll call, and go to breakfast. Taps are at nine o'clock at night, when lights are extinguished in the

dormitories, and conversation ceases. During the day their time is at their own disposal. The waiting at table, keeping the buildings and grounds neat, the necessary guard duty, and perhaps a few other matters are attended to by the members, in turn by details, without compensation; all other work they do or let alone as they please. Employment is generally abundant in the gardens, grounds, or various shops for all who desire it, for which a moderate compensation is paid,

paid to the shops for their products, the profits upon which are regularly turned into the "General Fund of the Institution." These various industries have been established to relieve the members from enforced idleness, and enable them to earn small sums of money. Such skilled or onerous labor as cannot be obtained from members of the Home is supplied by civilian employees. No member is compelled to do any work whatever, except what personal or general



THE OLD RAILROAD WHARF.

suited to the short hours and infirm condition of the men. The trades carried on at the Central Branch include blacksmithing, bookbinding, carpentering, engineering, harness making, knitting, painting, printing, shoe making, suspender making, tailoring, upholstering, a "linen shop," a tin shop, besides the farm, the laundry, the bakery, and whatever else is essential to the comfort of a city of 5000 souls. The products of the various shops at the different branches are mostly consumed within the system, fair prices being

cleanliness requires, but as a rule all desire employment within the limit of their strength, for the sake of the occupation, as well as for the money earned.

The officers of the Branches are assisted, as in the army, by a staff of non-commissioned officers, including a Sergeant Major, Quartermaster Sergeant, Commissary Sergeant, and a Company Sergeant for each company of one hundred men, who performs substantially the duty of an orderly sergeant in the army. It is his duty to know the



BOWLDERS ON THE BEACH.

whereabouts of each member of his company at all times, to detail the men for fatigue duty in regular rotation, and to have general oversight and control of his barrack. All these non-commissioned officers are kept busily employed, and are compensated for their services.

The hospital service is a large and rapidly increasing department of the Home. There is a regular daily sick call, as in the army, at which those able to be about are treated, and there is attached to each Branch a hospital, where the care and attendance, and general conditions, are the best that money and skill can provide. They do not differ from other first class government hospitals, and they insure to their inmates immeasurably better treatment and care than would be elsewhere attainable by persons in their circumstances.

There are connected with each Branch a chapel, library, reading-room, assembly hall,

society hall, and such other public buildings and rooms as may be required. The buildings are usually supplied by the government and furnished by private liberality, and from the accumulations of the "Post Fund," which is made up from the profits of the "Home Store," and of the sale of beer, and from which also is provided the pay of the theatrical and other amusement companies, which, especially at the Central Branch, often play extended engagements at the Homes, free, of course, to all members of the Home. There is always a good Post band, which plays regularly in the open air, at proper seasons, and supplies the music for public entertainments. There are Grand Army Posts at each Branch, and any temperance or other friendly societies which might have a membership at any Branch, are welcomed and provided for by the authorities. There is a Protestant chaplain at each Post, and where the number of members justifies it a Roman

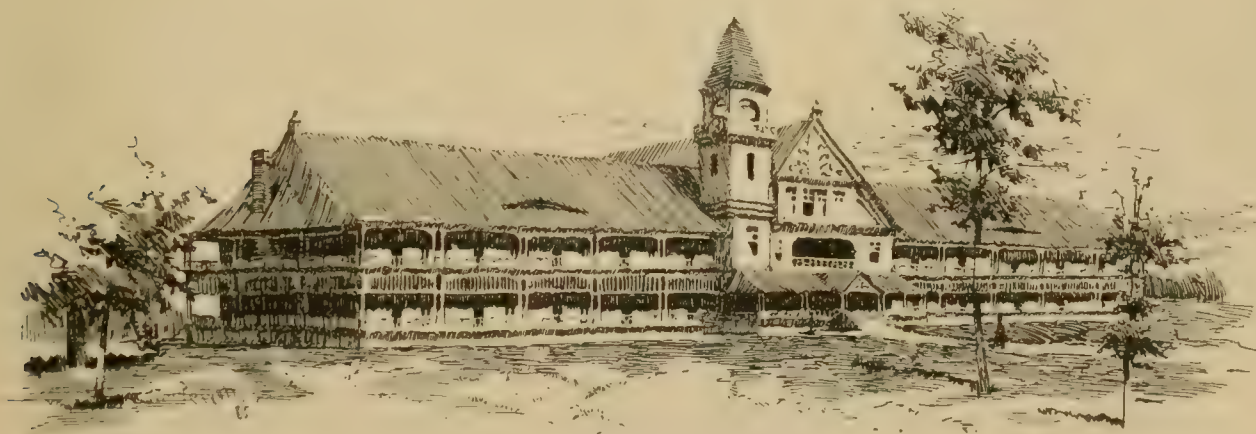
Catholic chaplain also, and the chapels are always at the service of any religious denomination which may wish to use them at hours not previously engaged.

The discipline is of the mildest. Written permission is required in order to leave the grounds, but it is always given, unless withheld for misconduct, or from considerations affecting the welfare of the member. No sentinels are maintained, and there is nothing to prevent any member, at any time, from picking up his belongings and going where he pleases. Should he do this without leave, however, or break any other of the rules, he would subject himself to discipline, which might be in the form of an admonition, a reprimand, extra duty without pay, or a fine. The severest penalty is expulsion, or "dishonorable discharge," as it is termed, which is inflicted only for habitual and flagrant insubordination, or for offenses involving moral turpitude. Members becoming violent from intoxication are locked up until sobered off, and then dealt with as circumstances require; but intoxication, not accompanied by any other serious offense, however often repeated, is never a cause for expulsion. It is the theory of the officers that these unfortunates must all be cared for somewhere, and that nowhere could it be done with so much advantage to the individual, or convenience to the community, as at these Homes.

It is found in these Homes, as elsewhere, that the use of alcohol is the cause of nearly all the disorder which occurs. Great numbers of the members are addicted to its intemperate use, and no power which it was

advisable to exercise could prevent them, upon the quarterly receipt of their pension money from disappearing into the slums of the neighboring city, to emerge only when kicked out, after spending their last cent, complete moral and physical wrecks. The immediate vicinity of each Home soon becomes infested with the vilest of dens, established with the deliberate intention of preying upon this weakness of the old soldiers, and whose keepers have relied with perfect confidence upon the rich harvest of spoils to follow each pension day.

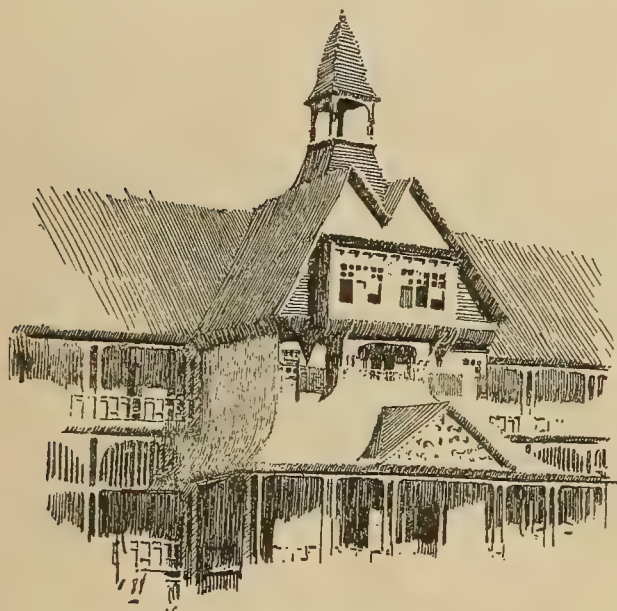
After years spent in a vain endeavor to combat these influences successfully, the Governor of the Northwestern Branch, near Milwaukee, possibly inspired by the tutelary genius of that locality, conceived the notion of establishing a saloon for the sale of beer only, on the grounds of the Home, and in some moment of despair actually proceeded to carry out his idea, and establish the saloon, upon the theory that since nothing could prevent his men from the use of alcohol, it was much better that they be induced to use it in its mildest and least unwholesome form, in a place where they were surrounded by their friends, where they could be restrained from excess, where they would not be robbed of their money, and where the profit arising from their moderate indulgence would be devoted to their own comfort and happiness. The effect of this experiment upon the welfare of the soldiers required some little time for determination, but no time at all was required to bring down upon the authorities of the Home a most horrible storm of vituper-



ONE OF THE BARRACK BUILDINGS.

ation from a class of very earnest and honest people, who would not wait an instant to watch results, and probably would not have admitted that any results whatever could justify the establishment of a beer shop, either there or anywhere else.

Many pages of the volume containing the Report of the Managers for 1879 are devoted to an account of this controversy, which resulted, however, in the continuance of the saloon, and in the establishment of similar saloons at most or all of the other Branches.



A BARRACK GABLE.

The management of these saloons differs, in some vital particulars, from that of all other saloons of which the writer has knowledge.

1. They are established with the view of alleviating a great moral evil, and their management is with a distinct view to that end.
2. The persons immediately in charge are discreet and temperate men, who have no interest in the profits, and whose positions depend upon the faithfulness and tact which they display in making their saloons good temperance agencies.
3. The saloons are not loafing places; the men come in, sit a reasonable time while they drink their beer, and must then go out.
4. No drink but beer of the best quality is sold, or even permitted on the premises.
5. No one is allowed to drink to excess, and members whom experience shows to be unable to control their appetites, are restricted to one or two or

three glasses daily, and in extreme cases are forbidden to enter the saloon. The strong desire for the peaceful enjoyment of two or three glasses of cool beer per day forms one of the strongest possible motives to avoid intemperate habits which would cause them to lose it.

As to the actual working of the plan, General M. R. Patrick, Governor of the Central Branch, and an active temperance man, says in a letter to the writer :

I have no doubt whatever that the evils resulting from the sale of beer at the Home are far less than when men can obtain it on the outside only. To prevent the evils that would naturally result from saloon usages, a rigid system of control must be established and firmly adhered to. The Governor must hold it in his own hands, and carefully watch his agents in charge of the beer hall. If intoxicating drinks could not be obtained on the outside, I would, with all my influence, oppose the sale inside.

The same officer (Governor Patrick) in his report for 1887, after alluding to the "terrible outcry" which followed the establishment of the beer hall at the Central Branch, adds :

Inasmuch as this (Central) Branch is hedged in on all sides by saloons, dives, and hells of the vilest character, to entrap our men as soon as they are outside the gates, it seemed wise to choose the less of two evils, and to furnish them in the Home, at a cheap rate, with the best article of beer that can be purchased, and retain the men under our own control, rather than suffer them to go outside, get drunk on the vilest drinks of every kind, get robbed of their money, and kicked into the street, or secreted in the infamous dives that surround us until their money is exhausted, and they are turned out penniless.

The official report of the Mayor of Dayton gives the number of arrests of our members from July 12, 1885, to July 1, 1886, as 486, while for the same length of time after the beer hall was opened, the number was 274, a difference of 212.

The Surgeon reports that the small number treated for alcoholism this year (14), as compared with 38 in 1886, and 35 in 1885, is, without doubt, in his opinion, to be credited to the less number of members who are given to protracted debauches and bad liquor, since the opening of the beer hall.

Of the 6,022, the total number cared for at the Central Branch during the year 1887, it was found necessary to debar or limit 436, of whom 48 were debarred from the beer

hall altogether, some from moral causes, and some mainly for physical reasons, by the surgeon's orders.

Mr. D. W. Gage, State organizer of the Prohibitionists in Ohio, in a letter to a Prohibition paper, written after a visit to the Home, and a careful inspection of the saloon and its effects, writes as follows :

After all that I saw and heard outside and inside the Home, I conclude that we had best resume our vials of wrath, and pour them out upon those who legalize the outside saloons with practically no restraint upon them. . . . I doubt if those who attempt to interfere would better it upon the whole.

must pay for the excess. The washing is done in the general laundry.

The food is abundant, of excellent quality and great variety, as appears by the bills of fare which are regularly reported and published. Meats, vegetables, fruits, and relishes are supplied as at ordinary family tables, and the great American "pie" shows up on Sundays.

Great attention is paid to all sanitary regulations, and all members are required to bathe thoroughly at least once a week.

If beautiful surroundings can induce contentment, the veterans of these Homes must



IN RUSTIC CAÑON.

The official position, no less than the evident candor of Mr. Gage, should make him a good authority among the Prohibitionists of this State, and his opinion may help to moderate the ardor of their attacks, should this method of moral reform be attempted at Santa Monica.

The members of the Homes are all clothed at the expense of the country. As in the army, there is a regular allowance of clothing intended to be abundant with ordinary care. If a member overdraws his allowance, he

certainly be happy. To say nothing of the government appropriations, which are sufficiently liberal to admit large expenditures in the way of adornment, private liberality and the efforts of interested communities have done much to add to the attractiveness of the grounds. At Santa Monica a cash bonus of \$100,000 has been subscribed, all of which is to be employed in beautifying the grounds. The attractiveness of the Homes may be very well estimated by the number of visitors, 155,452 persons having been reported as hav-

ing visited the Central Branch in 1887. This constant stream of visitors adds greatly to the liveliness of the scene, and must be a great source of amusement to the veterans.

The social condition and character of the members is of course greatly varied, but in



A GRAY DAY ON THE BEACH.

so large communities of American citizens we may be sure that the best may be sure of finding congenial companionship. The good character of the great majority may be inferred from the record of discipline. General Butler says (Report for 1875): "Ninety-seven per cent of the members behave with entire propriety, save in the matter of intoxication; and were it not for the effects of liquor not one per cent would give any trouble."

From the above outline it would seem that the veterans of this Coast who may be looking forward to entering the Pacific Branch, and their friends, may very well judge what sort of lives they will lead when admitted. Interesting details and statistics might be multiplied indefinitely, but the limit of space forbids. Every community must make and control its own life, and work out its own happiness, but enough has been said to show that nothing which a grateful country can do for the comfort of its old soldiers has been omitted in these Homes.

The want of a safe refuge for the veterans of this Coast has been felt, especially in Grand Army circles, for many years. The officers and Relief Committees of all the Posts have felt a constantly increasing pres-

sure from the weak and the unfortunate of the old soldiers, and were constantly confronted with cases of actual destitution which they were wholly unable to relieve. I am not aware that any serious effort was ever made to induce the State of California to es-

tablish a Home, but this article would be incomplete without some reference to the Home at Yountville, which was established by private contributions, as the result of the active and self sacrificing efforts of a few members of the Grand Army and of the Mexican Veterans' Association. The Veterans' Home Association was organized March 7, 1882, and consisted of twenty members chosen by the Department Encampment of the Grand Army, and five by the Mexican Veterans. Its affairs

are managed by a board of nine directors, of whom two are always Mexican veterans. In October, 1882, the Home was located at Yountville, in Napa County, upon a large farm, upon which, during the next year, suitable buildings were erected and opened. Up to this time, and for some months thereafter, the Home was not only built and equipped, but entirely maintained by private subscriptions obtained by the unremitting labor of a few comrades. After six months, however, a State appropriation of \$150 per annum for each inmate became available, and upon that income the Yountville Home has been since principally maintained.

It has been from the beginning the hope and expectation of the members of this association that it would in due time be accepted by the United States, and maintained as a regular Branch of the National Home; and to this end were directed for some years the efforts of the Congressmen from this State and the whole Coast. These efforts finally culminated in March, 1887, in the passage of a bill introduced by General Negley of Pennsylvania, one of the Managers of the National Home, which authorized the establishment of a Branch on the Pacific

Coast, but left the exact location to be determined by the action of the Board of Managers.

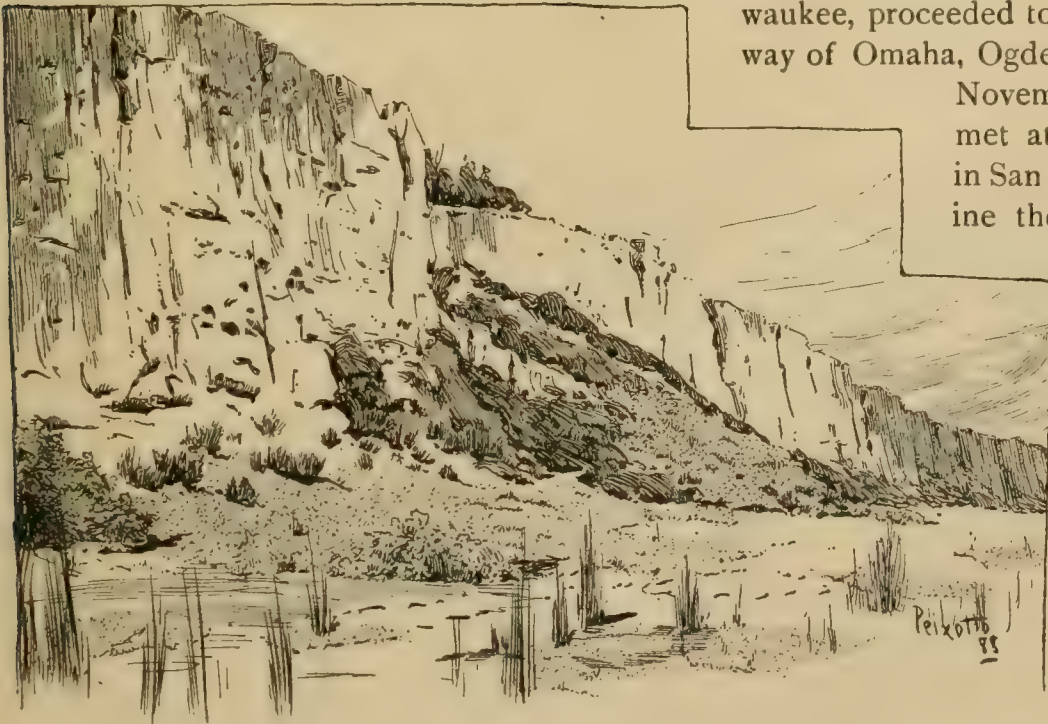
Soon after the passage of this Act invitation was given through the press to all interested in the location of the new Branch to make definite proposals for any sites which they might wish to offer, to be submitted in due time to the Board of Managers; and in the mean time Captain William Blanding, the newly appointed Manager, at the request of the President of the Board, spent much of his time in a personal examination of such localities as seemed most promising. While it was generally supposed, almost as a matter of course, that the Yountville site would be offered to the Board and accepted, yet it was evidently proper that all other proposals should be carefully considered, to the end that the greatest possible health and comfort might be assured to the veterans. While it was known that the Yountville property would be offered as a free gift, and doubtless assumed that other localities would be offered on the same terms, yet it was strongly felt by those who thought most upon the subject, that the matter of first cost alone should not be allowed to determine the location. The nation is amply able and heartily willing to provide for the comfort of the declining years

of its disabled and impoverished veterans; and while all proposals of localities or individuals competing to secure the obvious advantages attending the neighborhood of such an establishment should be carefully considered and allowed due weight, yet it would unquestionably be the will of the people, regardless of the mere question of cost, that these Homes should be located in those spots where the old soldiers are likely to live longest and be happiest while they do live. Among the principal elements of comfort to be considered were such items as freedom from extremes of temperature, amount of annual rainfall, abundant water supply, facilities for sea or other open air bathing, and the like; it was also of importance that the Home should be near some considerable city, which would always carry with it facility of access, and not only afford occasional and desirable change of scene to the veterans, but permit the largest possible number of citizens to visit and enjoy the Home and its surroundings. All these and many other points were to be kept in mind by the Board in making its decision.

Upon the eighth of November, 1887, the Board left New York in a special car for the purpose of visiting the Pacific Coast and making a selection of a site, and after visiting the Branches at Dayton and Milwaukee, proceeded to San Francisco by way of Omaha, Ogden, and Salt Lake.

November 19 the Board met at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, to examine the proposals which

had been made. They numbered about seventy, in all and were from the counties of Alameda, Butte, Contra Costa, Napa, Los Angeles, Sacramento, Solano, Sonoma, Santa Barbara, Santa



SANTA MONICA BLUFF.

Clara, Santa Cruz, San Mateo, San Bernardino, and Ventura. Most of these counties and all the most promising sites were subsequently visited and carefully examined by the Board.

The estimate of the Board for the maximum water supply required for all purposes, including irrigation, is 100 gallons per day per man, or upon the probable number of 2500 inmates, 250,000 gallons per day the year round, which was the amount required to be available for any site accepted.

Upon classifying the proposals, they first naturally divide upon the lines of those from the coast, and those from the interior, and those from the north, and those from the south; and upon considering them in these respects only, it will be evident to all Californians that if the selection were to go to the interior, a northern site would be best, on account of the more rain and less heat; while if the coast were preferred, a Southern site was most desirable, on account of the less rain and more heat, regard being constantly had to the fact that the selection was for the permanent residence of men who are rapidly becoming aged and infirm.

Upon a classification of the offers as to pecuniary terms, there appeared about a dozen in which the necessary land was offered as a donation, two in which the land

was offered free and a large cash bonus in addition, and the remainder offered for pay, at prices ranging from \$40 to \$800 per acre. The offers of free sites included proposals from the counties of Monterey, Napa, Sacramento, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Bernardino, and included sites which upon their general merits were quite equal to any that were offered for pay; and hence, while all propositions and localities were carefully examined, the proposals for pay became speedily eliminated from serious discussion.

The free proposal from Monterey was only a suggestion, the land proposed being part of the government reservation of that place, which Congress might very possibly give, if requested by the Managers, but which had *not* been given, and could therefore hardly be seriously considered by the Board. The proposal from Napa was the Yountville property of the California Veterans' Home Association; and to this there is no doubt that the Board at first were most seriously inclined. It was, however, an interior location, while the Board, as will appear later, were unanimously in favor of the coast, and it was subject to the further disadvantage of being at a distance from any considerable city; but what in all probability finally settled the decision against this site, was the deliberate



OCEAN AVENUE.



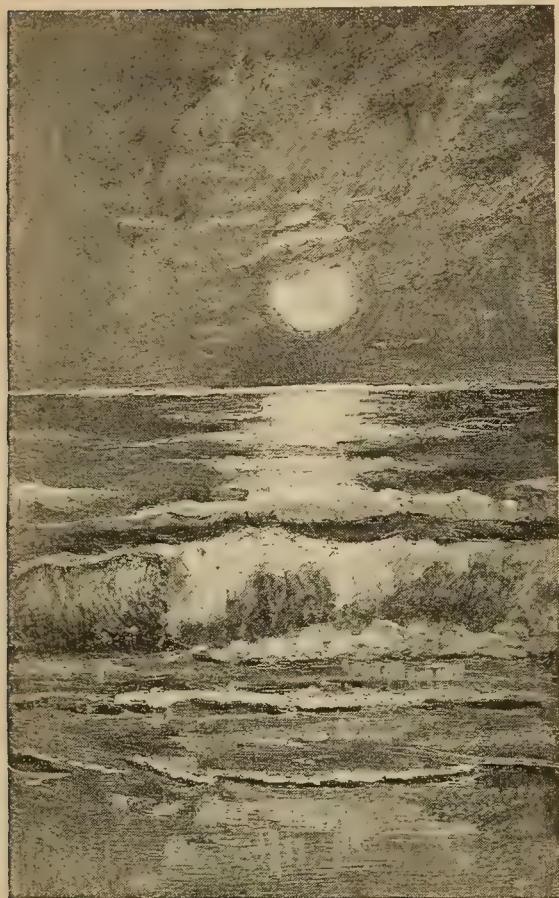
AT THE HEAD OF THE CAÑON.

judgment of the Board that no adequate supply of water could be had from the land, or obtained at any reasonable expense. The tract offered free in Sacramento County was 160 acres two miles from Folsom, which evidently, considering location, could not be seriously considered in competition with other offers before the Board. The Centinela Inglewood Company, of Los Angeles County, offered 300 acres of land about five miles west of Los Angeles, with abundant water, and railroads to Santa Monica and Redondo Beach on either side. This was an excellent proposition, and very seriously considered, but was finally overborne by a proposal for a similar location, accompanied by a large cash bonus. In like manner the sites in San Diego and Santa Barbara counties, whatever were their advantages, and they were many, presented no such points of superiority as would justify the Board in accepting them, as against equally commodious and desirable sites which were offered elsewhere,

with the addition of round sums in cash to be applied to the ornamentation of the grounds, and the addition of such comforts and conveniences as could not properly be paid for from the Congressional appropriation.

The contest, then, finally settled down to the consideration of two propositions :

The Hesperia Land and Water Company offered 500 acres of land to be selected near their town of Hesperia, with 250,000 gallons of water per day, delivered free, and a cash bonus of \$250,000, payable in seven equal annual installments. This most magnificent proposition was, of course, very carefully investigated. There was no question of the fertility of the soil, or the abundance of water, but it was in the interior, and was distant from any large town, and dependent for transportation upon one line of railroad. Moreover the country about it was then almost entirely undeveloped and uninhabited, and still clothed in its aboriginal garment of



MOONLIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

sage brush and cactus: the majority of the Board, as Eastern men, could perhaps hardly appreciate the wonderful transformation certain to follow the application of water to those thirsty plains, and they doubtless felt that the people of the country would not desire to save \$150,000 at the risk of any possibility of a mistake, or even at the expense of making the old veterans pioneers in a new and to them unknown country. It was also necessary to consider that, however abundant the water supply, the labor and expense of maintaining large grounds during the long, dry, and hot summers, free from dust and in all other respects befitting a government park, would be very great, probably entirely offsetting the pecuniary value of the bonus offered, and possibly provoking comment and censure upon those making the selection. For these and similar reasons, therefore, this proposal was not accepted.

Jones and Baker, and the Los Angeles and Santa Monica Land and Water Company, made a proposal, which, as finally modified and accepted, included 300 acres of land

about fifteen miles west of Los Angeles and four miles from Santa Monica, with a supply of water from the neighboring cañons, and additional land for a reservoir with storage for 120,000,000 gallons of water, a site upon the beach in the town of Santa Monica, upon which to erect bathing houses, music stand, and pavilion for the use of members of the Home, and \$100,000 in cash, payable in five equal annual installments properly secured. In addition to this the Los Angeles County railroad, which runs near the tract, undertakes to transport officers and members of the Home at one-half regular rates.

On their way east, after leaving California, the Board held a meeting on their special car, St. Nicholas, in the course of which an informal ballot was taken, which is understood to represent the individual preference of the members upon the location of the site, without reference to the special advantages of the particular proposals before the Board. Each member voted for a first, second, and third choice, and the ballot was as follows:

	1st Choice	2d Choice	3d Choice
Oakland.....	4	1	0
Santa Barbara.....	2	1	3
Santa Monica.....	2	0	5
San Diego.....	1	3	1
Monterey.....	1	1	0
Napa Valley.....	0	1	0
Santa Rosa.....	0	1	0
Santa Cruz ..	0	1	1
Hesperia.....	0	1	0

From this ballot it is evident that the unanimous opinion of the Board was in favor of the sea coast, as against the interior, for the purpose of a Soldiers' Home; and that, as between Oakland, Santa Barbara, and Santa Monica, the sentiment was so equally divided upon their merits, that the subsidy offered for Santa Monica could hardly fail to turn the final vote that way; and in fact upon the same day, December 3d, at Las Vegas, N. M., the site was fixed at Santa Monica, and the proposal of Jones and Baker and the Los Angeles and Santa Monica Land and Water Company accepted by a vote of 8 to 2.

I have given the facts and considerations leading to this decision somewhat in detail, because I believe they have never before been

published, and will, I am sure, be interesting to many, who from one cause or another have been interested in the matter, and of whom some have had a natural regret that the lightning did not strike nearer their own doors. Of this latter number I, as a resident of Central California, confess that I was one; but a study of all the facts compels me to bow to the superior enterprise of our brethren of the South, and acknowledge that the inducements offered fairly compelled the acceptance of the site at Santa Monica. A study of the informal vote above given shows that with reasonable effort the people of Central California might probably have secured

relate the exact manner in which this was accomplished, for the contemplation of the tyros who have endeavored to manipulate boomlets in Central and Northern California. It is the fashion of some who are in rivalry with Southern California to insist that the operators of that section lie outrageously about the climate and capabilities of their land. So they do; but I cannot attribute their success to this, for I am not prepared, in this respect, to concede their superiority to our own advocates; I have heard lies about apricot farms in Alameda County, that were the peers of any lies ever told about oranges in Riverside; the difference is that



"THE PALMS" LOOKING TOWARDS SANTA MONICA.

the prize. The center of population and of accessibility for this Coast is in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay, and there was an obvious propriety in locating the Home near this center, and an undoubted disposition on the part of the Board to do so. There is no difference worth mentioning in the natural advantages of hundreds of sites that might have been obtained near the seacoast, at points almost anywhere from San Francisco to San Diego, and that the Home was diverted from the main center of population to a secondary center was purely and simply owing to the superior sagacity, enterprise, and hard business sense of the people of the South. As an elementary lesson in legitimate real estate enterprise, I am inclined to

the Southern men back up their lies with hard coin, and we don't; they erect buildings, build railroads, develop water, lay out streets, put down sewers, and build sidewalks, and having thus shown their own confidence in the permanent prosperity of their country, they the more readily induce others to join them; and then over and above and behind and beyond all this, and in spite of all the trickery, exaggeration, misrepresentation, and wild-cat operations which are the inevitable attendants of periods of exceptional prosperity and excitement, lies a broad, solid, and enduring substratum of truth, which is a sufficient foundation for almost any expectations of prosperity. It is true that those who know California best love her most; we are

holding our own people and gathering more ; if we sell our possessions to strangers, it is to use our local knowledge to settle ourselves in places still more desirable ; the people of the East come to us, but we do not go to them ; the farmers of Ohio and Kansas sell their rich farms to come and settle among us ; but no farmer of California sells out to go back to those States ; and I beg to assure any Eastern visitor who may read these pages, that while he, as well as we, may be amused or disgusted at those local rivalries and recriminations which are the inevitable consequence of the frailty of human nature and the size of our State, he will find us all united in declaring, and if he stops long enough, will himself soon be ready to declare with us, that California, north or south, is the most desirable place of residence on earth, and that there is no price within man's power to pay, which, if necessary, it would not be advisable to give, rather than live elsewhere, — all of which is a burst of patriotic sentiment, which must be my excuse for this digression.

In the county of Los Angeles, and near the town of Santa Monica, lies the rancho of San José and Buenos Ayres, latterly known as the Wolfskill ranch, containing several thousand acres, and now owned by the Los Angeles and Santa Monica Land and Water Company. Adjoining it on the west, extending to the sea, and originally including the town site of Santa Monica, lies the rancho of San Vincente y Santa Monica, containing a good many more thousand acres, and owned by Senator J. P. Jones and Mrs. A. B. de Baker. The boundary line between the ranches begins in rich valley land near the charming village of The Palms, on the line of the Southern Pacific Company's road to Santa Monica, and extends northwesterly in a straight line, gradually rising from the valley over fertile mesa and foothills, and disappearing in the stark defiles of the Cahuengo Mountains. These lands, as lands go in that country, were probably worth, last November, some three or four hundred dollars per acre ; the Los Angeles County railroad — a new line from Los Angeles to Santa Monica — was building along

the foothills through the property, and various projects for town sites in the vicinity were more or less advanced. The Mesa, on the line of the two ranches, had an elevation of perhaps 300 feet above the sea, toward which it gradually sloped ; and a magnificent outlook, including a wide and fertile valley, the city of Los Angeles, the town of Santa Monica, and a long stretch of seacoast ; it was in the "warm belt," which is said at that point to produce perennial tomatoes, and was evidently a most eligible site for the location of the Home. It was notorious that the location of these Homes, all maintained by the United States as magnificent pleasure grounds, open at all times to the public, filled with life and animation, and adorned with everything pleasing to the eye, had invariably caused large advances in the prices of neighboring property, by attracting a large influx of people in easy circumstances to create pleasant homes in their vicinity. It is a cardinal belief of all Californians that a park in California must necessarily be so much more charming than a park anywhere else, as at once to induce a general scramble for eligible building sites in its vicinity. The Los Angeles County railroad, also, could see a probable bonanza in the transportation of the immense number of visitors which would continually resort there. From two to five hundred acres was required for the site, and it was perfectly patent that any eligible tract of reasonable size, from which the land required for the site should be taken, would be worth vastly more after the subtraction was made for that purpose than before. Now this fact was, or should have been, just as well understood in Alameda County as in Los Angeles, but as events proved, the northern men had not the nerve and enterprise to act, and the southern men had. The operation was very simple. Jones and Baker, the proprietors of one ranch, proposed to give the 300 acres for a site, with water from the mountains, with 30 acres additional for a reservoir, and a bathing site at the beach ; the Los Angeles and Santa Monica Land and Water Company, the proprietors of the other ranch, placed 300 acres adjoining in

the hands of a syndicate of responsible men, as trustees, who gave to the Home their five notes for \$20,000 each, which will be paid, with a good profit, to the parties who may handle it, from the sale in small tracts of the 300 acres in trust ; to this the Los Angeles County railroad added a guaranty of half fares to the members of the Home, and half freights on its merchandise, and the thing was done. It was perfectly simple, and just as easy of accomplishment in Central California as in Los Angeles County. But there is great difference in folk.

In March of this year, when I visited the site in company with Col. E. F. Brown, Inspector General of the Homes, who was in charge of the improvements and the contracts, there was before us simply a most charming expanse of green hills and plains, with farm houses, towns, cities and seacoast in the distance. Several wells were being dug to afford water till the permanent supply can be brought on to the ground. A force of engineers, under Colonel Mendel, had surveyed the pipe line from the grounds to the reservoir in the foothills, and was engaged in extending the line to the main source of supply, some miles distant, in Santa Monica Cañon ; preparations were making to develop the water of Sepulveda Cañon, which is much nearer, but in which the quantity of water is unknown, as it sinks in the sand ; twenty acres of remarkably rich bottom land, which is to be the future vegetable garden, were being plowed for corn, and additional ground for a nursery of trees, in which the officers of the Home have the co-operation of the California Forestry Station in the vicinity ; the architect, Mr. S. R. Burns, of Dayton, O., was in consultation with Colonel Brown, in regard to the plans of the building, and they were preparing for an accurate topographical survey of the ground, preparatory to the study of the landscape gardener. A small building, afterwards to be utilized for some other purpose, was to be erected at once for

the residence of the officers, and temporary accommodations for workmen were to follow immediately. The general plans of improvement, which, of course, at that time only existed in dim outline in the minds of the officers in charge, comprise a sufficient number of barracks, all arranged to have an unobstructed view of the sea, officers' houses, dining hall, headquarters' building, hospital, chapel, and such other buildings as may be required for the accommodation of employees, and for other purposes. A wide boulevard, extending from Los Angeles to Santa Monica, will probably run through the property, and all the grounds not required for buildings and gardens will be devoted to purposes of ornament and recreation. The reservoir, of about thirty acres, at a distance of a mile or more above the Home, is so situated among the foothills that it will constitute a most charming artificial lake, of a very irregular shape, and an extreme depth of some thirty or forty feet, and will doubtless be connected with the Home grounds by an ornamental driveway.

General James S. Negley, and the Local Manager, Captain William Blanding, who, by resolution of the Board, were joined to the President, General Franklin, as a committee to carry into effect the resolution fixing the site at Santa Monica, were, at the time of my visit, upon the ground, actively engaged in the prosecution of their mission, and everything bid fair for a rapid and energetic prosecution of the work. As soon as the improvements are fairly well under way, an effort will be made to receive such applicants as have health and strength sufficient to enable them to take care of themselves, and give some aid in the prosecution of the work, and by the beginning of winter it is hoped that the Home will be ready for the reception of all on this Coast who are entitled to admission ; and there, upon that beautiful slope by the shore of a peaceful sea, may those battered and war-worn veterans find rest and content.

Edward F. Adams.

THE SEARCH OF THE SOUL.

OUT into space through the starlight, wanders the Soul from its home,
 Free from the body's enshrinement celestial regions to roam.
 Living on Earth, it had suffered with longing for knowledge complete,
 Till its purpose was fixed now to end it, to die, then to live as was meet.

From the planet, its cage, soaring outward past the place where the Sun rolls in state,
 Past the Cross, past the Scales, past the cavern where Scorpion lieth in wait,
 On to Sirius, Earth's giant watcher, who slowly is leaving his trust,
 To the nebulae, sprinkling the heavens with golden impalpable dust,

Out through the place where no brightness illumines the way for its flight,
 Where old Chaos sits brooding in silence enshrouded in ominous night,
 On and on, seeking ever the awful, omnipotent governing He,
 Ever hoping it goes, ever fearing, His glorious splendor to see.

Farther yet, by great orbs of such glory, that the glory enfeebleth the thought,
 From whose distance to poor puny mortals their story has never been brought,
 Forever and aye looking onward for sign of that heavenly place,
 Which, when Now is o'erthrown by Forever, is to be the blest home of the race.

Till at last, wearied out with endeavor at striving long ages for nought,
 With head drooping low on its bosom it found what so long it had sought;
 For the will no more urging, upholding, the baffled, disconsolate Soul,
 It faded away in the ether, making part of the Infinite Whole.

Leonard Magruder Passano.

GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

IN the so-called Cañon of the Colorado the great book of nature has given itself more fully to reading than anywhere else in modern times. Here the earth strata — the leaves of the great book — open widest and deepest down, thus revealing the usually close-hidden contents; the corners are thumb-marked and dog-eared the most significantly, the edges worn away are embellished with marginal notes and explanatory illustrations the most profusely, of any chapter in the book. In no other region of the world are the natural laws governing the processes of land erosion, land sculpture, land up-heaval, weathering and deposition, so grandly revealed; nowhere are these processes observed so clearly,— and also nowhere else is the inspection fraught with more hardships and greater perils to the explorer than here in the great Colorado plateau.

* A bird's-eye view would reveal this famous cañon as the central object in a vast, oblong plateau of table-lands, bounded on the east for its whole length by the Rocky Mountains, and on the north by the cross range of the Uintas, while the western side and south end

are left open as by the subsidence of the whole southwestern portion of North America. This "Grand Cañon Plateau," so named by Major Powell, thus embraces the greater part of northern Arizona and New Mexico, with lesser portions of western Colorado and eastern Utah, comprising an area of 14,000 square miles.

The strata of this vast region are fissured and torn and worn away by innumerable tortuous streams, which, originating in the Rocky Mountains, have united as they approached the center line, and with accelerated speed and increased power have excavated deeper channels through the hard underlying rocks, the three great arteries uniting at length to form one mighty graving current, which with Titanic vigor has trenched a long, broad, profound chasm 4,000 to 6,000 feet deep, and over 200 miles long from east to west. In the abysmal depths of this chasm the always angry, turbid river, flecked below the frequent rapids with white foam, roars and falls toward its far egress. This egress is between the half-mile high rocky jaws of the cañon at a point overlooking the Mohave Desert. Here, turning abruptly southward, the now curbed and subdued current flows sullen and silent, depositing silt and coarser debris as it makes for itself a new bed every year on its course three hundred miles farther through the Colorado Desert to the Gulf of California.

Nearly such a bird's-eye view can be obtained from the lofty summit of Mount Agassiz, an extinct volcano near the center of the southern side of this plateau, commanding from its isolated position and its towering height of 12,600 feet, an unobstructed view of perhaps two hundred miles in every direction. This is a celebrated peak, the culmination of a group of lava elevations, generally known as the San Francisco Mountains.

It has been the writer's good fortune to ascend twice this commanding lookout, and the adventures — which were somewhat peculiar — during one of these ascents may be of sufficient interest to justify relation.

For several weeks in the summer of 1884 we had been botanizing in the noble pine

forest that clothes the vast plateau upon which stands the San Francisco Mountains, making our headquarters at Fort Moroni, a strongly built stockade of pine logs erected by the zealous Mormon leader, John W. Young, to protect his people against attacks by the Navajo Indians, whose reservation and pueblos are in the vicinity, and who, quite naturally, are jealous of the encroachments of the white man. Fort Moroni is about seven miles north of Flagstaff, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, and stands in the center of a large meadow, — one of the characteristic parks of the region, — the stockade being beyond rifle-shot from any tree in the surrounding forest.

It is difficult to conceive a lovelier spot than this mountain interval, or park, well known to early explorers from its proximity to the Leroux Springs, on the west side of Mount Agassiz, the scene of many an ambush and massacre in the early days.

Lush grasses two to three feet high, interspersed with bright, strange flowers, spread a carpet over thousands of acres, environed by a thick forest of *ponderosa* pine in every stage of growth, from the symmetrical stems of the young trees, huddled together in shy, whispering groups, to the severe and majestic patriarchs, *tête-à-tête*, in watchful counsel, yet admitting between their yellow trunks lovely vistas of other parks and groves.

Southward clouds of smoke and glints of color tell at times where the cars are speeding along; to the west, twenty miles away, but in full view, rises Bill Williams Mountain; northward is Mount Sitgreave and Red Butte, while eastward, embraced by this very meadow, uprises grand and glorious the forest-circled, lava-ribbed, snow-striped peak of Agassiz, its truncated, flattened top suggesting its crateriform condition, and beckoning us to dare its exploration. When it is added that the forest and parks of the San Francisco Mountains, though at the warm, semi-tropical latitude of 35°, are raised to the altitude of 7,000 to 8,000 feet, little else is necessary to picture the rare scenes that they present in mid-summer.

One lovely August day we drove out of

this charming valley, equipped for several days' absence with a pair of strong mules, a light spring wagon, camp supplies, botanical outfit, etc.

Our objective point was the northern side of Agassiz where, we were told, was a long ridge leading up to his crown.

On the way our noiseless vehicle allowed us often to approach quite near herds of graceful antelope feeding in the secluded parks, before their watchful sentinels stamping the earth with heavy strokes started the herds off with long bounds.

Night

"let her sable curtain down
And pinned it with a star"

just as we reached a large meadow on the north side of Agassiz at an elevation of eight thousand feet, its upper edge frayed out with streamers of emerald ascending the cone some thousand feet higher.

The peak, nearly devoid of timber for its upper three thousand feet, was furrowed by several ravines yet partially filled with snow, and their dazzling whiteness, lit up by the declining sun as we approached, contrasted very effectively with the variegated tints of red, yellow, brown, and black scorix displayed in stripes and blocks on the bare projecting ribs; while beneath all the supporting meadow of rich grasses held up long reaches to the very banks of melting snow.

We pitched our tent for the night near the spring and cabin of a sheep-herder. Next morning we were occupied till late, as usual after a day's travel in such a rich botanical region, in drying out the botanical pads; several of the plants, too, were strangers and tempted examination, so it was ten o'clock before we got off for the peak.

The first three or four miles being a gradual rise covered with grass, we decided to drive the wagon up to a convenient spot near the snow and picket the mules for the day, while we prosecuted the further ascent on foot, — designing to return and make camp at that point for the night and go on eastward next day.

But no water could be found for the mules. In vain we searched an hour among

the ravines; the water from the melting banks sank at once into the scorix and volcanic ashes; so we were forced either to abandon the trip altogether, or to hasten up, leaving the animals securely tied to suffer a little for water until our return, when we would hurry down to the herder's spring.

We chose to make the ascent, — in fact the nearness and detail of the monster cone piercing the sky a mile or so above us was simply irresistible.

Lightly equipped with haversack, canteen, botanical press, aneroid barometer, field-glasses, and our faithful alpen-stocks, we selected a comb of red breccia and began the toilsome climb.

Halting every few feet to rest while gazing about us, the scenery soon became of the most engaging character.

Emerging from the striped and fringed coverlet of the forest with its dots of emerald parks, there appeared in the north several conical peaks, and for every few feet of vertical ascent other similar cones came into view over the shoulders of the parent cone we were ascending; and now some of the nearest were undergoing sundry transformations, — their summits were either torn and splintered, or they were truncated and flat. One almost directly beneath us assumed a still more wonderful appearance, as of a low arch on the farther side of its flat top.

By the time we had climbed say a thousand feet, a large scope of country was exposed to view, including near the horizon limitless bare and brown table-lands in the far north. As we toiled on, these table-lands underwent transformation. Breaks or faults appeared along the middle of the great platforms, and our glasses showed them occurring in zig-zag courses.

But hardly could we give attention to the distant landscape, much less to the strange flora about our toilsome way, so startling and fascinating became our mysterious conical neighbors. Many of them were frustums of cones with circular craters in their tops, like the well known volcanoes on the moon's surface.

"O, look! look!" cried my companion

with a field-glass to her eyes, "a lake in the crater of that cone, a crescent moon of molten silver!"

"That is water, surely," I responded. "Very surprising, too, for similar volcanic cones around Lassen and Shasta are always empty."

A cloud had been forming for the past hour around the summit, concealing its contour and mystifying our relations to it. We entered the cloud and were at once pelted by falling snow and driving sleet. We could discern objects near at hand, however, and so followed along a shallow depression, hoping it would lead to the summit.

The scoria here is finely splintered and yielding to the feet, while the acclivity becomes steeper and steeper.

Buffeted, blinded, chilled, weak, and staggering, we pressed on, aided by our long alpen-stocks, light and strong, selected from the ribs of a giant cactus on the plains below.

Suddenly, as if pressing through a curtain, we emerged from the cloud into full sunlight, a warm breeze fanning our faces, — but our eyes were transfixed by the scene before us.

There are times in such explorations when one's lips are sealed, when a choking is felt in the throat, and one can only clutch the nearest support and *gaze!*

The crater of Mount Agassiz is one of the largest in America. It is about two miles across, and a half a mile in depth. The rim is still continuous on the north, west, and south sides, but entirely broken away on the eastern side, down which lies, arrested and solidified, the last broad stream of lava, its upper part still within the crater, and now perpetually covered with snow and ice.

And snow also lines the crater on the south side, extending all over the surface nearly up to the rim. Masses of rock crumbling from the splintered rim fall upon the snow and roll to the bottom, gathering as they roll large disks of snow that leave dark, ever-widening tracks, curving gracefully down to a common broad exit over the lava bed.

Bright colored trachyte, rhyolite, and An-

desite, weathering and dissolving on the rim, are carried by the melting snow and form rills of red, yellow, and black sand, which, freezing at the bottom, are raised to rib-like lines of brilliant colors, ranged between the larger, darker, deeper avalanche troughs.

The forest below struggles to gain admission by the broken wall, and a few of its most aspiring members, — the bristle-cone pine, the Engelman spruce, and the newly described Arizona cypress, — succeed in pressing along beside the lava flow and thrusting up their spires within the very crater itself.

We peer down into the crater and picture to ourselves the scene when the fiery molten matter roared and seethed as it rose splashing from side to side in the cauldron, reaching the rim at last, spluttering and pouring out a red flaming current to flow downward and spread death and destruction all over the plateau for fifty miles; the last of each ebullition remaining on the rim and so raising it higher all around again, to be surmounted when the next volcanic spasm occurred, until the internal conditions of the earth becoming changed, the flow of lava ceased, the crater cooled, the grass crept over the scoriæ, the trees re-asserted their dominion over the plain, and Agassiz was an extinct volcano.

Reluctantly withdrawing, we pass along a few rods to the east, clamber up to the highest remaining pinnacle, and stand beside the monument, 12,600 feet above sea-level, — the highest elevation in the Southwest, and only excelled in the United States by a few peaks in the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains.

The cloud suddenly vanished, owing to some change of wind, and looking towards the north, there was the Grand Cañon. There was no mistaking it; the nearer portion of the brown table-land had fallen apparently two thousand feet or half a mile, breaking off from the other in a zig-zag line, exposing a series of tables rising one above the other from west to east, like the broad steps of a colossal stairway leading from the Mohave basin to the towering Rocky Mountains. And the ends of these steps were the

palisades or farther walls and sculptures of the great chasm, forty to one hundred miles distant, but distinctly seen through this upper air with our glasses, glowing with color as they abounded with every form of architecture.

The rays of the western sun, falling upon detached buttes and pinnacles rising out of the abyss and upon the furrowed and sculptured walls, threw dense shadows upon smoother objects, and so revealed shapes that you would affirm could only be wrought by human skill.

As we gazed in wonderment we distinguished and named the tables where they lay in pairs across the course, — in fact, each pair but the two parts of one bench or plateau cut in twain by the great chasm, the names and full descriptions occurring in Captain Dutton's official report of the Grand Cañon surveys.

Away down upon the western horizon, one hundred and fifty miles distant, forming the rim of the Mohave Desert, lay the Sheavwits plateau on the north side of the cañon, with its counterpart Hualapai opposite and nearer to our position. Of this last plateau, the Hualapai, being a quite accessible region, which we explored somewhat thoroughly a month later, there will be more to say presently.

Next above, on the north, is the Uinkaret plateau, bearing on its basaltic surface the flat-topped Mount Trumbull, while opposed to it is the no less interesting Aubrey plateau, with the lofty Bill Williams capping with lava its highest swell, about fifty miles to the west of our lookout.

Next appears the picturesque Kanab plateau, presenting much diversity of surface, dotted with black lava cones and tables, from which was separated ages ago the newly named Powell plateau, quite near to us, but almost inaccessible and therefore unknown.

Lastly, and right before us, only forty miles northward, and clearly seen in all its detail, was stretched a panorama of pictured rocks, statuary and architectural effects, — the canvas about a mile and a half in vertical width, and seventy miles long,—being

the southern terrace of the immense Kaibab plateau, which, with its mate to be next described, forms the dominant platform of the whole region, some 11,000 feet above sea level, and bearing mountains and forests on its surface so extensive as to require many weeks of exploration for even partial understanding. Opposed to the Kaibab, and separated by the great chasm, is the extensive Colorado plateau, upon the table of which stands the group of the San Francisco Mountains, chief of which is the towering extinct volcano of Agassiz, whose highest pinnacle we were using for this most extensive and entrancing bird's-eye view.

Eagerly we turned our glasses upon the gorgeous terrace of Kaibab, and watched the moving panorama, with the western sun acting as scene-shifter and illuminator, changing in an instant miles on miles of bright, parti-colored walls into black screens, from which projected brilliant obelisks, bosses, roofs, gables, arches and spurs, — all casting their shadows, often grotesquely distorted, upon other parts of the canvas. Unfortunately the distance allowed us only a view of the upper portion of the panorama, perhaps a half mile wide and seventy miles long.

Awed and silent we detected on the canvas the presence of immense objects that were really directly in the foreground, yet totally obliterated as the effect of direct view and fore-shortening. Shapes and specters rose out of the depths, thrown into relief by the shadows behind; statues moved mysteriously and impossibly; banners waved and flitted across the stage; bars and streamers of red, yellow, blue, and purple sunlight leaped through gateways and glinted through interstices, falling upon statue and boss, pinnacle and promontory, tracery and gable, conjuring up shapes and resemblances in a grand, spectacular, transformation scene, that in its vast proportions, colossal figures, varied and brilliant colors, and startling effects perhaps cannot be excelled on the globe.

Is it any wonder that we did not leave the spot until the scene-shifter shut off the light? Ah! but that was almost a fatal delay for us.

Hastening down the steep by long strides

and slides in the loose scoriæ, we found our animals pulling at their ropes in great fright. No doubt a brown bear — somewhat plentiful in the region — had visited our camp, and of all wild beasts a bear will give most alarm to a mule. Hurriedly attaching the mules to the wagon we mounted, put on the brakes, and began the descent towards the light in the herder's camp.

But in the darkness the large boulders and blocks of scoria large as modern stove-ranges, that were easily seen and avoided on the up trip, were unseen now, and the way seemed full of them. The mules, fleeing from a frightful spot, refused to obey the curb-reins, though I drew upon them with all my strength.

Over the obstacles we bounded ; now this side of the vehicle was elevated nearly to the point of overturning, now the other. My wife threw herself into the bottom of the wagon, and resigned herself silently to her fate ; while I wrapped the lines about my hands, pressed the brake-bar hard down, and steered the frightened animals, now at full speed, directly down the steep. As the mules flew along, the little wagon seemed to be almost upon their backs ; the wheels only hitting the tops of the rocks, and veering from side to side as the mules dodged the larger boulders.

By the most marvelous series of accidents the occupants of that little wagon escaped, for a few minutes of this break-neck speeding brought them safely to the camp of the frightened herder, who held his lantern up to their blanched faces, but could only wring from them the exultant explanation of the clattering sound, that they had been to the top of the peak and had looked over into the Grand Cañon.

It has been intimated in one of the first paragraphs that the difficulties, hardships and perils attending the exploration of the Grand Cañon were of more than ordinary severity, rendering it almost unknown until recently. While the other great river having a southern trend — the Rio Grande — was ascended as high as Taos, Texas, a hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims at

Plymouth, yet the Colorado was totally unexplored by white men until the winter of 1857-'58, when Lieutenant Ives ascended the lower, open portion as far as the mouth of the great cañon described. Unable to proceed farther in boats, he organized a part of his command into a land expedition, and succeeded in striking the cañon at its great southern bend, exactly where modern visitors now usually make the short and easy trip of only twenty-three miles from Peach Spring, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. But no one dared to follow Ives, and his descriptions — afterwards found to be greatly overdrawn — seemed only to inflame the imagination of lively writers, and many romances were floated on the stream of current literature, abounding in exaggeration and absurdity ; some writers averring that natural bridges, cavernous tunnels, and mile-high cataracts, were common features of the great river.

The first white man to pass through the entire length of the cañon was James White, a daring miner from Wisconsin, who, on the occurrence of a series of misfortunes to the party in which he was, fled on a raft down the river, and in the adventure suffered intense hardships, including seven days without food.

Mr. White still lives at Colville, near the mouth of the cañon, where Dr. Parry, the distinguished botanist of the Mexican boundary survey, found him, and obtained his pitiful story, — substantially as follows :

In the spring of 1867, Mr. White was induced to join a small party in search of gold somewhere on the upper waters of the Colorado River. After various disasters, the party, led by Captain Baker, arrived, August 24, at the point where the two great branches, Green and Grand, unite in southeastern Utah to form the main river.

There the party was immediately attacked by Indians and several of them killed, including Captain Baker, at the first fire. This left James White and Henry Strole hastily to unpack their animals and secure their arms and a small supply of provisions,

with which they eluded the Indians and escaped to the river.

Here they constructed a raft of dry cottonwood, composed of three sticks about ten feet long and only a few inches thick; these they tied together with their lariat ropes, and having stowed their provisions on the rude raft they embarked at midnight for their most adventurous voyage. The river at the junction was about two hundred yards wide, and was flowing at an estimated rate of two and a half miles per hour. Below the junction the plateau is reached, through which the river descends between walls increasing in height with every mile. At about forty miles from the junction the voyagers passed the mouth of the San Juan, coming in from the southward between high walls also. The current of the great river, though rapid, was very regular, and they experienced so little difficulty that they became elated with the thought of their lucky escape from the Indians as well as the distinction of exploring an unknown river, while as they rapidly floated along they looked eagerly for the reported settlements of the lower Colorado.

On the fourth day they encountered their first severe obstacle, — a foaming rapid, — in passing which Henry Strole was wrenched from the raft and lost in the whirlpool; and also, what was equally appalling, the small stock of provisions was gone!

The sole voyager's course now lay through the deepest part of the cañon, and was a succession of rapids blocked with masses of rock, over which his frail structure thumped and whirled so that he had to adopt the precaution of lashing himself to the rocking timbers.

In passing one of the rapids the lariat was cut and the raft parted, and it was by the exercise of his great strength that he kept possession of the pieces until fortunately he drifted into an eddy, where he repaired his raft and continued his terrible voyage.

Naturally poor White scanned the walls of his environment, eager to find a break leading to rescue. The course of the river, he remembers, was very crooked. The walls of "white sand-rock" showed a high water

mark some thirty or forty feet above him. About half way up the walls "flared out," as he expressed it, presenting a ragged and splintered edge. During the last two days his fevered, half-blind eyes noted that the rocks were "black," now known to be the dark igneous rocks of the Archæan formation.

White at length emerged from the cañon at Collville on the 8th of September, fourteen days from the time of starting, during seven of which he had not tasted food of any description. He presented a pitiable sight, emaciated, haggard, voiceless, his bare feet and legs literally flayed from constant exposure either to drenching water or the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun.

Having, however, a naturally strong constitution, James White soon recovered usual health, and is at this date living at Collville, Arizona, proud of his distinction as "first voyager of the Grand Cañon."

The first scientific exploration of the great chasm was made in the year 1869 by Major Powell, now the Director of the United States Geological Surveys.

Carrying out a dream of his boyhood, Major Powell organized an expedition with which he reached the bank of the Green River in August of that year, at a point where the river begins to cut down into the plateau, and having entered it he followed its course with many adventures to its junction with the great river in the southeastern part of Utah.

Fully equipped as he was with all modern appliances and conveniences, he yet suffered terrible hardships which indeed deprived him of most of his command before the long trip requiring seventeen days was completed. To Major Powell and his able assistants we are indebted for careful scientific reports that read like romances. They are accompanied, however, by instrumental calculations, by maps, charts, terra-cotta reliefs, etc., that compel the conviction that this is the most wonderful region on earth.

My own knowledge of the great phenomenon began in 1879, and at a point some

two hundred miles below the mouth of the canon.

We were botanizing in the Southwest, and had begun to extend our researches along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, where it crosses southern California and northern Arizona. No traveler over that route by daylight, will ever forget the experiences of his first trip. If it happens in the summer, he will remember the hot, heavy, stifling atmosphere of the Colorado Desert near Yuma; if in the winter, the equally surprising balmy, agreeable, and refreshing air of the same region. For one hundred miles each side of the great river, which is crossed at Yuma, the country is a vast plain of undulating sand, gravel, and smooth-ground soap-stones or bowlders, with here and there a depression filled with water in winter, but glaring with alkali during all the summer months.

This is the region, above all others, of the mirage, the sand-storm, the water-spout, and the so-called cloud-burst. On this desert you are never sure of your horizon, of your footing, or of your dinner. Lakes and mountains dance in mid-air, receding as you approach; small objects, as bushes or antelopes, are elongated vertically to the height of forty to sixty feet. Out of clear sky rain may pour like a cataract, drowning your animals, or carrying away the wagon; or it may wash out the embankment, and transport the iron rails of the Southern Pacific to a long distance. Nearly as heavy and destructive is the atmosphere of the region; violent winds are known to overturn government wagons, and capsize railroad trains.

At Indio the railway descends into a depression two hundred feet below sea level, and passes for several miles along the shore of an evaporated residual sea. The alkali and adobe beneath the rails is cracked to a great depth with fissures from a few inches to several feet in width; while between the track and the sea-bed extends a chain of hills composed entirely of moving sand blown up from the great plain.

Here and there over all the vast region of southern California and northern Arizona,

sharp pinnacles or rounded domes arise out of the undulating plain; vestiges each of long ranges of mountains that are continuous with or parallel to the visible ranges that gridiron the entire basin region from Idaho to the Gulf of California. In the south these mountains are nearly covered out of sight by a swelling sea of sand, gravel, cobbles, bowlders, and other debris.

The question arises: Where did all this loose, water-washed material come from? You pick up a few bright stones ground to the shape of half-expanded balls of soap, and show them to your friends as souvenirs of the Colorado Desert.

"Ah!" exclaims one of them who has been to school with Nature, "where did you obtain these fine specimens?" But before you can reply, he continues: "This lovely bit of porphyry I know came from the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming. There is nothing like it elsewhere; this barren quartz came from the ledges of the Uintas in northern Utah, and this rare conglomerate could come from no other locality than the western rim of the Elk Mountains in Colorado."

Perhaps you will smile and say: "See how easy it is for you scientists to make mistakes. These soap-stones all came from a gravel bank near Yuma. I picked them up there myself." Then your friend will become still more interested in your souvenirs, and will tell of the long journey of these pebbles,—the remnants each of great ledges, perhaps, that were cleft and torn from their matrix in the great mountains two thousand miles away, and carried, tumbling and grinding, the great cubical blocks at last reduced to these lozenge-shaped specimens, or to fine sand during a voyage of centuries,—yes, of ages,—in the swirls, cascades, and mad torrents of the Colorado.

Of the depth of this sea of overlying detritus we can only conjecture, but we can arrive at it approximately by calculating the strike or dip of the remaining peaks of the region, and measuring their distance apart. By this induction the alluvium is estimated at from four thousand to six thousand feet deep. Not only has it covered the moun-

tains nearly out of sight, but it has filled in an unknown extent of the northern portion of the long Gulf of California, cutting off in the process two large bays on the western side, both long since evaporated; the northern one now called the Mojave Desert, the other, the Colorado Desert described.

In May of 1884 we resolved again to visit the great wash of the Colorado, and to explore,—in part, at least,—the denuded region from whence it came. There is an easy and very interesting descent to the Grand Cañon, but not the most stupendous view of it, gained by a short trip from Peach Spring, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, about one hundred miles east of Needles, and just opposite the long southern bend of the cañon. The elbow is only twenty-three miles by Farley's stage from Peach Spring,—and this is the usual point where travelers leave the train for the trip to the great phenomenon.

We arrived at Peach Spring at two o'clock in the night, and experienced a reception characteristic of new railroad towns of the period. We were conducted by a brakeman to Farley's tent, the only habitation known as a hotel in the town, and were quartered in a portion of it curtained off by cheap calico.

Scarcely had we lost consciousness, when pistol shots were heard, and a loud, querulous female voice outside announced that two gamblers in an adjoining saloon had been quarreling, and that "Jem Smith was shot full of holes."

Some of the bullets passed through and over our tent, causing us to lie awake shivering until daylight, while thinking of the then unrealized safety we enjoyed when in the Hermit's Tunnel of the Chiricahua, and the miners' stone cabin of the Huachuca.

The traveler visiting the Grand Cañon from the station of Peach Spring first climbs up two miles to a saddle, then descends rapidly along the wash of a narrow valley, the dry bed of one of thousands of streams that form the tributaries of the great river.

The walls seemingly rise as you rapidly descend between them, cutting across ledges

upturned at every angle. From side to side the eye turns, and exclamations rise to the lips. About eight miles down the wash you come near the first startling cliffs, off to the right. Dark and splintered they challenge attention, and Farley asks you to guess how high they are.

You resolve that, however formidable the spurs appear, they shall not warp your judgment. My wife thought them at least eight hundred feet high. I, determined to rely on experience, decided they were only four hundred. Farley smiled, and said, "I helped to measure them with the railroad surveyors, and they are over 1200 feet."

Soon after, a lofty, beautifully stratified wall on the left is scanned, and its height now admitted, in our combined judgment, to be fifteen hundred feet. Farley smiles again. "I've carried an aneroid barometer over the top of that cliff, and it is over 3,300 feet above this wash." This discouraged us, and thereafter we allowed Farley to give the heights of peaks, pyramids, and castles, in miles, without wonderment or contradiction.

A mile farther, we ascend a low spur, and are on "Inspiration Point."

Here the mules are halted for a moment's general view of the amphitheater beyond. Wonder begins to give place to astonishment.

No wonder that Lieutenant Ives—the first white man to view the scene from this standpoint—indulged in pardonable exaggeration. "A wide gap was directly ahead," he writes, "and through it were beheld, at the extreme limit of vision, vast plateaus, rising one above the other thousands of feet in the air, the long horizontal bands broken at intervals by wide and profound abysses." "The plateaus," he continued, "are cut into shreds by these gigantic chasms. Tongues of surface strata miles in width have been eroded and carried away, leaving only terraced pyramids, shouldered buttes, or narrow partitions that seem tottering on their foundations; between them sink fissures so profound that the eye cannot penetrate the hazy distance to their far depths."

In an hour we had descended too low for extended observation, and were therefore

enabled to note the increasing temperature, and the varied and strange flora met with. Cacti and acacias, shrubdaleas, and pentstemons abound. The road-way is at one place cut through a grove of that most beautiful and striking shrub, the candle-wood; tall, straight, spine-bearing poles eight to twelve feet high, several of them springing from one root and radiating upward, bearing at their tops all during the month of May spikes of red flowers, which blown to one side by the wind resemble lurid flames.

The tree cactus with many others border the road, while agaves and yuccas spring from the crevices of the rocks in great variety. Also lovely ferns and annuals are seen in the shady caves or on northern walls.

Rare birds flit among the shrubbery, and the scream of eagles is heard resounding from the pinnacles overhead long before the source of the cry is detected, where two birds are gamboling before an eyrie in the wall.

Down, down we rumble over the cobblestones that for a time conspire to prevent steady conception of the increasing glories. Emerging from the widening wash the grand "Pyramid" of enormous and symmetrical proportions is in full view. On the left, the colonnaded and many-spired "Westminster Abbey." A turn in the road to the south reveals the magnificent "Sunset Peak," later in the day establishing the propriety of its name by reflecting the golden sunlight from his embossed dome an hour after the rest of the landscape is shrouded in gloom. Nearing the end of the wash, where it falls into the Diamond River, more astounding revelations are experienced.

Beyond the "Pyramid," to the left across the great chasm, rises the "Tower of Babel," with its diminishing rings of parti-colored strata terminating in a cap at the elevation of 5,500 feet above the river. Near it, resplendent in lofty portico and Mansard roof, is "Girard College," 6,250 feet from foundation stone to beetling gable. The glorious "Sunset Peak" has a similar elevation, while beyond rise still loftier objects.

Hardly does it avail to institute compari-

sons between these sculptured mountains and any structures made by man: when we reflect that all the noted edifices, monuments, and pyramids of human origin could be stored in the west corridor of "Girard College," like so many valises and trunks in the vestibule of a modern hotel.

Then the variety and brightness of color of these colossal objects is no less pronounced. The horizontal terraces receding or beetling above each other in varied zones of light are produced by the dissimilar character of the strata eroded, each having its special powers of resistance, and its own style of architecture as well; while springs of water charged with mineral salts, sometime in the hoary past, have dripped down across the ledges, leaving deposits encrusting or staining the rocks with vivid stripes, floating ribbons, and pictured banners.

When, added to all these features, the effect of sunlight and shade is considered, operating upon these steep, crowded objects and across these narrow fissures, is it any wonder that the comprehension is overtaxed, and visitors sometimes are heard crying for mercy?

At length Farley's cabin is reached; we alight from the buck-board and find ourselves but a few feet from the bed of the small, clear, sweet-watered Diamond Creek. It is only two miles farther to the mouth of this creek where it debouches into the Colorado, but we are stupefied with great things, so gladly turn to explore for a few miles the upper Diamond Creek, reserving the greater object for another day, when rest and time shall have aided the powers of comprehension.

Diamond River is so named because its wash is the locality selected for the perpetration of the great Arizona diamond swindle by a set of sharpers several years ago. The cañon of this creek is like the large one in miniature. We took our alpen-stocks and threaded the narrow gorge with great interest, frequently passing under huge boulders that were caught in the narrows, often obliged to spring across the curves of the little stream, or pausing to pluck rare ferns or flowers from the vertical walls. So deep and narrow

became the rift that the darkness of twilight was experienced, and stars appeared in the narrow line of sky.

Next morning we put on our rubbers and clambered down the Diamond wash in the wet sand and over the rounded cobbles, the whole way radiant with strange shade and sun-loving plants, our hearts throbbing heavily with expectation as the narrowing walls more and more restricted our vision. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the space of two miles was traversed, and we stood upon the sandy, flower-gemmed delta of the Diamond Creek, with the angry, turbid tide of the Colorado sweeping and swirling noisily past. The first sight of the river at this point is disappointing; at least it is in midsummer, the only time, it may be added, when it is at all approachable. It looks too small, too feeble, to be capable of all the labor and destruction evidenced to the eye on the plains below, and we look upon its brawling, muddy current almost contemptuously.

And so, too, the environment disappoints. Where are the great buttes, the pyramids, the chasms? You see only sheer walls two thousand to four thousand feet high. You are too near, too low, too restricted.

We returned to Farley's cabin for refreshments, then planned the ascent of "Prospect Point," and the trip to "Jennie's Grotto," one of the most sightly and inspiring look-outs on the Diamond wash. Slowly but surely the conviction comes that the grand plateau region, in its multifarious detail, is all that those best qualified by geological knowledge and prolonged examination have pronounced, the most sublime of all earthly spectacles.

We returned to Peach Spring, but could not leave the vicinity of the cañon. Taking possession of a vacated school-house for a month, we planned trips out to promontories of the Hualapai plateau projecting midway into the gorge looking into its great southern bend, and across upon the forty mile terrace of the Sheavwits plateau.

It was from one of these dizzy observatories that we looked down into the grand sweep of the abyss and up through the fis-

tures to the thousand sculptures of the plateau.

To comprehend lofty objects the observer must retire to a certain distance and occupy a stand-point at least one-half as high.

It was on such a promontory, which he named "Point Sublime," that Captain Dutton, the famous geologist, was inspired to write a paragraph of exquisite description concluding with the following statement:

"Taken all in all, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado is the most sublime and awe-inspiring spectacle on the globe."

Geologists read and interpret for us a voluminous and most interesting history in the Grand Plateau district. We must condense to a few brief paragraphs the history of the formation of the plateau, and the origin of the Colorado chasm.

Prior to Carboniferous time large masses of Silurian strata and some Devonian beds were deposited. The country was then upheaved, enormously eroded, and again submerged. Upon the denuded surface the Carboniferous was deposited, and deposit continued without notable interruption until the close of the Mesozoic. In that long succession of ages from 12,000 to 16,000 feet of strata accumulated over the entire area. The beds are remarkable for their homogeneity and constancy of character over vast areas, though with great heterogeneity in vertical range.

The surface of deposition remained throughout Permian and Mesozoic time very near sea-level, which is equivalent to saying that the beds sank as rapidly as they accumulated. Near the close of the Cretaceous, signs of the coming revolution make their appearance. The waters become brackish, indicating a restricted access to the ocean. At the close of the Cretaceous important disturbances took place, and portions of the province were uplifted and denuded. These were again submerged, but the new conditions differed from the old, for the new deposits (Eocene) were laid down unconformably upon the Cretaceous and Jurassic and are of fresh water origin, indicating that a great lake was formed. The extent of that

lake corresponds nearly with that of the great plateau province. Near the middle of Eocene time began that slow action which has gradually elevated the western portion of the continent, and which has continued until a recent epoch. It does not appear to have progressed at a constant rate, but rather by alternating periods of activity and repose.

The Tertiary history of the region is a great chapter of erosion. Many thousands of feet of strata have been swept away. The thickness removed from some large areas amounts to about ten thousand feet, while from others a much less thickness has been denuded. In the Grand Cañon district we find the largest area of maximum erosion.

Much the greater part of this denudation was accomplished by the close of the Miocene.

The Colorado River appears to have originated in very early Tertiary time as the outlet of the great Eocene lake, and has persisted in its course to the present. It has been the main track for the discharge of the waste of the province towards the Pacific. At its beginning its bed lay in Eocene strata, but as the land rose it cut down its channel by corrosion, severing in succession all the beds of the Mesozoic and Carboniferous systems. That portion of it which constitutes the Grand and Marble cañons has cut through ten thousand to sixteen thousand feet of strata, reaching a maximum amount in the Kaibab plateau. The present cañon represents only the corrosion through the Carboniferous and into the Archæan.

The older corrosion of superior beds becomes manifest only when we restore in imagination the Mesozoic strata which have been carried away *in toto*. The present Grand Cañon, therefore, is the work of late Tertiary and of Quarternary time, beginning near the close of Miocene time.

The superficial geography of the Grand Cañon is quite another matter. In this we have to deal with present appearances and local conditions, of which the most wonderful and impressive are its immense magnitudes, its

inimitable sculpturing, and its superlative coloring.

In magnitude the Grand Cañon scenery excels. Upon hundreds of apparently complete pyramids, Cheops and Cephrenes might be placed as terminals without detection.

Temples are sculptured out of the strata upon which St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's at London might fitly be placed as belfrys, while the Bunker Hill monument and the Porcelain Tower of Nankeen would serve as subordinate pinnacles around the tower.

Amphitheaters are excavated from the plateau in which the Roman Coliseum might be suspended as a proscenium box; the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty would appear as a tiny gas jet; while for a ticket office at the entrance might appropriately stand the thirty-three acre building of the New Orleans World's Exposition.

Minor cañons corroded by tributaries are so numerous, extensive and profound that our Yo-Semite — the picture gallery of the Sierra — with a score of similar valleys could be hidden out of sight in each of a hundred nameless side ravines of this grand chasm; but in this connection let me remark that for beauty and delightsomeness, no spot on earth can rival Yo-Semite. And the Grand Cañon province, though there is room enough for a thousand of them, has not within all its vast periphery a Lake Tahoe.

The dominant objects of such a region as Grand Cañon province must be table mountains, promontories, and pyramids of vast size, and girt on all sides with terraces and intervening inclines from base to crown.

The character of the strata in this case being peculiarly adapted thereto, gives as a result of corrosion and weathering all the subordinate forms of architecture and sculpture known: amphitheater, dome, castle, temple, cathedral, monastery, abbey, church, cloister, chapel, mosque, mausoleum, catacomb, grotto, recess, niche, panel, arch, buttress, gable, roofs of all kinds, veranda, porch, portico, corridor, balcony, bay-window, pillar, pilaster, bracket, low and high reliefs, columns of all kinds, — with all their parts of pedestal, dado, base, shaft, capital, archi-

trave, frieze, and cornice,—steeple and spire of every age, turret, tower, cupola, pinnacle, minaret, obelisk, monument, gargoyle, figure-heads of all types of persons, resemblances of all animals known or impossible, — all are there.

Whatever has a name in military art or engineering is there : fortress and line of fortifications, each with their outer defences of bastion and ravelin, these in turn having every detail of curtain, angle, salient angle, gorge, flank, and face, with enclosed redoubts and artillery *en barbette*, protected by banquettes, scarp and counter-scarp, parapet and abattis, blockhouse, casemate, bomb-proof with port-holes, stockades with cross-barred gates, field intrenchments, barricades, and rifle-pits; behind them, on the broad tables, entrenched camps, with parade ground, officers' quarters and privates' tents complete.

Strangest of all, when it is considered that we are dealing entirely with forms of earth and stone alone, without a tree, a bit of meadow, or a flash of clear water, the Grand Plateau excels in range and intensity of colors.

Each stratum has its own color as it has its own style of architecture, the colors ranging through all the hues of the rainbow, each with its entire complement of tints and shades.

In other regions of the earth where regular seasons occur, the rocks of amphitheaters and eroded mountains, when not covered with soil, are at least tapestried with

ferns and mosses, or stained with lichens ; but here the walls of this multifold amphitheater are as bare and fresh-looking, perhaps, as when first exposed millions of years ago.

The dominant colors here, as in the solar spectrum, are the reds and yellows thrown off by the thickest of the many strata, — the central red limestone two thousand to three thousand feet thick. Below it, only distinguished when the bottom of the gorge is seen under illumination, are the dark browns of the lower Carboniferous, supported by the jet black hornblend of the Azoic, or Archæan formation, along the river's brink.

Above the great wall of red limestone, the first overlying stratum is of brilliant red sandstones of the Lower Aubrey, one thousand feet thick. Next above, the cross-bedded sandstones of the Upper Aubrey, showing a mottled surface of pale pink. The summit strata are iron gray, scarcely to be distinguished from the hazy atmosphere.

Imagine structures of every description noted in preceding paragraphs, made up of cross sections and blocks of these parti-colored strata left in multitudinous array on the floor of an immense, denuded, basin plateau, and let the reader conceive the operation of varying lights and shades in a semi-tropical region in which local storms, superb clouds, and glaring sun-bursts are of frequent occurrence, and he will have at least a faint idea of the color effects of the Colorado Cañon, — too vast, too varied, too sublime, too appalling for adequate description.

J. G. Lemmon.



THREE PINES.

I.

THERE was a level plateau, along which a dusty road ran from the larger mining centers to the valley of the San Joaquin. There was a pleasant expanse of brown turf sloping down to the left bank of the lower Stanislaus half a mile away, and dotted with single oaks as symmetrically arranged as though laid out for some ancestral park. There was the river gurgling onward in a very narrow channel, bright, sparkling and limpid, — tossing on its glittering surface long belts of foam bells brought down from the rapids above, — murmuring a little, perhaps, that men were defiling its waters with their labors, and making such ugly work, sinking pits along its exposed bed, yet laughing all the same to think how when it became swollen with the spring torrents, it could in a single night sweep away all those cruel scars and resume its olden beauty. There was a tangle of rocks and forest that had never been explored where the river came in above, and there was just such another tangle below, where the river went out. There were great cedars studding the level of the landscape, and thick forests of tall pines climbing the surrounding slopes. There were mountains to the right and left, shadowing the lowlands with their rounded tops, sere and brown, and there were other and far distant mountains, towering supreme over everything with their inaccessible peaks, coldly glittering and blue. And upon the slope of the dry turf, and so close to the little river that our feet almost bathed themselves in its waters, Howard Silsby and I, lounging at full length, watched the pleasant ripple of the waves, and peered curiously into the thickets up and down, and let our gaze linger thence meditatively upon the distant mountains, while we indulged in our morning smoke.

We enjoyed to the full our first fresh smoke, and our lazy study of the landscape,

and perhaps were not without a sense of quiet satisfaction as we regarded the pleasant air of cleanliness and taste that seemed to distinguish all our surroundings. The little tent behind us was white and unpatched. The few kitchen implements that lay around our expiring camp-fire were still bright and undented, as though they had only lately left the tin-shop. And in our dress, as well, we were scrupulously neat and tasteful, our straw hats broadly ribboned and set upon our heads in jaunty position, and our red shirts daintily picked out with white borderings, and with a star upon each shoulder. If we were miners and these our mining costumes, it seemed pretty evident that so far we must have exercised our profession very sparingly; and in fact, the lateness of the hour and our indolent positions must have given ample testimony to the suspicion that neither of us was at all anxious to get to work. Already the sun had begun to blaze down between the second and third branches of the single pine alongside our tent, betokening at least nine o'clock, and both of us were leaning indolently against a cracker box, our hands clasped behind our heads, and our gaze fixed meditatively upon the landscape.

There were other tents scattered around ours within convenient distance, but already their occupants had all departed for their respective fields of labor. The camp-fires had everywhere expired or been smothered, utensils carefully put away, the tent-flaps brought down to the ground; and from a distance, where the dry bed of the river had been honeycombed with square pits, could now be heard the sound of hundreds of picks and rockers, paying their wonted tribute of tumult to labor. Only we two remained idle; and for the reason, doubtless, that we had other and more settled occupations when away from the mines, had come up more upon a tour of curiosity, and because it seemed the proper thing to do, than from

any desire to heap up wealth in collateral and unprofessional directions, had limited expectations of accomplishing anything satisfactory in gold-mining, even if we chose to give our whole minds to it, and in general cared very little about the matter at all, except as occasionally the whim of the moment might incite us to some transitory and spasmodic exertion.

At that time I was a journalist by profession. Three years before I had been in Paris, sketching for a New York paper my views of certain critical situations in French politics. This had lasted for a year; later on I had accepted a sort of wandering commission to report whatever might seem to me most interesting in the statecraft, society, or scenery of other countries. In pursuance of this most pleasant occupation I had journeyed through Italy, Austria, and Turkey, remaining a few months in the capital of each; and finally, ever inspired by the zeal for novelties, had crossed Egypt, Hindustan, China, and Japan, culling for the home press whatever seemed most wonderful. At Yokohama I had taken ship for California, and thence had expected to get immediate steamer passage home, and so complete the pleasant journey around the world.

But there were only two steamers, old and slow, between San Francisco and Panama, running at intervals of forty days apart, and passages were engaged in both two months ahead. This left me a tedious interval, which could scarcely be spent very profitably in continued description of San Francisco and its scenes, so greatly had that department of correspondent literature been already overwritten; and it was greatly to my dissatisfaction that for the first time in many years I was obliged to look forward to so much enforced idleness.

Howard Sibley, — two years younger than I, — had started in a less lucrative and ennobling profession. He was a bright, open-hearted young fellow, with many natural advantages and some well assured avenues to prosperity, all of which he had chosen to forfeit in the indulgence of certain wandering propensities that perhaps were too deeply

engrafted in his nature ever to be successfully eradicated. At fourteen he had run away for a tour of the prairies, but after long search had been found again, restored to his home, and supposed to be finally reclaimed. But at eighteen he had left college and shipped upon a Liverpool liner, and thence in a year or two, being unmolested as an incurable vagabond, had risen to the glory of being rated as a first-class seaman. In 1849 he had shipped to California as second mate of a China clipper-ship, with the intention of taking in a cargo at San Francisco, and then running across for tea, and so home by the Cape of Good Hope, making in that direction a journey round the world at about the same time that I was doing the same thing easterly. But in San Francisco the *Loo Choo* was not exempt from the fate of all other vessels. The crew had deserted to a man, and on the very first day; and Howard Sibley found that he, too, was left in enforced idleness while awaiting the somewhat hopeless process of getting together another crew.

So it happened, that one day at Happy Valley just outside the city, we met; and recognizing each other as old school-fellows, readily agreed to put our fortunes together for a journey to the mines. Not that we expected to make anything out of it, for we had talked with others who had been there, and from them had discounted all the chances; but rather as the pretense for a month or two of pleasant adventure. Gold mining might be well enough for some who had a new start to make in life, and must go at it with the determination to persevere for years, as the only remaining refuge between themselves and utter ruin, or for men who, after years of unrequited toil, felt impelled to seize the last chance of paying the little mortgage on the farm at home. For such as these, pluck might answer and bring the desired success; but Howard Sibley and I not only recognized no necessity for that kind of exertion, but would scarcely have cared to work very hard at gold-digging, even for assured success. And so in a pleasant spirit of mere vagabondism, we had purchased the

little white tent, with enough small stores to last a month or two, had chartered a mule or two for the convoy of them, and both of us had rather unnecessarily purchased a horse, which enabled us to make the trip to the Stanislaus in very pleasant style, but which now grazed close by, useless and unsaddled; and so after a few days we found ourselves very delightfully established upon the Lower Fork.

"But really," I said, suddenly sitting up a little more erect and bringing my hands away from the back of my neck, "we ought to think about doing something, even if we make nothing out of it. We shall never have the face to go back and say that after a week in the mines we have not even dug a hole. Digging a hole would be to our credit and ease of conscience, anyway; while getting nothing out of it would be merely a misfortune. We have started one, it is true, but so far we have gone down only three feet. A hole ten feet square and twenty feet deep should be no great thing for two strong fellows to finish in the whole month that is before us. Let us manfully resolve to accomplish it. There are men, I am told, who dig three or four holes in a single season."

"That is because they have to do it, Philip. It is all they have before them, and they must dig holes until they die or find something in the bottom of one of them. They do not have the wealthy alternatives of journalism and walking the quarter deck of a China clipper. And I say, Philip —"

"Well, Howard?"

"I have been thinking it all over not simply with reference to our own convenience or pleasure, but entirely upon economic principles. We have a hole dug down about three feet. At one side of us is the Kentuckian, nearly at the bottom of a similar hole. He says that in two days he will touch bed-rock and know just what is there. At the other side of us is the fellow from Vermont. He has gone down twelve feet and will get through in a week. Now our part is plainly to lie low and work very little and watch the result with them. If neither of them find gold, it is not likely that better

luck lies between them, and we shall have saved our labor."

"But if they do find gold?"

"Then our part is to wait for some one to come along, and buy us out on speculation. It always happens that some one does come along just in that way, and sometimes I am told they take themselves in wonderfully. In fact, the chances are in our favor in that kind of a bargain, men are always so foolish about rushing into injurious speculations."

"All the same, Howard, I think we had better occasionally do a little work, if only for respectability and to avoid being laughed at. So suppose you go ahead. Yesterday I was there first, I remember. Do you now start the thing for the day, and after a while I will come along and join you. I have a little writing to do for an hour or so."

With somewhat of a good-natured grimace of distaste, Howard slowly gathered himself up, shouldered a pick, and sauntered down the slope to the bed of the stream; then crossed on a log where the almost dry river had narrowed to some ten or twelve feet, then made his way along the uncovered bed to where our own pit was situated amid several hundred others. I watched him with a smile, — the smile growing a trifle more pronounced as I saw how, upon reaching our little claim, he stood for a moment in irresolute attitude, as though calculating whether for the time he had not done enough to entitle himself to a rest, and at last yielding sat down for a few minutes' quiet smoke. Then, reaching into the tent for my portfolio, I settled myself more snugly against the cracker box, and went to work upon an article for my newspaper.

I had found very little to say about San Francisco that had not already been served up in a thousand forms. But perhaps in the mines it might be different. Every mine had its especial peculiarities, and everywhere were queer characters and incidents that would well bear working up for publication. Even if what I now wrote might not be made immediately available, and should be so delayed as to accompany me on my homeward route, two months hence, it would be

all the better for having been freshly written upon the spot. There was much even now to be said about the beauty of the surrounding scenery. This portion of the Stanislaus did not have the grand and magnificent character that might be found elsewhere; yet it had its quiet, artistic beauty, spread out on either hand as though it had been arranged under a painter's eye, and with exclusive reference to effect. The pine-covered gorge at the right, through which, as I have said, the river now merely trickled lazily, but where at the time of the spring floods doubtless a raging torrent flowed, as might be seen by the utter nakedness of the rock up to a certain point; the level of the dry bed in front, white and glistening; the gentle rise of ground on either side, gracefully rolling off into the distance, with great oaks standing singly, dotting the brown turf that in the spring must have been bright green grass; the undulation rising gradually into hills and the oaks giving place to pine; more and higher hills continually coming into view in the distance until they assumed the character of mountain ranges; and at one point a thin cleft or break in the farther range allowing just a peep at one white fleecy spot where the giant Sierras began; all this seemed to me not merely beautiful, but marked with every requirement of art. There was not a tree that should have been made to change its place upon a canvas reproduction, not a line of light or patch of shade that needed to be altered.

For a time I tried to describe the scene, but somehow failed to do it the justice it seemed to require. Perhaps my mind was not exactly in sympathy, — possibly the beauty of the scene was such as defied satisfactory description. The pencil dropped from my hand; and then —

How queerly and at what odd moments these little associations with the past will overcome us. I had not noticed it before; but there, directly in front, not a quarter of a mile away, was a little clump of three pine trees, almost precisely like the three trees at home, where I had been wont to tarry and rest with Clare Somers. Nearly identical in

shape and disposition, — not a feature wanting except the small bench there, nailed between the two largest trees. But where, O where, was Clare herself, to make vivid the whole scene?

I had sat beneath those trees with her the last evening before I left home to begin my career as a foreign journalist. I had bidden goodby to her there, in fact; for, though the next day we had met again for a little while, what was the constrained handshaking of the moment in the presence of others, to the sweet lingering pressure and loving words of the evening before? She had given me her affection and promises of constancy, — had told me how she would think about me every hour, and write to me every day. Our love need for a while not be openly proclaimed; it was necessary, perhaps, that I should become a little better advanced in the world before that could happen; but all the same the secret would be sweeter while kept to ourselves, and more joyous in the revealing of it at the end, when the proper time might come. And so I had gone away, calm and trusting, the recollection of her loving words inspiring my pen, not only when I wrote to her but in the progress of my duty, as I felt nerved to newer efforts that might make me pre-eminent among all foreign correspondents, and lead to promotion and fame.

I was in Paris when the end came, — three months later. It was in the reading room at Galignani, and the letter that was put into my hands was very innocent to the outward gaze, and gave no indications of its fatal contents. A very few lines only, — expressed, it seemed to me, with unnecessary caution, certainly with prim and concise coldness; telling me that I, as well as she, must be aware how mistaken we had been through it all, and so had better part before through longer self-deceit the sundering might prove more bitter. A word or two of village gossip thrown in, just to show that there was no unfriendly feeling, and perhaps to lighten the blow with some picture of a return to the former days, when friendship had not warmed into love, and there had been some pleasure found in such light tattle.

Then those few commonplace words in pledge of future interest and friendliness, meaning nothing, and always aggravating rather than soothing the wound; and that was the end.

I remembered how I had read the letter with a kind of dazed, uncomprehending giddiness, and how at that moment, some one happening to speak to me, I had thrown off for the moment the stupor from the sudden stroke, and answered lightly and even with a laugh, so that no one could for an instant have any suspicion of my misery. Then I had gone back to my hotel and thrown myself down upon my bed, and in that privacy had for the first time given way to tears.

I had not answered the letter,—better, upon the whole, not to do so. I could not trust myself to reply as might befit one suffering beneath an outrage. I knew the uselessness and ignominy of entreaty, and even at that moment I would not give way to the poor retaliation of rebuke or sarcasm.

Some months thereafter I heard of her marriage. Not by letter this time, but in the marriage column of a New York paper. It was at Rome now, and I had picked up the paper at the consulate. Then, somehow, I had controlled myself better than before,—time had a little accustomed me to the wound; and, in fact, it had all the while been in my mind that of course the former announcement must have been in preparation for something else.

It was all over now, and I might as well accept the result philosophically. Her letters I had burned, for there had been no way in which I could have returned them without attracting the attention of those to whom our engagement had been a secret. Doubtless she had made the same disposition of mine. There had remained only her portrait. Of course I should have destroyed this also, and in proper frenzy, by grinding it beneath my heel. But it happened to be a beautiful miniature painting, really a work of art, independent of the interest the sweetness of the face might awaken, and it seemed scarcely proper that it should meet a violent end,—or even

any end at all. I would preserve it, I said to myself,—and partly in some spirit of self-deception,—until I returned home, when I would find some method of returning it to her privately. Meanwhile I would keep it locked up in my desk, and never allow myself to look at it,—this was as a vow of abstinence that I had made for myself, and so far I had observed it. Though traveling with the miniature, and often having it under my hand, I had never opened it; never until now.

It was singular how it had accompanied me around the world,—strange that it should be now within my reach. Rightfully I should have left it in San Francisco, along with other matter unnecessary for that journey to the mines. But it happened that the miniature had been kept in a drawer of my writing case, and I brought the case with me for use. And now I felt the little morocco frame bulging up in a corner under the letter pad. I had often felt it there before,—in fact, had become so used to its mute presence as scarcely to regard it. Sometimes I had been tempted to take it out for at least one glance, but had refrained. Prudence,—bitterness of spirit,—a desire to test my own firmness, had hitherto restrained me. Now, however, the impulse came more strongly upon me than ever before. Perhaps the sight of the three pine trees so suggestively grouped in front had somewhat softened me. Perhaps the fact that I was again upon the same continent with Clare, though still three thousand miles away, warned me that the time was coming when I might again see her, might often meet her in the daily going to and fro of life, and hence might as well begin by becoming gradually accustomed to her face once more. Whatever the cause, the impulse came strong upon me as never before, and taking out the miniature, I unclasped the case.

II.

It was with a start that I looked upon the face. Somehow I had imagined that by this time it must have changed in some degree,—that it could not have escaped entirely

through its wanderings, but that stain or mildew must have worked some injury upon it. Perhaps I would not have been altogether sorry to have found that it had faded away altogether, leaving a blank surface. Then it might be that I would have no self-deceiving excuse to keep it any longer; and through some sympathetic chain of reasoning, her image might also fade away from my memory and leave me once more at rest. But here she remained, bright, beautiful, and sparkling as ever,—a creature of beauty in face and feature, and of beauty in art as well, almost a living reproduction of the long surrendered past. The dark, loving eyes lifted with earnest, faithful gaze towards my own; the pensive expression, somewhat sad, yet not sad by nature, since around it all could be seen the slight upward thread at the corners of the mouth, showing how easily at a word the whole face could break into a merry smile;—these were all there as before,—more clearly than ever before, it now seemed to me, for never in the past had I realized how true the likeness was to the original. Perhaps in no other way was the art of the painter so well shown, as in the readiness with which he had seized that peculiar transition of expression wherein sadness and mirth met together at one fine dividing line, and at the fancy of the looker-on gayety and gloom could be made to interchange. As I held the picture partly shielded from the light it seemed as though she were wrapped in pensive thought; as I turned it so that the sunlight might fall upon it, the little threads of brightness at the corners of the mouth seemed to work upward, and a gleam of quiet merriment to steal into play across every feature. And then, as the sunlit smile met my own as if with loving greeting, there came to me one thought,—at times heretofore feebly working into being, but not as now forcing itself into actual recognition,—what if, after all, she had loved me always, were even now loving me as faithfully as ever.

It would be no new thing in the history of the human heart if true affection for an object far away, and therefore not able to im-

part the full strength of its supporting presence, should be overborne and go astray through the entreaty or urging of others. Weak, indeed, if this should be so; and yet such weakness was not akin to the criminality of base desertion, and it might even be was more deserving of pity than of censure. I had indirectly heard that Clare had married well, as the world goes; her husband was a prosperous banker and able to surround her with every luxury. These advantages might not tempt her; but how greatly might they not influence stronger natures around her, who knew not her affection for me, and therefore could not support her, as they should, in her true faith?

Perhaps they had guessed her secret betrothal to me, and had cunningly intercepted our letters. Such things had been and would be again; and they might all the same be good and pious persons that connived at the trick, cheating themselves with the false logic that auspicious results would justify it. If that had happened it would explain everything. Of course Clare would then have sent just such a note to me as she had sent, believing me to have neglected her in my correspondence and to have wished to be set free, and herself not condescending to reproaches, but wrapping herself up in her pride, and releasing me with self-possession and dignity.

It was very surprising how, as I went on, remembering every circumstance and making it fit snugly into its proper place, my heart, never very cold towards her, began to warm anew with something of the olden glow; and I gazed more and more lovingly into the eyes of the portrait, imagining as the sunlight fell upon them and kindled them into new brilliancy, that somehow they met my own with increasing responsiveness.

"Can you give me a light?" all at once came from behind me, in a soft, pleasantly accented voice.

Somewhat startled, for I had not dreamed of any one being within a hundred feet of me, I nervously closed the miniature case and slid it into my pocket, then turned to confront the intruder, who stood cigar in

hand calmly awaiting response, and seeming to be studying the distant hills.

He was a man of a trifle over medium height, broad-shouldered and shapely, to all appearance physically strong, yet not of rough or clumsy build, but well knit and of graceful proportions, his apparent strength coming rather from his erect and well-poised attitude than from muscular development. About thirty years old it might be supposed, though his hair had a thread of gray in it here and there, and there were premonitions of faint wrinkles around his eyes. Hardship or anxiety might have occasioned these, though upon the whole his quiet, self-restrained air was as of one who would manage to take the world easy under any conditions, and certainly there seemed nothing now belonging to him that might presuppose need of the comforts of life. His appearance was rather of one in particularly flourishing circumstances, indicated not only in his costume but in the interest he seemed to take in his entire belongings. The flannel shirt and dark pantaloons of the mine were foreign to him. He wore a close-fitting suit of tweed that would have passed muster on a city's street, and his slouch hat was clean, unspotted, and of tasteful character. Perhaps the most noticeable thing about him was the fact that while his side-whiskers were properly trimmed, his chin was closely shaved. Few residents of the Stanislaus cared enough for their appearance even to discourage with a few clips of the scissors the natural ruggedness of an exuberant full-grown beard. There were certainly none beside this stranger who could be accused of the practice of a daily shave.

"Sorry to interrupt your reading," he said, "but it will be only for a moment. You see, a man must have his smoke; and though I have brought with me everything that I thought necessary, some things are not easy to get at, having just arrived,—among other things my matches, packed away no one knows where."

I brought my pipe close to the other's cigar, and for a moment there was silence, as the stranger coaxed the spark into proper

life. This slight pause gave me time to enlarge my first casual observation.

The man was a handsome fellow,—that was undeniable. Bright-eyed, with a well curved lip and regular white teeth and generally good features; and there was more about him than those ordinary animal attributes which constitute physical beauty. He had the manner of one who had lived among a different class than those he now found around him, associated with higher occupations,—the almost indescribable tone of a better culture showing itself in a certain quiet, self-sustaining attitude and expression.

Nevertheless, from the very first I began not to like him. The man's eyes were too near together. That of itself should not be held proof of an evil nature, and yet as a physical fact it certainly gave an appearance of lack of frankness. And there was an unpleasant look about the mouth. The lips, that enclosed those white, regular teeth, were shaped in lines of beauty, and surely were now parted in an unexceptional smile of courtesy. And yet there were thin lines at the corners that only needed to be drawn upon a trifle to change the whole bright expression into a supercilious sneer, and I thought that somehow the thing might very often happen. It gave me an impression that after all the man would look better if he would refrain from shaving altogether, and let those suspicious lines remain concealed.

"Will you have a cigar yourself?"

"Thank you, not now." I must confess that I looked a little with hungry eyes upon the nicely colored regalia, having so long stuck to my clay pipe as to feel that I would enjoy something better; but I could not bring myself to accept any courtesy from a person whom I was rather inclined to dislike. "You see, I am roughing it now, and must stick to Scafalatti and all sorts of common doings until the time comes when, as one might say, I can resume civilization altogether."

"You are wrong in that, my dear fellow. Men sometimes have to rough it, but is that any reason why they should purposely load themselves with any unnecessary discomforts?"

When they must give up something, there seems to be a disposition needlessly to throw aside a great deal that they might as well stick to. I don't quite understand it. At least, it is not my way. I must give up a great many things that I have been used to, when coming to these wilds, — good beds, a pleasant table service, books, music, almost everything that belongs to civilized life, indeed ; but is that any reason why I should willfully throw away much else that I might keep ? There is a romance in the thought of roughing it particularly attractive to a young man like yourself, but it may easily be carried too far. To reserve a few thousand cigars instead of rough pipe tobacco, — a trifling assortment of a better kind of provisions for the table or whatever in the shape of a board may answer for a table, — a silver teaspoon or two instead of pewter, and a china cup instead of a tin mug, — all that may easily be done if one will take the trouble to get an additional mule when moving. You see I have done so," and he pointed a little to the right.

Looking in the direction indicated, I saw that during the night another tent had been pitched within some three hundred feet of us. I wondered that neither Howard nor I had seen it ; but where we had been sitting it was a little beyond the line of sight, and there were a few trees between, partially obscuring the view. It was an unusually capacious tent, and there was a large collection of boxes and barrels spread around it. Two men were now putting these in place inside, or in a small shed that was being thrown up adjoining. There were besides four or five mules that must have brought the tent and its appurtenances. These mules had been resting through the night, but already their empty pack saddles had been put on them again, and the muleteers stood ready to drive away with them. There was evidently great completeness in the whole condition of affairs, and one might well judge that the stranger must have very successfully carried out his ideas, and would be able to live in the mine for a few months to come with exceeding great comfort.

"All as it should be, is it not ?"

"Beyond doubt," was my answer. "Indeed, rather more show of convenience and luxury than one generally finds in a miner's life."

The other laughed, somewhat sarcastically.

"And who said anything about my being a miner ?" he responded. "That is another fallacy of the period. It seems to be a portion of the romance of the time for every one to go to the mines, and having gone there he must do as every one else has done, — take to the pick and spade, and dig somewhere to the foundation rock, even if he does not find enough to gild a picture frame. The man who digs anywhere or in any land, whether for gold or turf, is a serf; the wise man stands aloof and lets others break their ignoble backs over the toil, and invents some way at the end to sweep the results of their toil into his own coffers."

"Which is your plan, therefore ?"

"Exactly, as in due time you will see."

"But don't you think," I said with a smile, "that you are a little inconsiderate, not to say discourteous, to talk in that manner before me, disparaging my own manner of life and running the risk of making me discontented with it ? For you see that I am one of the miners who are making serfs of themselves, and that in spite of all you may say to the contrary, I must continue to break my back over the ignoble toil, since I have a very small tent and few of the appliances of civilization, and evidently have not come here with the intention of making others work for me."

"Nor to work very much for yourself, — is it not so ? You must excuse me if I venture to smile a little at your pretensions to be a miner. Your hands do not appear as yet very brown and callous, and I cannot say that the neat suit you are wearing shows any great degree of dilapidation from your kneeling down to peer into the crevices of the bed-rock in search of patches of the precious metal. The sun, too, is already a trifle high for an early start among your companions in serfdom, — perhaps you may have been unavoidably detained until late, and so judge it

scarcely worth while to begin work at all to-day. You see, I have put my sagacity in force from the start, and concluded that I run very little danger of insulting you or your calling, if I chance to speak rather disparagingly about the dignity of the gold miner."

"And certainly," I said, finding myself very easily falling into the other's trick of banter, "it can scarcely need a great amount of acumen to detect in me all that you have so far remarked. I grant from the first your power of observation. I am not in any sense of the word a mere gold digger. I have other resources, I believe, and some day hope to turn again to my normal occupation, having no pressing emergency in the shape of a mortgage or half dozen starving children to incite me to overtasking labor, and being upon the whole more than half indebted to curiosity and romance for my presence here. What then?"

"Why then, let me go a step further, and show that perhaps my perspicuity may be entitled to some small meed of praise, for following up the outward clew of appearance into more intricate meshes. It is an old fashion of mine to read a person's life or occupation from slight indications, and it may be that the practise of many years has given me some skill. And in my own profession or calling — that of playing upon the masses and making them labor for my benefit — it is a very useful quality to be able to read all conditions of life correctly. Shall I tell you how I have already read yours?"

"As you will."

"I see one who has been something of a traveler —"

"Not a very wonderful thing in a Californian, is it?"

"Something of a traveler, and has conducted his travels a great deal to his advantage. He has wandered across from China and Japan, — the inlaid pen-case before you plainly shows me that, — and you have diversified your journeyings with descriptions for the press. A very pleasant pursuit, and one that at a certain period of my life I might have liked for myself. But that time has long passed, together with the ambition

that might have encouraged it, and most likely I should not have been fitted for it, either. There must needs be some intellectual faculty for the career, and it would probably have been found entirely lacking in me. Not in yourself, I will believe. I must trust that in your case there is every talent and aptitude for the pursuit."

"You merely trust in that, I see. You do not venture, after all, to read my mind and weigh my value as a correspondent. Going as far as that is a little beyond your powers of perception, and you simply give me the compliment of a favoring supposition. Nor can I proffer you very much praise for that which you have already elicited. From a distance you might have seen me writing, and you can very easily note that my paper is of the size and quality affected by the press. Well, go on; have you anything more with which to enlighten me about myself?"

"I might go still further in my speculations, were I not afraid of giving offense," the other responded, evidently a little nettled and yet upon the whole tolerably maintaining what seemed to be his habitual composure. "What if I were to suggest a reason for your wanderings, — say the love of some maiden, fair and kind, but, — only for the time let us hope, — kind for some other one than yourself?"

I must confess that now, at last, some of the careless inclination to banter left me. I felt my face flush, and my voice trembled a little in spite of all I could do, and for the instant I dug my fingers convulsively into the turf on either side of me. But with an effort I recovered myself.

"All that is a very easy supposition," I said. "In almost everybody's life the presence of woman is felt, sometimes in shadow and sometimes in sunshine, and few can tell how it will ever end. It must be very difficult, I should think, for any young man to leave his home without indulging in an occasional memoir of some pleasant face behind him, about which he may dream longingly, and yet all the same without much stress of discontent. Come, is that all?"

"All for the present," responded the other

with the old mocking laugh. "At least, I will spare you any further revelations about yourself. Well, I will leave you now. You will come and see me after a while? Of course you will do so; they all come to see me in the end. I will treat you fairly, too. Perhaps I will refrain and have nothing to do with you at all, — in the way of my trade, that is to say. How better than that can I favor you? And why should I favor you more than the others? Possibly I may have taken some fancy to you. If so, it is very foolish. When you are as old as I am, you will know that it is very weak for a man to allow himself ever to do a kindness to another. He will certainly never have it repaid. So, then, good-bye."

He turned and walked slowly away to his own tent. But even in his back there seemed something that marked superciliousness and disdain, — a quality of an indescribable something that upon the spot, I made up my mind, would render the man disliked by every one.

"I certainly do not like him myself," I said. "And I wonder if I have ever seen him before, and if he knows anything about me? Or else, how — but pshaw! it was only guessing; and not very keen guessing, after all."

III.

THEN I arose and put away my writing-case. Somehow, with the interruption I had suffered, not to speak of the wandering current of my own thoughts, the moment of inspiration had passed away, and I felt that I could write no more that day with any satisfaction to myself. So I abandoned the attempt, and slowly strolled over to where my partner was supposed to be at work.

I found that Howard had actually worked a quarter of an hour or so, which was evidenced by a small pile of stones gathered in a corner of our claim in readiness to be carried away at the first opportunity. The recent excavation could be noted by the darkness of the earth beneath, not yet warmed into the color of the surrounding soil; else it might have been supposed that the pile of

stones was a relic of yesterday's labor. Having accomplished this, Howard had knocked off work for a while, entering into conversation with the Kentuckian at one side, who was perfectly willing to talk as long as he could do so without intermitting his work, and watching the Vermonter on the other side, who discouraged all conversation as an interruption of toil, and was quite a study, as with frantic zeal he lifted great stones to the surface like mere pebbles, and flung them lightly far off out of the way. When I arrived, Howard turned from this contemplation, other and more agreeable occupation suggesting itself.

"Is it not about time for a smoke, Philip?"

"I think it must be, Howard."

So we pulled out our pipes and sat down upon the edge of the pit in supreme enjoyment. As has been said, the excavation was so far only two or three feet deep, so that our soles just touched the bottom, as a floor.

"It is like sitting in a chair, Philip, except that it has no arms. Yet how much more comfortable it is than if we had gone so far down as to afford no foot rest. If either of these men working alongside of us were to sit down upon the side of his pit to smoke, his legs would swing loose, and it is not impossible that, deprived of proper support, he might fall in and hurt himself very much."

"Howard," I said, to his amazement suddenly emptying out my half burned pipe, "let us now really get to work. I am ashamed of the way we have gone on. I have no doubt that there is a large lump of gold awaiting us at the bottom of our pit, and we ought to go after it."

The real secret of this surprising change of front was this. I had by that time worked myself into the theory that Clare Somers had loved me all along, was perhaps still loving me, and had been designedly acted upon to my injury by natures so much more powerful than her own that she had found it impossible to resist them. Possibly our correspondence had been intercepted to the encouragement of a belief in my falsity; but about that, of course, I could not be certain.

And indeed, it would probably have been a very difficult scheme to carry through successfully. But there could be no doubt that they must have disparaged me in every manner possible, and of course the most ready way would be to represent me to her as an idle, shiftless, ne'er-do-well fellow. And for that purpose, the profession of newspaper correspondent might afford a fair subject for criticism, since undeniably its advantages consisted mainly in a weekly salary from which I might any day be thrown out, placing it in very humiliating contrast with other professions, which, being industriously followed, lead to rapid promotion, fortune, and often supplementary honors. But what if now I were to prove how wrong my enemies had all been, and so give a refutation to their evil prognostications? If there were gold in the bottom of our pit, — and the more I thought about it the more likely it seemed to be there, and in constantly increasing quantities, — there needed only a few days of earnest work for its excavation. My share, doubtless many thousand dollars in value, if taken to San Francisco and profitably invested in one of the many hundred avenues to wealth, would enable me to return home after a year or two with an abundant fortune. This would be no temptation to Clare, of course, to restore her love to me. She was forever separated from me, and I should not contemplate any stolen flight. But all the same it would prove how they had undervalued my industry, sagacity, and enterprise, and the iron would enter into her soul at the realization of how much happiness she had thrown away, through not being trustful enough to wait for me a little longer. And however much I still loved her, — however much a man may love any woman, — somehow it is not unpleasant to him to see the iron entering into her soul, in a limited degree, if he believes that she has treated him with injustice. And now, for the carrying out of that pleasing programme, all that was necessary in the beginning was for me to work hard for a few days, and gather up into my arms the big lumps of gold that I felt certain were at the bottom of the pit, — nay,

that seemed shining brightly up at me, through the intervening layers of soil and rock, in urgent invitation to rescue them from those depths.

So we went to work, — Howard rather unwillingly, and I with a frenzy equaling that of the Vermonter at our right. It was surprising how I dug up the stones and shoveled them one side, in my desperate determination to get at the bottom as soon as possible and realize the beginning of my fortune. For two or three hours we thus labored, and in that time had lowered the surface of the pit about a foot. Then of course nature began to give way. My hands, used to little more than the grasp of the pen, soon exhibited in large blisters the impotency of too great zeal. Howard's hands were of harder texture, being accustomed to pulling on ropes, but in his case there was discouragement at the other end in the shape of lack of zeal. The time came soon when both of us felt the need of suspending work, and in my case there came the more sensible reflection that after all, if I desired to impress Clare Somers with the story of my financial successes, it might more properly be sought through other avenues than that of corporal toil. What were my brains given for, indeed, but to devise, and create, and combine varied circumstances into success, leaving bodily toil to such as had been brought up to it as their second nature?

"Had n't we better have out our smoke now?" Howard suggested, seeing that the propitious moment for seeking mitigation of his woes had come.

"Let us go over yonder and get into the shade," and I pointed to the three pines near our claim, that from the tent had looked so very like the cluster beneath which I had been wont to sit and smoke in Clare's company. Mutely, and in some astonishment that I had begun to show such sudden concern for shelter from the sunlight, or perhaps for the purity of my complexion, Howard followed my lead, and in a moment we were enjoying our pipes beneath the pines. A pretty group of trees indeed; but when there I discovered that they were not at all like the

familiar trees at home, and I was sorry I had come. I should have known that nearer relations would destroy the illusion, and now I was afraid that even from the tent I should no longer be able to look back upon the pine tree group with the same romantic interest as before.

"Let us wander about a little," I said, springing to my feet, and now, disregarding sunlight and heat and fatigue, I led the way up and down the whole mining district, stopping here and there to peer into half excavated pits or to gaze upon larger operations, where gangs of a hundred hands were seeking to turn the stream, yet all the while seeming only to see half what was in front of me, and scarcely heeding anything that was told me in the spirit of friendly sociability. I could see that Howard wondered at all this, not caring to wander any longer here and there over well known ground, and to peer into excavations differing from our own only in their depth, and at length he put in his remonstrance.

"What is the matter with you, Philip? And what is the good of all this tramping up and down? Is it new methods of mining that you would learn?"

"I am concerned and—and troubled, Howard, and I scarcely know at what. Old thoughts are coming over me, and not in the most pleasant shape. And there is a man that came to my tent a while ago, though I do not know why he should concern himself with anything there and I don't suppose he does, only that he seems somehow to form part of the aggravations and distractions of the day, and he told me a great deal about myself; at times it was as though he knew me, and yet it must have been merely guess-work,—and altogether, Howard,—"

"Altogether, Philip, you are a little out of sorts, and I suppose had better go home and rest a while. I don't know when we have yet rested. Rest means cessation from toil, I believe. Now I don't know when before to-day we have had the toil, and therefore, — Was he a medium-sized man in a tweed suit, with his chin shaved clean and close, showing a nice set of teeth, and a mouth with

something of an ugly, sneering expression about it?"

"The same."

"I saw him last night, Philip, but only for a moment. He had just arrived with a team of mules and a great deal of baggage, and seemed to be looking for a place to locate. I did not speak to him, having no interest in him and supposing that he would travel on farther and never be seen again. But I was near enough to get a good look, and somehow it seemed to me as though I had some time seen him, it might be years ago. And yet I could not fix him for any time or place; and very likely after all it was a mere notion. You know how such things are. I suppose he resembles some one I have known of that particular type; as I come to think it over, it is a very common type."

"But he has not gone on further, Howard. He has settled near us, — within a hundred yards; and so if you are inclined to pursue your investigations, you can have plenty of opportunity to find out whether you know him individually or merely his type. You will see his tent — and a very large one it is — a little to the right of ours, but rather farther back from the river."

The sun had set by this time, and the horizon was rapidly darkening. There was a faint flicker of gold lingering for a moment against the tops of the distant Sierras: then this died away, and all nature submitted itself to the gathering gloom. Labor had almost ceased. No longer the hum and clack of a hundred washing machines came to the ear, — here and there perhaps the distinct clatter of a single washer, where the miner had tarried a little later than the others, — then this, too, came to an end, and all was quiet. Here and there in its place began the laughter of men in the joyousness of release from toil, clustering around different tents, where drink or provisions was sold. Camp-fires were seen to blaze up in front of tents, giving a pleasant and picturesque sparkle to the scene; and so the relaxations of the evening began.

There was no camp-fire before the tent of the stranger, but its canvas began to glow

bright with a gleam from within. By the help of one or two lights already put in place, the owner could be seen passing around inside, and hanging other lights here and there, as with the determination to make of his residence a festive resort. Somewhat to our surprise, upon coming gradually near enough to watch him, we saw that he was not alone, a tall negro in a suit of shining black having joined him as an assistant. There were at that time few of the colored race in California. It had been supposed that for political considerations and to prevent from the first the chance of the introduction of slavery, they would not be admitted at all. But it happened that the few who did come in, arriving principally as cooks or deck hands of sailing vessels, were rather cordially received upon their escape on shore. There were establishments which desired to inspire the public with a picture of stylishness that could be given most effectively by well-dressed black waiters, and these men speedily found good places at somewhat larger salaries than white men could command.

"But I don't see," I said, "why it is that this man should need a black waiter. It must be a sort of grocery or provision store that he is opening, — the tent is too large for anything else. Whisky too, of course. Any unstylish white man might do as well, one would think, to weigh out sugar or mix drinks."

"Let us go a little nearer," said Howard.

As we still approached, coming at last within some fifty feet, the proprietor stepped outside, and hung over the door of the tent a large Chinese lantern. It gave out a pleasant gleam for many feet around; and what was more to the purpose, could be seen for half a mile in every direction whenever intervening foliage did not prevent, — calling attention to the tent as a place of special attraction. Doubtless it would have that effect, and summon from all the mine a plentiful supply of customers. The owner and the black attendant together showed themselves very zealous in promptly placing the lantern so that it should do the most effective service, even stepping off a few paces out-

side to note its effect from a little distance. Satisfied finally, the man in tweed re-entered the tent, and began to make new dispositions for the attraction of guests. There seemed after all very little in the way of stock in trade. The few boxes and bags that lined the inside of the tent, thrown carelessly along the ground and not rising one above the other, could be scarcely sufficient to command the trade of the settlement. A great deal can be done with a large Chinese lantern in attracting custom, but for the purpose of retaining it there should certainly be goods. But the owner did not seem concerned about that. Instead of endeavoring to arrange his stock to make the best exhibit with little material, he pulled out a pair of folded-up settles and a green covered board or two, and quickly set up a broad table in front of a comfortable chair, in which he proceeded to deposit himself. As he tipped up the cover of the table for a moment to adjust it more securely, we saw that two rows of cards were arranged along the green cloth. The black attendant brought from some corner a cumbrous bag, which the proprietor unfastened, emptying out upon the table a large pile of gold and silver coin. Then he settled himself more comfortably yet in his chair, with the air of a man whose work was all completed, leaving nothing to desire but the pleasant fruition of it, and he began to shuffle lightly another pack of cards.

"By the immortal gods!" cried Howard, exploding all of the classical education of his college career that remained to him, "your new friend, Philip, — your enterprising tradesman, who doubtless will invite your patronage as soon as he shall be established, — is nothing more or less than a faro dealer."

IV.

It was undoubtedly so, — there could be no escape from the conclusion; and as we moved away to our own tent, I was inclined to feel rather disgusted that I had even spoken to the stranger, and more especially displeased with myself that I had so easily

been deceived, through not, at the very first, understanding the not very covert allusions of the man to the nature of his profession. But, after all, one must expect to meet queer characters when amid strange surroundings, and it is generally very easy to throw aside such as do not harmonize with us, as soon as the fact has been fairly ascertained. Certainly the faro dealer need be nothing more to me, and his tent was sufficiently removed to hinder it from becoming much of an annoyance. I need never enter it, and perhaps it might tend to give a little life and animation to the neighborhood, at times confessedly somewhat dull.

"In fact, there may be a great deal of enjoyment to be got out of it," was Howard's more enthusiastic following of the thought. "I always liked to look on at gambling, even when I did n't do any of it myself, which was not often. A dollar now and then just to pay for the privileges of the tent, as it were, — an excuse for being there at all. It was always great fun in Frisco to drop into the Parker House and El Dorado, and watch the people come in to be cleaned out. Then the music, — which, however, did not amount to much. Do you suppose this fellow will get up a brass band?"

The faro dealer evidently had not added music to the attractions of the place, but it did not seem to be needed. For a night or two, indeed, he seemed to have very little custom, but gradually it began to drop in, and before the week was out the tent would fill up very profitably for him almost as soon as evening set in. It was not in the nature of things that the great Chinese lantern should throw its gleam over half a mile square without attracting curiosity, and curiosity soon led to closer association. There were many in the mine who set their face against all gambling, and looked upon this new bidder for favor with distrust, and as a nuisance which should be abated as soon as possible; but in the absence of distinct provocation they could only hold themselves sullenly aloof. But of course there were those whose principles were not so well fixed and whose judgment was without control, — the

wild and reckless inhabitants of the mine, in fact, — who sought only for present enjoyment, and looked upon the day's work as well ended only when it led to a festival of drink or play. To these no such favorable opportunity for pleasure had been held out for months. Gambling facilities were always to be had by its votaries at the Lone Stanislaus, but they were generally of a limited character, and almost always of a commonplace and unpretentious nature. There was the Mexican who spread his old worn monte cloth on the ground, varying his location from time to time, and having only a limited capital to work with, and so not able to tempt his customers to stake largely against him; this certainly was not much. There was a fellow, who for two weeks had had a place for his roulette wheel in the principal drinking booth of the settlement; but he was quarrelsome and generally unpleasant in manner, and strongly suspected of unfair dealing, and so the proprietor of the booth himself had evicted him, as injurious on the whole to the reputation of the place. But here was this man in spotless tweed and with close-shaven chin and well-trimmed whiskers, so affable in manner, and so genial, as it seemed to most of the customers, in his smile; really he was in all respects quite the gentleman, and a very pleasant reminder of the liberal minded professors of his art to be found in the larger cities. And the tent was so capacious and brilliantly lighted, the welcome so cordial, and once in a while, — but not all the while, for one cannot forever be treating a crowd, — there was such a lavish distribution of good cigars, thrown around without stint and with a cheery air of beneficence that must put every one in a good humor. The fresh green cloth, too, was so tempting in its exact arrangement of ever clean cards, and the piles of silver dollars and gold doubloons and eagles gave such an air of richness and luxury to the whole establishment. Even the negro added a sort of courtly refinement to the place, as of course he was expected to do, standing motionless and with great dignity behind his master's chair, always clad in unwrinkled black, and seeming on the whole

like the well-trained butler of a millionaire, doing fashionable service in a country villa.

So the crowd soon began to gather; and little by little each evening it increased, until at times the tent was more than full, and there were those who were forced to wait outside and very discontentedly postpone the moment for losing their money. For that they all lost in the end need scarcely be told. But it was believed that the owner of the tent played fair, which had not always been thought about others of his line; and then, if he ever chanced to lose, which of course happened once in a while, he bore his ill fortune with such genial serenity. Of course if he did not complain, losers to him should not, and it became acknowledged as the necessity of good manners always to wear a pleasant smile when one's gold and silver pieces were swept away into the bank. Besides, there was the ever fruitful mine to go to the next day, from which to recoup the losses of the evening before. And the proprietor was always ready to accommodate everybody, changing the rough dust into coin, and taking it at fifteen dollars an ounce, and was not at all illiberal in making weight, frequently throwing in a dollar or two over for good measure. Really, the tent with the Chinese lantern outside began to be looked upon as one of the cherished institutions of the settlement, — not a mere gambling resort, but a sort of aristocratic club, where gentlemen could go and enjoy their cigars and each other's society, losing a dollar or two occasionally as a mere incident of the evening, and not a matter to be spoken of deplorably.

So for the regular frequenters of the place. As I have said, there were others who did not look quite so favorably upon it: among these our two neighbors of the mine, the Kentuckian and Vermonter. We had talked so often to these men that finally we had become very well acquainted with them. At first, as is natural and becoming, they had stood a little aloof from any intercourse with us, but that state of things could not last long. We were too good-natured and cheery not to prove attractive, and the fact that we seemed to be working a claim without the

slightest intention of finishing it, or any desire to get something out of it, naturally imparted a little interest to us. Gradually the Kentuckian and Vermonter became more communicative, and soon there was a very pleasant bond of fellowship drawn around us, which was often practically manifested through evening visitations at each other's tents. The Vermonter had been a lieutenant in the Bennington Fencibles, which certainly was sufficient justification when his name became known for calling him Colonel Belden. The Kentuckian had practised law in a desultory sort of manner in his own little village before the justice of the peace, and of course was thereafter properly known as Judge Towles. They were hard-working and industrious men, who had farms at home to be relieved of incumbrances and families meanwhile to be supported, and looked with little favor upon this addition to the mine in the shape of a man who, with his false air of good fellowship and pernicious smile, was leading away not merely those who anywhere would be tempted astray, but also many who had come away from home with good resolutions for reform and should be supported in them.

"It is very hard, but of course nothing can be done now," said the Judge. "There is no law against it, and so far we have no grounds to interfere. And the boys seem to be all with him. The fellow has somehow fascinated them. But it won't last; that's one comfort."

"This is n't the first time I have met such fellows," added the Colonel. "Early this spring I was at the Yellow Forks, and just such a one came there. Exactly like this one here,—big tent, Chinese lantern, the darkey waiter and all. And precisely in the same way, the man carried everything away with him for a time. Then the tide changed, and for some reason or other — I never found out exactly what it was — he found it necessary to leave."

"Perhaps that desirable state of things may turn up again. History repeats itself, you know," I remarked. "But what can you do if it does n't?"

"I don't know," drawled the Colonel. "They have a way of hanging such sort of critters sometimes, but I think that it should be for cause. If he would commit a good, sound undisputed murder, for instance, some one whom we don't know, and who for reason of general character don't deserve to live, — good gracious, Judge! what would my wife say if she heard me now? She belongs to the anti-capital-punishment league, and doats on getting the worst murderers possible locked up instead of hung, and after a while, I suppose, commuted for good conduct."

"I know what my wife would say, Colonel. She belongs to the Garrards, and has had one of her own cousins hanged for stealing a horse, and privately told me that they served him right. No nonsense about her. Now if we could only prove that this fellow had stolen that white horse of his; but I suppose we can't. I reckon he is generally pretty flush, and can afford to buy what he wants, without risking his neck for it. Well, we shall see."

The two men withdrew, leaving me somewhat engrossed with the new thought they had suggested, prominent among which was a very lively curiosity to see how the whole matter of the faro dealer's career would turn out. Here were the opposing theories of the man's favorites and of his enemies; which would prove true? It was in a measure a social study, coming very opportunely to relieve the monotony of the place; something to watch to its end as a drama or a hitherto unwritten history. I began to wish that I could see the gambler a little more closely. If I would watch his career I must certainly study the man himself. I resolved that I would drop into his tent occasionally, though as a mere looker-on. But as chance would have it, my field of study was brought to me, for the next afternoon as I was sitting smoking in front of my tent, Howard Silsby doing the same a few feet off, the faro dealer approached.

"You can give me another light? You see I must come again. My cigar has gone out, and as before I have no match."

It was upon this occasion evidently a mere excuse for conversation, and holding out my pipe for his assistance, I awaited the opening.

"Thanks. I must get myself a match-box, for use when strolling over these hills. By the way, you seem never to have come near my place?"

"I have no occasion to. I don't think I should find it to my advantage in the long run; nor — excuse me for saying it — if I did, would I care about enjoying advantages gained in such a manner."

"Ah! you are scrupulous, I see. Well, each one to his own training, which in your case must have been of an extremely innocent and lovely character. What a good thing is a youthful education, to be sure!" And as the man spoke, the corners of his mouth shot down slightly, and the faint caustic sneer for a moment flickered across his face. "I think, by the way, that I told you I should treat you with great leniency if you visited me, — should spare you altogether, it might be. Why this should be so, who can tell? Men are sometimes moved favorably towards other men, and even persons of my profession may have their softened moments. Well, goodby, again. By the way, I hope the newspaper correspondence goes on prosperously?"

"As well as it can at this distance."

"You will acknowledge that I read your calling pretty accurately."

"I can scarcely give you much credit for that. You may remember that, as I pointed out at the time, my implements were lying around in plain sight, and of course it could not be difficult to come to some theory about me. There is no one who cannot with a little thought and observation gain a tolerable insight into another person's conduct, and possibly his inner life; and small credit to him for it, after all."

"As, for instance, you think perhaps that you could read me, and elucidate my character, and maybe a little better than could the rest of the world. Well, I give you permission. In fact, I am a little curious to know what you would make out of me. And yet, having my implements, as you say, spread

before you, it cannot be very difficult to come to some pretty exact conclusion. Shall I tell you what you would say? That I am keeping a faro bank, — so much, of course, you see. In the eyes of the world it is not as respectable as some other kinds of business, and at times I may dimly feel it, — that also is true. No one can deny that it would be better to be a governor, or a great general, or a railway president, — but why, after all, should I trouble myself much about those unavoidable diversities of life and condition? That it is not always pleasant for me to be wrangling with men whose money I have won, and that at such times I might think it would be more to my taste to have a large fortune on which to retire entirely from the troubles of the world, — why, that also you might tell me, and as you have already said, small credit to you for your cheap diagnosis. Anything more than all that would you wish to say?"

"Yes, a great deal more than all that," I responded; and feeling somehow worked up by the man's cool and insufferable cynicism, I determined that I would do something to afford him a closer and more realistic conception of himself than he had any reason from the conversation to expect. Something perhaps that would make him angry, but I did not care for that. I would at least adopt a theory and explode it, if for nothing else than to avenge myself for his unsolicited description of myself a few days before. And most probably the theory would prove in a great measure correct; for as I looked upon the man, so neat and dapper, and with such an air of having at some time moved in high places, I felt that it needed no inspiration to give him a semblance, at least, of his true condition and character.

"A great deal more," I said. "I see in you one who feels more than that mere ordinary dislike and weariness of his business which perhaps almost every one now and then experiences, — disliking it for the annoyances it must bring, and wishing he could have rest from it altogether. You have not been born and brought up among the influences which now surround you. If that were

so, your calling would be a pleasure to you, rather than the distasteful thing I am now sure it is. If so born and brought up, and you had risen in the business from lower beginnings, you would even now glory in what you would call your success. From what small conceptions you might once have cherished, — from thimble-rigging on a sea-beach, or deluding yokels on an emigrant train with three card monte, — whatever may have been those base beginnings, your heart would now be swelling with pride in the ownership of the great tent, those very complete appliances of trade, and the possession of that tall, stylish negro in his unsoiled black suit, giving your place something of the quality of a courtly drawing room. You would not even condescend to be here at all, in this little mining settlement, but would be airing your magnificence on the Plaza at San Francisco, where the whole world could see you, and others of your calling, less fortunate than yourself, could envy your grandeur."

"Well, — have you done? Go on!" And though the gambler affected a smile, — the same old smile that at the passing of a single line became a sneer, — I could tell that his voice was quivering with rage, and that he was exerting all his strength to keep down his temper.

"Not quite done, and as you wish, I will go on. What I have pictured has not been your actual life. You have begun better than that, in the midst of more pleasant surroundings, and have fallen from them. Education, good company, possibly financial power, have been among your earlier advantages. You have lost all these; how, I know not, except doubtless through your own fault. Poverty may come undeservedly, but it scarcely ever happens that a man becomes stripped of almost everything that can make life desirable, and yet be altogether blameless. There has remained in you that quality of good which has made you ashamed to remain where you had once enjoyed so much that you have needlessly forfeited, and you have retired to these wilds, where perhaps you might remain unknown and rebuild your fortunes. For that reason you have shunned the cities, where

there certainly would be found some who had known you in better circumstances. And coming here, your first action has been a revolt against the life you think you are obliged to live, and your first thought a resolve to escape from it as soon as possible. With that intent you have scorned the small appliances which might have led to limited gains only, and so could never lift you to a better plane again. You have put everything to the hazard of the die, have employed all means and artifices to tempt the larger crowd and give yourself the better chance of fuller and more magnificent gains, so that you may sooner win success and get back, if possible, to something of your former state. And you are in daily fear lest even here some one may recognize you, and report your occupation where best you have been known."

"And have you now done?" the other inquired.

"Yes, I am through, now."

He stood for a moment in silence, his features working with rage, though seemingly he did his best to control them. Doing so, he slipped his hand beneath his coat; and

thinking that he was about to draw a pistol, I stood ready upon my guard. If that were his intention, however, he did not attempt to follow it up. He drew forth his hand again, empty,—stood yet an instant seemingly unable to utter a word,—then with a harsh laugh turned and strode rapidly away. There was rage even in his back as he retired, and for the moment I watched intently, not knowing but that he might yet turn in offense.

"Let the galled jade wince," at length I said. "I touched him there, I think; did I not, Howard? I meant to, for I had a grudge to pay him."

"You touched him surely, Philip," responded Howard, who all the while had kept silence, yet had been near enough to hear every word. "And do you know, you have hit him with force. I have been trying for a few days past to make him out, and now I am certain. Something in his last gesture,—I do not know exactly what it was, but all the same it helped me through,—Philip, that fellow is none other than Rush Brackley, the man who married my pretty cousin, Clare Somers."

Leonard Kip.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORANGE CULTURE.

WHILE the olive tree can justly be called the king of the dry lands, the orange is fully entitled to be named the prince of the rich soil.

These two trees stand undoubtedly foremost in fruit culture. No other can compete with them in productive value. While the olive enjoys the unique advantage of thriving at its best on dry, elevated, and stony situations, and there requires but a simple and cheap cultivation, the orange, though requiring a richer and more costly land, comes good second among fruit trees in paying capacity.

The orange tree will grow on a great diver-

sity of soils, but it will do best on elevated situations, on foot hills, hillsides, in a deep, warm, and friable soil. While it needs plenty of water and a thorough cultivation in its first years, and will always answer to proper care, it can stand considerable drought and ill-treatment in its more mature age.

It should not be planted in low lands, in a cold or clayey soil too retentive of moisture, nor where fogs are dense and frequent; for in such locations as these it will fall an easy prey to black scale and gum disease, and the fruit, which will suffer in quality, will be apt to be covered with rust, which will

either spoil it altogether, or will at least affect its market value. But on hillsides, on elevated rolling lands, with deep soil well underdrained and not too clayey, the fruit will be of a better quality, and the tree will be less subject to cold, frost, and diseases.

It has now been fully established that there are but few parts of the entire State of California that are not well adapted to the cultivation of the orange tree.

In the northern sections of the State, where we find Redding, Red Bluff, Tehama, Chico, Marysville, Oroville, Colusa, Yolo, Woodland, Winters, Sacramento, Napa, Vacaville, and adjoining cities, the climate shows in most cases a still more favorable temperature for general horticultural purposes than that of the southern sections. In fact, Butte, Placer, Solano, Yolo, and adjoining counties, send their oranges and other fruits to market several weeks earlier than is done by more southern counties.

As a further evidence that the climate of Los Angeles, Riverside, Santa Barbara, etc. is not only equaled but even surpassed in many cases by that of some of the northern sections, we submit the following table, carefully compiled from the most recent official figures :

Town	County	Average Temperature			
		Winter	Spring	Summer	Autumn
Napa.....	Napa	48.9	59.6	69.6	59.1
Calistoga.....	Napa	48.6	58.9	72.	60.2
Redding.....	Shasta	47.8	61.1	81.	65.3
Red Bluff....	Tehama.....	46.8	59.8	79.7	63.2
Chico.....	Butte.....	47.3	62.4	81.3	64.2
Marysville....	Yuba.....	50.1	62.7	78.3	65.6
Auburn.....	Placer.....	46.2	56.4	74.3	61.7
Woodland...	Yolo.....	48.3	61.6	77.7	63.8
Sacramento..	Sacramento..	48.3	59.5	71.6	61.6
San José.....	Santa Clara..	49.2	56.6	66.2	58.9
Los Angeles..	Los Angeles..	53.6	58.4	67.8	62.7
Riverside....	San Ber'dino..	50.4	64.1	73.7	65.7
Santa Barbara	Santa Barbara.	54.3	59.4	67.7	63.1

Besides the natural advantages possessed by the most favored counties of our State over some others, it should also be borne in mind that there is a difference in our favor between the extremes of temperature of California and those of some of the best orange-growing regions of Europe. We enjoy here a more even temperature during the spring and summer, and our winters are milder

than those experienced there, as is shown by the following comparative table :

	Average Winter	Average Annual
Napa.....California.....	48.9	59.3
Calistoga....."	48.6	59.9
Redding....."	47.8	61.5
Red Bluff....."	46.8	64.
Chico....."	47.3	65.
Marysville....."	50.1	63.5
Auburn....."	46.2	58.
San José....."	49.2	58.
Sacramento....."	48.3	60.3
Los Angeles....."	53.6	60.6
Santa Barbara....."	54.3	61.1
San Diego....."	54.6	60.5
Marseilles.....France.....	45.5	59.5
Nice....."	47.8	59.5
San Remo.....Italy.....	48.9	60.2
Florence....."	44.3	60.7
Rome....."	48.9	60.7
Naples....."	48.5	61.
Palermo.....Sicily.....	53.1	64.4
Madrid.....Spain.....	45.3	57.
Valencia....."	50.7	63.8

A perusal of the above tables shows conclusively that no climate can be more favorable than ours for the cultivation of the orange, the lemon, and the olive. Occasionally, however, there will be an exception to the rule. The winter of 1887-1888 will long be remembered as the most severe that was ever experienced in California, and still there was no report of orange trees having been killed. Some of the tops of the tender shoots were nipped, and some of the fruit was frozen, but the general system of the tree was not at all affected. In fact, the cold snaps of this memorable winter confined their damage altogether to the previous season's growth. The affected parts were removed promptly before they could cause further injury, and the trees are now as thrifty as ever.

It should also be remembered, in this connection, that in most of the orange-growing sections of Europe the tree experiences at frequent intervals more severe and disastrous winters than even the exceptional one that visited California this past season, and which extended its severity nearly all over the world. We have still fresh in our minds the telegraphic reports which came to that effect from Europe, and the furious blizzards that visited the Eastern States with the most dire results. But such exceptional climatic dis-

turbances are so rare that no calculation should be made on their recurrence.

We can thus go forward confidently in the pursuit of this culture quite undisturbed by an occasional drawback, which is to be less frequent here than in the most favored sections of Europe.

Meanwhile, it will prove interesting to would-be growers to read the following table, compiled from the Assessors' Reports of 1886, the latest at hand, showing the number of citrus trees planted in California. Though such reports cannot be complete, they show at least quite a wide distribution of these trees in most parts of the State.

Counties	Orange Trees	Lemon Trees
Alameda.....	1689	466
Amador.....	151	25
Butte.....	6934	728
Calaveras.....	500	50
Colusa.....	319	38
Contra Costa.....	36	5
El Dorado.....	94	20
Fresno.....	345	35
Kern.....	360	225
Lake.....	75	
Los Angeles.....	729865	55620
Marin.....	80	15
Mariposa.....	14	3
Merced.....	159	127
Monterey.....	50	11
Napa.....	780	122
Nevada.....	25	2
Placer.....	7313	497
Plumas.....	3	
Sacramento.....	989	138
San Bernardino.....	214531	7845
San Benito.....	7	
San Diego.....	5773	1208
San Joaquin.....	931	10
San Luis Obispo.....	350	200
Santa Barbara.....	4864	3481
Santa Clara.....	1623	207
Shasta.....	52	26
Solano.....	825	9
Stanislaus.....	872	75
Sonoma.....	1317	1123
Sutter.....	708	83
Tehama.....	509	153
Tulare.....	382	94
Ventura.....	500	200
Yolo.....	282	51
Yuba.....	267	31
	983574	72923

Opinions are at variance as to the respective advantages of planting the orange orchard with the young seedling or with the four or five years old budded tree.

A well-known agriculturist said to me several years ago: "If, with my present experience of over thirty years in horticultural matters, I had to plant, and was given the option as between the four and three years old trees, I would select the latter; if I had to choose between the three and two years old, I would prefer the two years old. In fact, I would, in all cases give the preference to the youngest I could find."

I have had ample opportunity to realize the wisdom of this statement, and the reason for it is obvious to those who have had occasion to handle many trees of different ages, especially if they were evergreen trees like the orange or the olive, whose vegetation is almost always active and whose roots are exceedingly sensitive to exposure. The older these trees are at time of transplanting, the more delicate they become in handling, especially if they are to be shipped to some distance. A good part of their root system has to be suppressed; the head has to be cut back severely after planting, and if the dangers to which they are exposed in transportation do not affect them permanently, they will at least linger for a year or two after being planted before making a good start. Moreover, quite a percentage of loss is most likely to follow.

This is not the case with the young rooted cutting or seedling, for its root system being comparatively small can be handled with more facility and safety, and it will be spared the mutilation that has to be inflicted on an older tree.

Such young trees will take readily; they will develop rapidly, and within a few years they will overtake in size and production those that were two or three years older when planted. They can also be bought at much cheaper rates, and while their transportation and transplanting will be attended with less danger and expense, their proportion of loss will be considerably reduced.

In reference to this we quote the following extract from *The Garden and Forest*:

It is always better to plant small trees than large ones. They are more easily and cheaply moved, recover sooner, and grow more rapidly. They will soon

overtake and surpass a much larger one, and grow into a more vigorous and beautiful specimen. A vast amount of money and a great deal of time is wasted every year in trying to transplant large trees.

The budding or grafting of an orange seedling is generally done in nursery, where it cannot be performed until the plant has developed sufficient strength to receive the graft or bud. This added to another year that the tree has to remain in nursery after being budded, causes a lapse of three or four years before it can be transplanted to its permanent site.

But then comes the question that has been so extensively discussed, and finds good advocates on both sides : Should the orange be raised direct from the seedling or be budded ?

To reproduce and comment on the extensive discussions that have been raised by that question would carry me far beyond the limits of a brief essay.

However, I must state for the benefit of those who may not be aware of it, that the orange enjoys the almost unique privilege over other fruit trees of being true to seed. By planting the seedling of any good variety that variety is reproduced quite uniformly. If arguments have been advanced in favor of the old budded tree, there have been just as sound ones given in favor of planting the young seedling, after it has developed a sufficiently good root system to admit of its being planted definitively.

It is generally known that the orange seedling makes a more hardy, more vigorous, and longer-lived tree than the bud, and that while it takes a little longer to come into bearing, it will stand a much lower temperature, and is far more productive, which accounts for its preference by many orange growers.

Gallesio, an acknowledged authority on orange culture, says to this effect : that, while a budded tree having reached its full maturity is likely to give from 1500 to 2000 oranges, the seedling will give from 2000 to 5000.

When the prospective bearing of the two trees is compared, and when the considerable saving which is found in planting the

young seedling as against the old budded tree is taken into consideration, one seems to be justified in preferring the seedling.

Which is the best variety to plant ? This is a rather difficult question to answer, for any one who studies the vast number of varieties recommended by writers and nurserymen. I was thinking of giving here quite a complete list of them, but I have already passed 148 in review, and I am still far from being done with it. In fact, to particularize the size, shape, color, flavor, value, origin, and all that is said *pro* or *con* every one of them, would fill much more space than I desire to give to this article ; and, while an orange grower would hardly be tempted to read it all through, he would feel considerably puzzled on discovering that while one writer or nurseryman recommends a certain variety as one of the best, another puts it down as worthless or of little value.

In view of these facts, I consider that the most sensible thing for the would-be orange grower to do in the matter, is to inquire of a reliable fruit dealer what varieties of oranges he is selling most, and to taste those coming into market at different periods of the year. In this way he will soon be acquainted with the following varieties, which are those most extensively dealt in : Sweet Sonora, from November till January ; Washington Navel, December till May ; Riverside Seedling, from December till May ; Mediterranean Sweet, from January till June ; Tahiti, from March till August.

Any grower who plants the young seedlings of established varieties, that always find a ready market, and discovers afterwards by his own or his neighbor's experience that another variety seems to promise better results in his particular location, can easily enough secure slips from it to bud his trees in the field. As each slip will supply him with several buds, and as budding is a simple, cheap, and rapid operation, he will avoid thereby the transplanting of an old tree, and save the difference in cost, as between the young seedling and the three or four years old budded tree, which difference will hardly be less than 75 cents per tree.

Moreover, by planting the young orange seedlings they can be used as grafting stock for the lemon, should the grower wish to engage partly or exclusively in lemon culture, in which case slips for budding can easily be procured. It is a well-known fact that the orange develops a much hardier tree than the lemon; that it is less subject to gum disease; and that the budding of the lemon on the orange stock results in the most desirable quality of the fruit.

As for the variety that seems best to raise the seedlings from, I here quote the following from an essay read by Mr. Baldbridge at a recent horticultural convention, which contains very valuable points on the subject.

In man we recognize such a thing as inherent constitutional vitality, or life principle. In animals we propagate in reference to it. The same thing obtains in the tree family. So far as my own experience and observation go, I am satisfied that stock grown from Tahiti seed will inherit this life principle in larger measure than that produced from any other source. A very large proportion of the trees in market are raised from California windfalls, because they cost nothing. They are raised to sell, and only an expert can tell the difference. As to the "sour stock," which propagates itself in Florida and is being used here to some extent, some years will be required to determine definitely its value. All that has been planted in this locality has a rather pale, yellowish color, which I do not like. I very much prefer the deep, dark green as indicative of a stronger life. While I would not discourage experiment in any direction, I would rely upon stock grown from Tahiti seed, until better results have been fully established for something else.

The Sonora variety, or Hermosillo, is also quoted as follows:

The oranges of Sonora have long held an excellent reputation, and though raised in careless manner from seedlings, excel in flavor and in all that goes to make a perfect fruit.

The Washington Navel, the Mediterranean Sweet, and the Riverside Seedling, are well known to rank among the choicest of the California product.

The cost of establishing an orange orchard, irrespective of the purchase price of the land, which varies according to quality and location, is dependent on the number of trees planted to the acre, and on the se-

lection of either the young seedling or the old budded tree.

Seedlings should be laid off at no less than 24 feet apart, which by the square system would require 76 trees to the acre, or by the quincunx system, 137.

Budded trees can be planted at 20 feet apart, requiring 108 trees to the acre by the square system, or 200 by the quincunx system. But the square system being the one most generally used, I will establish my estimate on the basis of 76 trees to the acre at 24 feet apart:

First year:	
76 young seedlings, at \$15 per 100.....	\$12
Preparing the ground, per acre.....	2
Marking with small stakes	2
Digging 76 holes and planting.....	3
Irrigating four times	4
Hoeing, after irrigating.....	2
Care against rabbits, black scale, etc.....	2
Cost per acre for first year.....	\$27

The above estimate is made on the basis of seventy-six young seedlings to the acre, at a cost of \$15 per hundred, but if the three or four years old budded tree is preferred, it will require one hundred and eight to the acre, at a cost of about 75 cents each, making already a difference of about \$70 per acre. Moreover, the digging of one hundred and eight holes, and the planting and care of one hundred and eight trees, as against seventy-six, will make that difference still greater.

Second year:	
Replanting on estimated loss of 5 per cent.....	\$ 2
Cultivation and care as for first year, plowing, irrigating, hoeing, remedies.....	12
	\$14

The cost for the third, fourth and fifth years will remain between \$12 and \$15 per acre per annum. After this the orchard can be expected to pay above necessary expenses, which will gradually increase as the trees grow and the crops begin to come. Said crops will increase in value from year to year until full maturity is reached. The tree can be expected to bear some oranges four years after planting sound, well rooted seedlings.

This will run up into the hundreds when the tree is five and six years old, and into the thousands after it has reached its tenth year. And, as oranges can be sold to wholesale traders for ten, twelve, and fifteen dollars per thousand, when the tree is apt to give as much as two thousand, three thousand, and four thousand oranges per year, one can easily form an estimate of what can be expected from orange culture in California. In fact, it is one of the most pleasant and lucrative occupations to be engaged in, and its results justify the common saying: "The owner of a ten-acre orange grove in full bearing is a wealthy man."

In my more elaborate "Treatise on Olive Culture," I have given the reasons why the olive has been proclaimed "the first of all trees"; and while no one can justly dispute its rights to that title, the orange stands next in the destinies of horticulture, for no other fruit tree can compare favorably with it in point of productiveness and paying value. Its cultivation is bound to attract the further attention of farmers and capitalists, who, while they will thereby make a most profitable investment, will also beautify their gardens and fields by the luxuriant and ever-green foliage of the orange tree, and fill the air with the sweet fragrance of its blossoms.

Adolphe Flamant.

LA GENARA.

V.

REEL would have preferred to devote his whole mental machinery to longing yet fearful anticipations of Mrs. Hathspey's summons. But after a sleepless night, he must rise to crowded experiences, emotions.

A neglected commission from home pressed somewhat upon his conscience. For with the egotism of youth he reflected that in order to deserve his father's good-will in his own peculiar affair, he must make a bold stroke for it. In the first gray of Saturday morning, therefore, he carefully re-read a certain letter.

"— if I think you've ever made any inquiries about the Harlands! If they have n't gone to California, where the devil have they gone?"

The fine old judge was sometimes irascible in his language.

"To think of my old law comrade's family drifting about from pillar to post is a little more than I can bear."

The reluctance of the day broadening through a stirless fog was on Reel's spirits. Yet he forced himself to plan how best to set a systematic search afoot. By the way, there

was Starr, who knew a little of everything and more of everybody. "Starr's" was a good place to begin. Incidentally, of course, Starr's was also a good place to get what would keep out the raw chill of despondency.

Starr had not yet made his appearance. His assistant was there, however, freshening things up after a long night's fume and staleness.

"Harland?" repeated "Shorty," whose sobriquet was due to a trying mental attribute rather than to any physical peculiarity. "Harland? I did run across a fellow named Harley up in Trinity in '52. The biggest straight-through soaker I ever —"

"I hardly see what connection your Harley has with my Harlands. This man was a lawyer, lived in Europe for his health. A brilliant lawyer, until he broke down. He carried off the belle of Louisville twenty years ago. She was a Pickett from Virginia. My father was after her, too. She might have been my mother, by heaven!"

"Well," returned Shorty, doing violence to his whole muscular system in an effort to polish one very small tumbler, "men meets and mixes in queer ways. I'm always remembering suthin' or somebody. One idee

never pops up but up pops another, you would n't of imagined. I'm that-a-way myself."

Reel thought no further of pursuing his inquiries. Just here, his eye fell upon what interested him more than Shorty's intellectual strain.

"Ghost of glory!" he said with a rich boyish laugh, pointing to a forlorn object set among the bottles on a sideboard.

"'T was a hat," Shorty explained, "up to about two o'clock this morning. That Watson's always up to some low-down game."

"Low-down, I should say," ejaculated Reel, gingerly fingering the weak circle that had once been a faultless brim. "And it reminds me of somebody who left me very suddenly last evening. It is Lou the Warbler's beaver, is n't it?"

"Won't he be jumping though!"

"What d'ye mean, Shorty? Does n't he know?"

"He?" retorted Shorty, jerking the rinsings of another tumbler outward and downward with a peculiarly offensive meaning, "no more than he knows what's a-happening to him now."

A smothered curse surprised them both. With a stride or two of his long legs, Reel stood where he could look behind the bar, and there, rolled in the sawdust still, his countenance swollen and hot with drunken sleep, Lou the Warbler had just opened his bloodshot eyes. At the vision a strange tantalizing shadow of recollection played in and out of Reel's brain, without fixing itself at all to any locality. Where had he seen this very figure lying just as now?

But Lou the Warbler gave no one any leisure for thought. His first oaths were directed toward Shorty for waking him. Then his hard language became both elaborate and general.

Shorty commented with a calmness quite at variance with his vigorous pursuit of polishing the rosewood of the bar:

"Ye never knows a man till ye wakes up with him in the morning. I guess many a woman, if she spoke up free, would speak up that-a-way." Then directly to Lou, "Glad

to hear ye've had a mother. Would n't a-suspicioned it if ye had n't been so particular about cussin' her for bearin' on ye. Should n't wonder she deserves it."

Reel tried to pacify his whilom comrade.

"Oh, he don't mind his clo'es," interjected Shorty. "He's always come easy by hisn. Broadcloth seems to grow new on him, as skins on other reptiles. It's his stomach sorter goes back on him after these knock-downs. I say, Lou, liquor up and be a man."

With which adjuration suited to his trade, Shorty poured a generous bumper from a fresh bottle into one of his newly polished tumblers.

Then to make talk and get Lou good-natured, "I say, Kaintuck," — Shorty could remember nicknames, — "you might ask Lou about that fellow. Hare — Har — what was his name, now? Lou's here, there, an' everywhere about town. He's that-a-way himself."

Fortunately Reel's interest in his topic had expired. For Lou was in a very bad temper indeed. He coarsely demanded a second bumper, which Reel paid for. His eye now fell on his hat. "It is n't the first time my beaver has been made a slop-bowl of," he swore with a great oath, "in this house. I'm going to have your *sombrero*, Shorty, — if I ain't."

Shorty mildly objected that his felt was n't up to Lou's mark, and endeavored again to change the subject.

"'T was a — a Harwood you was askin' about," he said, winking energetically at Reel, "or" — with a mighty effort — "Harman, eh?"

"Harland," Reel corrected, merely to assist a fellow being in distress.

At this Lou, who had gone behind the bar with malevolent designs upon Shorty's person, stopped as if struck, and turned toward Reel with a bloodshot stare.

"Eh?" he ejaculated stupidly. "Harland?"

"Do you know any one of that name?" Reel asked just to humor him.

Instead of answering, Lou burst into a

horse-laugh, his finger pointing at Reel, and his full eyes protruding impudently from their sockets.

"Turner — Kentucky — Judge Turner of Louisville, ho, ho, ho!"

Some men burst in from the now enlivening street. Reel, disgusted, made his escape. He had a case set for hearing at ten o'clock; but before hurrying to Court he took a flying trip to his office.

Something white was thrust under the door. He unlocked the door. Was it Mrs. Hathspey's letter? Yes. Why had it arrived in his absence! He had wished to interview the messenger.

He opened the envelope with trembling fingers. Pretty soon he was wiping the dew, great round pearly drops of youth, from his eyes.

"God!" he murmured full of reverence and emotion, "what a noble old lady she is!"

He caressed the written pages, with soft, devouring looks.

"She would like to give me her Della. She would be glad for Della to have a loving protector."

His whole nature expanded, his heart glowed, thrilled. For a moment every other consideration except that Mrs. Hathspey's maternal longing was on his side was shut out. Then the close of the letter fell on him and crushed him.

"But there is a secret,—there are secrets that doom us all to terrible disappointment. Ah, if the old alone might suffer. We are strong, we old women. We have been through so much. . . . If you are angry, unreasonable, Della's heart may break, but she knows her duty and will do it."

Then the only impulse Reel had — a passionate one — was to rush forth at once to the cottage Mrs. Hathspey had given him directions how to find, to fling himself at her feet, and beg her to tell him the worst at once. Was Della promised to any one else? How could he wait until Sunday afternoon? Thirty long hours — impossible!

He looked mechanically at his watch. Ten minutes to ten. He pulled himself sternly together, walked to court, and spent

a stormy day there. Nor did evening bring him any liberty. Promptly at five o'clock Tom Watts appeared at his office to remind him of a promise.

"But I can't go, Watts, honor bright."

"What! not show up at the little kicker's benefit?"

"Tom, such things have happened since! I was a fool then."

"You will be a fool" — bluntly — "if ye go back on the boys. Lots of fun afoot. Come, I'll tell ye all about it."

Reel allowed himself to be persuaded. Tom Watts dragged him off to a popular restaurant.

"Ye see, since we was talking together in Starr's, some of the boys have been crivicin' round for a way to git the dead wood on old Don Coyote."

"She is the most beautiful, dainty little angel you ever clapped your two eyes on, Tom," remarked Reel irrelevantly.

"All of which will stand for La Genara herself," returned Watts with great good humor. "So here goes. Now," — knitting his brows and rapping vigorously on the table with a blunt index finger, — "we only want to discover like if he abuses her. Nobody's to be more knocked about than their own monkey-shines forces onto us. You or me, whichever is on the box first, handles the team. Ten minutes brings us to Harrison's Pier, and fifteen minutes pulling has us safe aboard the *Susan Greer*. There, the captain's lady takes her in hand. She'll be asked fair and square whether she wants to go back to *him* ag'in, and her old pigeon-wings, like, — I've no disrespectful meanin'. If she don't, by Jerusalem! —" And Tom Watts broke off with an eloquent glance of appeal at Turner, who somewhat sarcastically finished the sentence. The uncertainty hanging over his own love affair naturally affected his view of other love affairs.

"Of course, I'll take her case in hand for you, Tom. Though I dare say if the court sets her free, it'll only be to marry some other brute."

"Not if she'll accept me!" shouted Watts innocent of any particular application of the

young lawyer's humor. "By Jerusalem, I'll give her a chance at an honest old Sierra boy."

"As honest as the sun ever shone on," Reel agreed, coming out of his moodiness for an instant and frankly smiling upon his friend.

"As for your plan, Tom, it may and it may not bring you any good." He was wondering what connection Lou the Warbler might have with the unknown *dénouement*.

"But I would suggest a much safer place for the capture. Too many men about the front of the theater."

"Well, what's your idea?"

"I know a spot, lonesome as the grave, where the hack-driver —"

"Nick Johnson — well?"

"Where he sets La Genara down when the theater is over; her and her he-duenna."

"The devil you do!"

"O, I had some desperate intentions in that quarter, you'll please to recollect, Tom. Now, *that* is your very spot."

As they strolled toward the theater together, Reel chiefly pondered his own affairs; but he did have time to wonder whether Lou had told the truth about La Genara either in public or to him in private. What did it matter? Let the boys have their fun. Reel would help them out, and help himself through some heavy hours.

VI.

AN elegant figure in the box office of the Jenny Lind, though familiar enough, caused Reel to marvel greatly. It was a decided sensation for him to recall Lou the Warbler as he had seen him that morning, and compare the forlorn debauchee with this smooth-shaven, urbane, immaculate gentleman. To be sure, one who looked closely saw signs of dissipation and degradation that escaped the careless observer.

A few words only could pass between the young men as Reel presented himself at the little window.

"Kentucky to the fore!" laughed Lou, a

certain bold, penetrating expression piercing the disguise of courtesy. "Went to your office at noon. Thought I might give you some points about those people you were asking after. How many pasteboards will Kentucky invest in tonight?"

Now, Reel had not thought of buying more than two tickets of admission. He had, in fact, beaten Tom Watts by a second to the window. But he snapped a ten-dollar piece carelessly down upon the shelf.

"All of that?"

"Yes."

His pocket-book was well filled, and his judgment easily swayed.

"That's right," said Lou, industriously dropping the coin into a pocket which responded with mellow chink. "Come out strong for beauty oppressed."

His full blue eyes had unfathomable disclosures in them. They were exasperatingly knowing.

"I'd double the amount," Reel said, with a flash of resentment, "if I was sure the beneficiary would get it."

"Throw your double eagle over the footlights," was Lou's prompt suggestion.

Reel moved on, tingling.

Watts pushed up to him. "What was the — galoot saying to ye, boy?"

"'T was n't what he said, Tom, but the way he said it — insolent." Then rather to clear his own mind than in hopes of imparting light, Reel told Watts of Lou's private expressions concerning La Genara.

Watts became seriously troubled. Of course, Lou was in love with the dancer. What then?

"Why," Reel answered from ideas just flashed into his head. "It's plain to me that he's got some game of his own. Suppose he's engineering this benefit through for his own profit, meaning to carry the girl off himself? Married or single, I don't believe Lou would much care."

Watts seemed badly cut up. "'T would be a go, now," he said, shaking his chin, "if we'd steal her from Don Coyote just to hand her over to that young cub in the box-office yonder,— not manhood enough about him

to fill the toe of one of her mites of slippers !” And from some tender association of ideas, Watts stretched out his hard palm and looked at it mournfully. Then his disappointment exhaled in a quivering sigh.

“Still and all, if she wants him, Reel, she’s only got to say the word when we get her to that there schooner. But until we get her there, by the Lord ! no man meddles, not even Mr. White Hat.”

His mind somewhat excited by the prospect of a bold and dramatic *coup*, Turner went into the theater with Watts. A noisy audience packed the old-time temple of Thespis. The air thrilled with excitement. The first act of the “Romance of a Poor Young Man” went on to frequent applause. The curtain rose upon the interlude which La Genara was to fill.

The same musical preparations from the orchestra. The same flutter at the wings, and then a flash of brief draperies, tonight of shimmering golden gauze, while the slight yet all-sufficient mask was of gold lace. The house rocked with a roar of applause. Some wild enthusiast whirled a bag of dust over the footlights, and with that a golden shower of fives, twenties, perhaps a few fifties, began. La Doña Genara, her giddy maze over, with difficulty dodged the flying favors.

As she disappeared, suddenly enough, Lou the Warbler, whom everybody had been too busy to notice close beside the orchestra railing, sprang upon the stage and ran around gathering the money diligently into his well known beaver. He stepped back only as the *danseuse* ran gayly on to answer a passionate recall. Her second performance and a third was watched with breathless interest. Then as she finally retired a sinister thing happened. There was a simultaneous rising of perhaps a score of men, their exit beginning quietly, but degenerating into a scramble.

Out of doors, beyond the small area of smoky light in front of the theater, a night alive with stars shut down close over the low-built town. Reel took the lead, moving swiftly up hill on his long legs, and swinging across lots. Nothing was uttered beyond a

smothered oath when somebody splashed into a puddle not yet dried.

They were scarcely a moment too soon on the spot, where a dull gleam was a pond, and a frowning shadow, a sand-hill. The red eyes of the approaching hack were already peering over the dip of Powell Street hill. They drew near hastily.

“Nick’s struck a bee line tonight, boys,” growled one of the breathless ambuscade. “The devil himself could hook behind him.”

“‘Sh ! Lie low ! Not a wink till I whistle.”

At Watts’ order everybody was flat to earth from chin to toe.

The lurid, unblinking eyes seemed to shed more light than usual tonight. The wheels strained at a stretch of heavy sand.

“Hi, there ! you black scrub !” Nick’s voice with sudden stridor.

Every figure in hiding quivered. “I thought he had spotted me,” Watts confessed afterwards. It was the feeling of each man Nick had spotted him. But no ; the exclamation was addressed to a stumbling horse.

“Whoa !”

Then deathly still it was when the wheels stopped. The blowing of a tired animal, the jingling of some part of the harness, only accented the atmosphere with portents. A shadow detached itself from that great shadow which was the coach. The driver had gotten down from his box. The handle of the coach-door turned with a little thud. The vehicle emitted shadows. Every man counted them. One, two, three, besides the driver. Suddenly this whisper was injected into Reel Turner’s ear : “The warbling chap, by Jerusalem ! You and I will have to tackle him.”

A singular whistle more like the hiss of a snake ; a rush, a struggle, thick breaths, oaths, then Tom Watts’ voice like a trumpet.

“Lem Barker ?”

“Amen !”

“Off with her.”

Lou was struggling like a very madman. Matches were heard striking. Torches flared upon the scene. Nick, the driver, had suc-

cumbed to circumstances, and after asking for a cigar, stood quietly smoking. Strange to say, the person facetiously known as Don Coyote offered no frantic resistance. His exclamations, uttered as the attack was made, gave his interpretation of it. "High-way robbery! Abduction!" He tried a direct appeal to his captors. "Gentlemen, the man who accompanies us carries the cash-box. Take that, and let my daughter go free."

A hoarse laugh instantly arose, and jeers. "Your daughter, O, come now!" — "Stop your shennanynin'." — "Better say slavey, Señor Coyote!"

A thrill, painfully intense, had run through Reel Turner's veins. He could not retain his hold on Lou, but must dart forward in his eagerness to see as well as hear. The tall figure in its rough garb told him nothing. But a torch flared closer, and somebody catching at the crown of the "Doris" shapeless bonnet, rudely jerked it backward.

A startling recognition followed. With a bound Reel leaped toward the carriage, which would have been out of sight by this time, had Nick been driving. Those unaccustomed hands at the reins, the unfamiliar locality — the vehicle was just gathering impetus for the rush down hill.

Reel flung himself upon the step crying, "A mistake, boys! Stop, stop!"

A glad cry from within darted through his exclamations and commands. "Reel! Reel!" Then in soft tones of sweetest confidence, "Mamma, mamma, we are safe!"

The carriage stopped. Reel tore open the door. Della alighted in his arms and clung to him.

Nobody's hand detained Mrs. Hathspey now. Conquering a gasping sob, she gathered her fine voice sternly:

"Is it my daughter's name — identity — you are in search of, gentlemen? I have always known that my desperate effort to preserve our secret would be in vain. — Louis, wretched boy! have you no shame, now? This is the result of your greed. — But I say to you, gentlemen, and to you, Louis, *La Genara* has danced her last for you."

Louis evidently did not think so.

"O, dry up, mother!" he said, with a sneering laugh. He strode toward his sister, still pressed close to Reel's side. "Let go that girl, Blue Grass, or by ——"

His mother stepped grandly between the two youths. "You have been my right eye, Louis; but for rank offenses I pluck you out and cast you from me."

He put his shoulder brutally against hers to push her out of his way. A dozen heavy hands fell sternly on him and drew him back.

"Don't go where you're not wanted, sonny," said Watts in a low, ominous voice.

Mrs. Hathspey spoke on freely, "That a mother should thank you, gentlemen, for such assistance! But I do thank you. My innocent girl must suffer no more for that reprobate."

"Just tell us what ye want done with him, ma'am," exclaimed the man Watts had called Lem Barker.

"Keep him from molesting us," she answered with a strong, fierce sob. "Keep him from following us when we leave the Coast forever."

"We will!" "O, I guess so!"

"But no violence. He is my boy."

"No violence 'cept he forces it onto us, ma'am."

"And Louis, the money gathered in to-night, is yours."

"Lucky I took care of that, curse you!"

"God forgive you, my boy."

Strangely enough, at this deep-toned prayer the culprit's foul language ceased. He turned meek as a lamb, marched to the carriage, got into it, and submitted to be driven — whither he had no idea.

But Watts alone was responsible for this subjugation. "Cold steel is mighty persuadin' all times," was his calm reflection.

Reel saw the ladies safely home. It was strange, indeed, to be going indoors with them at the grewsome hour of midnight.

If Mrs. Hathspey was cold, nervous, almost hysterical, what could Della's state be? They lighted lamps, a fire, Reel sat between them on a lounge. They talked their hearts out more freely than ever before.

Mrs. Hathspey dwelt on the sad story of her son's evil temper, utterly ungovernable since her widowhood.

"Again and again, Reel, that boy has actually deprived us of our last dollar."

"Our only hope," Della added, "in the dancing-school scheme was to keep it a secret from him, was n't it, mamma?"

"Ah!" cried Reel, "I have a sudden recollection. The fellow whom Wormser —"

"That was a terrible moment. But I had always foreseen it."

"Yes; mamma always said Louis would find us out. Yet it was only by accident. He saw the open door. He had never recognized the name Hathspey, even if he had heard it."

With this Della blushed scarlet. Reel saw that something lay behind her words.

Mrs. Hathspey met his quick inquiring glance with candor.

"Hathspey was my mother's maiden name. I could not drag my husband's name into such scenes." Then with a bright, vivacious air, as if forgetting the present in living recollections of a happier past, "Della was taught to dance as a delightful home accomplishment. Such a little fairy, and her father so proud of his only girl! He superintended all her studies himself. Wherever we went, no matter how ill he was,—except in Madrid, at the very last,—"

"One moment!" interrupted Reel.

He had listened to this fond babbling with indescribable emotions.

He found a folded paper among others in his diary. This one was backed, with method bespeaking the lawyer,

"Private. T. T. to A. T., Jan. 15, 1853."

He opened it, and without preliminaries, but with vivid flashes from his gray eyes upon his listeners, read as follows:

"I suspected that Harland's long illness and the heavy expenses attendant upon frequent changes of base had quite exhausted his means. With this idea, upon news of his demise, I wrote promptly to Madrid. My letter addressed to Mrs. Harland was returned with an inscription, '*Gone to California.*'"

"Now, boy, you are to find them. George Harland's widow and fatherless children are not to go roughing it about the world while there's a dollar in the pocket of any Turner of Kentucky. There are two boys and —"

"George died," said Mrs. Hathspey in a dry, thin voice, "on our voyage." As for Della, she had hidden her face deep in her mother's breast and was sobbing out, "Mamma knew you all the time!"

Reel's one thought was to turn his happy discovery to instant account. "You see how everything comes round, Mrs. Harland," meaningly.

"Am I to be your son, *after all*?"

Mrs. Harland understood his frankly daring allusion, but it only touched her to bitterness.

"What, Reel! Would you marry a girl who has danced in public? Have a Mrs. Turner recognized some future day as — no, no!"

Then she begged him to go away and see what they were doing with her boy. Her heart had suddenly misgiven her for him. Reel thought, too, she wished to cut short his importunity.

VII.

THE steamer destined to carry Della Harland away had come into port. Reel looked upon the black hulk as an inhuman monster. He had gone down to watch the landing in a gloomy mood enough, poor boy. What could a young fellow find to move the stern, inflexible will of a proud old woman?

Suddenly amidst the disordered crowd on the wharf a familiar face flashed upon his — a home face. He strode forward, and was presently grasping a warm hand.

"You in California, Jack Fletcher!"

"Why not; you don't want all the nuggets, do you?"

"Confound the nuggets. How are they at home?"

"R'aring."

"You don't mean it. The Judge — at me?"

Fletcher nodded.

"What the devil is it about?"

Fletcher laughed, shrugged his shoulders, said he guessed he had something in his pocket would explain. He pulled out a letter.

From Reel's father, sure enough, and hot as pepper.

"You disgraceful young whelp! To go and pretend that you are doing your best in my little business! Why, the very mail that brought your hypocritical letter brought a frank and honest one from — whom d'ye think? Why, from a son of the very widow I'm after. Louis Harland is his name, and asking for help. Now, boy, cut around lively. Open your heart and your purse. . . If George Harland's daughter is out of long clothes, or in 'em, hang it! what do I care! Why, just marry her as kings have married historical babies. Mind what I'm saying. Quit tagging after painted Jezebels and tie yourself down for life. Secure that little girl. Good blood there, boy. And bring your wife, (I want to educate her myself,) your mother-in-law, brothers-in-ditto, back to Kentucky. Room for 'em all, and a dozen Turner-Harland picaninnies in this desolate old house."

Reel could hardly see his friend Fletcher safely lodged before rushing, all alive with joy, to the Harland cottage.

The women left their packing to listen to a reading of Reel's letter, with judicious omissions.

While they were warm in discussion of it, comes a knock at the door.

"O mamma!" cried Della, running to peep through the window, "it's a mob, a fearful mob."

Mrs. Harland turned pale and gasped, "Louis. Something has happened to my boy."

Reel had to open the door. Della's mob proved to be a mere handful of amiable and decorous citizens.

"Hallo, Tom!" cried Reel, "is it you? Come in. Come in, Durcan; Mr. Philpont; Nick."

They filed in sedately until the little box of a room was quite full.

The Honorable John Philpont, whose conceit of his eloquence had survived the impairment of his faculties, offered himself as spokesman.

"Mrs. Hath — ahem! Harland," he said, with a courtly bow, — "Miss Harland," — here a profound obeisance, — "Mrs. and Miss Harland's friend," — now Reel was honored, "and gentlemen: I have swept on the wings of an elegant leisure from the fierce crater of Vesuvius to the — a — the mysterious twilight of hyperborean regions; I have swept on wings — on — wings —"

Here a voice broke in dryly, "Never mind yer sweeps, this lay out. Jest swoop down onto the business, Johnny."

It was Watts who had spoken. Yet he was unprepared for consequences.

The interruption completed Philpont's undoing. His lips still feebly groping after syllables never to be uttered, the immaculate gentleman sat down suddenly with a wild stare.

Tom was no orator. He did not even like the sound of his voice, especially when ladies were by. Moreover, he had dressed himself with too painful effort for this occasion. His collar gripped him tight. His stiff laundried linen did not sit easily upon him when his broad breast began to swell, — his broad breast which had so recently been the theater of a tremendous emotional experience. He was still tremblingly sensitive to the near presence of a certain modest young lady, in whom had merged his bewitching fairy of the footlights.

So honest Tom, when he could drag his eyes off the floor, only rolled them up toward the ceiling with comical effect. He gulped. He scraped his brow with a handkerchief of similar tint, tightly drawn for sudatory convenience over his thumb. His speech did not come trippingly. Its substance was as follows:

Seeing that "that warbling chap" had gotten away with much precious mountain dust never intended for him, it appeared to "the boys" that if the ladies then present would only set another night, there might be a more satisfactory deal all round.

Now, these words were not without tact, though Tom despaired of them so. They delicately suggested a duty owing to the public for past generosity. Instead of imperiously denying, Mrs. Harland began to plead.

"O, sir! O, gentlemen! don't invite my poor little girl before the footlights again. Don't!"

"Far be it from me, ma'am," cried Watts, getting courage with a flow of generous warmth, "to hanker after sech a thing. Just set the sort of soree" — Tom meant *soirée*, a violent attempt at something better than his wont — "the sort of soree most agreeable, and we'll pay any figger fer it. Now, Philpont's idee was a dance in your hall, was n't it, Johnny? Pull yourself together an' give us a lift, do now!"

Mrs. Harland amiably hastened to relieve Watts' embarrassment. As to a sort of social re-union, she and her daughter would both be happy; but it must be very soon, on account of her departure.

Who had any love of delay in those enthusiastic old days? The next evening was set. Durcan made a little address, alluding to happy relations now sundered forever. The citizens departed, hustling poor Philpont along with them. Reel accompanied his friend Tom for a talk.

"I see how the cat jumped, of course," Watts owned, "at the coach that night. There was n't two sweetnesses as you and me thought, but only one, and she — ha, ha! I say, boy!" with a brave assumption of his old humor, "'t would a-been a hard game on your girl if you'd a-throwed off on her to run after the little señorita, now, would n't it? Ho, ho, ho!"

Besides this confidence, Reel had a word on Mrs. Harland's behalf. "You know what mothers are, Tom. She frets. So tell me all that happened."

"Well, 't wa' n't much on anything to tell. We gave Lou his last choice this morning, an' he had to decide while we counted twenty; a free ride on a horse that was all back-bone, or a scamper anyhow he pleased to the mines. I saw him off with his banjo on his back."

VIII.

A WIDE-OPEN stairway on Washington Street. Gay notes dancing downward, and no end of people gayly thronging upward. Old Wormser at his post, merely it would seem from habit, for no money is taken at the door. "What!" cries Mrs. Harland, "ask my friends to pay me on such a happy occasion!"

Old Fritz at his post, chin on fiddle, lack-luster eyes fixed upon the narrowing space in the center of the floor, and filling in time with improvisations. The Honorable John Philpont as usher, airing his dim, flitting ghosts of graces.

Suddenly Tom Watts arrives at the hall, breathless, carrying a mysterious basket which he leaves in Wormser's charge. "Am I too late? Kept 'em waitin'?" whispers Tom.

He clutches a great bouquet of white roses, a keen contrast to his hot face.

"They're all ready," Wormser attempts to whisper back, and grunts instead.

Tom creaks anxiously to the dressing-room door, closed all this while and the loadstone now of every eye; he knocks, pushes the door open a little, holds mysterious colloquy with somebody at the crack, turns, waves his huge bouquet frantically to Fritz.

The fiddle-bow, which has only been pranking, descends with a fine, clean, eloquent stroke. The dressing-room door is flung wide. Who is coming out of it? What is going to happen?

Mrs. Harland attired with her well-known simple stateliness, moves forward upon Reel Turner's arm. A strange dazzling expectancy in the youth's fair face shows a soul afire with a pure flame.

Close after this couple, a man walks alone. You know his profession at a glance.

Last, leaning upon the arm of the newly arrived Mr. Fletcher of Kentucky, somebody floats along. She is slight, shy, and beautiful with a morning dewiness. Her dress is of white. She looks on the floor.

Watts and his bouquet diligently clear a passage to that open central space. The

Honorable John commands silence in the stairway. Every head is craning this way and that for a good view of certain very interesting proceedings. The minister's voice. Reel has Della's hand put in his. How she clings to that one real contact amid a world of dizzy emotions!

Once, and only once, she lifts her flower-like eyes, and they have in them all trust, all deathless devotion.

Later, Reel bends with frank chivalry, kisses her, and calls her his "little wife" before them all.

Strained expectancy relaxes. The silence breaks up into airiest gayety. There is not much room for dancing, but what room there is everybody wants.

Mrs. Harland trails about, never so serene, and gracious from the heart outward. The fire in her old eyes flickers down but once. That is when Wormser, commenting upon an old vigilant habit of hers, grumbles, "No danger he'll come tonight, mum."

For by this time her whole story is public property.

Her lip quivers. "I would go to him now, Mr. Wormser; but it would be a useless sacrifice, — useless to him, I mean. So I will wait." Her trembling voice growing clear, — "The iron will some day find his soul, Mr. Wormser. Then he will come to me, — ah, yes, he will come."

The dancers are departing. The fiddle is boxed, the piano closed.

There remained of the guests only Tom Watts and the Honorable John Philpont, busy over a table whereon had been displayed an elegant service of silver, the gift of friends to one whom Watts, at least, would never forget.

The two men were carefully packing the articles away in a basket, and fraternizing over their work.

"'T was your fine language brought him round, Johnny."

"Fine language? Not a bit of it. 'T was the dust, Tom, especially that las' bagfull. That bagfull of dus' was more eloquen' than a dozen orations."

Indeed, this identical service had been hard to secure. It had been imported by the senior member of a flourishing auction firm, a man flushed with success then and infamous since, for his own use.

But now every noble piece was duly inscribed with a name that was a memory, a dream, a romance, — *La Genara*.

Even Mrs. Harland is disposed to contemplate ordeals past with retrospective pride. To old Fritz, bidding her goodby forever, she has mellifluously summed up her changed view of things.

"My girl is not any girl, Mr. Herzog. It takes good human stock to consummate useless self-sacrifice. Della is a true Harland. I'm glad she's married a Kentuckian, as I did. For I tell you" — with an uplift of the corners of her mouth to show how pure the gayety bubbling up in her — "in my husband's old State, why, sir, the very grass is 'true blue'!"

But the bridegroom lingers in the dressing-room under pretence of folding his fair little bride in her wraps. The old dressing room, that has associations.

Reel's eyes, in spite of the love in them, begin to throw off little flashes of teasing light.

"Tell me!" he whispers, in his most imperious fashion, "had n't you rather be teaching fellows to dance, — *one, two, three*," — and intentionally clumsy, he illustrates: "*One, two, three*. Had n't you rather be doing that, Mrs. Aurelius Turner, than going away with me for a honey-moon?"

"O Reel!"

Strangely enough, Mrs. Aurelius Turner does not answer a whit more wisely, nor a whit less eloquently, than little maiden Della.

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

OVERLAND STAGING ON THE THIRTY-SECOND PARALLEL ROUTE IN THE FIFTIES.—II.

ON account of the frequent disasters to the mail line from Indians, it became necessary that stronger armed squads should accompany the mail coaches ; and Mr. Copewood therefore employed two escort parties of nine men each, composed of the best fighting material that could be procured, armed with Sharp's rifles and Colt's revolvers. Two old frontiersmen well tried by frequent encounters with hostile Indians were put in charge of these squads as captains,—the one, Samuel Sharp, the other, E. W. Cook, both men of courage and unflinching integrity. Captain Cook's company felt themselves highly complimented when Captain William Kness joined them as coachman, for he was regarded as one of the safest Indian fighters on the frontier.

During Captain Cook's first trip westward he overtook near Fort Clark an emigrant train of five wagons bound for California, consisting of eight men, five families, a herd of fifty cows, and a like number of mules and horses. The proprietors were told at Fort Clark that they were not strong enough to withstand the numerous bands of Indians frequenting the route, and would most likely be "taken in," as their valuable outfit would be so strong a temptation that every tribe in the country would soon be on their trail. Notwithstanding the many warnings received the emigrants drove ahead, and when Captain Cook came up with them out on the twenty-two mile stretch on Devil's River, they were corralled, and had been fighting the Wacos for two days, with a loss of four men killed, and one man and a woman severely wounded. A twelve year old boy, who the women said did more and better fighting than any of the men, was killed. The Indians had driven off all their herds, and the dispirited emigrants were now fighting to save themselves from death, and the women

and children from the terrible fate of being captured by the brutal savages. Cook's party soon drove off the Indians, helped to bury the dead, and remained with them till they had passed the dangerous country east of El Paso ; but whether they got through the Apache country in New Mexico and Arizona no one ever knew.

Captain Cook returned to Fort Clark without mishap ; but during the succeeding trip west, just as the stage was descending the steepest part of the narrow road that led down through East End Cañon, seven miles east of Howard's Wells, about thirty-five Comanches swooped down upon them. The first volley killed the off lead-mule, which caused the other to sheer the team to the right, and overturned the coach into a deep gulch, smashing it to pieces. [General Wardwell, Inspector of Customs, the only passenger, was on the inside of the coach. He escaped uninjured from the smash-up, only to meet a new danger on the outside. He "stood the racket" kindly, the boys said, however, and used the only weapons he had, a pair of small pistols, valiantly but with little effect. The Indians called such small arms "shoot-'em-shorts"; they were usually the only kind of pistols captured from Eastern tenderfeet by the Indians, and are used by the Indian children to kill grasshoppers, lizards, and snakes.

The Comanches kept up the fight about four hours, but were held at bay so effectually by the close-shooting Americans that they finally disappeared over the hills as rapidly as they came. Not a man of Cook's party was injured ; but what to do with the wreck, and how to get the General through to El Paso was a serious question. By the ingenuity of Captain Kness, they were soon enabled to construct a sort of cart out of the fore-wheels of the coach, upon

which was made a seat for the General and the Captain; and leaving most of the baggage well concealed, they went on at once, hoping to recover the cached goods on the return trip. General Wardwell took everything very well, merely laughing over their ill luck. A new set of troubles, however, awaited them; for on reaching Howard's Wells, where they intended to replenish their water, they found the merciless Indians had thrown about a dozen dead skunks into the water. Neither man nor beast could touch it; and when he learned that this compelled them to travel thirty-five miles to old Fort Lancaster without water, the General's patience ended, and he was furious at the Indians.

At Comanche Springs they met Captain Sharp with two coaches, but he refused them any assistance whatever; which so angered Cook and his men that a fight between them was imminent. This was, however, prevented by General Wardwell, though he severely censured Sharp at the same time. Sharp could easily have rendered them such assistance as they needed without weakening his own force.

While Captain Cook lay over at Fort Clark awaiting the arrival of a new coach, three discharged Union soldiers from San Antonio stopped to lay in a new supply of provisions and ammunition. They were fine looking fellows, were armed to the teeth, rode good horses, and had two large pack-mules with a complete traveling outfit. As they designed going through on the stage route to New Mexico, they were advised to wait, and travel with Cook. The soldiers objected to the slowness of traveling with the stage party, and said they were not afraid of Indians. Poor fellows! Cook found their dead bodies at the Ripples on the Pecos, stripped naked, horribly mutilated, which showed that they met their fate at the hands of the Mescalero Apaches. None of the Plains tribes mutilate the dead in this way. On gathering the bodies for burial, Cook found eight empty shells near one of them,—evidence that they sold out at a fearful cost.

On reaching the creek above old Fort

Lancaster and within a mile of it, Cook halted about three o'clock one evening for supper. After unhitching the animals and unsaddling the horses, five men were driving them to water, when a band of Wacos made a furious dash upon them from the brush, killing three men, wounding Cook, and driving away all the stock. The Captain carefully concealed the mail sacks and baggage, and taking a few days' rations, their canteens, a frying pan, guns, and ammunition, traveled on foot to Fort Clark. When he returned to the scene of the disaster, he recovered all the property cached, but the coach was literally chopped to pieces, and portions of it gone.

Although the government paid annually large sums of money to contractors for this precarious business of transporting United States mails through the Southwest, many of the employés, especially those who did most of the fighting, were poorly paid, and often not at all, and strikes became quite frequent. Mr. Copewood had failed to pay many of his men, and Captain Moon, Captain Kness, and George Ward, concluded to quit the mail line, and went to San Antonio to "round up" the contractor for an outfit to enable them to cross the country to the Pinos Altos gold diggings in New Mexico. After arranging matters to their satisfaction, they concluded to travel with Cook to Comanche Springs, and with Sharp to Smith's ranch, within fifty miles of El Paso.

At La Muerto, or Dead Man's Hole, Captain Sharp struck camp for supper, and to water his stock. The spring is situated about half a mile from the road, at the head of a cove in the mountain where the water gushes out in a bold stream from beneath a bluff of solid rock about three hundred feet in height, the water sinking in the gravel after running about thirty feet. Near the water the cove widens out into a basin-like shape, whilst a very difficult gorge between the craggy cliffs ascends to the mesa a mile or so above; through this gorge during the rainy season descend torrents of angry waters that sweep over the plain below. All around the spring and within the basin, which con-

tains perhaps an acre of ground, stand a dozen or more lone columns of solid limestone whetted into smooth irregularities by the wind-waves of centuries, their silent heads reaching upwards from twenty to eighty feet towards the Texan sky. All over the ground lie huge bowlders that have tumbled down from the gorge above.

When the party reached the water the Indians fired upon it, killing two men, and cutting off twenty mules, which they forced through the rocky gorge to the mesa above. Captain Sharp fell back to the station, and took refuge within the adobe walls, where the Comanches kept up the fight the rest of that day, the night following, and up to about ten o'clock the next morning. / During the night the savages shot red-hot metal arrows into the hay covering the stables, and into the corral to set them on fire, but failed, owing to the vigilance of the Americans. Sometime during the early part of the night they killed a mule at the spring, and while some of them were feasting and carousing, others were shooting at the Americans. / Seeing they had failed in their attempts to dislodge the whites, the savages soon began to disappear, and by ten o'clock the stage party had a clear field and drove rapidly away.

However, as Sharp returned, while he was halted at La Muerto, the Comanches attacked him again, killed all his men but one, destroyed the coach and mails, and carried away everything they wanted, leaving Sharp and one man to foot it to Smith's Ranch. /

Of all the places on any of these mail lines La Muerto is the most romantic; grandly so in appearance, and dreadfully so in its history. Shortly after the founding of Fort Davis, in 1855, by the commandant of the Eighth Infantry, Sergeant Love, "G" Company, three privates, and Sam (Cherry) as guide, started out to scour the country for timber to enable the post to prepare for the coming winter, which was expected to be very severe, as the site upon which the fort was built was some five thousand feet above sea level. On reaching the entrance to Limpia Cañon, also known as Wild Rose Pass, some six miles from the post, about thirty

Comanches dashed out from the mesquite brush and cut off the retreat to the post. Sam Cherry at once wheeled his powerful horse and dashed through the savages and ran for life out into the plain with a number of yelling savages after him. Sam would have made good his escape, but his horse stumbled and fell, breaking his neck, and falling upon him. In an instant he was surrounded by exultant savages. Raising himself up as best he could, he fired five shots from his six-shooter in rapid succession, each one with deadly effect; and turning the muzzle of his pistol at his own temple, fired his last shot into his own brain, thus escaping the terrible tortures of his enemies. Baffled and terrified, the savages fled without touching the body or the arms. The three soldiers were shot and riddled with bullets after they had fallen to the ground. The savages captured a drummer boy, aged about twelve years, who had slipped away from the post and joined the party for a day's boyish sport. The Comanches had meditated an attack upon the post, with the view of its destruction, as it would be a continued menace to them. The drummer boy spoke Spanish fluently, and on being questioned at length by the captors, through a Mexican boy captured some years before, he satisfied them that their scheme of destroying the post was sure to prove disastrous to them. They grew angry and turned him over to the squaws, by whom he was tortured to death.

During the fall of 1856 a great deal of difficulty was experienced in getting government dispatches through from San Antonio to Laredo, a distance of two hundred and seventy miles. The old Mexican town of Laredo is situated on the left bank of the Rio Grande, about one hundred and eighty miles by wagon road above its mouth, but could be reached from San Antonio by an old trail, a much shorter route, leading by the way of Fort Ewell, at the time abandoned. Three or four messengers had been sent from San Antonio to Laredo, but nothing was ever heard of them afterwards. Accordingly, some time in the month of October, Captain William Kness agreed to try the dangerous experiment

of carrying a dispatch over the trail. Arming himself with rifle and six-shooters, and selecting the best horse from the government corral, he started out one bright morning, followed by the sympathies and good wishes of his comrades, many of whom were heard to say with long sighs, as he rode away, "Poor Pete, that's the last of him."

About twenty-five miles southeast of Fort Ewell was situated the only watering place on the route, and here it was supposed the dispatch bearers had met their fate. At this spring, or water hole, Captain Kness arrived just as the sun was setting. Feeling keenly the solemnity of the scene,—the setting sun in a trackless desert, soon to be followed by the darkness of night, which would afford some degree of protection to the lone adventurer against the wily savages,—Kness alighted without unsaddling his horse, and busied himself in preparing his scanty meal, when his vigilant eye caught sight of about thirty Comanches upon the plains nearly a mile away, coming towards him in a long gallop.

Instantly mounting, Kness buried his spurs in the flanks of his horse, and a race for life began. Several of the fleetest Indians attempted to cut him off, but Kness's horse kept the trail and outstripped them all. For twelve miles the Comanches chased the fugitive. Suddenly a thick darkness swept over the expanse, under cover of which Kness left the trail to seek shelter among clumps of mesquite, which grew away to the left.

Here he lay concealed until the early dawn, when he cautiously proceeded and delivered the dispatch to the officer at Laredo.

Captain Kness found the remains of a man at the "holes." He had no time to ascertain his identity, but supposed him to be one of the dispatch bearers who had preceded him.

After resting several days Captain Kness was sent to Corpus Christi on a similar mission, and had again to traverse a very dangerous country. But so familiar was he with the perils of a frontier life that he rather liked such expeditions, and started out in fine spirits, and with proud consciousness that he was

able to take care of himself. On the third day out, while traveling leisurely over a dim trail, which led through an open plain extending unbroken as far as the eye could reach, he was suddenly brought to a halt by the report of a gun seemingly not far away; and not having heard the bullet, he was at a loss to determine the cause of the shooting or its direction. However, he galloped from the rather low ground where he was to an elevation about a quarter of a mile to his right, as the shot seemed to have been in that direction. On reaching this he could neither see nor hear any one. Not caring to go away without learning whence the shot proceeded, he dismounted, giving his horse the liberty of the picket rope to graze, while he watched in all directions for signs of an enemy.

Nearly half an hour had passed, his horse in the meantime grazing quietly. He began to think his ears had deceived him, and was about to resume his journey, when bang went another shot from a pistol as he thought, and some eight or ten hundred yards to the southwest.

Kness was now convinced that the shots were not fired at him, but what it meant was a perplexing problem; so he mounted his horse and rode in the direction whence the sound came. About half a mile in front and somewhat to the left, in the direction of Laredo, was what appeared to be a deep arroyo, fringed with small brushwood; and believing the shot came from it, Kness directed his course thither. On reaching it he found a deep, broad and dry gulch, but no signs of a human being.

While sitting upon his horse he saw up the gulch a small, dense chaparral, and what seemed like columns of smoke curling up from it, which not a little excited his suspicion. The closer he scrutinized it the more he became apprehensive that all was not right; for the shots and little columns of smoke seemed to indicate that Indians were secreted in the live-oak thicket. Yet he could not reconcile the random shots to this supposition. He therefore rode carefully round to the edge of the chaparral, and found that it was smoke sure enough, but could see noth-

ing nor hear any noises. Sorely perplexed over so strange an apparition he knew not what to do, so he sat upon his horse and waited. Should Indians be concealed in the thicket, of which he was now more than ever convinced, as the smoke indicated only a very little fire, it would be hazardous for him to venture into the brush. The day was being fast spent, and he had twenty or more miles to make to reach water, and what was to be done must be done quickly, so bang went his six-shooter and all was still.

Presently his horse pricked up his ears and looked steadily in the direction from whence the smoke arose. Kness was now more than ever convinced that there was some one at the fire; then he imagined he heard human voices, though very weak, or a long way off. Still no answer came to his shot. Was it a wounded savage that had chosen the chaparral as a retreat either to die or to recover? asked the Captain of himself as he waited. Still no answer came. Then he yelled as loud as he could, and no reply, though his horse constantly watched the chaparral. He now rode up to its edge and yelled again; then he heard distinctly a human voice sounding as though from one in deep distress.

Captain Kness rode into the arroyo so that he could approach within about one hundred yards of the spot whence proceeded the smoke, and yelled again. A human voice answered, and this time the word "Help" came faintly to his ears.

Securing his horse with a lasso, with rifle in hand, he cautiously made his way through the live-oaks till an object of horror presented itself before him. Wild eyes peering from deep sockets, haggard face, disheveled hair, and long bony hands reaching towards him, made him ready to turn and flee, when a feeble voice stammered: "Help—water!" Kness crept through the bushes and stood by the side of a living man, worn to a mere skeleton, lying by the root of an old live-oak tree, against the roots of which a small fire smouldered. Such a picture of distress he had never seen. So weak was the man that he could not raise himself from the ground upon which he lay. "Water—water," he

breathed, with his bony fingers extended towards Kness, making him almost shrink back with horror.

The Captain at once went to his saddle and brought some water and food, and raising the seemingly dying man to a sitting position, gave him water and bread. He seemed much refreshed, and slowly and in faltering tones told the story of his misfortunes.

"One or two weeks ago," said he, and broke off gasping for breath. "Some more water if you please, good sir." He drank and continued: "But it seems months ago to me, —three others and I were pounced on by Indians. It was just over there on the plain," he continued, pointing his long bony arms to indicate the course. "They fired upon us from the tall grass, and my three companions fell,—but it seems like a dream to me now. [My horse plunged as though he was mad and tumbled over a steep bluff, just where I don't know. He fell upon me and I went senseless. How long I lay I cannot tell. When I awoke I found my leg crushed, and my dead horse lying on it. My saddle, gun and blankets were gone. I felt as though I was dying, and when I awoke the sun was hid. The coyotes were yelping all around me, and I tried to get my broken leg out from under my horse; as I pulled I seemed to grow stronger,—with desperation, I suppose,—and at length succeeded in releasing myself. O God, how I suffered! By degrees I crawled up a small trail to where I am now. I had some matches, some bread, and a little dried beef in a buckskin sack, and some ammunition they did not get. Why they did not get my pistol I do not know. But I had not a drop of water. Upon the dry bread and beef I have lived till it gave out,—how long ago I cannot tell, as my only thought was water. I bandaged up my broken leg as well as I could to ease my pain, for I felt I should die in this thicket. What became of my comrades I do not know. Today I heard what I took to be the tramp of horses' feet, and I shot off my pistol with the hope of bringing some one to my relief—and thank God, you came."

"What is your name?" asked the Captain.

"George McKinney. I live in Austin."

"The names of your comrades?" continued Kness.

"Dick Smalley, Andy Kemp, and Sandy Joe; his other name I never knew. We had been over in Old Mexico after some Mexican robbers, and were going to Corpus Christi for supplies. Why the Indians did not kill me I do not know. It would have been better, for I have suffered a thousand deaths already; but I now feel I will live to get even with the red devils some day."

Captain Kness had about eight days' rations and about one gallon of water, so he concluded to remain with McKinney till the next morning, and soon had enough sticks to make quite a comfortable fire, as the nights were cool. McKinney was very grateful, and assured the Captain that he would make an effort to ride with him to Corpus Christi. The next morning he felt quite strong, and Kness lifted him into the saddle, fastened the smashed leg to the stirrup leathers so as to give it support, and getting up behind, started for Corpus Christi, where the two arrived safely in three days. McKinney's leg was set by a surgeon and in a few months he was well.

Captain Kness stayed at Corpus Christi several days, and then went back to Laredo without accident. On the way, when he came to the chaparral he searched the grounds and found the remains of two dead men, but failed to find the third. About a quarter of a mile below McKinney's camp he found the dead body of a horse which he supposed was McKinney's.

During the following August, Captain Kness and George McKinney met at San Antonio, and celebrated the occasion in genuine frontier style. McKinney's broken leg was well, but somewhat shorter than its fellow, which gave a halt to his gait. He said he had not heard of either of his three comrades, and was satisfied they were all killed. On being asked if he had ever gotten even with the red-skins, he said:

"Not by right smart, for the devils always

come out ahead; but I've got even with the d—d greasers, you bet." McKinney shared the hatred of most Texans toward the Mexican race, for the horrors of the Alamo were yet fresh in the memories of many. "Last May," he went on, "I thought my leg was sound enough to let me have another turn with Mexican robbers and Injuns, a sort of matter of course business with any fellow who dared venture outside the settlements. Six of us had gone down on the Rio Grande about fifty miles above its mouth, to take in a camp of Mexican robbers that was said to have their headquarters first on the Mexican side and then on the American side of the river. When the greasers stole horses from us they generally crossed the Rio Grande to dispose of them, and when they robbed the Mexican ranchos and haciendas they crossed over to our side to dispose of their booty. In this way they have been carrying on a system of horse-stealing and robbery ever since the close of the Mexican war. Our people had become tired of it, and we took it into our heads to stop it. So early one bright morning we swooped down upon their camp, killed four greasers, and captured five desperate-looking fellows, the balance getting away. We got thirty fine-looking Mexican horses, some fine silver-mounted saddles and bridles, and seven hundred dollars in Mexican coin. We were to deliver our prisoners and the property to the United States Marshal at Austin, who always allowed us to keep all property not claimed by the rightful owners, so you see we made a paying business out of it; that is, provided we got through with our scalps. Our prisoners were a desperate-looking set of fellows, and we tied the five greasers hand and foot upon five Mexican broncos. We had a long journey before us right through the Injun country, and as we had plenty of grub, we concluded we'd go right through to Austin. We avoided the towns because the Texas greasers might band together to release our prisoners, and we might get killed and lose our property. So we started out, driving our prisoners tied on ponies along with the herd, with their hands bound behind them. The

night we camped on the Nueces River we had some fun with a Mexican who was so sullen that he had not eaten a bite the whole trip. One of the boys, called 'Shorty,' swore that if he did n't eat that night he'd make 'im eat. So pretty soon the fun begun trying to make the greaser eat; but eat he would n't; so one of the boys said, 'Let's hang the d—d rascal.' 'Agreed,' chimed in all of us. No sooner said than Shorty had a lasso round the greaser's neck, and in a minute he was hangin' to the limb of a tree, a kickin' like a good fellow. One of the boys said, 'Guess he'll eat now, sposin' we let 'im down.' So down the greaser came limber as a dish rag, and about as useless, and when the noose was loosened he didn't revive worth a cent. His neck was broke short off and he was dead. Shorty laughed over the affair as a capital joke,—to hang a Mexican to keep him from starving to death, but the rest of us did n't laugh much, for we had no idea of killin' him. Shorty, however, wanted to hang all the rest, but we objected. We buried the Mexican, and the next morning started out on our journey. There never was a jollier set of fellows ever tracked the plains than we were, but that morning somehow or other we were more serious than usual. We had gone about three miles when we entered the edge of a dense chaparral to our left. We had just gotten strung out pretty well on the trail, when *zip, zip*, went about fifty arrows right in among us, and such yells as almost raised our hair. Our herd along with the prisoners darted off square to the right and made for the plains, and we being behind were forced to fall back to a clump of oaks that grew on the right hand side of the road. Up to this time not an Injun had been seen, but in another instant we saw about a dozen off to our right heading in a long run for the herd. Of course the prisoners had to follow the herd, as they could not guide their horses. Then the red devils who fired at us ran towards the herd also; we poured a volley into them and unhorsed three. They didn't seem to want any truck with us, but kept right on after the herd, and pretty soon we saw by

the way the Mexicans rode that the Injuns had filled them full of arrows. Well, them Injuns killed our Mexican prisoners, and got away with all our captured horses but one fine Mexican stallion that Shorty was leading. We were right glad to get away with our top-knots, you bet. We went to Corpus Christi, where we landed all right. We divided the money equally between five of us, and gave Shorty the Mexican stallion for his share of the booty. In less than a week Shorty and two of the boys were dead broke. I reported the killing of the Mexican captive robbers, and losing the stock by the Injuns, and the marshal complimented the redskins very highly for their kindness, and said he hoped they'd kill a few more."

During the War of the Rebellion, the mail and stage routes were abandoned in the southwest, and the station buildings destroyed by savages, who were masters of the country. Though the Confederate government had an Indian policy, her engagements in the East were of such pressing importance that her southwestern frontier was neglected, and the Federal authorities at Washington were not much better able to give attention to border matters; which left General Carleton military dictator of the Southwest. The consequences were, that while the North and South were fighting for political supremacy, the savages of the Southwest were having things their own way.

After peace was restored, the United States mail service in the Southwest had to be "reconstructed," and unfortunately for the good name of America, under an intensely partisan spirit on the part of the rulers at Washington, and a speculative one on the part of their agents. Taking advantage of the condition of the Southwest, overrun as it was by hostile savages, speculators devised schemes to make millions of money out of the Indians, out of which grew Star Routes, and other robberies of the national treasury.

During the spring of 1866, a Mr. Copewood, was awarded the contract to convey the United States mail from San Antonio to El Paso, over a route beset with some of the

most warlike tribes on the continent. About the first of July of that year Mr. Copewood employed Captain William Edgar, formerly commander of the Valverde Confederate Battery, and gave him command of the United States Mail escort, San Antonio being headquarters of the Copewood line. Captain Edgar, at an early hour on the third of the month, set out westward with the mail coach, accompanied by a strong and well armed body of frontiersmen. The roads were in bad condition from long neglect, and much time was necessary in making the first trip. After the party had camped at Limpia Cañon, fourteen miles east of Fort Davis, about one hundred Mescalero Apaches came dashing up, and José Chiquito, their chief, demanded in Spanish, corn, flour, sugar, and tobacco, or he would kill the party and take what they had, — a very persuasive alternative for fifteen men against a hundred desperate savages. Captain Edgar was not able to fight such a superior force, and yet he had no confidence in any promises the Mescalero chief might make; but he resolved to use every advantage the situation afforded, trusting to the fortunes of the future. So, in turn, he demanded protection for the property and men upon the line, which the wily chief readily granted, upon receipt of the goods demanded, at the same time telling Edgar to give him a written statement of the stipulations of the treaty. Edgar immediately gave the Apache chief fourteen sacks of corn, and as many of flour, a quantity of sugar and tobacco, and the written instrument demanded. The Indians seemed very much pleased, and with their stores and everything they could beg from the escort took their departure, and on the following morning Edgar proceeded towards El Paso in safety.

A few days after this Captain Thomas Davis, with the stage and escort, left Smith's ranch, going east, for Fort Clark. On arriving at Birilla Springs, twenty-six miles east of Fort Davis, the Captain stopped at about ten o'clock to breakfast, when José Chiquito and his band again came dashing up. The presence of nearly a hundred armed warriors

created some uneasiness among the escort, although most of them were old pioneers, and used to Indian warfare. The chief was very arrogant, and demanded corn, flour, sugar, and tobacco, at the same time exhibiting the written statement given him by Captain Edgar, with renewed promises of safety upon receipt of the goods demanded. Thereupon, Captain Davis gave him nearly everything he had, consisting of corn, flour, sugar, coffee, and tobacco. Supposing everything was now safe, he manned the mail coach and proceeded. At the old station at Birilla Springs were standing portions of the old adobe walls of buildings which had been erected prior to 1860, and which were sufficiently preserved to make an admirable position for defense against an enemy; therefore the cunning Apache chief employed a deception to decoy the stage party away from the well fortified springs.

Captain Davis had not gone more than a mile, when the Indians made a furious dash upon him, cutting him off from the main thoroughfare, and forcing him to take to the foothills to the left of the road. The attack became so desperate that Davis was forced to halt, corral his stock, and prepare for defense. Two of his men had been killed and himself slightly wounded, leaving him seven men to hold the Apaches in check. Early in the fight the Indians had riddled the water kegs with bullets, and nearly all the water had leaked out, which annoyed Davis, as water was an indispensable article, especially to wounded men. His men, however, preserved an extraordinary coolness under the galling fire of the assailants. The situation of the stage party was now exceedingly critical, — seven men against one hundred, — beyond the reach of assistance, out of water and food, and out in the trackless depths of the plains surrounded by savages. But the iron face of Captain Davis betrayed no sign of fear, which nerved his men to stand by him to the last. Three ex-Confederates and four ex-Union soldiers were now side by side fighting the common enemy of their race, ready to shed their blood in defense of the United States mail service.

The unequal contest was now becoming hopeless for the Americans; another of their number lay dead, and the Captain had a second wound more serious than the first. To save the coach and animals was now impossible. Finally, in solemn tones, the Captain said, "Boys, we cannot longer hold out against such fearful odds: May be, if we abandon the coach we can save ourselves."

Acting upon the suggestion they took their guns, ammunition, and all the canteens of water, and made a run for the road, near which was a deep, dry arroyo. This they reached in safety, but contrary to their expectations, while a part of the enemy were plundering the coach, a strong force dashed after them. When they came within short rifle range, Davis and his men poured a deadly fire into them, and six savages fell. A defiant yell arose from the remainder, and just as Captain Davis entered the arroyo, a rifle ball broke his thigh, and at the same time one of his men was severely wounded by an arrow.

As Davis fell he said, "Boys, I'm shot, — I'll die fighting. Save yourselves, — you can do me no good."

One man sprang to his side, — "I'll die with you, —" his words were cut short by a fatal bullet that went crashing through his brain.

The remaining four members of the escort, only one of whom remained unhurt, ran down the arroyo, and while the savages were crowded round the gallant Davis, made their escape. Captain Davis emptied seven cartridge shells before they succeeded in putting an end to his life.

Five men out of that brave escort lay dead upon the bloody field. Indeed, it was as if by miracle that any escaped. Those who survived managed to reach old Fort Lancaster, where they overtook a government party, and were conveyed to San Antonio. Captain Davis's bones were found near where he fell; and near by lay seven shells just as he had thrown them out of his rifle. The breech of his gun was broken, and the barrel bent nearly double. His body was conveyed to the old Birilla Station, and buried in the

chimney corner. The bodies of the others were not found till long afterwards, when they were discovered in the well at the station, where the Indians had thrown them for the purpose of poisoning the water. The Indians destroyed the coach, cut the mailbags to pieces, and carried off the mules. Seventeen Indians were known to have been killed; the number wounded could not be learned.

A few days afterwards Captain John Holliday with eight men and two coaches, on his way to Fort Clark, found the skeletons of three men by the roadside, just after crossing Devil's River. The coyotes had denuded them. There remained no clew as to whom they were, except some fragments of Federal uniform, which strengthened the belief that they were discharged Union soldiers.

On Holliday's return, he halted to breakfast two and a half miles west of Escondido, or Hidden Springs, and while the men were cooking, José Chiquito with sixty-five warriors appeared and surrounded them at long range. When within about six hundred yards of the coaches they opened ranks, the front rank going in a circle to the left, and the rear rank circling to the right, passing in single file, with a space of twenty or more feet between the files, still preserving the distance from the Americans; and when they met on the opposite side each file continued round the circle as before. This intimidating movement was kept up about an hour, when the old chief came forward with a white flag to where Holliday's men were eating, cooking and standing guard.

Addressing Holliday in Spanish, the chief said: "Me not on war-path. Me want corn, flour, sugar, and tobacco."

Holliday had been advised of his treacherous tricks, and shrewdly engaged him in conversation through one of his own men who spoke Spanish, purposely to give his men time to finish their breakfast. During the talk there was seen about two miles to the southwest a large herd of cattle, driven by Indians in the direction of Presidio del Norte, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande.

Finally, the chief showed Holliday Captain Edgar's letter, and said: "Me must have grub"; to which the Captain replied: "We give you nothing but hot lead."

The chief feigned not to notice Holliday's reply, but inquired in an absent way, critically eying the Americans with guns in their hands: "Why not move down to the Springs?"

"We have all we want where we are," returned Holliday dryly.

In the mean time the men had eaten breakfast, and though they had been ordered not to fire upon the Indians, Captain Kness who had a long-range Sharp's rifle, saw an Indian about five hundred yards away in the act of picking up something from the ground. He leveled his rifle, and with a nod from the Captain he fired. At the crack of the gun the Indian gave a terrific yell and fell dead. This broke up the circuitous maneuvering, the Indians at once separating into small squads. Upon one of these squads three of Holliday's men fired, unhorsing three savages, which caused them to scatter.

During all this time the old chief stood apparently not a bit disturbed over the hostile demonstrations on the part of the Americans, seeming to rely upon his white rag to protect him from harm. The Indians, collecting their dead, started for the Springs in a full gallop. The old chief with a "good-by" mounted his horse, and with his white rag flying in the air followed them in a long gallop. Several of the men wanted to kill the old rascal as he rode off, but the Captain vehemently denounced such an act, saying: "Men, let us 'bide our time."

Near Escondido Springs is a high wall of rocks, close by the base of which the road runs bordering the edge of a dense thicket, which grew upon the opposite side in the flat, thus forming a narrow defile between the bluff and the chaparral wide enough for only one vehicle at a time. Around this defile the savages had concealed themselves, supposing the Americans would be forced to pass it or take the back track, which they were satisfied Holliday was not disposed to do. On the left is a high mesa gradually

sloping towards the Springs, and cut up into numerous small arroyos; over this Holliday at once concluded to force a passage in order to reach the road several miles below the Springs. On reaching a point opposite the Springs, the Indians came running towards them afoot, firing as they ran. Holliday returned the fire with good effect, but still kept his animals in a sweeping run.

The battle waged so fiercely that a halt was called to corral the coaches and stock and to dig rifle-pits, in order to protect themselves from immediate destruction by the deadly fire of the enemy. The Indians deployed themselves upon three sides of the coach party, and poured such a shower of bullets and arrows at them, that the men had great difficulty in entrenching themselves; but they fought and dug rifle-pits so persistently that they were soon well protected, and prepared to stand a forty-eight hours' siege.

The shades of night, however, soon put a check upon the combatants, although the Indians who had completely surrounded the Americans were enabled by moonlight to send showers of arrows at every man that showed himself above the rifle-pits. Thus the night was passed, and as the sun lit up the plains the contending foes with renewed vigor began again the work of death.

Early in the morning the old chief had concealed himself behind a huge palm-stock about eight hundred yards from the rifle-pits. This was observed by an Arkansas boy with long, wavy flaxen hair, whom the boys called "Arkansaw Charley." He at once leveled his gun and at the crack of the rifle the chief rolled over dead. This lucky shot proved the turning tide of the battle; for the red-skins on learning that their chief was dead at once fell back to the Springs, carrying their dead and wounded with them. The fight was over, and not a member of that brave band of Americans had received a scratch.

After a hasty breakfast, Holliday lost no time in making good his escape.

Twenty-three Indians in all had been killed, and how many wounded could not be

learned. The stage party reached the road about noon, and had no further trouble during the trip.

During that year this band of Indians had stolen over five thousand head of cattle from the vicinity of Fort Clark and on the Nueces River. For a hundred miles from where Captain Holliday intercepted the main road it was strewn with dead cattle, which, as they became foot-sore and dropped behind, had been lanced to death by the Indians. †

The Indians seem to have remained upon the battle ground that day, for they built out of stones upon the spot where José Chiquito fell, a monument some three feet broad at the base, and about five feet in height, upon the top of which they erected a cross two feet in length which they stained with blood. The cross was made of stacks of the Yucca or soap weed plant, and fastened together with animal sinews. †

Upon the face of the bluff that stood by the road was a smooth surface about fifty feet by about ten wide, upon which the Indians had painted in a very rude manner, in colors of red and blue, two coaches with six mules attached to each, and driver seated on top, representing the "spirit wagons" of the whites. The Americans were rudely represented occupying the rifle-pits, and peering from behind the coaches with guns in their hands. The Indians had also portrayed themselves in the positions occupied during the fight, and a number sprawled upon the earth, representing their own dead. Upon every smooth rock lying round were painted figures representing men, mules, and weapons. These paintings Captain Holliday found on his return, but could never find where they had buried their dead.

Captain P. Moon, formerly member of a Michigan cavalry regiment during the Civil War, fought as bravely and with as much judgment as though he had always been accustomed to Indian fighting, and for his gallantry he was afterwards made captain of an escort on the same line. ✕ As a fitting recognition of the gallantry of "Arkansaw Charley," Captain Holliday presented him with a fine gold watch, upon the case of which was

engraved, "Presented for killing an Apache chief."

"Arkansaw Charley" was always a favorite among the boys afterward, and was greatly dreaded by the Indians. The roving life of a cow-boy upon the frontier plains suited his tastes far better than the restraints of a mail escort, while the opportunities to score even with the redskins were equally good.

It was during the general "round-up" on the frontier border of Texas in the fall of 1866, that "Arkansaw Charley," in company with nine other cattle men, was caught upon the plains bordering the head waters of the Brazos by a band of thirty-five Comanches, all well mounted and armed, and led by one of their most daring sub-chiefs. "Curly Bill" Thompson, also born in Arkansas, but much older than Charley, was in charge of the round-up. He was a cow-boy of much experience, and was famous as an Indian fighter. The two were intimate friends,—as the phrase goes out West, they were "partners,"—what was owned by one belonged to the other, and many daring exploits had already marked their career.

The cow-boys were all well mounted, and each was armed with long range Winchester rifles, and the cow-boy's friend, a pair of six-shooters. They had plenty of ammunition, some jerked beef, and a canteen of water. • Arkansaw Charley, though not over twenty-three, was the recognized leader when an Indian fight was on hand; and when the Comanches were discovered sweeping down upon them from the direction of a skirt of timber several miles to the northwest, Arkansaw Charley, after a short parley with Curly Bill, put spurs to his horse to secure possession of a piece of high open ground apparently about a mile away. —

A lively race now began—the cow-boys to gain good fighting ground of their own choice, and the Comanches to cut them off. Arkansaw Charley was riding a splendid black stallion, sure of foot, and very fleet, and the rest of the boys had to put their horses to full speed to keep up with their dashing young leader, whose long flaxen hair streamed out behind him like the fan of

an eagle. Not more than one-third of the distance had been made when one of their horses fell, tumbling the cow-boy into a ditch and breaking one of his legs. Instantly Charley and Curly Billy halted to fight where they were, rather than leave one of their comrades in the hands of the Comanches; but seeing the disadvantage of the position, they roped the horse, placed the crippled cow-boy upon his saddle and bade him follow toward the ridge.

The delay had brought the Indians near enough for showers of bullets and arrows to fly at them, but happily over their heads. The cow-boys were all expert horsemen, and were soon on a sweeping run, and luckily gained the summit of the ridge. Quickly staking their horses out of range, they took position flat on the ground at the highest point and awaited the approach of the Indians, who had stopped about one thousand yards away.

Presently, with a terrific yell, the savages charged, throwing themselves on the sides of their horses, and sending showers of bullets and arrows at the little band, but hitting wide of the mark. The Americans held their fire till the enemy were within two hundred yards, when they sent volley after volley from their Winchesters, and fifteen horses were seen tumbling and charging in the throes of death. For some time not an Indian seemed to have been hit; but before they retreated out of range two of them were shot down.

The Comanches collected in squads and were gesticulating at a frantic rate, then all at once they started in a run to gain the same ridge which sloped to the north from the point occupied by the cow-boys. A new danger now threatened, for as soon as the Indians reached the low ridge the horses were brought within range of the enemy. Arkansaw Charley had them immediately removed to a secure place on the opposite slope of the hill.

When the Indians discovered this they made another desperate charge, but were again repulsed, four Indians and ten horses being killed. Over half the Indians were now afoot, and a council ensued, and resulted in

the Indians dividing their force so as to cover the whites in a charge from both west and south, which would again bring their horses in range. Curly Bill and three men at once moved lower down, so as to cover the stock with their rifles, while Charley and the rest of the boys held the summit. On came the savages with defiant yells, charging on foot and on horseback; but again were they repulsed, with the loss of six horses and one Indian wounded. A long parley ensued, and presently a dozen or more Comanches were seen going over the hill with their horses, and half an hour later the same number were seen approaching afoot in a very stealthy manner, which was soon followed by like maneuvers by the other two squads. This change of tactics on the part of the Comanche chief greatly perplexed Charley and Curly Bill. "They are now creeping up on us through the grass to lay for every man who exposes himself to their sight," said Charley. "Crawl into the ground if you can, boys."

In this way the fight was kept up till thick darkness covered the plains, two of the cow-boys had been killed, both shot in the head. The broken-legged boy, a lad of seventeen, though suffering great pain, fought all the while, but on changing his position to ease his pains, was shot dead by a musket ball.

Curly Bill crept back to the summit, sending three men to guard the horses. A council was held as to what was best to be done. The darkness gave the savages the advantage; they being below could not be sighted, but every time one of the cow-boys raised his head it was outlined against the sky so plainly as to become a good target for the Comanche marksmen.

"They can now creep within twenty yards of us, can capture our horses, and kill every man who pokes up his head. They'll kill us by detail," said Charley.

Their situation was indeed a critical one. To attempt to get away from the Indians then seemed the merest folly, and to await the coming of day was even worse.

"It's a run for life any way we take it," continued Charley. "We'd better get to our

horses, mount, and scatter like quails, and run our chances."

"Done," answered the boys with one voice.

Crawling like a snake in the grass each man reached the picket which secured his horse, then to his feet, and in an instant all were mounted and off, each man taking his own direction. Charley and Curly Bill leading the horses of their dead comrades, rode off together. The savages, however, were not asleep, and as soon as the whites showed themselves began a vigorous shooting. But the cow-boys were off like a flash, leaving the Comanche chief biting his lips in rage over the slip they had given him. Three-fourths of his horses were dead upon the plain, many of his warriors killed and wounded, and the whites gone, and not a horse captured.

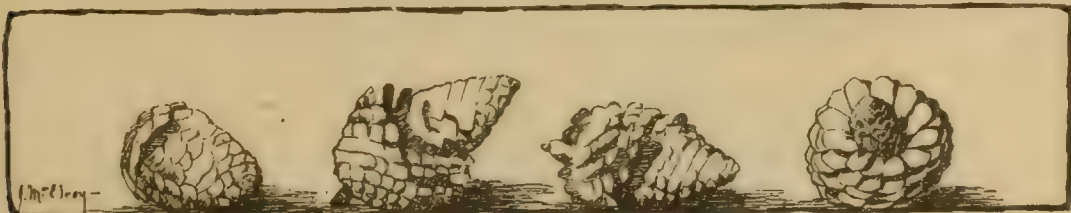
Long was the night to that scattered bunch of cow-boys upon the silent plains. The Comanches were not idle. The chief grew desperate, and taking six warriors was soon upon the trail of the four horses, going in a northeasterly direction, trailing them by the sounds of the shod hoofs tramping the earth. Just at the approach of day Curly Bill's sharp eye discovered Indians on the track. Being unable to determine in what number, they quickened their gait in what direction they scarcely knew. Soon losing sight of the pursuers, and thinking perhaps they were mistaken, they slackened their pace, and rode leisurely along till about ten o'clock, when they stopped at a water hole to quench the almost killing thirst of themselves and their horses.

Thinking they were safe, they staked out their horses, and prepared to breakfast on jerked beef and water, after which they

stretched themselves upon the grass to rest while their horses were grazing. It was not long, however, before the tramping of horses' feet was heard, and the chief and six warriors were upon them, shooting and yelling at a terrible rate. Instantly they went for their horses, Curly Bill mounting first, turned on them and began shooting his revolver as only a cow-boy can. Arkansaw Charley, by a mishap in attempting to catch the picket rope whilst firing his pistol, stumbled and fell. For only an instant though was he down, but long enough for an Indian to put a ball into his body before he gained his saddle. The contest now became fierce between the five savages — for two of them had already been killed — and the desperate cow-boys. Never were combatants more deadly in earnest. The chief scowling upon the gallant Charley fixed his bow, but from the American's quick and steady hand went a sudden ball, and the chief rolled dead upon the plains. But two savages now remained, and each singling out his man rushed upon him. Again the Americans were victors, and seven Comanches lay upon the ground with their painted faces hideous, — all in death. The conflict ended, and swooning, Arkansaw Charley fell from his horse. Curly Bill Thompson instantly caught him in his strong arms. "Water — water —" whispered the white lips, and he swooned again.

The two friends remained for an hour at the water bathing the wound, which proved to be only a bad flesh cut in the side. It was carefully bandaged, and Charley was ready to ride. Curly Bill collected their own and the Indian horses, and after scalping the dead Comanches, they mounted and rode slowly away.

Jesse Edward Thompson.



A RACE.

BEFORE the break of day we rose,
Our saddled broncos seemed to dose
About the eucalyptus close.

Damp fogs above the valley swung,
Veiled half the peaks that eastward hung
Their hoary heads of Arctic snows.

The dew was on the cypress trees,
The herder's first faint melodies
Went tinkling downward, and with these
The cry of cocks in shrillest tone,
The whiff of spices outward blown
Across the moorlands to the seas.

We spring to stirrup, tighten rein,
The blood speeds through the fiery vein
Of horse and rider. We remain,
But for the signal that shall send
Us like red rockets round the bend
To burst in madness down the plain.

No cavalier did ever feel
A better mettle at his heel,
Nor sit a steed of truer steel
In days of yore, when knights were bent
In one mad, whirling tournament,
Across the lists of old Castile.

And seated, each one in his place,
To westward turns his eager face,
And makes him ready for the race.
The prickly spur is keen and quick,
We fly, the very air is thick,
And gathering to a furious pace,—

The cactus levels to a lawn,—
Is coming,—past, and then is gone,
The earth below, swims on and on,
And just discovered, down a slope,
Goes scampering, an antelope,
And faintly o'er the peaks, the dawn

Sends up a crimson, then is seen,
The fog lifts lazily. Between,
And far along the foothills, green
And beautiful to see, the earth
Spreads out in undulating mirth,
And widens with the San Joaquin.

Far o'er the desert, to the right,
One lone adobe glimmers white
Against the sky, and like a kite
 The moon hangs blanched. The ocean breeze
 Comes to us, cool as pepper trees
Are, in the middle of the night.

And to the left, degenerate lands
Go wasting to eternal sands
Where on the low horizon stands
 The Red Stone Mountain, like a Sphinx
 Dyed in its ancient oils and inks,—
Reared 'mong its flaming figs and fans.

Long lengths of miles we measured thighs,
Across the Rancho de la Briez,
We passed the lakes, and heard the cries
 Of wild geese, seaward driven, and fled
 Along the desert of the dead
Clasped in its ghostly alkalies,

Then like an ocean stretching wide
The plain expanded, every side
Seemed streaming inland like a tide.
 With knotted veins and steaming flank,
 And just a tremble of the shank,
We rode like Pharoah ere he died.

Lo, suddenly the utmost line
Is broken by high seas that shine
With morning sun incarnadine
 Where softest sails wing in their flight
 Like drownèd moths at dead of night
Lost in the latest dregs of wine.

We near the gap; like flakes of snow
The waves are glittering below,
And like a thunderbolt we go
 Past cloven cornices, and fall
 Swift footed round the outer wall
With waving sash and sombrero.

Then gleaming bright the placid bay,
To right and left about us lay.—
We rode like kings, but lost the day:
 For standing out,—we saw afar,
 Our good ship round the harbor bar,
And to the westward bear away.

Allen Simpson Botsford.

A QUESTION OF WILL-POWER.

ASIDE from the summary cognition, "I am," nothing can be conceived more original, independent, and self-determining than "I will."

This seems to be the purest example of *force* of which any one can be conscious. To think "I will" is to command force. But if it do not act *upon* something, no manifestation of power is possible, and the very existence of the energy is unknowable, excepting to its creator. Once translated into terms of matter, with motion or any other cognizable effect, the existence and operation of a cause are discovered.

If we knew how this translation is accomplished, we should know exactly how the connection between mind and matter is made; but we do not, and can only rest in the knowledge that somehow the brain is the material mechanism by which the will is first manifested. It is the counterpart, in the finite human microcosm, of the creation of the macrocosm by infinite power. The Universal Mind, the eternal I Am, determined to become manifest. He said "Let there be," and there was, as he willed; and man was made in his image.

I am about to relate a singular experience in will-power, in which an intimate friend of mine was one of the principal actors, and the reader, with the plain facts of the tale before him, may draw his own deductions, and reach, if he can, a solution that has defied more than one physicist and psychologist.

In the summer of 1880, my friend, — Smith by name, and an officer in the regular army, — was serving at Fort Grant in Arizona. His duties at that particular time were exceedingly arduous and wearing, as they involved considerable responsibility in the way of public funds and stores, for which he was accountable, and which, owing to the want of necessary clerical and storage facilities, caused him so much mental anxiety

and overwork as seriously to impair his theretofore good health.

As time went on without any material relaxation in his overwork and worry, his health grew from bad to worse, and the post surgeon, although unable to discern any well-defined traces of organic disease, thought it best to recommend a change of climate and general surroundings in order to save the life of his patient. Smith was accordingly transferred from Fort Grant to Fort Thomas, some forty miles to the northwest, and in consequence of this move his sedentary staff duties were changed into the more active ones of inspector of Indian supplies at the San Carlos agency, at the confluence of the Gila with the San Carlos River, thirty-five miles below Thomas.

His regular station and quarters being at Fort Thomas, his new duties necessitated some pretty hard and disagreeable riding on horseback across a country generally considered at that period somewhat dangerous to wayfarers, for renegade Apaches from the reservation, and Mexican as well as American desperadoes were abroad, and people were murdered every once in a while on the road between the two localities, over which he went back and forth twice a week without escort. He was far from grumbling, however, at the compulsory out-of-door exercise, even with its accompanying spice of danger; for he found it beneficial to him, insomuch that if it did not bring back his former good health, it at any rate held his disease — which by this time, although not yet fully classified, had been diagnosed as a nervous disorder — in abeyance.

He remained at Thomas until February, 1881, when the necessities of the service called him to another station, and he was ordered to Fort Mojave on the Colorado River.

On arriving at this fort, he was met, on landing from the steamer that had brought

him, by his old friend, Major Roughwood, the commanding officer, who, after shaking hands with him, remarked that he was glad to see him looking so much better than he expected, after the reports he had heard about his health. After conversing on different subjects for a short time, — as between two old friends who had not met for years, — the Major went on :

“ By the way, Smith, you will meet in our new post surgeon, who reported for duty about a week ago, a friend who will be glad to see you ; for although he has never met you personally, he knows you well by reputation, — so he says, at any rate.”

“ What is his name ? ” asked Smith.

“ Comfort, — Doctor Ellis Comfort,” replied Roughwood.

“ Ellis Comfort ! ” repeated Smith, astonished. “ Why, what is he doing here ? He is a noted scientist and ornithologist, and I believe, one of the members of the National Academy of Sciences. I thought that he was detailed on scientific duty at the Smithsonian in Washington.”

“ He is here, nevertheless,” answered the Major, “ but not for long, as I understand he is to be relieved as soon as a contract surgeon, whose services have been engaged for this post, reports for duty, when Doctor Comfort will go back to Prescott, whence he came. But here he is to speak for himself.”

As Smith turned upon his heel to look at the new arrival, he found himself face to face with a strikingly handsome man, on the shady side of forty, with well-kept long beard and hair and distinguished manners, who smilingly extended his right hand towards him as Roughwood made the introduction.

When Smith attempted to withdraw his hand after the customary hand-shaking, he was astonished to meet with a resistance on the part of his own hand. It required almost an effort to detach the self-imprisoned member, which lingered with a soft friction in the passive hand of the Doctor, as when a short bar of iron is brought in contact with a horse-shoe magnet.

As the grasp relaxed, and the hands came apart at last, he was still more surprised to

see the Doctor's hand — of its own volition and quite involuntarily, for Comfort looked puzzled for a moment as if in doubt — make a distinct little forward movement, like a nervous jerk, as if to repossess itself of his own hand, in which he felt a curious sensation of loss of power, as if some vital essence were oozing away from his finger tips. The Doctor made a slight movement, as if to take hold of Smith's hand again, and looking straight down into his eyes with a peculiar, deep-reaching glance, said softly, with a pleasant smile, at the same time throwing his right arm carelessly over Smith's shoulder :

“ I am very glad that you and I have met at last. I have long wished for such a meeting, and we two will agree, for we belong to the same ilk.”

Smith, who had a high opinion of Comfort from his writings, felt flattered, and politely returned the compliment in the same spirit. But he very soon became absent-minded, and allowed the Doctor to do all the talking. He was thinking about his right hand, and its queer, inexplicable feeling, which had now changed into a prickly sensation, very distinctly felt and slightly benumbing.

A few weeks passed away in pleasant social intercourse between Smith and Comfort, which increased in a marked degree the attraction that our friend felt toward the Doctor ; and the feeling was evidently mutual, for, from the time of their first meeting, they could hardly be met with apart from one another.

Smith was a great reader and hard student, and had quite a fund of general information.

He was, besides, somewhat familiar with more than one branch of science, and he found the erudite doctor not only a pleasant acquaintance, but a most valuable companion as they rambled together in search of botanical knowledge in the vicinity of the post ; for no book that he had ever read conveyed its information in more refined and learned language than Doctor Comfort habitually used, even in general conversation.

Another bond of union between the two

was the obscure disease under which Smith suffered ; for, as post surgeon, Doctor Comfort had naturally taken charge of the case, and Smith was officially his patient. Comfort's thirst for science in all its multitudinous branches, especially such as are called occult, of which he was exceedingly fond, had however, necessarily, in the absence of progressive study, somewhat impaired his skill in diagnosis, for he could not clearly classify the disease of his patient, but characterized it in a general way as a form of aggravated nostalgia, attended with great nervous depression and derangement of circulation and digestion ; whereas it was afterwards ascertained by others to be a well-recognized disease, so serious in its nature as to be so far considered incurable by experimental medical science. His fondness for Chaldean and Accadian mysticism, and the Brahminical psychological theories recently popular in Europe and America as "Theosophy," had caused him to give up almost entirely the more practical studies in which he had already made a reputation, for he was the author of ornithological works of acknowledged value. He had just given up the further prosecution of a work upon which he had been engaged for years, and which would have been of great worth to science, in order to devote his whole time to occult researches and to his cherished dream of founding a modern school of esoteric philosophy which would revolutionize society ; for, as he often asserted to his friend, if everybody was in possession of the knowledge in the dark science that was already his own, the social organism of the world would be thrown into chaos.

But Comfort was far from being an atheistic physicist, denying mind in nature. He held, with Draper, that man came not hither of himself, and that the same great Will that prepared the earth for the human family brought man as a tenant at will upon it.

That there is something beyond it, for it is only during part of our time — our waking hours — that we are brought into relation with material things, for when we are asleep, a state in which we spend more than a third

part of our life, we are introduced to other scenery, other beings, another world. That dreams by night, and sometimes visions by day, show that life is not limited to our transitory continuance here below, but endures hereafter ; for — as he would insist when holding forth on the subject to his friend — how often at night do we see the well-known forms of those who have been dead a long time, and hear their almost forgotten voices ? In other words, Comfort was a spiritualist, and believed in a soul in man, and in that soul's eternal life.

One of his pet theories was that a living body results from the action of spirit on matter, and that life takes place on the union of the two ; and, in order to bring the question into some scientific shape, he had constructed an hypothesis that recognized the existence of spirit as determining matter, and made life the cause instead of the consequence of organization.

His corollary was that soul was spirit, and spirit was will, and the more soul stuff a human being possessed, the stronger was his will-power. For, he contended, whence emanated matter in the beginning, if not from the self-conscious, self-determining mind, which willed to become manifest ? And his final conclusion was that no matter whence it came, — after all, — he had plenty of soul stuff in himself, — and he generally ended with, "And you, too, Smith, if you only knew how to make it available, or let me make it so for you. For with your nervous disorder and your organization, and other factors which you possess, you fulfill all the conditions I require to call up visibly wonders from the heavens, the earth, and the deep."

"What !" asked Smith astonished, on one of those occasions, "would you use me as a spiritual medium ?"

"As a medium, if you wish to call it so. As a coadjutor, I would express it, in solving esoteric problems and mysteries, upon the thresholds of which I already stand, and whose portals I could enter with your aid," replied Comfort.

"Well," Smith answered thoughtfully, "I

have read something of esoteric Buddhism, but I never could make much of their doctrines of spirits materialized and bodies spiritualized, and I prefer to remain, in the present wretched state of my health, within the bounds of exoteric philosophy, and calmly await, with such patience as I may, either a restoration of my health or the inevitable ending coming to us all."

"The state of your health," insisted Comfort, "gives, at present, the very conditions I require."

"Why not try some of the other fellows? They are well and strong and can stand experiments, and make 'subjects' of themselves?"

"Ah!" returned the Doctor, pensively, "there's the rub. They are too healthy and too strong. The animal prevails in their organizations, while you are nearly all soul in your present condition, — they, figuratively speaking, have none."

A short time after this conversation Smith discovered, all at once, it seemed to him, that the result of his intimacy with Comfort, beneficial as it undoubtedly was to him mentally, was just the other way physically.

Doctor Comfort's health had been somewhat shattered by over study, and he had been ordered to Mojave, at his own request, not so much on account of the exigencies of the service, as with the hope that a change of duties and of climate might be of benefit to him. Soon after meeting Smith a very decided change for the better became apparent in his general health and day by day he became stronger and rosier looking, while Smith somehow felt weaker and weaker, and his face grew pale and paler, until it was almost cadaverous.

When the other officers remarked to Comfort how much better his physical appearance had become since his arrival at the post, he would answer with a pleasant and gratified, but somewhat curious smile, that it was all owing to his friend Smith, who, despite his own bad health, had been such a pleasant and sympathetic companion to him. This queer smile, while escaping the notice of the others, had somewhat disagreeably impressed

itself upon Smith's mind. He had not forgotten the singular hand-shaking experience, and the unexplained loss of power he had felt in his right hand as he withdrew it from the Doctor's friendly grasp.

As their growing intimacy had progressed onward to greater familiarity between the two, as its natural consequence, and Smith's thoughts reverted to its beginning and continuance, he became, for the first time, conscious of something which so far had escaped his notice; and that was that on almost every occasion of their meeting the Doctor had managed to sit as close to him as he possibly could, and to be somehow in contact with him; either by resting his hand on Smith's shoulder, or linking his arm with his, or throwing it fondly around his neck, as in their frequent conversations upon ancient or modern theories and speculations they ended their friendly debates by coming, at last, to the same conclusions.

Smith's general reading, as I have said, had not been confined within narrow limits. He had read a great deal upon nervous diseases, — especially since he became affected with one himself, — and he was as well acquainted with the experiments of our great modern specialists on that subject as with the theories of the middle ages in which the noble art of healing and the darker one of magic were so curiously intermixed. He already knew enough of the doctor, personally, to feel morally certain that Comfort would not hesitate for a moment to injure and even take the life of a fellow-being, should he become thoroughly convinced in his own mind that his action would be of benefit to science, and through it to humanity at large; especially if it promoted one of his pet occult schemes, which he placed paramount to all things.

Finally Smith, after much cogitation, reluctantly admitted to himself that two serious facts had resulted from his intimacy with Comfort. The first was that it had been physically injurious to himself, and the second that the Doctor had been aware of it all along. The result was that in order to protect himself from something he began to

dimly suspect, Smith determined to be more observant thereafter, as a duty he owed to himself in absolute self-defense.

From the moment that his suspicions were aroused and his observation began, he became aware of a singular action on the Doctor's part. Smith was accounted a good talker, and when his subject was congenial to his mood, his fluency and choice of language were remarkable, and his word paintings absolutely fascinating to his listeners.

He was very sensitive and impatient of contradiction, however, and when carried away by his subject the least interruption and digression on the part of his audience would excite him, and under the stimulus of antagonism the flowers of rhetoric would burst forth from between his lips like sparks flying from an anvil. This was especially the case since he had become an invalid, and in the fervor of his nervous excitement the exuberance of his thought and expression generally resulted in so great a loss of brain tissue and nervous force, that he would experience a very perceptible sense of weakness in his whole system afterward. He therefore rather avoided occasions of being carried off his mental balance in that manner. But in their friendly contests and exchange of views, Doctor Comfort appeared to make it his especial aim to promote the nervous excitability of his friend as much as he possibly could, by remarks or suggestions adroitly interpolated here and there in their speculations and arguments, and implying contradiction.

As Smith on one of these occasions reached the paroxysm of his nervous irascibility, he became conscious all of a sudden, as if waking out of a dream, of a repetition of the something he had previously seen in the Doctor, and had resolved to notice more carefully should it ever occur again.

Comfort, as if afraid to lose a word of his friend's impassioned eloquence, was leaning over him with his body half bent forward and his face close to his, in an attitude horribly suggestive of a venomous snake about to strike his prey. His eyes were fixed, glued as it were, upon his own with a hard, pene-

trating persistency, which, snake-like, charmed his senses and at the same time subdued his efforts to lower his eyes and escape the flint-like stare, which he felt was baleful to him.

Suddenly in the height of a strange glamour which held him as if spell-bound, he felt within himself and near his heart something like a slight galvanic shock, succeeded by a sensation like the contraction and rupture of some vital organ, and immediately thereafter in and out of the inward corners of his eyes he felt the slight burning smart and saw the flash of an electric spark, which flew from his eyes into those of Comfort, who, as soon as he received and felt it, began to move his head backward and forward in a sort of pumping and aspiring motion, under which Smith felt himself growing weaker and weaker, as if his vitality were being drawn and sucked out of him with an air-pump. When he recovered the full possession of his senses, — for he felt as if he had been mesmerized, — the Doctor was leaning over him still, but now with his arm around his waist as if to support him; and he told Smith with the same old pleasant and peculiar smile playing upon his lips, that his subject had run away with him and carried him off in a slight fainting fit, and that he should be more careful of exciting himself too much in the future.

"I will," answered Smith, as he slowly passed his hand in a dazed, puzzled way across his forehead, "for I feel as if I had been dreaming."

But within himself the dream was a sad reality, for he felt assured that the loss of strength and vitality he had just experienced had not been a total waste. He was quite certain that his friend Comfort was plus that which Smith felt himself minus; and his determination grew to watch the Doctor carefully while keeping up their amicable intercourse.

Very soon thereafter a singular phase in their relations made its appearance. The officers on duty at the post — six in all — messed together, with Roughwood at the head, Smith at the foot, and the other four distributed *vis-à-vis* at convenient distances on each side of the table. Comfort sat next

to Roughwood, the furthest removed from Smith. As they met together the others became cognizant, all of a sudden, of a very peculiar manifestation of the specific force mentioned in the opening of this article as the result not of mechanical or chemical action merely, but of intelligent volition; but this volition, acting for the time being unintelligently, produced its effect — will-power — upon both friends alike at the same time: that is to say the conscious determination of the spirit to act upon matter, generating itself in the brain of one of them, compelled the bodies of both to obey its bidding regardless of its incongruity. If Smith reached across the table for any particular article, Comfort at the same moment would make the same motion, and the hands of the two friends would invariably meet upon the object required at the same instant. If Comfort wanted a knife, a fork, or a spoon, the result was the same.

This strange, almost absurd, manifestation showed itself in other ways also, for in the general table talk going on at the time around the table, the same thought and the same manner of expressing it would form itself in their minds and come out from between their lips alike, — they literally took the words out of each other's mouths. For the time being they were nothing more than the self-same instrument, acting instantaneously with a double action.

This new experience was as puzzling as it was disagreeable to Smith, and he made up his mind to leave the mess altogether and keep house for himself, as soon as he ceased to be Roughwood's temporary guest, — as he happened to be for the time until the officer he had come to relieve should complete the transfer of the public property for which he was responsible, and give up his quarters at the post.

In the meantime Comfort had become thoroughly impressed with the idea which he imparted to his friend, that there was but one soul between their two bodies; and as this opinion tallied with one of his Brahminical theories, he became more tenacious of it as time went on, and gravely informed Smith

that he was positive that in some of their former incarnations in the past centuries, the same spirit that now by some freak of nature animated them both had been a single entity, and would probably be so again after the death of one or the other.

"And," he added, with lips so tightly drawn in the inflexibility of some purpose just then probably forming itself in his mind, that his words came out from between them like a hiss, "the one who has the most will-power will outlive the other!"

From that moment Smith became conscious of another fact in the strange intimacy existing between himself and Comfort, and this was that while their mutual attraction remained as strong as before, if not stronger, a spirit of antagonism which eventually might become as bitter as death itself, — for it might bring on that end, — had arisen between Comfort and himself. As he sadly, almost fearfully, pondered over the matter, he realized that in the event of a struggle such as he apprehended between the Doctor and himself, Comfort had all the advantage on his side. He had regained his health, while Smith felt assured that his disease was about to culminate in a crisis which in all probability would be fatal. Compared to Comfort scientifically, especially in the weird theories and experiments of the class of philosophers to which Comfort claimed to belong, the disparity between them was as great as between sunlight and moonlight. The only defense he could make against the unknown offensive tactics now to be brought into action by his friend — for Comfort, in his strange enthusiasm for his mystic theories and schemes, was thoroughly convinced that whatever physical harm Smith might receive at his hands would eventually result in everlasting spiritual good, and was still entitled to the name of friend — was to watch and wait.

One evening after dark, as they were returning from an excursion which they had made together to examine and assay the different mineral ores in the vicinity of the post, they happened to pass near the cemetery. As they came opposite its open gate

and looked in for a moment, Smith with a start of surprise exclaimed, "There is somebody camped in the graveyard!"

Comfort half-jokingly replied, "That's rather a queer place to camp in, unless one is planted there for good. But," — looking about and over the place, — "I don't see any signs of a camp. Where do you see any?"

"Why," answered Smith, somewhat astonished at his friend's dim-sightedness, "don't you see that fire near, or rather on, that newly-made grave? The idea of any one being guilty of such desecration! Let us go in and inquire into the matter."

As they came near the grave, Smith in advance and Comfort following, our friend stopped and gazed perplexedly at it.

No one was camped near it or on it, but extending from the head to the foot of the mound, and rising some four feet above it, arose a dim, transparent, half yellow and half bluish flame or rather haze like an incandescent gas, wavering to and fro like the curtain of an open window agitated by the breeze.

"What are you looking at?" asked Comfort.

Smith explained the strange appearance.

Comfort, with a nervous start, seized his friend's arm almost violently, and exclaimed impulsively:

"Repeat it over again. What does it look like? Has it any well defined shape?"

Smith with his eyes fixed upon the luminous haze, once more described its appearance and peculiarities.

"Extend your arm toward it; let your hand pass through it, and tell me how it feels!" peremptorily ordered Comfort.

Smith ran his hand once or twice through the incandescence. Much to his surprise he did not experience a burning sensation as he rather expected, but as he withdrew his hand it felt greasy, as if it had been passed through an oily fluid.

"It is as I thought," cried Comfort. "What wonderful things you and I could do if you would only help me! Your disease, combined with your other nervous factors,

has made you for the time being one of Reichenbach's sensitives." And he continued commandingly, "Summon your will-power, and evolve a spiritual shape out of the essence of dead matter made visible to you."

"How can I summon my will-power," replied Smith, "if I do not know how?"

"That's so," answered Comfort musingly. "Let us go home, and on our way I will tell you how to do it," — which he did.

Some four weeks before Comfort and Smith reported for duty at Fort Mojave, an officer of the garrison — Captain Bird — had died there, and had been buried in the grave upon which Smith had seen the *ignis fatuus*, which had remained invisible to his friend. One evening as Smith and Roughwood were sitting together in Smith's room, engaged in conversing upon the disease that was fast sapping the younger man's life away from him, Comfort came in to make a social call.

As usual, he soon managed to give a turn to the conversation so as to bring into it some of his spiritualistic theories, and eventually the question of will-power was brought on the tapis. Roughwood rather ridiculed the idea of any one compelling him, by the mere force of a stronger will, to perform that which he did not wish to, and the discussion between the two waxed hot and hotter.

"Well," exclaimed Comfort finally, as he rose from his seat, "there is one way of settling the matter, and that is to put it to the proof. I will bet you anything you please that you, Smith, and myself, will be standing at Bird's grave in the post cemetery tonight at midnight. It is now half past eleven, — take the bet and let us see which of us three has the strongest will!"

Roughwood burst into a horse-laugh, with — "Well, Doctor, I'll take it. You go on with your will-power while I smoke a pipe."

But Smith looked upon the matter more seriously. He gazed for a moment half suspiciously, half inquiringly, into Comfort's eyes and addressing him, said:

"The question is between you and Roughwood, and I do not like the way you bring me into it. I am weak and nervous, almost

dying, it seems to me, and you should be more careful of your patient, Doctor !”

Comfort walked up to him and whispered in an aside, “I do not care for him,—he is all animal,—it is you that I want ; but despite his boasting, he will come all the same,—and you too, Smith.”

“Why I too ?” asked Smith.

“Because,” almost hissed the Doctor into his ear, “Roughwood and I will go, and you will be afraid to remain behind alone in the room in which Bird died such a short time since.”

Smith, with a half shudder, was compelled to acknowledge to himself that the Doctor was right. He felt so weak, so unmanned, that he absolutely dreaded in spite of himself to remain alone.

He never knew exactly how it happened, but at a quarter to twelve they were, all three of them, outside of the house on their way to the graveyard.

They had just passed beyond the line of the officers’ quarters, when Comfort coming abruptly to a halt, apologized for being compelled to leave them for a moment in order to go to his quarters for his overcoat cape, as the night was turning cold.

As he disappeared around the corner of his house Smith earnestly tried to dissuade Roughwood from going any farther, and begged him to turn back with him.

“Hang it, Smith,” answered Roughwood, “he dared me to go and I won’t take a dare from any one. But why do you feel so earnest about this tomfoolery, old man ?”

Smith answered that the whole matter was far from being tomfoolery to him, but was exceedingly serious in the state of his health. He reminded Roughwood of the many strange happenings he and the other officers had noticed between Comfort and himself, and especially of his publicly expressed opinion that only one soul existed between him and Smith.

“When Comfort rides his psychological hobbies, he added, “he loses for the time being his mental balance. I am firmly convinced that he went to his quarters just now for one of two things,—some drug to steady

his nerves for the coming contest between us, or for his revolver to end it ; and the chances are about even that he will go stark mad tonight or that I will lose my life. If you insist on going, mind well what I say. Take note of everything you see, and as soon as you hear me speak to Comfort in a commanding tone of voice, keep quiet and do not open your mouth for your life. You will see a duel fought tonight that you will remember as long as you live.”

Roughwood naturally was very much impressed by Smith’s earnest words, and he was on the point of turning back when Comfort rejoined them.

“By the way, Doctor,” asked Roughwood, seriously, as the three came once more together, “do you propose to perform any of your Hindu tricks in the graveyard tonight ? It’s worth knowing before we go any further.”

“Well, Major,” answered Comfort, “if Smith is willing, you will probably be so astonished that you will remember this night if you live fifty years longer.”

Roughwood remained wrapped in deep thought for a few moments, as if debating within himself the propriety of keeping on or turning back ; but his curiosity evidently got the better of his hesitation, for, stepping out briskly forward, he exclaimed :

“All right, gentlemen, I am as ready to be astonished as I am willing to live fifty years longer. Come along.” And he whispered to Smith, “I’ll keep my eyes open and my hands ready, and will mind what you said.”

The cemetery was situated at the southern extremity of the high, arid mesa on which the post was built. One side of it overlooked the Mojave valley, while at the foot of the other, eighty feet beneath the crest of the bluff and the graveyard enclosure, ran the Colorado River.

It was a quiet, rather chilly March night, with a full moon, across the face of which light, fleecy clouds passed every once in a while, projecting here and there more or less dark and fleeting shadows over and across the surrounding country. From afar off, away down the valley, near the Mojave

villages, in the clumps of mesquite and greasewood bushes, came ever and anon the mournful howl of an Indian dog baying at the moon ; while nearer, surrounding the graveyard itself with a belt of dismal, depressing discord, was heard the plaintive, continuous yelp of the usual night cordon of coyotes circling the burying ground, as each took up and repeated in turn the blood-curdling, dreary bark of the other.

As the trio came in front of the entrance to the cemetery, with Roughwood on the left, Smith in the center and Comfort on the right, and the nearest to its open gate, the Doctor, who, owing to his position in the line, should have entered first, hesitated and made a retrograde motion as if to get behind Smith, so that our friend would have to go in first. Smith, in order to prevent this, took a step backwards, which was immediately followed, in like manner, by Comfort.

Roughwood, who, as requested, kept his eyes open, noticed this strange behavior, and at once took the lead, with the remark :

"Hang it ! If either of you two is afraid of going into the place first, I am not. Follow me." Which they both did, with Comfort bringing up the rear.

When they all three stood near the last grave, in the still uncompleted last row, Roughwood, turning to the Doctor, addressed him curtly :

"Well, sir, here we are, all three of us, according to your wish, or rather will-power, as you call it. Let us hurry with what you purpose doing and go back home, for the night is cold."

Comfort replied with the inquiry, "Where is the last-made grave, and who sleeps in it?"

"Right here," answered Roughwood, "and a friend of both Smith and myself was buried there a short time since. I trust that you are not going to play monkey tricks over his remains?"

"Nothing that will hurt him," rejoined Comfort.

"Doctor," put in Smith earnestly, "if I were you I would refrain from what seems to me a desecration. You have brought us

here, as you willed, against our own volition, and you should remain satisfied with that which you have already accomplished."

"My friend," replied Comfort still more earnestly, "such an opportunity for a psychological experiment of such magnitude as I purpose to make tonight, with your aid, will hardly ever occur again, and we must avail ourselves of it. Major," he continued, turning towards Roughwood, "please step off six feet in continuance of this unfinished row of graves,—starting from the last one, in which Bird lies."

"Why," exclaimed Roughwood, as he finished measuring the distance and turned to face Comfort, "that brings me right over the spot where the next grave is to be made!"

"Yes," answered the Doctor, "that's just it. Now describe with your cane a circle three feet in diameter over the spot."

The major did so.

Comfort stepped upon Bird's grave, took position in the center of it, facing towards the circle, with Smith and Roughwood on each side of its circumference, and, addressing Smith commandingly, ordered him to place himself in the center of it, facing him.

Smith, with his arms folded under his cloak, looked full into Comfort's eyes, and answered firmly, without moving a step :

"I will not."

Comfort, gathering himself together as if to summon all his latent energies, hissed fiercely :

"By the power which my will possesses over yours, I command you to step within that circle."

Even more sternly than the order came the reply.

"I refuse to do so."

"Why?" demanded Comfort, whose body, as if it had received a sudden shock, now swayed backward and forward with such force that his hat fell from his head to the ground at his feet.

"Because I will not make a fool of myself."

Comfort, standing bareheaded upon the grave like an evil genius, with his long hair flying in the breeze behind him, appeared to

lose all at once his usual control over his words and himself.

"Smith," he cried wildly, "I, too, have a wife and children East, whom I must see once more, and you know as well as I do that one of us two must fill the grave to be dug within the year in the circle at your feet."

"Is that the reason," asked Smith, still in an imperious, commanding tone of voice, "why you have brought me here? Was it with this object in view that with your baleful knowledge and arts you drew the life out of me with your wicked eyes, you human vampire? By the control, which my more powerful will, under your own teaching, has gained over yours, I command you to answer!"

"Yes," reluctantly replied Comfort, with a gurgle in his throat as if the words were forced out of him by an unseen agency, "I wanted to absorb the few drops of vitality still remaining in you. I wanted my whole soul, half of which animates your body. I want it *now*! I must have it for the sake of the science I love so well. O, could I but prolong my life to a green old age, how much I could do for poor humanity with the knowledge I would acquire with time!"

As he went on, his voice became stronger, more penetrating, and Smith felt a strange fluttering about his heart as if he were fainting. Comfort, as if aware of it, stepped down from the grave upon which he was standing, and took a step toward him. Pointing his finger straight at Smith, he burst out in a still stronger voice:

"Your face tells me that my power has not departed from me. It was only a cloud of doubt passing athwart the sun of my intelligence. Do my bidding at once, and enter the circle. Neither heaven nor hell can save you."

All at once, as Smith reeled forward to obey, he perceived rising out of the grave behind Comfort, and extending its whole length as before, the same half bright, half dim, effulgence that had appeared to him previously. It wavered to and fro for a moment as if gathering itself together, and

as it rose into the air and became more opaque, it assumed a well defined shape, and standing upon his own grave, gazing with deep, unfathomable eyes upon both Comfort and Smith, stood the image of his dead friend, Bird.

The deathly faintness that was fast overcoming his senses was blown away from him as if with a strong breath, and in the full control of all his faculties, his voice rang out commandingly, rising clear and sonorous upon the midnight air like a bugle-call sounding at early dawn.

"Look behind you, blasphemer, and see that which was invisible to you before."

Comfort abruptly turned his head over his shoulder,—his whole frame became convulsed as if with a shudder, and as he raised both arms above his head, and his cloak dropped down upon the ground at his feet, out of his trembling lips, like the wail of a lost soul vibrating upon the air in the stillness of the night, until it died away like a moan in the far-off distance, came the heart-rending cry—"My God! I am lost!"

And turning upon his heel with both hands pressed against his forehead so as to cover his eyes, he strode with bent head and shaking knees across the rows of graves until he came to the picket fence bounding the cemetery on the river side, upon which he leaned with his head resting upon his folded arms, moaning and sobbing as if his heart was breaking.

"For God's sake, Smith," asked Roughwood, with a pale, agitated face, "what does it all mean? What devil's egg have you two been hatching? Look at him? Why, he is a raving maniac! Let us go to him and take him home?"

"Stay where you are, Roughwood," replied Smith, wiping the perspiration from his face despite the coldness of the night, "I am not through with him yet." And raising his voice he called out across the graves, "Comfort, where are you now?"

Faintly, as if coming from a great distance, came the answer, "Far up among the stars; listening to the music of the spheres!"

"Stay there a while," commanded Smith;

and taking Roughwood's arm they both hied homeward, leaving Comfort behind,—alone with the dead.

When Roughwood and Smith got back home, and came into the well lighted and heated room, the Major was painfully struck with his friend's physical appearance.

Smith was as pale as death, and so weak that he could hardly stand without support. As he dropped wearily into a chair, a shiver ran through his attenuated frame, and he asked Roughwood to put more wood on the fire.

"Hang it," muttered the Major to himself, as he threw another log on the andirons, "the room is as warm as toast already, but I don't wonder at his being so cold. He's been getting as thin as a razor, and if he has many more nights like this the wind will blow him away the first sand-storm we have. But what in the name of all that's wonderful did those two fellows see in that old graveyard? Hang me if I saw anything except three d—d fools who had no business there. All the same, though, old Comfort got pretty well rapped on the knuckles with his tomfoolery theories; and Smith, poor fellow, is a d—d sight smarter than I ever thought him to be, for he bamboozled that scientific Voodoo, who, by the way, must have reached the sun by this time if he kept on traveling in the air." And as Roughwood reached over for a chair he repeated aloud, "Traveling among the stars!—listening to the music of the spheres! Hang me if that don't beat anything I ever heard in my life! What'll be the next thing, I wonder?"

The next thing was the opening of the door and the coming in of Comfort with a very pale face and a most subdued demeanor. His weakness, in fact, as he walked up to the fire and passed his hands almost through the flame to warm them faster, was almost pitiful.

"Gentlemen," he murmured in a halting, hesitating way, "I did not mean to disturb you so late,—or rather, so early,—but as I passed in front of your house I saw the light of the fire through the window, and I want

warmth so much that I came in to get it. Ah, me! I have been so far away, and it was so cold up there!"

"Hang it!" thought Roughwood, "if he's been so far away, it's a d—d pity that he did n't go a little farther,—as far as his own quarters, at any rate,—and hang me, if I don't tell him so."

But before he could do so, Smith stood upon his feet, and in that strange, imperious tone of voice which he had so lately acquired, addressed Comfort.

"Doctor, go home to bed! Good-night."

And Comfort went out without any remarks, as meek as a lamb.

Soon thereafter the Major and our friend retired to their own couches,—Roughwood to snore like an alderman, and Smith to toss and roll in the fever of delirium. Whenever he closed his eyes, he saw two men struggling for their lives. One was dressed in black, and the other in white. The black man had the features of Comfort, and the white one looked like his remembrance of his dead friend, Bird. When he fell at last into an uneasy sleep, they came back in a vivid dream, and somehow the black one always went down, with the white one uppermost in their struggles. Soon after daylight he awoke. Strange to say, restless as his sleep had been, he felt refreshed by it.

His struggle with Comfort, however, was not yet over, for the Doctor was not one of those who give things up easily, and it was meet that he should prepare himself for what might come next.

He took his cane, and started for a walk in the fresh, crisp morning air. He went straight to the cemetery, and going to his old friend's grave at the end of the row, gazed down upon it pensively for a while with eyes dimmed with unwonted moisture. Raising his hand to his hat, he uncovered, and with head bowed reverentially, out of his lips—as solemn as a prayer over a deathbed—came the whisper, "Bird, old friend, wherever you may be, may God's blessing be with you for ever and ever."

And with a firm, elastic step, erect and upheld by the strength of his newly-found

will, he went out of the burying ground, and continued his walk down the valley. Every once in a while he threw his head back to inflate his lungs with the pure morning air, and as he struck off with his cane the tops of the tall weeds growing here and there on each side of the path, he said aloud, with fierce, determined purpose:

"I will not die here. I'll go home East. Down with you, Comfort, false friend; I am your master and the best man of the two!"

When he returned to the post and crossed the parade-ground on his way to breakfast, he met the Major.

"Hang it, Smith," called out Roughwood to him excitedly, "come over and see the Doctor; he is lying on his bed as white as a ghost and as weak as a cat. He wants you, and has been calling for you for the last two hours!"

"Let him want and call," answered Smith, with a queer smile. "I know what he is after. Let's go to breakfast. I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"I should think he was hungry," thought Roughwood, as he and Smith discussed the meal, and he gazed open-mouthed at our friend's voracious appetite and the big mouthfuls of steak which he compelled himself, almost forcibly, to swallow. "D—d if he isn't stuffing himself like a turkey, or an ostrich, rather, for I believe the dishes will go next."

During the day Comfort came over to see Smith. He appeared greatly dejected, and as if he had lost much of his lately exuberant vitality.

Smith told him that as far as he was concerned, there would always be a bond of union between them, for he could not deny their mutual attraction, but that it would be best, thereafter, to be more restricted in their intercourse, and he continued impressively:

"You know why, Comfort?"

"I do," answered the Doctor, "and you now recognize and acknowledge that there is a great deal of truth in my theories?"

"Yes," replied Smith, after remaining for

a moment in deep thought, "in one sense I do. So much so in fact that you must never again look at me in that strange way of yours. Good day!"

And ever afterwards while they remained together Smith was exceedingly careful in the intercourse necessarily existing between them.

He always spoke to Comfort commandingly, and the Doctor always performed that which his friend required of him with remarkable alacrity. When sitting together at their meals, with the other officers, if Smith wanted anything near Comfort he would address him abruptly with "Hand me that knife! Pass me the butter!" and so on to the end of the chapter.

One day at dinner Smith spoke to him even more sharply than usual, for he thought he had remarked something in the Doctor that reminded him of the old snake-like charming; as if Comfort was becoming rebellious.

Comfort dropped his fork upon his plate, folded his arms upon the table, and with his head resting on them burst into tears,—sobbing and crying like a child.

"Smith," he gasped, "for God's sake let up on me for a while! If you keep on I'll die!"

"Hang it," thought Roughwood, as he gazed thunderstruck upon the two friends, "here is some more of this d—d Voodooism! If they keep on I'll put both of them in arrest, for they are turning the post upside down." And with a shake of his head and a shrug of his shoulders, he continued dubiously, "It beats me, all the same,—but if Pills took Smith for an ass he is evidently out of his reckoning, for it is easy to see which one of the two is now absorbing the life of the other."

A short time after this an order came relieving Comfort from duty at the post, and as he was about to step into the ambulance in which he was to travel to Prescott, he shook hands with Smith, who stood by to bid him farewell.

"Goodby, Smith,—my other self,—write to me, for we must always be friends!"

"Always," replied Smith as he returned the pressure, "but ever in after life, Comfort, remember that it is better to be Abel than Cain!"

The doctor resigned from the army soon afterwards and went on adding one title after another to his name,—the latest being that of president of a Theosophical society,—whose members claim to project their "astrals" whenever they feel like it, and to evolve ghosts at will out of empty air.

Smith went East on sick leave soon after Comfort left the post, and the officer who came from a distant station to relieve him from his duties at Fort Mojave died within the year and was buried in the grave next to Bird's,—on the spot over which Comfort's circle had been traced by Roughwood.

UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY OF THE TERRITORIES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., December —, 188—

My dear Smith:

I always remember our association at Mojave with pleasure. It was decidedly for me the feature of my brief stay there, and was in many respects a very exceptional experience.

I wonder how it will be when next we meet.

I am in perfect physique, with greater intellectual activity and effectiveness than ever in my life before, absorbed as usual in my books and lectures. I am delighted to hear that you are getting the better of your physical troubles.

Write me one of your delightful letters. They strike a chord and I am with you every time on those matters. I write chiefly to say that if you will prepare a story of our Mojave experience and midnight scene for publication, there should be no trouble in getting it out. How would you like to try a hand at it?

Ever spiritually yours,

ELLIS COMFORT.

Smith has done it.

A. G. Tassin.

WHAT MORE?

How glooms the fairest glen
When robbed of sunlight's kiss!
And on some rayless days of life,
Does life seem more than this?—

To work, and long for rest;
To halt, and wish you moved;
To scan your words, and learn that you
Have wounded where you loved:—

To dream, and see the dead;
To wake, and wish you dreamed;
To sift a friend, and find that he
Was not the friend he seemed:—

To meet in time to part;
To part, and find it best;
To live the earnest of your youth.
Into a bitter jest.

Herbert Kenyon.

SUNDAY LAWS.

AT the last session of the California Legislature a Sunday law was proposed, which failed to be enacted. Perhaps one of the San Francisco dailies was about right in saying at the time, "This is n't that kind of a Legislature." The secular press in general dismissed the proposed legislation with a little good natured ridicule. Nevertheless, petitions for stringent Sunday laws were extensively signed, especially in the southern part of the State. The petitioners were Eastern men, many of them New Englanders, whose enterprise has played a prominent part in changing the sage brush and cactus plains of the southern counties into beautiful orange orchards, and town lots that bring \$200 a front foot. We may be sure that we shall hear from these men again on this subject; for back of all fanaticism there is a large body of intelligent citizens who honestly believe that the State should take this matter in hand and by law make the California Sunday like that of New England. These men are in earnest; they cannot always be waved aside by the Legislature with "reference to a Committee"; and they are likely in time to secure more notice from the newspapers than an occasional paragraph from the pen of the "funny man." Their sincerity and good intentions cannot in most cases be questioned; but as to the power of the State in this matter, or at least the expediency or practicability of the strict Sunday laws that they urge, there is room for more difference of opinion.

The first amendment added to the Constitution of the United States is that forbidding Congress to pass any law "respecting an establishment of religion." And the same provision, or a similar one of wider scope, has been incorporated in the constitutions of most of the States. The California State Constitution provides, that "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall be forever guaranteed." This is

a guarantee of impartiality on the part of the State, and we have as much right to emphasize the "without discrimination or *preference*" as the "free exercise and enjoyment." It not only means liberty of conscience in religion as in science or politics, but entire inaction in religious matters on the part of the State, with no reservation except against "practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of the State."

California, however, has had a Sunday law, which was duly passed upon by the Supreme Court. But the State may have the power to do many things the justice or expediency of which may be seriously questioned; and strict Sunday laws are certainly little in harmony with the popular ideal of the State, that forbids it not only from establishing a State church, but also from acting as an agent for the enforcement of the doctrine of any religious sect. Says Judge Cooley: "The State is not to inquire into or take notice of religious belief or expression, so long as the citizen performs his duty to the State and to his fellows." Over Sunday as a sacred day, commemorating a religious event or enforcing a doctrine of the Christian Church, the State properly can exercise no control. The Supreme Court of Ohio, in a recent decision on the Sunday law of that State, says: "It could not stand for a moment as the law of this State, if its sole foundation was the Christian duty of keeping the day holy, and its sole motive was to enforce the observance of the day." Sunday laws must find their warrant on some other ground than religious belief; and that ground is well stated in a decision of the New York Supreme Court, declaring that the Sunday law "compels no religious observance, and offenses against it are punishable not as sins against God, but as injurious to and having a malignant influence on society." By no legal fiction can the regulation of the Mosaic law in regard to the Jewish Sabbath be said to have been trans-

ferred to our common law, as some claim. Our Sunday is not identical with the Jewish Sabbath; and the common law sanction of certain principles of the Mosaic code does not imply approval of it as a whole, or the incorporation of other parts of it into the law of the land.

Public sentiment almost unanimously recognizes the advantage, physical, economic, and social, of a day of rest. Religious teaching agrees with the sentiment, — in a general sense, it may be said to be its principal though not its only cause; but if the law attempts to protect the laborer in his right to Sunday rest, its coincidence with religious requirements is accidental rather than designed. With the *cause* of the sentiment the State has nothing to do; if it is asked to enforce opinion based on it, it must be because it is general, not because it is religious.

The State may protect church-goers in the peaceable enjoyment of their worship; but this protection against disturbance is not different in character or degree from that afforded to any other lawful assembly. The law cannot discriminate, and under the law the Sunday lecture of the blatant atheist must receive the same protection as the sermon of the orthodox divine. The protection is not given simply because the assembly is a religious service; if a religious service becomes so disorderly as to be a breach of public decorum, its leaders can be prosecuted instead of protected, as members of the Salvation Army frequently have been. If liquor saloons are closed on Sunday, it must be on the same ground that they are closed on election day and certain holidays, because of the incitement they offer in times of leisure to disorder and crime.

If then Sunday laws cannot be legitimately urged on religious grounds, what other arguments do their advocates advance in favor of them?

Some claim that the State should pass strict Sunday laws, because a rigid observance of the day is beneficial to its citizens and therefore for the interest of the State. But this moral benefit argument proves too much. It

is for the interest of the State that its citizens be employed: shall it furnish them with work? It is for its interest, that they be well fed, clothed and housed: shall it provide them with bread, clothes and houses? Some Sunday amusements may be injurious to public morality; but so are many other things that the State makes no attempt to forbid. Circuses, horse-races, and variety theatre performances, any day in the week, do not as a rule conduce to good morals, but few will go so far as to claim the right, or at least the expediency, of the State prohibiting them. It is said that the higher the morality of a State or nation, the stricter its Sunday laws. It is probable that many exceptions could be found to this proposition, but even admitting its general truth, are the Sunday laws the cause of the morality? We must guard against the old fallacy "*Post hoc ergo propter hoc.*" These strict laws are the mold of the public sentiment, not its molder,—the offspring of the morality, not its parent.

It is urged that strict Sunday laws would lead public opinion to a higher plane in regard to the observance of the Sabbath; but I take it that it is the province of the law to express and enforce public sentiment, not to create it. The preaching of moral truth, the enlightenment of the public conscience, is the work of the pulpit rather than the legislature. The legitimate work of the State and of religious and benevolent organizations may, in some matters be separated by no sharply defined line, but we seem at present in danger of expecting the State to do too much rather than too little.

Sunday laws, then, on purely religious grounds, seem contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the generally received theory of the limited powers of the State. To ask them on the ground of general moral benefit seems establishing a dangerous precedent, and paving the way to making the State a sort of moral improvement and charitable institution.

A much more plausible ground for such laws is the protection of the laborer in his right to Sunday rest. But legislation with this aim would, to say the least, be difficult

to frame and still more difficult to enforce. As a rule the man who works on Sunday does so from choice rather than from undue pressure from his employer, except in the few cases where the few must work that the many may rest. It seems hard that men must run trains or drive hacks on the Sabbath; but for the law to prohibit these conveniences, framed as it should be on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, would be to injure more than would be benefited. If men want to work on Sunday they will find a way to evade any laws intended to prevent them; and if public sentiment is decided in favor of closing stores and manufactories on the Sabbath they will be closed for want of patronage or fear of losing custom by offending the public.

Sunday laws, if we have them, must find their warrant, I believe, in the right of the State, in conformity to a general public sentiment, to enforce such a degree of quiet on the Sabbath as to protect its citizens in the undisturbed enjoyment of the day as one of rest and worship. Whatever its constitutional power may be, it certainly seems improper for the State to go beyond this general limit. As to the particular way in which the day should be observed, it seems unjust and impracticable for the State to say. If it attempts to enforce any particular view on the subject, it is enforcing not only a religious dogma, but the tenet of a minority even of religious people, for there is no unanimity nor approach to unanimity on this subject. The extremists would have the State forbid the opening of parks, museums, libraries, etc., on Sunday; while many others who claim as high a degree of piety, are as decided in holding that there is great benefit from the refining influence of these places on the laboring classes, who can visit them only on Sunday. Some who declaim most loudly against Sunday trains and street cars are most prompt to avail themselves of these conveniences. Some preachers who hurl anathemas against Sunday papers are only too glad to have these same anathemas published in some Sunday edition. Even New England has long ago repealed the Puritanical code

which gave to the State the power to compel church attendance; and in the most progressive section of the Union we may well ask ourselves whether we should not keep from our statute books all laws attempting to regulate the conduct of individuals on Sunday, except so far as the general right of society to rest and worship might be seriously interfered with.

It may be difficult to say in particular cases just what constitutes such an interference; but the point I urge is that the fact of anything's being a serious disturbance can be the only legitimate ground for prohibition. Open saloons on Sunday, when the rougher element of our population is at leisure, are the breeding places of brawls and other disorderly outbreaks, and may be justly said to interfere not only with assemblies for worship or lectures, but also with the enjoyment of the Sabbath by drives and excursions. It is difficult to see however wherein Sunday excursions or ball games, for instance, interfere with any man in his attendance on church service. If the famous pitcher proves a more drawing card than the famous preacher, it certainly is not the province of the State to interfere in behalf of the preacher, however desirable this might be from a moral standpoint. In so far as he does not in any serious degree prevent the general public from spending the day as one of rest, it may be doubted whether every man should not be left by the law to spend Sunday as he pleases. He may not please to spend it in the way most beneficial to himself or the community; but it is the work of the Church rather than the State to influence his choice.

I have already referred to the fact that law will do but little in preventing labor on Sunday; and the most serious general objection to Sunday laws is their failure to accomplish their purpose. One of the last things that Henry Ward Beecher wrote was a newspaper article on the observance of the Sabbath, in which he said:

"There is nothing that I have more at heart than to rescue the observance of the Lord's Day. It lies very near to me. But I do not believe you can rescue it by law.

The Sabbath day, to be rightly maintained, must be made honorable. It must be made a delight. It must be so kept, and such views must be inculcated in respect to it, that men shall look upon it as a day of release from bondage and toil, and that it shall suggest to them something higher than mere animal pleasure."

And I believe this statement touches the key-note of this whole question. If the public sentiment in any community is decided in favor of a strict observance of the Sabbath, the day will be strictly observed without law. If the public sentiment be decided against a strict observance of the day, the law is powerless to do anything, except perhaps to restrain in some degree the most flagrant violations of that good order necessary for undisturbed worship.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the force of public opinion in this matter better shown than in Southern California. I have in mind two towns within half a dozen miles of each other, in one of which Sunday finds the streets deserted, except by church-goers, and until recently not even the postoffice was kept open; in the other, Sunday is a holiday, when saloons and groceries do their heaviest business, and horse races or ball games are attended in the afternoon by many who devoutly count their beads at the old mission church in the morning. It is a difference in public sentiment, that is all; the first is an Eastern colony, the second an "old California" and Mexican town. I doubt if a more orderly observance of the Sabbath can be found in orthodox New England than in the Eastern colonies of Southern California, like Pasadena, Riverside, Pomona, Orange, or Ontario. To quite an extent, in fact, these Southern California colonies are communities transplanted from New England, and they put New England ideas into force. They observe the Sabbath as well in California without law as in the East under a rigid Sunday code.

Over the greater part of the Pacific Coast Sunday laws like those proposed at the last session of the California Legislature would be a dead letter, and for this reason would injure the cause they aim to aid. I do not

wish this statement construed into an argument against all laws because they are evaded. There are some things that law can reach effectively; there are others that it cannot, because they regulate themselves independently of law, and in this class I am disposed to place the observance of the Sabbath. In so far as law may be made efficient in closing saloons on Sunday, or prohibiting other things that may seriously interfere with that observance of the day which public opinion sanctions, I believe that the ordinance should be passed by the municipalities rather than by the State. In short, I believe in local option on Sunday laws. This is a matter in which the sentiment not only of individuals but of communities varies widely; and if we attempt to regulate the observance of the Sabbath at all by law, it certainly seems much the juster and more practicable way to leave the whole thing to be regulated by the cities and towns according to the sentiment prevailing in that particular locality.

The whole question of the best observance of the Sabbath is a puzzling one, and we may well hesitate about laying down any dogmatic code of rules. I believe, however, that people in general are better physically and morally for a liberal use of the day. Most good things may be abused, but those who have seen the delight and inspiration which a Sunday trip to the country affords many of the laboring class, who can go on no other day, can but feel that good results may often predominate in Sunday excursions, even though roughs sometimes make them occasions of drunkenness and disorder.

A glimpse of green fields, a breath of country air, or the music of ocean's waves, will bring many a toiler within brick walls nearer to God than the glories of gilded chancel, the eloquence of a drowsy sermon, or anthems of a trained choir.

Shutting people out of the parks and libraries on Sunday is not sending them to church by any means; and it is better by far that museums and picture galleries should exercise their refining influences on the Sabbath, than that many who would visit them on that

day should turn from their closed doors to seek entertainment in the saloon. It may be that the church will find that the best way to prevent the misuse of the day is not by Sunday laws, but by more attractive Sunday services.

Would we draw people from the Sunday concerts at the beer gardens, let us provide sacred concerts that are such in fact as well as name, and yet so conducted as to please the masses, and so advertised as to attract their notice. Would we keep our young men away from the vicious surroundings of the reading rooms of hotels; let us encourage free reading rooms where the best of secular and religious papers may be found on Sun-

day. Would we prevent the discontented laborer from having his mind poisoned by some socialistic Sunday harangue, let us provide popular Sunday lectures on topics of the day that will be morally sound and helpful, while not repelling any who may be prejudiced against "sermons." Let us not forbid a man the privilege of a Sunday drive, for fear somebody will take it as a license for a horse race. "The Sabbath becomes God's day by being man's day." We shall best preserve its sanctity not by Puritanical restrictions on personal rights, but by a liberal, legitimate use of the day and its privileges. "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."

E. P. Clarke.

THE ANARCHIST.

GERALD FAULKNER took the morning train at Sacramento for San Francisco. Gerald was of Puritan ancestry, from an old, old American family. Therefore he was small of stature, with uncertain digestion, eagle face, quick, self-reliant, tolerant spirit, and nimble wits. He sat near a window, opened his daily paper, and searched for news as the train set forth.

A late comer stopped in the aisle near by. Gerald hospitably drew closer to the window and made room, still intent upon his paper. The stranger slid forward a large black valise and crowded in beside him, finding accommodations for his feet as best he could, his baggage blocking the floor space seriously.

Gerald read on, but soon became aware that his companion exhaled unsavory odors. He glanced at the new comer, who was of squat, brawny figure, broad, low head, heavy perceptives, greedy eyes, shaggy brows, pug nose, and crude face, but wearing an expression of positiveness and decision. He looked like a mechanic who feared neither dirt nor any man.

Gerald turned from his grimy seat-mate and glanced out of the window, where ripening fields of grain and distant orchards laden

with choice fruits refreshed the eye. As he again faced about he caught his companion's gaze. Picking up his paper, Gerald remarked casually, with courteous tone :

"Providence has been good to us this season," and gave a final glance at the telegrams.

"I don't believe in Providence," was the quick reply.

"Weather then," rejoined Gerald indifferently, opening to the editorials.

"Don't believe in weather, either. Not in this climate," growled the stranger, his voice harsh and accent discontented.

Gerald vouchsafed no reply, but plunged into the brier.

"I don't believe in law," continued the stranger.

Gerald read on.

"Nor police."

Gerald gave no heed.

"I don't believe in private property, sir."

Gerald put down his paper, annoyed. Immigration gives us strange company and custom accords much to fellow-travelers, but woe to him who intrudes on the American without cause when absorbed in his daily paper! Gerald glared wrathfully, but the

stranger was as impervious to angry looks as a turtle to raindrops. Thereupon Gerald responded sarcastically :

"I have little interest in what people don't believe. Tell me what you *do* believe."

The stranger was non-plussed, but presently stammered, "I believe in a common right to lands and property."

"I see. What's mine's yours, eh?"

The stranger nodded.

"Thanks!" cried Gerald. And he seized the valise and drew it over towards his own feet.

The stranger showed alarm. He pushed away Gerald's light fingers with his heavy hand, and drew the valise gently back.

Gerald exclaimed contemptuously, "That doctrine don't apply when the other fellow is smaller than you, eh?" And he resumed once more the ponderosities of his newspaper.

Carefully replacing his black valise, the anarchist replied, "O, I don't mind your quips. Your idea is all right, but the fact is I have something dangerous there, and it must be handled cautiously. Yes, I believe, sir, in community of property. Equal sharing and ownership."

The veins stood forth on Gerald's forehead. His eyes sparkled with indignation. His native good sense was affronted, and he dropped his paper to retort.

"Preposterous! Some men are created with superior abilities. You can't hold all to a dead level. It would destroy ambition."

This was received with a combative gesture.

"We have got to have a law saying how much a man shall own. Earnings beyond that to go into a common fund."

"My friend, you might as well burst in on a man sword in hand, and say, 'Do you eat red pepper on your beefsteak?' If he says 'No,' tell him he must, or die. He'll jump up, fire the stove handle, rocking chair, and lamp at you, work his way back to the woodshed, come in with the hatchet and crowbar, and clean you out. Such questions can't be forced. Every man has a right to his own tastes and his own winnings."

The stranger asserted grimly, "I can force the question."

Gerald lifted his chin and said no more. He picked up his newspaper.

His companion opened the valise and touched Gerald softly, to draw notice. This valise was crammed with cotton, wherein lay snugly packed several dull globular objects.

"Bombs!" whispered the stranger. "Dynamite from Cincinnati. These will force the question quick enough."

Gerald gasped and drew back. The round leaden missiles appeared portentous. But his nerve soon rallied.

"Doesn't it occur to you that in case of a railroad collision—?" he said suggestively.

The stranger smiled, like one who has presented an invincible argument. Whereupon Gerald caught up a bomb and made pretense of casting it in the aisle. His companion paled and sat terrified. Gerald put back the bomb into its batting, and once more took up his paper, saying derisively :

"You are afraid of your own weapons. Guess you'll never do much harm."

Swift came the response :

"Afraid, because I know their power. You are easy because you don't."

Gerald, who was a jobber in drugs and chemicals, smiled wryly and again essayed those editorials.

But his persistent fellow-traveler gave him no peace. He moved closer, to whisper fiercely :

"Capital is the product of the many. Its monopoly by the few must cease. We must all get the benefit of it."

Gerald responded impatiently :

"We do get the benefit. Capital means savings, and savings mean investment, which develops mines, manufactures, commerce, and gives labor employment. We can all save if we know enough, but it is a law of nature that man must bear the results of his ignorance. The true road to capital is by study and trial, by temperance and disciplined judgment. Instead we go bruising our way in headlong stupidity, cursing everybody but ourselves. Self-conceit is the great bar which keeps men from seeing a good

deal in this world. We want to put all blame off upon somebody else."

The stranger nodded grimly: "Wait, and you'll see! There is a corps of us drilling, and one of these days we'll rack Frisco from stem to stern. Nob Hill has got to come down! And the crowd are going to enjoy what their tyrants now have."

An abstract protest trembled on Gerald's tongue. But what use to utter it? The hard visage beside him looked but one way. The set wits rejected generalities. He replied once more with allegory:

"I see. Chanticleer looks over the fence, sees another fowl with a covey of hens, and cries 'Get out! You are a tyrant.' Flies over, tears his comb, and rules the covey with just the same iron law. In place of what you now call tyranny of the few you would put tyranny of the many, blighting the rise of every aspiring soul, and driving back into the ranks every man who wants to improve. Don't prate on high moral grounds, but say frankly that you want your class to get the spoils! Tell me, were you born in this country?"

"No. I was born — Hallo! Here's my station. I get out here."

The wheels stopped. The stranger rose and caught up his valise. He started forth unceremoniously.

Gerald accompanied him. This man with his dynamite bombs, a declared enemy of society, must be denounced. He followed to the platform. It was a small country station. A grain elevator, a cattle yard, a distant grocery, waving grain, sweep of river, radiant sky. But no police, no authorities, to arrest or investigate. The dynamiter started off, bearing his deadly baggage.

As the wheels again turned Gerald called after him:

"Suppose I am rich and divide with you. You go off, squander your money, and come back destitute. What am I to do?"

The stranger turned, and holding his valise steadily with one hand while he thrust his other hand into a coat pocket, showed his yellow teeth in a sinister smile, and growled, "DIVIDE AGAIN!"

Gerald returned to his seat indignant. Clearly, these United States are absorbing more raw immigration than can be assimilated readily.

He cogitated as he sped towards town. This confusion of liberty and license, this misunderstanding of organic rights, must be checked. It seemed time to advocate a new department in our prisons, where dangerous ignorance may have a three years' course in political economy.

Some months later Gerald noticed that his book-keeper, Phillips, was making many errors and wore a troubled face. As time went by these blunders increased and the expression of anxiety deepened toward despair. Phillips was in trouble. Gerald hinted his interest in the matter.

Thereupon Phillips unbosomed himself. A year before he had mortgaged his home for a thousand dollars, and bought a share in a sealing company whose schooner *Iskum* caught fire and burned off the Alaska coast. His mortgage came due tomorrow, and foreclosure was threatened. Gilfast, original holder of the instrument, (the well known benevolent banker,) died four months ago. It had passed to Gilfast's cousin, Jorx, who was inexorable. Phillips begged of Gerald to see Jorx and arrange for its renewal. He himself had failed to obtain any concessions.

Accordingly Gerald hastened to the bank, determined if no other way was open to buy the mortgage himself. For Phillips had been long in his employ, and was a worthy and deserving gentleman.

He was shown to the private office of Mr. Jorx.

"Well, sir?" demanded Mr. Jorx, a man in tidy business attire, of squat, stout figure, shaggy brows, and pug nose.

Gerald stated his business, meantime studying in perplexity the face before him. He had seen Jorx before. But where? Ah! — He remembered the bombs. This was the anarchist!

Gerald's face lighted. By a simultaneous ray of recollection in the greedy eyes of the

banker, Gerald Faulkner saw that he was remembered. He at once continued :

"It ought to be easy to arrange this matter with you, Mr. Jorx, for you believe in equality of rights. I recall distinctly your liberal views upon the sharing of capital when we met last. You certainly are not the one to oppress your fellow man."

Mr. Jorx appeared embarrassed. He hemmed delay and wheeled to and fro in his adjustable rattan chair. At last he stammered, "That was before I came into the property. I did not understand these things as I do now."

"How? Not believe in division of capital?" persisted Gerald gently.

Mr. Jorx hesitated and turned red in the face.

"No. Fact is, capital is the great benefaction of our race. Capital in the hands of energetic men, as it always is in this country,

gives work to the crowd, opens new fields of labor, creates new machinery and methods to cheapen everything, and is the poor man's best friend. He ought to work with it and not against it."

"But how about bombs, common right to property, and so forth?"

"Only a quip of mine!" cried Mr. Jorx, rising abruptly and with evident desire to end the interview. "As for your friend, Mr. Phillips, I will concede him another year or two at the same rate of interest."

Gerald Faulkner discreetly took his leave. Descending the polished steps of the bank he muttered :

"This man is not the first fool made wiser by a little property. So many see only the side their pocket hangs on. Clearly, the chief duty of true Americans nowadays is to maintain the law and give equitable protection to every man!"

Wood Ruff Clarke.

THE MEDIÆVAL INQUISITION.

BASED UPON "THE HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION" BY HENRY C. LEA.

THERE is no period of history more instructive to the student of modern institutions, and therefore none more interesting, than the Dark Ages. For a long time this period has been passed over by the general reader as a blot upon the pages of history, a period of disgrace, when civilization was overcome by barbarism, when the progress of the human race was stopped, and humanity forgetting its high purpose, for the time abandoned itself to a lawlessness as unbridled as it was humiliating. But a more modern spirit of inquiry finds in the Middle Ages the germs of modern development.

The dark pages of history which record the failures of mankind and the apparent retrogressions of society, are filled with lessons for today, and they illustrate anew that nature in her advance makes use of the seemingly most incongruous means to accomplish a desired result, and hardens and makes perma-

nent the separate steps of her advance in the fire of adverse forces. During the Middle Ages, when all upon the surface seemed dead and the powers of destruction were holding high carnival above the remains of the world's culture and thought, the roots of a newer and better civilization were forcing their way down beneath the surface and embedding themselves in the very foundations of society. The contempt for learning and the deification of brute force, which so offend us, were nature's protests against the corruption and immorality which had become so incorporated into the social system as to seem to be fundamental in its structure.

Prominent among the darkest features of the age, pre-eminent by reason of its very sombreness, the Inquisition looms up in gloomy outlines, a monument to the bigotry and passion of the age, a tide mark of the

low ebb of the civilization of that time. But we are prone to judge events of the Middle Ages by the standard of today, and indiscriminately to condemn the acts of these people, when we should consider rather their motives and effects. When sitting in judgment upon the acts of the Mediæval Church, we should bear in mind how essentially its surroundings differed from our own. Society today is stratified by commerce. Our castes are commercial, and we are guided by a commercial morality. But the key to a correct understanding of the social stratification of the Middle Ages is found in the fact that then the business of the world was fighting. The morality of the Middle Ages was a morality of force.

Thus it is neither surprising nor altogether culpable in the Church of that day that it fell immeasurably short of what we now deem essential in a moral teacher, and partook of the fierce and passionate nature of the community in which it existed. Making due allowance for this fact, however, we cannot but be shocked at the picture of society which must rise in the background when we look upon the Mediæval Church. The history of the papacy for a long period is the history of the struggle of rival Italian factions seeking for temporal power; and the Holy See was contended for as an instrument by which the ecclesiastical power might be turned to the advantage of one faction or the other. Throughout Europe, the bishops, freed from any effective supervision by the Pope, — both on account of the engrossing nature of his own quarrels, and on account of their distance from Rome, — found the temptation for the abuse of their positions irresistible. They claimed an exemption from trial in the civil courts, for the king could have no jurisdiction over the spiritual advisers; and when the ecclesiastical courts made their conduct the subject of investigation, they found no difficulty in directing the decision in their favor.

Freed thus from all restraint, the bishops abandoned themselves to the most lawless excesses. The Church lands they held in their own names, and for their own benefit, and

thus the feudal system imposed upon them the usual military duties. Hence arose the class of fighting bishops who were more formidable in the field than they were effective in the Church. They kept a body of armed retainers about them continually, and used their power for purposes of plunder, until they became in time the most unbearable scourges in the country.

This position of the clergy necessarily attracted a number of adventurers into the service of the Church, and the increasing demand for clerical offices, which were desired solely as positions of pecuniary profit, brought with it a train of attendant abuses. Simony became general, and vacant bishoprics were bought and sold with an openness which absolutely precluded not merely any appropriateness in the selection of incumbents, but also any respect for the office among clergy or laity. Pluralities — the holding of two or more bishoprics by one person — followed as a matter of course, and cases are recorded of complaints that bishops did not even visit the sees from which they were drawing their income.

Of course, as this material aspect of the office gained prominence, there was a corresponding obscurization of the spiritual aspect. There was no semblance of preaching, and the people were left in spiritual darkness. The flock was an object of interest to the bishop only when he thought that it might be sheared. Every office of the Church was prostituted to the desire for gain. The tithes were enacted with unsparing severity, the confessional was made an instrument of extortion; marriage and funeral ceremonies, final sacraments and masses for the repose of the soul were made sources of profit, and even the bodies of the dead were made the subject of unseemly contest in order to gain the attendant oblations. Cardinal Newman thus describes the Church at this period:

When Gregory VII. became Pope, he found offices of devotion neglected, sheep and cattle defiling the house of prayer, and monks attended by women. Offices of the Church were sold almost as at an auction. The Archbishop of France, forty-five bishops, and twenty-seven other dignitaries of the Church

confessed to the guilt of simony. Hincmar issued a decree against the pawning by the clergy of the vestments and the communion plate.

Only sexual impurity is needed to complete this picture of absolute degradation and faithlessness to their trust, and this was by no means lacking. The celibacy of the earlier ages of the Church had been abandoned. Marriage was almost universal among the clergy, and in Normandy many churches had become heritable property to the sons and daughters of priests.

Lawless intercourse was even more common than marriage among the clergy, and thus the Church had not only ceased to exercise its functions as a moral guide, but presented an example of immorality and a contrast with the teachings of Christianity, which could not fail to exert an evil influence.

The separation of the Church from the mass of the people was increased and intensified by the fact that the clerical offices were recruited from the ranks of the nobility. The division of the communities into two classes was sharp and distinct. In the country the peasants were retainers of the nobles, and their portion was little better than that of slaves. In the cities the lower classes had succeeded by a series of revolts against the nobility in freeing themselves in a measure from the oppressive burdens of the feudal system.

Commerce was undeveloped, and the merchants, however prosperous, were looked upon with unbounded contempt by the nobility as well as by the ecclesiasts. The artisans and peasants were equally the objects of this contempt, and there was absolutely no bond of sympathy between the upper and lower classes. The peasants were necessarily profoundly ignorant, and the friction of city life did not suffice to raise the artisans and traders to a much higher intellectual level.

It would be supposed that under these circumstances the lower classes would be morally lost. Kept in the densest ignorance, deprived of all spiritual instruction, and forced to view the Church as a gigantic organ of lawless oppression, there was no external

force to preserve them from hopeless degradation. It is one of the grandest proofs, therefore, of the innate and unconquerable moral sense of the human race, that the protest against the spiritual demoralization of the Church and the awakening of moral thought originated with these peasants and artisans. The anti-sacerdotal heresies which shook the structure of the Church to its very foundation, were established and spread throughout Europe by the force of the dissatisfaction of these lower classes.

These heresies, though embracing many sects, were included in two general classes,—the Cathari and the Waldenses. The Cathari, the heretics *par excellence*, who combined with Christianity a mass of doctrine borrowed from the Eastern religions, held to a faith which had been handed down through the obscure lower classes from the first century. Their dualistic faith, however, would hardly have gained converts or shown such signs of vitality had it not been joined with anti-sacerdotalism. The Waldenses were closer to the Church, and in fact claimed to be members of it, despite their attacks upon its organization. They were Christians, who protested against the corruption and immorality which had taken possession of the ecclesiastical organization, and they were forced out of the Church by the refusal of the Pope, when appealed to, to recognize them as ministers of the gospel. The recognition which they sought was, in fact, impossible; for their tenet that the sacrament was polluted in polluted hands struck at the very organization of the Church itself, involving as it did the proposition that all who lived pure lives might administer the sacrament. The Church replied that the priest was only an instrument through which the sacraments were administered, and though he might be living in mortal sin, yet they were something higher which might not be reached by the imperfections of the ministrant. This distinction, however, was too subtle for the understanding of the Waldensian heretics, who spread throughout Europe with alarming rapidity. They increased in strength until, in the latter half of the twelfth century, they perfected their

church organization, dividing Europe into sees and appointing bishops. Everything indicated that they expected to supplant the Roman Church.

It was against this danger that the Mediæval Inquisition—which is to be distinguished from the Modern Inquisition directed against the Protestants—was established. And it is a curious fact that the mendicant friars, to whom the establishment of this institution and the carrying out of its details were ultimately entrusted,—the Dominicans and Franciscans,—owed the existence of their orders to the same dissatisfaction with the moral condition of the Church officers, which gave rise to the heresies they were to crush out. These friars entered with spirit into the work of discovering and punishing heretics. The machinery which they established reached an astonishing degree of perfection for those times. Through the confessions of heretics, through the information given by the faithful or the terror-stricken, through a complete system of communication which led to the examination of any suspicious stranger who might arrive in a town, the escape of a heretic was rendered almost impossible. The Inquisition constituted a chain of tribunals throughout Europe, and by a constant interchange of documents and mutual co-operation they covered the country with a network, which, combined with the most careful preservation and indexing of records, produced a system of police singularly complete for a period when international communication was so imperfect. The records of every heretical family could be traced from the papers of one tribunal or another. Vainly might a heretic seek to hide himself by a change of abode; the Inquisition was ever on his track.

The mode of procedure in a trial before the Inquisition was borrowed from the "*inquisitio*" of the Roman Law; but despite this fact, the two procedures differed widely in practice. Theoretically, the inquisitors combined in themselves the characters of judge, of accuser, and of spiritual father, in which latter capacity their chief concern was the salvation of the souls of the accused. In

addition to this, they were the defenders of the organization of the Church, the kingdom of God upon earth, against the attacks of those who would overthrow it.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that they fell far short of fulfilling these variant and opposing functions. They felt the difficulty of their position, but they failed to appreciate the radical defect of their mental attitude in approaching their task. We have the testimony of one of their number, that the inquisitor "was torn by doubts, for on the one side his conscience pained him if he punished one who neither confessed nor was convicted; but he suffered still more, knowing the cunning and falsity of these men, if he allowed one to escape to the damage of the faith. For every heretic who was at large was a menace to the souls of the faithful." It was the Church which was naturally their first concern, but they allowed their anxiety for the defense of the faith to obscure the justice due to the accused, and it was inevitable that the legal presumption of the innocence of the accused until his guilt was proved should be reversed. The inquisitor sought to wring from him a confession of the heresy of which he felt certain the accused was guilty, and all the machinery of the Holy Office was directed to this end. For not only did the confession open the way to the salvation of his soul, but it involved the discovery of other heretics who had been his companions.

Thus widely did the theory and practice of the Inquisition differ. An institution established for the defense of Christianity, whose highest precepts were morality and justice, was perverted through the misdirected zeal of the inquisitors into an engine of oppression and abuse. The still greater perversion of the institution from its true purpose, whereby it was made a means of furthering political aims and gratifying personal malice and enmity, need not be dwelt upon, for these are the inevitable defects of any institution which places unlimited power in the hands of men. Such defects are inherent in humanity rather than in any individual institution, and do not directly

enter into an estimate of the influence of the Inquisition as a factor in the development of civilization.

Far more valuable for the present purpose is a consideration of the course which events would have followed, had the Church not set up against the growing independence of religious thought an instrument of such irresistible force. Certainly no weaker machinery would have been sufficient to oppose the sweep of free thought, and without the Inquisition we should have seen the heresies crushing out the Church and taking its place.

The result which would have followed the supremacy of the Cathari is forcibly pointed out by Mr. Lea.

Had Catharism become dominant, or had it even been allowed to exist on equal terms, its asceticism, with regard to the commerce of the sexes could only have led to the extinction of the race, or what was more likely, lawless concubinage, and the destruction of the institution of the family. Its condemnation of the visible universe as the work of Satan rendered sinful all striving after material advancement, and a conscientious belief in such a creed could only lead man back in time to his original condition of savagism. It was not a revolt against the Church, but a renunciation of man's dominion over nature. As such it was doomed from the start, and our only wonder must be that it maintained itself so long and so stubbornly.

The danger from the Waldensian heresy was by no means so great. Their religious tenets corresponded closely with those of the Church. Their contest was with the ecclesiastical organization, and though they attempted an organization of their own, the authority of their bishops was weak and uncertain. The Roman Church at that time furnished the only efficient governmental organization in Christendom. The service of the Church in preceding and directing the development of national governments cannot be overestimated. The strong centralization of the Church presented a model which the separate nations followed; while a more active influence was exerted, often unintentionally, when the Church threw its power on the side of the concentration of political force. And though this centralization would have been evanescent without a coincident growth of

national feeling in the individual countries, this feeling was strengthened and fostered by the development of the kingly power. Like all great natural movements, the development of nationality was the result of the interaction of opposing forces, and the Church organization was one of the most potent and direct of these forces. Had the ecclesiastical organization been swept away, the force which restrained the disintegrating tendencies would have been lost, and the nationalization of Europe would have been retarded. Retarded only, for the ultimate nationalization was inevitable; but the avoidance of this delay was an effect of the Inquisition through its preservation of the Church organization, and is one of the facts to be placed to its credit.

The triumph of heresy would have been an evil, yet here again we find a compensation. The mediæval heresies were essentially moral in their inception and in their aims; and all moral effort, however blind and uncertain, must exert a beneficent influence. It was a protest against clerical corruption and abuse of power, and in the Church it worked a purification of fire. But the influence of heresy was more lasting and beneficial than this, for it laid the foundation of that free criticism of the Church and that independence of religious thought, which culminated three centuries later in the Protestant Reformation. The mediæval heretics were not mentally prepared to develop and direct an intellectual movement of such magnitude and far-reaching significance. Civilization itself was too young for such intellectual independence. The growth of thought is necessarily slow, and liberty becomes license where the community is not sufficiently mature intellectually to exercise it wisely.

The restraint of this freedom of religious thought until civilization was prepared to receive it and to assimilate it, was the true work of the Inquisition. Its significance as a factor in the moral and intellectual development of the race is found in this fact, and in no other way can it be reconciled with the true conception of natural methods. It was the conservative force, harsh and cruel it is

true, which restrained the movement for intellectual emancipation from the Church, and gave time for the development of that ethical understanding which was essential for a guidance of the revolt in a truer direction

and to a higher plane than would have been possible where the leaders were men drawn from the uneducated ranks of society, and therefore incompetent, however earnest in purpose, to lead it in the right path.

F. I. Vassault.

A LESSON FOR CALIFORNIA.

OF books written with a purpose there are many ; literature abounds with works written for an ethical purpose, for personal reasons, for a moral purpose, and—at present—for a distinctly immoral one. These latter flood the market now, and it becomes a pleasure to turn from such literary iniquity to a book written to correct a great evil and a great wrong, such as “Uncle Tom’s Tenement,”¹ just issued in Boston. The author, Mrs. Rollins, is already well known for good work in many fields of literature ; but her greatest admirer will hardly be prepared for the work that appears in this latest of her writings.

She has become interested, as few women ever have become interested, in the problems of labor and capital, of wealth and poverty, as they appear here in New York, the town of widest social range. The characters and incidents of her story run from social A to Z. She deals with the millionaire in his palace, with the laborer in his tenement, and with both without exaggeration. There is pathos in this book, and of that strongest kind, the pathos of situation. There is wit, that of clever, well-bred people, and a wit—even keener and more sparkling—of boot-blacks, and newsboys, and street Arabs. There are discussions of questions here upon which it seems impossible a woman could have written so well, so far away are they from the ordinary sphere of the thought of even intellectual women, and of the literary woman of the present ; and for real dramatic strength, it would be hard in current literature to

match the last chapter of all of her work. In a very modest preface to her novel, Mrs. Rollins states her reason for giving a title to her work that at once suggests comparison with that other remarkable book, the “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” of Mrs. Stowe. She has drawn a parallel between the evil of Southern slavery, now dead and past, and the evil of Northern industrial slavery, present with us, and growing worse every day.

The book deals, as we have said, with the wealth and poverty question, what is called locally here in New York “The Tenement-House Problem” ; how to make rich people more fully realize the wants of their brother-poor ; how in some way which shall not reduce them to mere charity-takers, to raise the poor nearer to the standard of the rich. It is at once realistic and idealistic ; realistic enough for the most devoted follower of Tolstoi, in that it shows things as they are, idealistic in that it suggests things as they ought to be. And although the scene of the novel is local, and has to do with evils that appear most palpably in New York City, it is of interest alike to the Californian rich man and the Californian poor man in showing them what to do and what to avoid. For the newer community which has not yet reached the heights or the depths of the older, can judge from the picture here painted how best to avoid the misery and the degradation of the poor and the indifference of the rich, or what is only a degree better, the foolish, well-meant, useless charity of the rich, so strongly shown in these pages.

You in San Francisco, in California, have

¹Uncle Tom’s Tenement. By Alice Wellington Rollins. Boston : The Wm. E. Smythe Company.

no tenement houses ; you have so far little or no degraded poverty ; your Chinese question is a mere temporary excrescence which the surgeon's knife of the Restriction Law and the recent Treaty will very soon remove. But as San Francisco grows larger, — and it is certain to become in time an imperial city, — look to it that the over-crowding of human life, with all its degradation and all that it entails of suffering and sin, be not brought upon you gradually, without thought of your own, by a sort of at once natural and unnatural growth, as it has been brought upon New York.

She says :

She watched particularly one man and his daughter, poorly dressed and looking a little faint and worn, who were walking restlessly up and down. She remembered afterwards wondering why they did n't sit down if they were as tired as they looked. The old man half paused for a moment as they passed a placard on which was conspicuously printed, "Restaurant down-stairs. Good coffee for five cents," and Effie fancied he looked at it wistfully. She was very near them just at that moment, and she heard the young girl say in a low voice,

"Had n't you better go down-stairs, father, and get a cup of coffee?"

He shook his head and took another step forward as if to resist temptation. Then Effie caught a still lower whisper :

"I'll pay for it, father."

Soft as the whisper was, it thrilled the happier girl who heard it as no direct appeal to her sympathy could have done. The pathos of it dazed her for a moment. She was not quite sure she had understood it all. Could there be people who had to stop and think whether they could afford a cup of coffee? Were there people who had to go to their daughters for five cents' worth of anything? She clutched her little purse nervously, and longed to turn back and say, "Here's the money! go both of you and have some coffee!" But she knew instinctively she could not do this. With a girl's rapid instinct, she felt that perhaps the old man, if he had been alone, would have accepted it; but the girl beside him had that better-bred air that in every rank of life is almost always perceptible in America in the next generation, and Effie knew she would resent it. She knew, too, it would be right for her to resent it. O what could it all mean? She tried to think it out carefully; a father who could not afford to buy a cup of coffee; a father who had to depend on his daughter when it was a question of so much luxury as the expenditure of five cents; a father who, when the daughter offered the five cents, realized that *she* could

not afford it either, and refused the sacrifice; O what did it all mean? *Could* there be people to whom *five cents* meant so much? Then suddenly she remembered her father's telling at dinner one evening a year or two before, when the fare on the elevated roads had been five cents only at certain hours for the working-classes morning and evening, of his seeing an old man in the afternoon hand a ten-cent piece to the ticket agent, who explained, as the man waited evidently for change, "Not five-cent fare for another hour yet!" And the man had replied patiently, "Well, give me back my money, then; I'll wait." *Five cents!* O could it mean so much to anybody? And what did they do when they wanted five dollars?

The root of the evil is deeper than money. A good physician with whom I have been talking over these things, and who has the wrongs of the poor closer to his heart than any other earthly consideration, made a most eloquent appeal to me not long ago; but when I said, "What shall we do about it? division of profits?" he brought his fist down on the table with a thundering rap, and exclaimed, "*No!* the trouble is with the community, with the landlords, not with the employers. Once let it be given out that workmen are getting better wages, and landlords will simply raise their rents on the same old horrible premises. I can't see that increased wages will amount to much more for the laborer than that he will be expected to pay more for the same old things he had before. No, sir; leave the employers alone for a while, and reform your *landlords!* Let the law that won't permit a man to build a tenement house so frail that it may tumble over, forbid a man to own a tenement house so indecent, so dirty, so foul, so horrible, that it crushes the lives of its victims just as surely, only a little more slowly, than falling walls. No, sir; let the employers and the wages alone till you can reform the community; the community that will let landlords such as own the average tenement house live out of State prison!"

"That is the mistake of your socialist fanatics. They cry, 'Labor *vs.* Capital! Labor *vs.* Capital!' when it is n't Labor *vs.* Capital at all; it is Labor *vs.* Brains. Capital helps, labor helps; but brains make the profit. When I say that one man has hands and another man has brains, I am not saying anything in disparagement of the man with hands. I am simply recognizing the fact that men are different. You will all of you acknowledge that. Men are different and always will be different. I am perfectly willing to confess that I have n't the brains for making money that Mr. Vanderbilt had, and you must be willing to confess that you have n't the brains for making money that I have." . . .

"There is a firm in New York which deals extensively in raw sugars, and which has a great deal of trade with Brazil. One of the partners is

always at Brazil. At the time of the war, the partner at that end was a young fellow taken into the firm not long before. In those days there was no cable to Brazil, no possibility of learning quickly of any great change in the markets. Sugar fell suddenly. Into the New York office one morning, when things were at their worst, walked unexpectedly the captain of one of the firm's largest sailing vessels. The members of the firm tried to be cordial, but the arrival of a big cargo of unprofitable sugar just at that time was not exhilarating, to say the least.

"'Not over and above glad that the Anaconda is in, I guess!' remarked the captain shrewdly.

"'Well, cap'n, we don't care very much just now, it is true, about a big load of sugar. But that's not your fault, of course.'

"'Well, suppose I hadn't got any sugar?'

"'Bless John Nelson's sense forever if he has sent you back empty. But how did he ever come to think of it? He could n't have known of the awful drop since last week.'

"'Well, I aint exactly empty, either.'

"The excited partners hung on his words. He leaned towards them and said slowly and impressively :

"'Cotton!'

"Both gentlemen sprang to their feet and grasped all the hands the captain had to spare. Cotton had gone up as tremendously as sugar had gone down. It was selling that morning for a dollar and a half a pound. The firm made, clear of all expenses and commissions, \$100,000 on that single cargo. The young partner in Brazil, of course, had not known of the great rise in cotton, and had not foreseen any such brilliant result. He merely knew that cotton was likely to be valuable during the war, and he had decided to risk it. There was no chance, of course, to consult his New York partners by telegram, as there would be now. Capital did not make that \$100,000, for no more capital was used that year than the year before. It was the brains of the junior partner that made the profit. . . . Now, as the captain and men of the Anaconda were receiving full pay for running the vessel, and would have received it if the vessel had been sent to New York empty or freighted with sugar that would have lost \$100,000 to the firm, why should they suddenly step in and claim to have earned the \$100,000 that happened to be gained without any effort, or indeed perhaps any knowledge, on their part? Especially as there was the chance that the next year some venture of the partners would lose them \$100,000, towards which they could not expect their employes to contribute anything. People who expect to share in the gain must share not only in the loss, but in the risk. One kind of employes are paid in that way: the whalemén. They are given a share of what they bring back. But, mind you, *they are not paid any wages at all*. They are paid in that way because that happens to be one of the cases where a laborer can be stimulated to

actually increase the profits. Now, if I were to tell you that I would give you a share of our profits, next year, if there were any profits, there is nothing under the sun that you could do to increase the chance of profits. Here at work in our factories, neither wind nor weather affects you in the least, and I do you the justice to believe that every one of you now works as honestly and faithfully as he can at the special work he has to do. But with Jack on the high seas, it is different. Let him know that he will gain by the operation if he secures a big whale under pretty trying circumstances of wind and weather, and it is human nature that he will struggle harder than he would if merely the interests of his employers were at stake. I tell you, you must make an awful allowance in all your calculations for human nature. It would be human nature, of course, that you, too, would be stimulated to do better, as the socialists say you would be, if you were promised a share of the profits; but the point I make is that you *couldn't* do any better if you were stimulated forty times as much as these gentlemen think you would be.

"Now, if we are to allow for human nature in the laborer, the laborer must allow for human nature in the capitalist. Where do you think you could find the human being who is going to take the risks, and lie awake nights as the heads of firms do, if he is never going to have any more than the beggarly five per cent a year on the same old capital? For he would have no chance to increase his capital, unless he suddenly inherited some, or could manage to save a little out of his interest. If you suppose Mr. Chan-try and I are philanthropists enough to take the risk we did in '83, without adding to our capital, and lie awake nights, and worry over it days as we did, till it proved to be a \$40,000 profit, all for the sake of the pleasure it would give us to divide \$40,000 between Johnny Fitzpatrick and Tim Crowley, without pocketing ourselves a cent more than we did in '82, all I can say is, that you give us both more credit than either of us would claim, for being a saint, philanthropist and martyr rolled into one." . . .

"Now, to go back a little to human nature. How do you suppose, if you were once told you should have a share in the profits every year, it would be human nature for you to behave on years when there did n't happen to be any profits? I suppose all of you are aware that there are years when there are no profits, to say nothing of years when there are heavy losses. None of the sanguine socialists, whose opinions I have seen, make any allusion as to what the workmen should do when there are losses. Of course they could not be called upon to pay their part of the loss, for they have nothing to pay it with; it seems merely to be understood that when there were losses, the workmen would kindly be satisfied with not having any extra earnings. But you are making pretty high claims for your own human nature, if you think you would not get together and shake your heads and mutter confidentially, 'There's no profits,

but if things had been managed right there would have been profits.' It would be perfectly natural for you to feel so, because you would n't have been allowed a word as to how things should be managed—you would n't even have known how they were being managed—till somebody came and informed you that unfortunately they had not managed to your advantage. And, mind you, this state of things could n't be remedied by letting you have a word as to the management; for you could n't give any advice even if your advice were asked. It would be no sort of use to go to men trained to manage a loom, or make screws, or pack boxes, or turn a crank, or write a label, or keep books, and ask them where they thought the raw material ought to be bought, how much of it we ought to keep on hand, whether it would do to trust a certain firm who had sent a larger order than usual, and whether it would be too much of a risk to thrust a new thing on the market, or any of those questions. It would have been of no possible use to ask your advice about things you could not possibly know anything about; and yet it would be human nature for you to feel yourselves aggrieved because there were no profits, and you had had no say as to how the thing should be managed. Somebody had done something that you did n't know of when it was being done, and the result was no profits. And you would n't be reasonable enough to understand that you could n't have helped any if your opinion had been asked forty times over.

"Now I will tell you a true story about the relations between master and men. A certain factory in Massachusetts began to lose money. The owner had money enough to be satisfied with shutting up his mill, but he had a thousand or more men at work who he knew would be thrown out of work, and who could n't afford to stop as he could. So he called them all together, told them frankly that the firm was losing a thousand dollars a week, but that for their sakes he was going to keep on till better times. When the times mended he began to make a small profit, and just as soon as the hands got wind of it, every man of them struck; struck for wages that would not only eat up the whole of the little profit beginning to come in, but something more. And I don't believe one of you will blame that man for shutting down his mill the next day, and telling his employes that they might go to the devil.

"Then besides the years when there were losses, and the years when there were profits, there are years when the profits have to be used for enlarging or carrying on the business; for putting up new buildings, or putting in new machinery. The agitators say that if we called our men together and explained the reason to them, they would be sure to be reasonable and to say politely that they were not particular about any profits that year, and would let us use their share for improvements, if we would merely give them certificates of stock entitling them to a share of the increased profits some years hence.

Well, perhaps they would be reasonable, but I am doubtful about it. When I remember how hard it is for two partners to agree as to what is best, and how impossible for three,"—with a sly glance at his son,—“I think on the day when we decided to let four hundred of our workmen come in to say whether we should have some new machinery or not I should step out.

"And suppose I did step out? After all, I don't know any better way to bring home to you my arguments, than to suppose such a case as that. Let the heads of the firm step out and what becomes of Labor? 'Oh!' shout the socialists, 'Labor becomes helpless, of course, because the capital is gone!' Very well, we will leave Labor the capital. Damrell & Co. will step out, leaving Labor the cash box and the credit. What would happen? Labor would not be, practically, a cent better off than it would be without the money. You could not manage this business if you had three times the money that we have. Money is of no use till you know how to use money. The socialist claims that Labor creates something of intrinsic value, something just as valuable to the laborer as to the capitalist, and he complains that the capitalist gets hold of it for a pittance and makes a fortune out of it for himself. That isn't true. Take a man whose business it is to make bolts. Well, he can make beautiful bolts; but of what use to himself are his bolts? He can't eat bolts; he does n't know how to make anything that he needs bolts for; he doesn't even know how to sell his bolts." . . .

"Brains are essential to the advantageous use of Labor; but Labor is not essential to Brains. What I mean to say is, not that Labor is not necessary to Brains, but that Brains can do the work of Labor if necessary, while Labor could not by superhuman effort do the work of Brains. I could do your work if I tried; I don't want to do it, because I like something else better; but I could keep books, or turn a crank, or pack boxes, or label things, and it would n't take me long to know how to make a screw;—*but could you do mine?* I can write a note in five minutes that Johnny Fitzpatrick can carry to Sinclair, Maxwell & Co. in five minutes. It would take Johnny about three thousand centuries to decide whether it would be a good thing for Damrell & Co. to have that note written; but it would n't take me many more minutes than it did Johnny to run with it after it was written. Labor saves Brains trouble, but Brains keep Labor alive.

"Now, this is n't the cold, hard, cruel distinction that it sounds, for one very simple reason; for the reason that the distinction is not absolute. I mean by that, that the world is n't a place where Labor sits and works on one level, and Brains sit and work on a higher level, with a great barrier between them that Labor can never overleap, though Brains may lean over and grab a little of what belongs to Labor. There are no barriers; there are different levels, and

always will be; that you are as ready to acknowledge as I; but there are no barriers. It is perfectly possible for Labor to develop Brains and step up on the higher level; when it does, you may depend on its having the advantages of Brains every time. What a man wants is his *chance*."

It used to be the style of the old novelist to end everything happily; to pile troubles mountain high, and then remove them with a sort of magic wand. If a hero and heroine were to be married, let them be married though the whole great universe stand in the way; if a death had to be avoided, avoid it though every rule of probability were shattered to atoms. This, as we all know, is not the way of life; the life of no human being at any one point is a perfected whole. No man can be called fortunate or unfortunate, says the old proverb, until he is dead,—and this book is written in recognition of that principle. Each one of its characters, like each one of us upon the earth, stands at a point each day, from which are radiating lines that twist and intertwist each about the other, so that no one line can be untangled from the rest. The creatures of Mrs. Rollins's imagination are left by her in the situation where surrounding conditions had naturally placed them; no one is lifted from the slum to the palace, no one dragged from the palace to the slum. One is conscious as one reads that this is humanity, rising, falling, struggling, living, or dying, as best it may.

The lesson of the book to California is the avoidance of the evils that it pictures. There should be no tenement-house life in San Francisco, with its wind-swept peninsula where homes can spread illimitably. For the problem, as one thinks of it after reading Mrs. Rollins' book, comes down to this, that the degradation of our poor can only come from lack of the inculcation of a proper self-respect, and that self-respect can never be inculcated so long as they remain hived-up and crowded together where degradation breeds degradation, where poverty consorts with poverty, where sin beckons and nods to sin. The lesson it teaches can be read at a glance. It is not alone in charity, well devised and thoughtful as it may be, it is not alone in the erection of great cathedrals, in throwing open to the people the view of great works of art, that the result can be obtained, for the effect of these is at most temporary. But it is in surrounding the daily lives of the poor with such measure of self-respect that they shall instinctively become better men and women.

The incidents of the story, its literary plot and plan, I do not intend to disclose; the book will claim a wide audience enough, and each reader may find these out for himself. My only object in this communication is to call attention to a reason why this very remarkable book should be of special interest in California.

S. B. W.

ETC.

To the public, a literary editor appears as a man who finds and provides them with reading matter: to himself he comes to seem rather one who wards off from them an overwhelming quantity of written matter. He sees himself standing between the vast, dammed-up volume of that which would be printed, and the small stream of that which he allows to pass by him and reach print. Of course the feeling is whimsical, for it is not the editor's rejection that keeps the flood dammed up,—his journal can print only so many articles each year in any case, say a hundred and fifty in a monthly magazine, and each one accepted necessarily excludes some other; while any

writer may escape from the excluded condition by simply publishing himself. But though he is not really the dam he half feels himself to be, the editor of a literary journal does chance to be so placed in the discharge of his regular work—standing, so to speak, on that dam—as to see almost more the pent-up waters behind it than the comparatively small emerging stream. He and the readers for publishing houses are the only ones who do see it. To the reading public, the volume of books and of periodical literature descending upon them from printing presses in every direction seems enormous,—positively saddening. The professional reviewer knows that the reading

public has a very inadequate idea of the amount of printed stuff it escapes seeing. But what an additional insight into the mental conditions, the literary aspirations, of our people has the one who inspects the unprinted product of pen and ink, and knows it to be of such quantity that the portion to reach the reviewers seems to him a mere dribble! We have read that in England about one thousand novels annually are offered to the publishers, and about one hundred printed. We do not know the accuracy of the statement, but it tallies nearly enough with the experience of houses here to be a reasonable one. Let the reader first look through half a dozen of the novels that do reach print; then, bearing in mind that in very few instances will the rejected ones be as good, let him reflect upon the nine hundred annual futilities. Think of the days and weeks of utterly senseless expenditure of time, — for the mere manual labor of writing out a novel is no small task; of the vain and impossible ambitions, or perhaps the pitifully impotent endeavor at honest earning of needed money. Every publishing house, every magazine office, has record of the same state of affairs — an enormous amount of perfectly futile literary ambition.

INTO the magazine office this futile ambition comes often in person, — a procession of pathetically impossible hopes. They may be of different make-up in older cities: in San Francisco they are almost invariably of two classes, — young men and women of inferior education, and broken Bohemians. The first class hold manuscript of all degrees, from absolute illiteracy to mere negative respectability. They uniformly speak of the trade of writing articles for the information or pleasure of others as a sort of sacred calling, and urge as their qualification for it a "feeling" or consciousness of vocation. They frankly avow a willingness to be writers of the poorest grade of stuff that can be got into print rather than makers of the best shoes or butter, — only they do not phrase it in that way: they say, "Oh, if I could only attain the very lowest place in *literature*, I would be satisfied; but I never could rest content in lower callings." The ambition presents itself to the minds of these young creatures in all simplicity and honesty, as an aspiration. They invariably protest willingness to work to any extent that may be necessary, and wait for success any number of years. Now no one knows better than an editor that there is always a very fair probability of winning at least moderate rewards in the business of writing books and articles, by the expenditure of enough labor, if it be well directed. But these young people have usually not the smallest idea of giving any adequate, patient, and systematic labor to their own training. When they say they are willing to work, they mean that they are willing to spend a great many hours in writing and re-writing their compositions. A somewhat melancholy evidence of this is that the advice to secure a thorough education as the first step in this strug-

gle of years they are so ready to enter on, sends them away sorrowing. A certain editor, who makes it a rule to give this advice to all literary aspirants under twenty, has found exactly one that took it, or had any idea of taking it. It is perhaps instructive to add that this one is the only one that now, some years later, shows any promise of worthy literary accomplishment.

MORE pathetic is the broken writer, sometimes a man of real learning in this line or wit in that. He is not unaccustomed to print, — in his time he may have been welcomed to it. Sometimes he has been an able man, and has lost his power to write well, usually by his own fault. Oftener, he obtained admission into journals when writers were fewer, and his work, falling barely within the line of the admissible, was not elbowed aside by so much that is a little better. He thus became accustomed to the life of a writer, hopeful of support by his pen, and let other opportunities pass, and now the door, never more than half open, slowly closes in his face. Now and then he was the mistake of some editor, who, always on the search for coming genius, was struck by something he did, and wrote to him with rash enthusiasm and encouragement; welcomed a large quantity of his work; believed that its merits were growing qualities, from which would develop really valuable writing. A new editor comes to the chair, or the old one, getting a more accurate estimate of what his reserve brain powers are from the proportion of ineffective and fatuous things offered amid his better work, as time goes on sees that nothing large is ever to be looked for from him; and Smith's or Robinson's name drops from the table of contents. Somewhere there is a bitterly defeated man, who had taken for a beginning and promise of his expanding success what was really the best it was ever to reach. There is doubtless compassion, doubtless straining of conscience to do as well as possible by the fading author; but in the end he must go if his work cannot hold its own. Or the public, caught by some superficial quality, some novelty or trick, goes wild over a book some day; critics talk about it; its sales mount high, and several succeeding ones may be sold on the strength of it. But a few years after, where is the author? Struggling in the offices of all and any journals to sell his manuscript.

YET by no means the most impressive thing that the editor sees, as he looks over the flood of the great unprinted, is the quantity of utterly futile writing and impossible ambition that waste the hours of so many ill-informed and unintelligent people. By all odds the most profound conviction left in his mind by his readings is of the enormous quantity of *passable* writing that is being done. Of a hundred manuscripts that he examines, not one will distinctly claim acceptance by its unmistakable

merit ; probably much less than half will be rejected at a glance as altogether unworthy. Any one of fifty might go into his pages without discrediting them ; no one of the fifty is especially desirable. Perhaps he has room for two or three among them all ; and as far as the mere question of merit goes, there is almost nothing to choose among them. We will venture to say that there is not today enough altogether excellent work done in the country to keep a single magazine filled month by month ; and that ten times the present number of magazines would

not suffice to print the worthy and sufficiently available articles that are offered. Nor is it merely of genius that there is a lack : excellence of the highest order in the mere article of information — the knowledge of something that people wish to know, and the ability to tell it in the best manner — is as rare. In this almost unlimited product of fairly good writing and scarcity of the best, there is some reason for uncomfortable thought about the tendencies of our civilization : but also some reason for comfortable thought, in spite of Mr. Arnold.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Cabot's Memoir of Emerson.

*Cabot's Memoir of Emerson*¹ is one of the most foodful of the latter day books. When Emerson made Cabot his literary executor, he put into his hands letters of credence to the world. Had this never been done, the memoir must still have won its way and its authority, by virtue of the reasonable verisimilitude, obvious truthfulness indeed, of every page. It is not at all a volume of panegyric or of apology. It is not intended to be a *critique*, yet no man has written better, and Matthew Arnold has written worse, upon the intellectual Emerson. The lectures and principal writings are cored here by Mr. Cabot. For a taste of the New England apple itself and the homelike fragrance of the most cosmopolitan of fruits, one must go to the master alone.

But upon this side, the book is only an addition to the mass of good testimony and criticism ; very just indeed, and always welcome, yet simply cumulative. Its highest value lies in the delineation of Emerson's unique character. This, too, has been well done by others, notably by Carlyle, Lowell, and Hague, but by no one so sufficiently and nobly as by Cabot. Here is a fullness, almost satisfying, in describing the circumstances and tendencies that urged this clear star of a soul along its course from boyhood to manhood and almost intellectual isolation, a course rarely imitable but always incitive to the effort towards imitation. This is the exemplar who wrote in his diary that the chief advantage in wealth he should propose to himself would be the independence of manner and conversation it would bestow. This is the man who never lost himself, or descended from a pedestal in any assemblage. "Have no regard to the influence of your example, but act always from the simplest motive," he says. The heterodoxy is enormous, but it may commend itself as the severest truth to every one who is able to respect himself.

¹ A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson. By James Elliot Cabot. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

Certainly, if any one can say it, it must be he whose example, like Emerson's, is really effective, and as unconscious as it is rigid.

In the lesser manifestations of personal manner the same idea ran through Emerson. His gracious, tentative reception of a new thought thrown out in conversation ; his doubtful, kindly smile over it ; his slow turning it over and over, notified his interlocutor that the thought took no weight to him from the thinker's person, but must survive or perish according to the inner force it contained. "He never, through eagerness, interrupted any speaker with whom he conversed, however prepossessed with a contrary opinion." One can easily understand that this strange and sublime habit was less an effort of his politeness toward others, than the usual poise of the spirit of fairness and consideration that was part of himself. He was simply unable to interrupt ; he must wait for his own part of the time.

Very much in the same line of his natural action he writes in his journal, — "To a witness worse than myself, and less intelligent, I would not willingly put a window into my breast. But, to a witness more intellectual and virtuous than I, or to one precisely as intelligent and well-intentioned, I have no objection to uncover my heart." There is a striking suggestion here of the grades and reasons of friendship that we could wish to find expanded in his fine lecture. To the friend, one could make all the possible exposure of his soul. But how much is that ? Some tendencies, much desire, a little result. One is sure of alleviating judgment from his friend, but must be as sure that the judgment will not be perfectly just. The circumstances, the whole motive, cannot be exactly imparted. A higher, if cooler, grade is self-friendship. One always knows more of oneself than one can give out. If he has much worth he does not overlove himself, and he can judge, under allowance, his own acts better than can any other man. So he is enabled to love himself with a reasonable love. Still and infinitely higher, but in

the same line, is the friendship with the One, who can be his own law, and extend exceptions and allowances under his law for others, whose considerate justice is called love, and who is the friend without words. All these grades were in Emerson's life. To others he was kindly but not warm. Margaret Fuller complained that she could never get inside his guard. His journal reveals to some extent the personal communion in which he found equality and most delight. For his chief friendship he went out to what was to him, a naked Spirit.

Briefer Notice.

WE have in *Bodyke*¹ a description of the tenant evictions which took place on a typical Irish estate. It is a series of letters reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and is neither better nor worse in style and accuracy than the same stuff we have had telegraphed at such length in the "copyrighted dispatches" of the daily press. Mr. Norman pretends to represent fairly both landlord and tenant; but it is only a pretence. The former's position is darkly painted from first to last. — Modern Celtic literature² is almost entirely of the unwritten variety. So long as the Irishman remains in Ireland, he does little in the way of formal book-writing and making. But nowhere outside of Ireland is there anything like the narrative ability displayed by the Irishman in the oral setting forth of the legends and fanciful tales that make up the folk lore of his native land. The wealth of imagination displayed, the quaint terms of humor that constantly are encountered, the shrewd if somewhat cynical philosophy that crops up in unexpected places, and withal the kindly, sympathetic, human interest in the fortunes and foibles of those about him, especially where unfortunate, make one of these Irish story-tellers as pleasant a whilom companion as one might hope to meet. The author of *Irish Wonders* has traveled through the green little isle with his note book in his hand, listening to these stories and jotting them down in shorthand, as they came from the lips of the different story-tellers that he met. And "moighty improvin'" use he made of his time,

¹*Bodyke*. A Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism. By Henry Norman. Questions of the Day Series. New York: 1887. G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

²*Irish Wonders*. By D. R. McAnally, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Co.

for it is long since so bright and sparkling a book of character sketches has been put upon the market. Most of the tales are humorous, but they are generally introduced by descriptive work of more serious character, which serves to make the humor more appreciated when it is reached. The analysis of Irish customs and superstitions and the indication of their coincidence or analogy with like customs and superstitions of other nations, is an interesting part of the book, and shows the trained hand of the conscientious student. There is not a word in it that could offend the most finical taste, and the text is most amusingly illustrated. It is with a distinct feeling of regret that the last page is reached, for from one tasty cover to the other there is not a line that is not at once interesting and instructive. — *Re-Incarnation*,³ as Mr. E. D. Walker understands it, is the synonym for that part of metempsychosis which does not include transmigration. It would seem to be almost of necessity the refuge of those who cannot receive the dogma of vicarious atonement, and insist upon immortality. Postulating the latter, they may assert that what has no end can have had no beginning. Unable to understand how the Master of Life can feel anger over the aberrations of any, of his stumbling marionettes, or how the Source of Justice can be propitiated by any vicarious atonement, animal, human, or divine, these enquiring souls must turn to the thought that every sin is paid for by the sinner at some time and in some life — in many lives indeed, for one cannot suffice — and so, as the only possible way, himself must work out his own salvation. This is the argument of the Christian believer in Re-incarnation: the Pagan can come to it far more easily. Mr. Walker's book is made an interesting one by the vastness of his subject rather than by his skill in its presentation. He writes with infinite zeal and less force. With considerable power over words, he is wholly unable to step in his logic. He leaps over everything toward the result which a charming phrase may promise. But he has collected from all ages so many noble defenses of his doctrine, so many thinkable and memorable words of philosophers, mingled with some ingenuity of his own, that the reader may thank him for the gift of several good hours.

³*Re-incarnation*. By E. D. Walker. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Riverside Press. Boston and New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XII. (SECOND SERIES.)—OCTOBER, 1888.—No. 70.

EARLY BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND BOOK-MAKING.



CALIFORNIA printers in the pioneer days labored under great and peculiar difficulties. The supplies of paper, ink, and type were subject to all the delays and expenses of the Cape Horn or Isthmus routes, and skilled workmen were scarce, and apt to throw down their composing sticks and rush to the mines at each favorable rumor. On the other hand, the public was willing to pay well for work, and the rewards of the business were commensurate to the risks. The printers and publishers of the early days were a picked group of men, fertile in resources, energetic in execution, most of them young; and some of the books they printed under frontier difficulties would do credit to the houses of the present day.

Then there were the magazines, which began surprisingly early, and preserved many of the most characteristic features

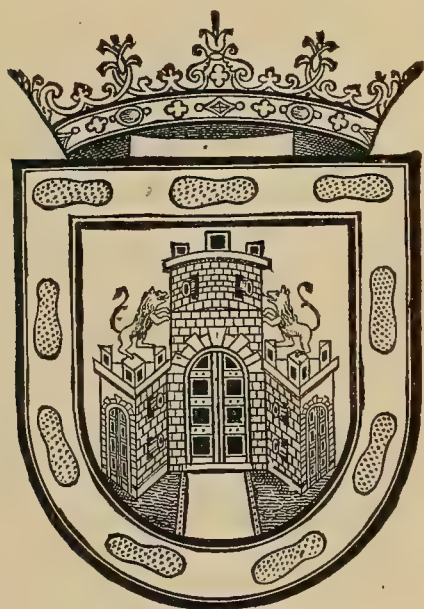
of the times. California was full of writers; educated men from every country beneath the sun, quick to observe the strange new life of city and State. A few stray chapters of many of the notable books on California afterwards published in England and Paris, were first printed in the early periodicals. Borthwick, Marryat, and Farnham wrote for San Francisco journals. Lieutenant Derby (Phoenix), F. C. Ewer, and Edward Pollock, were among the leading writers on the coast in that early decade from '49 to '59. Through the early sixties the writers of the second period, which culminated in Harte, Avery, Stoddard, and their group, began to appear, one by one, and the books of the time show their influence and presence.

It is exceedingly difficult to obtain



FROM HARTE'S "LOST GALLEON."

data about the earliest publications in San Francisco or the earliest firms of printers and binders. There have been so many changes, the records are so deficient, and so many fires swept the ill-built shanties of pioneer San Francisco, that book after book of which one hears is not to be found in any second-hand store or library. It was less than forty years ago, and yet there are irretrievable losses! Captain Lees of the police force has a most admirable collection of about five hundred volumes of old Californian magazines and books. The famous Bancroft library is the best



FROM BANCROFT'S HISTORY; SEAL OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.

place for information, and the Odd Fellows', the Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries each have some important beginnings, but as yet only beginnings of collections.

Indeed, the fragmentary nature of all these collections is a source of surprise and regret to investigators. Early California books and periodicals are exceedingly rare, and will be of great value. Collectors should investigate the interior towns, especially the old mining towns, and try to unearth whatever of value may yet remain. This scarcity extends to a very recent date, measured in years. The first series of *THE OVERLAND*

MONTHLY, 1868-1875, is already rare, and all the first editions of books published in the State previous to 1870 are more or less hard to obtain. Some day the rarest and most precious bibliographical treasures in America will be entitled "Early Pacific Coast Publications—1840-1880," or something to that effect.

The earliest known example of printing done in California was a "broadside," six by seven inches, containing nine lines of type, done in Monterey in 1833, a proclamation issued by Governor Figueroa. It was done "on a blanket," without the aid of a press, and is in the Bancroft collection. The first book printed in the State was issued in Monterey the following year (1834)—sixteen pages, containing some of the laws of the province of Upper California. A. V. Zamorano was the publisher. His press came from the city of Mexico. In 1835 the same publisher brought out in book form the authority from the Mexican Republic, constituting José Figueroa governor. In 1836, the Zamorano press issued the first school book published in California—a little catechism. All the above are in the Bancroft collection and nowhere else, so far as I am aware.

The Society of California pioneers has in its collection a set of six proclamations and administration letters, issued by General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, at Sonoma, at various times between 1837 and 1839, the type-setting and printing of which was done by his own hand. Of course, all the foregoing are in Spanish.

The first newspaper, *The Californian*, a weekly, was issued at Monterey from August 15th, 1846, to January 5th, 1848, and was then merged into the *Alta California*. Colton and Semple were the first publishers. The first San Francisco newspaper was the *Verba Buena*, for ten issues, then the *California Star*, Samuel Brannan, publisher. The first issue was January 9th, 1847. These are in the Mercantile Library.



FROM BANCROFT'S HISTORY : GREAT SEAL OF MEXICO.

The first book printed in San Francisco was issued from Washington Bartlett's press. It contains sixty-one pages, and came out early in 1849. It is a descriptive guide to the gold region, and the author is "F. P. Wierzbicki, M. D." The book sold at five dollars.

The first State printer, H. H. Robinson, in the "flush times," 1849-'50, issued a small quarto containing the constitution and acts of the first session of the California Legislature. The volume sold at that time in sheets, unbound, for ten cents per page, or \$116.40 per volume.

The early registers and directories are now rare, so many fires swept the city, but they deserve mention as being entirely home work, and full of special information. The first city directory of San Francisco was A. W. Morgan & Company's publication, issued September 8th, 1852, and printed and bound by F. A. Bonnard, at the *Despatch* printing office, corner of Commercial and Leidesdorff. It is a duodecimo of 180 pages, with Todd's old express and Adams & Company's bank advertised on the cover.

There were nine booksellers in the city. Marvin & Hitchcock, who in 1852 published a Spanish and English "California Text-book," in black cloth and red leather, were settled at 153 Montgomery; Cooke & LeCount, Stockwell & Company, and all the others within two blocks from the corner of Clay and Montgomery.

The newspaper offices were all in the same region, and the list of editors and publishers comprises many familiar names. Washington Bartlett published the *Evening Journal* on Montgomery north of Clay. F. C. Ewer, afterwards editor of *The Pioneer* and of *Hutchings' Magazine*, G. K. Fitch, Loring Pickering, and J. E. Lawrence were editing and publishing the *Placer Times and Transcript* at 152 Clay. John Nugent owned the *Herald*, published at 120 Montgomery. Frank M. Pixley edited the *Daily Whig*, at 146 Montgomery, and E. Connor owned the *Alta California*. Almost all these offices did some outside printing, and turned out pamphlets, circulars, and posters.

The publication of the city directory passed to LeCount & Strong in 1854, and in 1856 to Samuel Colville, in which year it was printed by Monson & Valentine, at 129 Sansome. This year it was a most excellent piece of home work, beginning with a history of the city. To the periodicals had been added *Hutchings' Monthly Magazine* and four weeklies, *The Golden Era*, *The Wide West*, *The California Farmer*, and *The Variedades*.

In 1857 Henry Langley, whose connection with the San Francisco directories began the following year, edited and published *The State Register* at 144 Washington Street. It was printed at the Commercial presses, 127 Sansome,

and bound in half morocco, in half calf, and in cloth by J. J. LeCount, in "The Granite Building" corner of California and Montgomery. It contained full statistics concerning the resources of the State; an exhibit of the finances of each county and town; and notes upon the agricultural, mining, commercial, and manufacturing industries; also an account of every water ditch, flour mill, saw mill, and quartz mill in California. James Queen was the Sacramento agent, and the work was pushed throughout the State. Still it is a scarce book, as are also the subsequent volumes.

Business directories and county directories began to appear about 1855, but the State Register remains as one of the best examples of excellent early printing and binding.

The best and first of the early group of magazines published in California was *The Pioneer*. It began publication in January, 1854, and with June, 1856, merged into *Hutchings' Magazine*. *The Pioneer* was published by W. H. Brooks & Co., at Le Count & Strong's book store on Montgomery Street, and was printed by Monson & Valentine, 124 Sacramento Street. Its "Introductory" said that it was to be "The Knickerbocker Magazine of the Pacific Coast." A poem by Edward Pollock is the most striking article in the first issue.

The magazine had sixty pages, and was published at \$5.00 per annum. It soon gathered contributors from all parts of the State,—John Swett, J. P. Anthony, Frank Soulé, John S. Hittell, S. C. Massett, the inimitable John Phoenix, and others equally well known. It attempted no illustrations, and printed a good deal of Pacific Coast history and description that is worth reading, even now. But as it happens, only four or five sets of the pioneer magazine are in existence. The cover of the magazine contained in the center an engraving of a group of three exultant pioneers, looking westward from a cliff over the Pacific; in the

background, pines and their white-roofed wagons. F. C. Ewer edited *The Pioneer* from its first issue.

A lady, who wrote over the signature of "Shirley," contributed excellent descriptive articles on "California in 1851." C. T. Hopkins described "A Trip to the Galapagos Islands," and it is interesting to note that more than thirty years later the late B. B. Redding began the preparation of an article on the same subject for *THE OVERLAND MONTHLY*, but left it unfinished at the time of his death. Mr. Hopkins sailed to Peru and the Galapagos January 12, 1850, to get a cargo of sweet potatoes, turtles, onions, etc. His estimated expenses were \$12,000, and the estimated profits at prices then ruling were over \$88,000. Unfortunately the potatoes decayed and the expedition lost money. B. S. Brooks wrote the history of the Limantour claim. Mrs. E. Parker Walton, under the *nom de plume* of Francesca, described San Francisco in 1850; W. Farwell contributed an article upon the new fish of the Pacific. W. H. J. Brooks edited a valuable "Monthly Summary of Events." Musical, theatrical, and literary notes appeared in each issue. William Spear wrote several studies of "Early Voyages to China," over the signature of "Singleton." C. T. Hopkins, over his initials, described his exploring expedition in 1850 to the Klamath and southern Oregon.

Hutchings' Illustrated California Magazine began publication in July, 1856, with the same editor as its predecessor. The publishers were Hutchings and Rosenfeld, 146 Montgomery Street. The cover design is reproduced here. The opening article of the first issue was on the "Yo-Ham-i-te Valley" (now the Yosemite), illustrated by wood-cuts by Van Vleck. The illustrated article of the second issue was on the Farallone Islands, the cuts by Eastman; the third number illustrated the New Almaden quicksilver mine. Each issue of *Hutchings' Magazine* contained one or more

illustrated descriptive articles. It was partly filled up with selected matter, but more than half of its contents were articles from Pacific Coast writers, or upon Pacific Coast topics. The last issue of *Hutchings' Magazine* was in June, 1861.

As for the early weeklies, *The Pacific* started August 1st, 1851, at \$5 per year, size 19½x25 inches. *The Golden Era*

began in 1853, with a plain heading. During its second volume, it adopted an engraved heading, a view of San Francisco. Its characteristic Indian on a cliff, overlooking the Golden Gate, was not adopted till much later. J. E. Lawrence edited the paper, and R. M. Daggett and J. M. Foard were owners. *The Wide West*, decidedly the best literary weekly of the time, had a graphic heading, engraved by J. W. Orr, consisting of three vignette designs. The

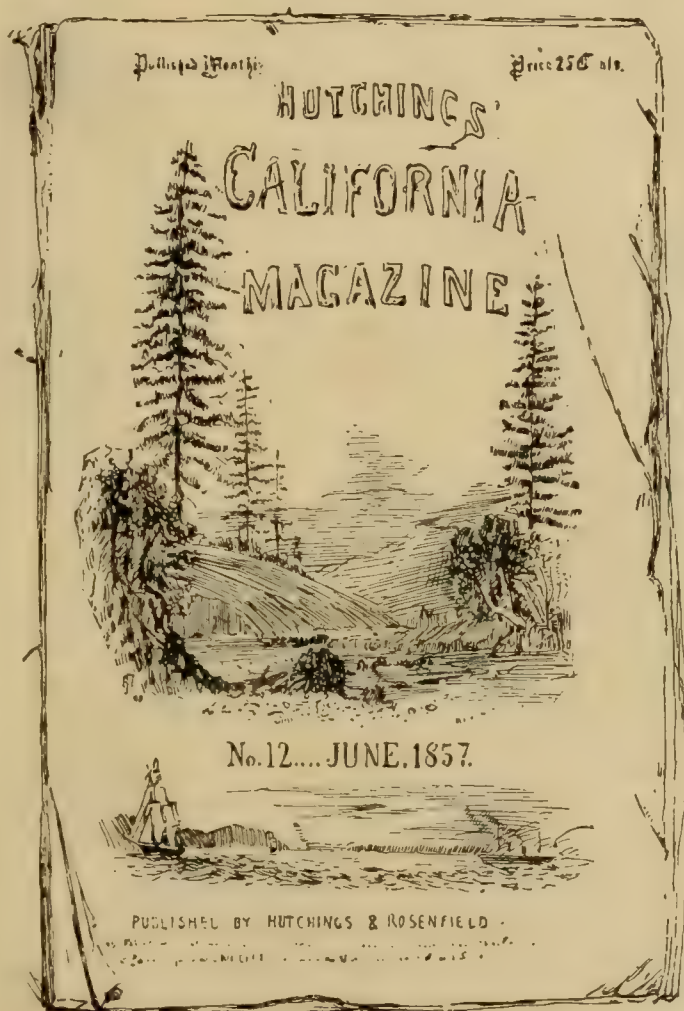
center, and largest, represented a locomotive and a railroad track. A large grizzly was retreating from one side, and a buffalo from the other, while the whole distance was a purely Californian landscape. In this central vignette we perhaps have the suggestion that was ultimately developed into the OVERLAND's bear crossing the railroad track, as Bret Harte and A. Roman were familiar with *The Wide West*. The left hand vignette represented a pioneer wagon train, and the right hand one contained a scene in

a mining camp, with the typical pan and rocker in operation. *The Wide West* was published by Bonestell & Williston, booksellers on Clay Street, opposite to the plaza, and its first issue appeared March 24th, 1854. It had agents at all the mining towns from Sacramento to Yankee Jim and beyond.

One of its first editorials urges the ne-

cessity of building a transcontinental railroad. Anthony & Baker did a good deal of engraving for it, and the illustrations of pioneer life were excellent.

Another weekly was the *California Mail*, published by W. C. Butler, T. C. Foard, and R. F. Greely. It had an engraved vignette by C. C. Kuchel — an eagle grasping the arms of California; San Francisco Bay in the background. October 15, 1854, was the date of its first issue.



COVER OF HUTCHINGS' MAGAZINE.

The Hesperian began as a newspaper in 1858. It became a monthly in March, 1859, under the editorship of Mrs. F. H. Day. It was a forty-eight page magazine, double rules around each page, and illustrated with lithographs of California flowers and birds, and with sketches of pioneers such as Yount, Lassen, Larkin, and others. Kellogg and Veatch, the botanists, Grayson, the naturalist, "Caxton" (W. H. Rhodes), W. Wadsworth, who was afterwards editor of the magazine, were among its contributors.

The Hesperian continued until April, 1863, when it joined the ranks of its predecessors. Its style was something like that of *Arthur's Home Magazine* and *Godey's Lady's Book*.

Another monthly, but more distinctly devoted to horticulture, was *The California Culturist*, which lasted from January, 1858, to December, 1861. Its legitimate successor was *The California Horticulturist*, begun by Miller and Sievers, afterwards published by John H. Carmany. *The Culturist* is very rare, the only complete set being in the State library in Sacramento.

The oldest of the strictly horticultural press, however, was *The California Farmer*, begun January 1st, 1854. The plates of native flowers and trees, made originally for the Academy of Sciences in the early fifties, or for *Hutchings' Magazine*, or for the first volumes of *The Hesperian*, appeared over and over in all the strictly horticultural publications, until they were fairly worn out. In the same way the pioneer illustrations of mining life, done by Keith, Nahl, and others of the early engravers and designers, were used from one end of the State to the other, creating stock types regarding early days.

In January, 1865, after the *Pioneer*, the *Hesperian*, and *Hutchings' Magazine* had perished, Loomis & Swift, 617 Clay street, began the publication of a pictorial weekly, called *Puck*. The title page represented the "tricksy imp" riding an owl, and the design is here given. *Puck* was bristling with good illustrations. Perhaps the best thing in the first volume is a full page lithograph by Nagel, after one of Nahl's designs, representing California, with her attendant grizzly, giving a medal to *Puck*. The *California Puck*, like the famous New York journal later established with the same name, had a fashion of introducing its familiar and impish figure into varied designs, armed with his puncturing pen, or accompanied by his owl. It would be interesting to

know how many suggestions the New York *Puck* received from this brief flower of Pacific Coast caricature, with its motto, "Lord, what fools these mortals be," its bright local hits, and its Puck and owl design. The *California Puck* con-



COVER DESIGN OF "PUCK."

tinued for two volumes and began a third. The only complete set known to exist is owned by Edward Bosqui, of this city. Charles Warren Stoddard did his first literary work for *Puck*, and W. A. Kendall was a frequent contributor.

One of the curious ventures in the magazine line was *Gazlay's Pacific Monthly*. It lasted only six months. It was a ninety-six page illustrated magazine, price five dollars per year, and first appeared in January, 1865. David M. Gazlay was printer and publisher. The writers were nearly all Eastern, and Rev. H. W. Bellows, Prof. J. J. Mapes, Rev. Geo. B. Bacon, were among the best known of them. In such California writings as it did get, the magazine had a good deal of first-rate outdoor material and Pacific Coast description, but its literary standard was on the whole low. It was published in New York, and never obtained any foothold in California.

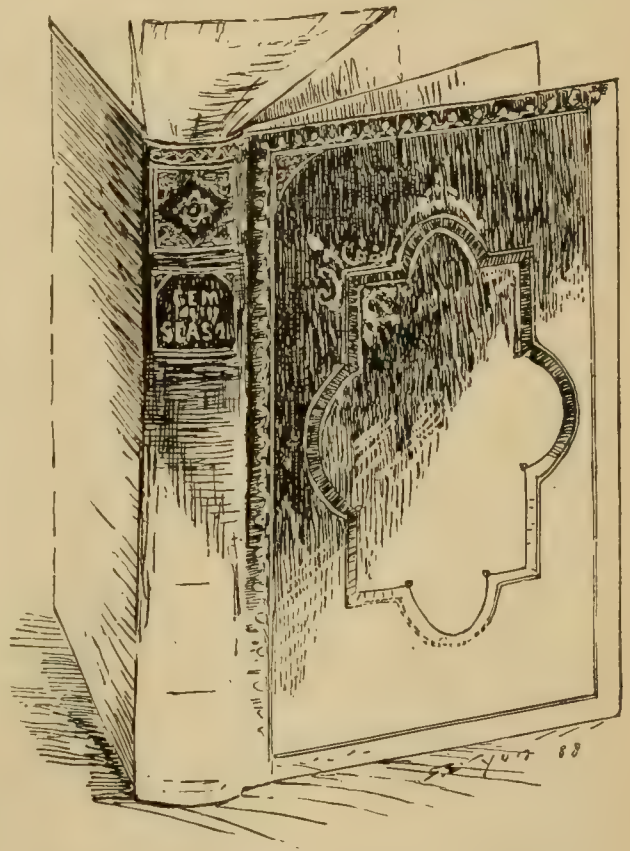
There have not been many binderies on the coast, and yet the quality of the best early work done here will compare

favorably with any of the time elsewhere. Some excellent workmen from London, Paris, and New York drifted here, and were allowed much freedom to develop their own ideas. While the early San Francisco presses turned out pamphlet and book work that is both interesting and valuable to the student of the technical arts that go to the making of a volume, the binders must not be forgotten. Indeed, in several cases sheets printed in New York were brought here for their costly and unique bindings. But it is a general complaint among San Francisco binders that wealthy Californians are slow to give orders for original work, thinking that it can be done better abroad; and indeed, the traditional liberality of the millionaires of the Pacific Coast does not seem to have extended to much encouragement of any part of the art preservative. Still, there are occasional bits of work done that do credit alike to purchaser and to artist. This coming winter several privately illustrated Pacific Coast works will be bound here under original designs, and with the best of hand-work.

Some of the best early binding done on this coast was turned out by Bartling & Kimball. They bound for Judge T. H. Rearden an Aldine Catullus, the 1502 edition, in scarlet morocco, tooled in dentelle patterns with inlayings of blue. They bound the Knights Templar Album, Conclave of 1883, in broad roulette work, and Stoddard's South Sea Idyls in 1873, in brown morocco with red edges. Henry Marsden, while in their employ, bound a Cervantes in full brown morocco, geometrically tooled with inlayings, gilt bands, and roulette on the title page. This most elegant volume was owned by the late William Bartling of Oakland. We give a sketch of one of the firm's more recent bindings, under its present firm name of Bartling, Phillips & Stillwell. It is a rare annual of about 1827, bound in full blue English calf, the design after the French style, the book

finished in full gilt, and the center piece illuminated in red. The slides have a gilt border about the edge, and both edge and center are white and gold, illuminated in red, tooled with fine dotted lines. The insides of the covers are lined with white moire antique silk, tooled with dotted gold all around.

D. Hicks & Company, whose bindings are unsurpassed on the coast, bound for John R. Jarboe a copy of "The Rehearsal" by the Duke of Buckingham,



SPECIMEN OF BINDING, BARTLING & KIMBALL.

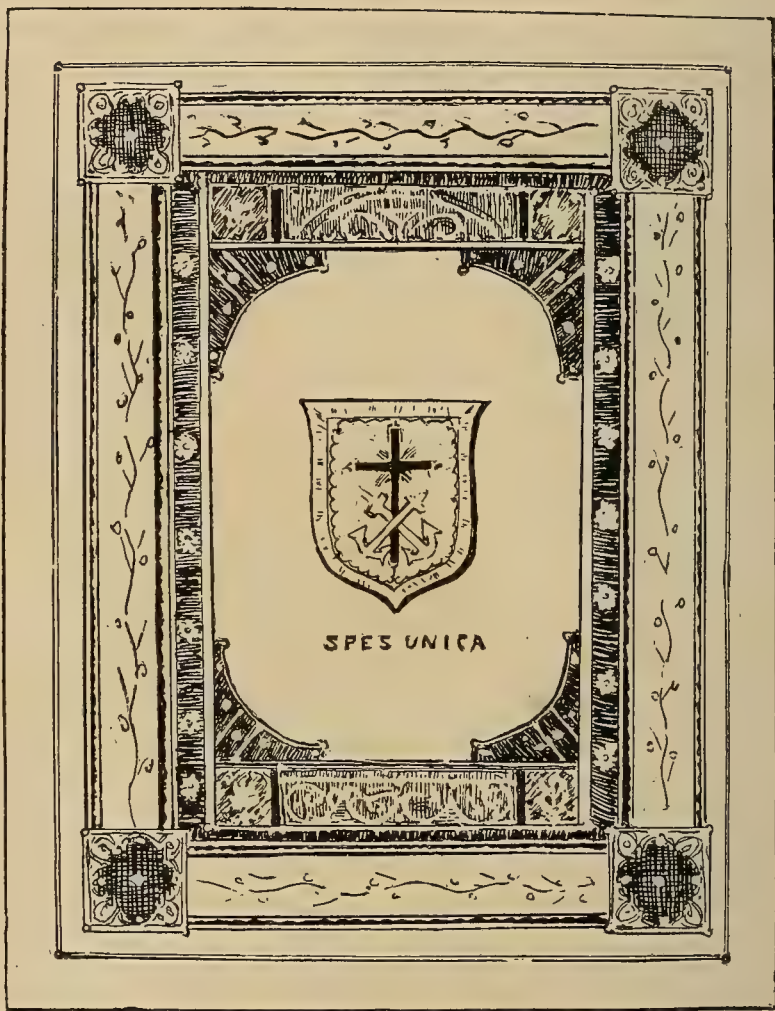
Edw. Arber edition, in full dark brown calf inlaid with red and blue, extra gilt, and a gilt vine around a blind tooled staff. The Hicks-Judd Company, successor to the above, recently bound a volume for the Sisters of the Holy Cross at Woodland, California, which has been chosen for illustration as the best piece of recent Pacific Coast work that I have been able to find. The execution of work of this character shows the progress that has been made in this city during the last decade in the art of book-binding. This book is bound in dark

brown Levant Morocco, and inlaid or illuminated with bright colors, purple and orange being chiefly used. The tooling or ornamental design is in gold; the shield in the center is solid gold and enamel; the pages are beautifully illuminated and ornamented by the young ladies of the Academy of the Holy Cross, and the volume has been sent to Pope Leo. In its entirety, it is a very creditable specimen of the designing and technical skill of California workmen.

Other excellent examples of California binders' work are to be seen in a copy of the Wilkie Gallery by Leary, full red morocco, gold and blind tooling with embossments, bound for A. K. P. Harmon; also a catalogue of Joseph Sabin's, bound for Alfred E. Whittaker by Cummings & Phillips, in full brown morocco, inlaid in colored leathers, and tooled.

The early books, some of which have already received mention, comprise guides to the mines, maps, stories of pioneer life, poems, and a varied assortment of subjects. One quite rare little book, 4½ by 6 inches, black cloth, plain gilt lettering, which is entitled "Sandwich Islands, Past and Present," was written here by Rev. T. Dwight Hunt in 1852, and printed at the presses of Whitton, Towne, & Co., Excelsior Office, 128 Clay Street, where it was also bound. There are 189 pages of letter press, besides title and preface, and the missionary view of the early history of the Hawaiian Islands and the conversion of their people has never been more clearly stated. The work is still of historical value, and is very readable. T. Dwight Hunt came to California from Honolulu in 1848, and became pastor of the First Congrega-

tional Church. Another pioneer Congregational clergyman, Rev. John A. Benton, published in the same year a book, "The California Pilgrim," which was widely read and aided greatly in calling public attention to the dangers of "gold fever." The imprint of the book was "Sacramento: Solomon Alter. San Francisco: Marvin & Hitchcock." There were two editions, the first illustrated.



SKETCH OF COVER DESIGN, HICKS-JUDD CO.

Early in 1859, H. H. Bancroft & Company brought out a book by Rev. W. A. Scott, upon "Samson, the Hebrew Hercules," and another upon "Esther, the Hebrew Persian Queen," small duodecimos of about 340 pages. The first named was illustrated with wood cuts by Eastman and others, after Nahl's spirited drawings. An article in the OVERLAND MONTHLY for May describes these more at length, and reproduces several. Neat,

plain and typographically excellent. These publications were a credit to the firm and were among the first of a long series of publications from this house. A vast number of early books, book parts, and engravings were destroyed in our great fire April 30th, 1886. Their great book, Mr. H. H. Bancroft's history of the Pacific Coast work, excepting the loss of the paper. The first vol-

Arthur and Charles Nahl, true to that training in athletics which every German knows something of, published in 1863, through A. Rosenfield, a large quarto, of "Instructions in Gymnastics," whose title page was very attractive. Towne & Bacon were the printers, and the work was dedicated to the San Francisco Olympic Club. It contained several hundred illustrations from drawings by the



FROM BANCROFT'S "NATIVE RACES."

ume of the "Native Races" was published in 1875 by the A. L. Bancroft Co.; twenty-nine volumes have now appeared. Since 1880 the composition and plates have been done by the Filmer-Stiller Electrotyping Company, and the binding by the Fells-Judd Company. Several of the smaller illustrations from various sources have been furnished by the H. H. Company for use in this article.

authors. Edward Bosqui bound this book in half calf, with gilt borders and inlaid title. The plates were made and all the work done in this city, and the result was a valuable manual, which was far in advance of the time, and only needed pushing to make it widely known. There is something very quaint about the wide margins of this interesting quarto; its old-fashioned rules about each page, and its German script initials.

Coming down to a later period, when the early publications were giving way to a new school, we find that two volumes of selected verse came first in the list. Bret Harte's "Outcroppings: Selections of California Verse," was published in 1866, by A. Roman. Among the poets who were honored by selections were Edward Pollock, Lyman R. Goodman, E. G. Paige, Emilie Lawson, C. H. Webb, W. A. Kendall, Charles Warren Stoddard, J. F. Bowman, B. P. Avery, J. R. Ridge, James Linen, Mrs. A. M. Shultz, Ina D. Coolbrith, and a few others. It was a simple little green and gold volume, with an arabesque design on the cover, and it is very hard to get hold of in the second-hand book stores. Another collection of California verse is May Wentworth's "Poetry of the Pacific," published in 1867, by the Pacific Publishing Company, 305 Montgomery Street. It is a duodecimo of 415 pages, and is the only remaining record of numbers of the early Pacific Coast writers.

It was in 1867 that Towne & Bacon, the famous old firm at first Whitton & Towne, then Towne & Bacon, issued

Harte's "Lost Galleon." His "Outcroppings," a volume of poetic selections which had offended many literary cliques, had brought Mr. Harte into notice, and his "Lost Galleon" made it certain that a new writer of rare promise



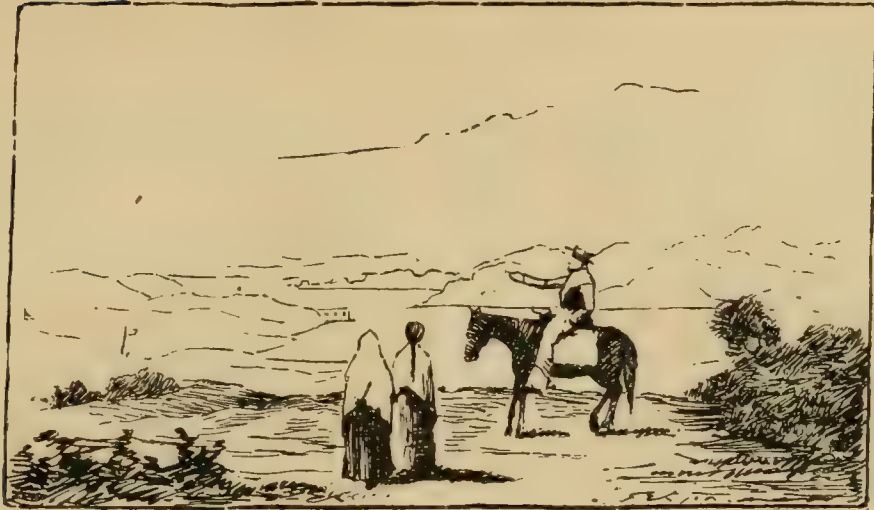
FROM BANCROFT'S "NATIVE RACES."

was in the field. It is hardly too much to say that a few volumes of verses by several young persons appearing in 1866 and 1867 prepared the way for the establishment of a Pacific Coast magazine the following year.

Bret Harte's ghostly tale of "The Lost Galleon" was a pretty duodecimo of 105 pages. This volume, as we have said, every one here read, nearly a quarter of a century ago, with the sense of having discovered a real poet in hurrying San Francisco, before the finish and beauty of his early work in the OVERLAND had introduced him to the world. Bret Harte is now become a tradition to the Californian. Unlike the other writers of the Pacific Coast, he has not simply drifted away from us, but has frankly and avowedly left us forever, and seemingly without regrets or interest. His work here can be viewed without fear or favor, as the work of one who is as apart from us as if he were no more living.



FROM BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA: SEAL OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.



FROM DWINELLE'S "COLONIAL HISTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO." SKETCH FROM ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH.

But even viewed thus dispassionately twenty-one years after its first impression was made, "The Lost Galleon" does not fail to renew the charm we all felt in it at the time. We can see now that the patriotic poems of Mr. Harte have no particular value, but the Spanish-Californian studies, such as this of the lost galleon, are far better. This saintly Flying Dutchman, for three hundred years compelled to cruise around the South Seas, trying to cross the 180th degree on the ninth of May, is one of those vivid conceptions that the right man would make into a weird novel, and that any artist would be proud to be asked to illustrate. The design from the cover of the pretty volume—the galleon main-top sail, with the flag of El Rey, is given here.

The little engraving which is reproduced on the first page is one of Van Vleck & Keith's, and may, perhaps, be taken to show the ghostly vessel as she nears the end of her punishment; for says the poem:

"By a computation that still holds good,
Made by the Holy Brotherhood,
The San Gregorio will cross the line
In nineteen hundred and thirty-nine,
Just three hundred years to a day
From the time she lost the ninth of May.
And the folks in Acapulco town,
Over the waters looking down,
Will see in the glow of the setting sun,

The sails of the missing galleon,
And the royal standard of Philip Rey,
The gleaming mast and glistening spar;
As she nears the surf of the outer bar,
A Te Deum sung on her crowded deck,
An odor of spice along the shore,
A crash, a cry from a shattered wreck—
And the yearly galleon sails no more,
In or out of the olden bay,
For the blessed patron has found his day."

A little later, in 1869, James Linen, a modest, thoughtful poet, not widely known but still worth reading, published a long poem, "The Golden Gate." Edward Bosqui was the publisher, and the artists who furnished illustrations were J. B. Wandesforde, Norton Bush, and A. Nahl. We reproduce Wandesforde's drawing of the old Mission Dolores front as it looked before the earthquakes of 1868.

One of the most attractive of the early books was the collection of Charles Warren Stoddard's poems published by A. Roman & Company, in 1867, and in some sense serving as a prelude to the revival of literary interest that led to the establishment of the OVERLAND MONTHLY the following year. Edward Bosqui & Company were the printers, and the volume was in all respects a good example of modest, tasteful execution. The five illustrations were drawn and engraved by William Keith, and seem surprisingly like the best recent magazine

work. Indeed, no magazine in America was using such illustrations twenty years ago as the *Tamalpais*, which we reproduce from the original block, now in the possession of Mr. Edward Bosqui. Tam-



alpais and Alcatraz have never had a better interpreter.

Mr. Stoddard's early poems have drifted somewhat out of public view, only to find a haven in the memories and regards of a few. Dainty and musical rhymes they were, charming the city with their sweetness. I find stray copies of this first edition of Stoddard's poems treasured in out of the way places, by busy men, on lonely ranches, in mining camps, or on the frontiers, where one would expect to see more of Harte or Twain, and I have often wondered what was Stoddard's charm with such men. Perhaps it is the simplicity of his elements—dusk, and sunset, and first rains, shells, and sea waves, and flowing streams, written of with an artless boyishness that pleases the reader. Of *Tamalpais* he writes:

Anon the sudden evening gun
Awakes me to the sinking sun
And golden glories at the Gate.
The full, strong tides, that slowly run,
Their sliding waters modulate
To indolent soft winds that wait
And lift a long web, newly spun.
I see the groves of scented bay,
And night is in their fragrant mass.
But tassel-shadows swing and sway,
And spangles flash and fade away

Upon their glimmering leaves of glass—
And there a fence of rail, quite gray,
With ribs of sunlight in the grass—
And here a branch full well arrayed
With struggling beams a moment stayed—
Like panting butterflies afraid.

Then comes the sunset's glowing hour, and one beholds

The mountain softened in its shape,
Its perfect symmetry attained—
And swathed in velvet folds, and stained
With dusty purple of the grape.

The monogram with which this article begins is from the title page of Stoddard's poems. It is that of the old publishing house of A. Roman, the well-known bookseller of San Francisco, who began business in 1857. He has furnished us with a list of the more important publications of his house, and it certainly does credit to the coast. Nahl's *Gymnastics*, John Hittell's *Resources of California*, the famous "*Outcroppings of California Verse*," which Harte collected in 1866, and John F. Swift's "*Going to Jericho*" were among the early Roman publications. They published Loomis's "*Confucius and the*



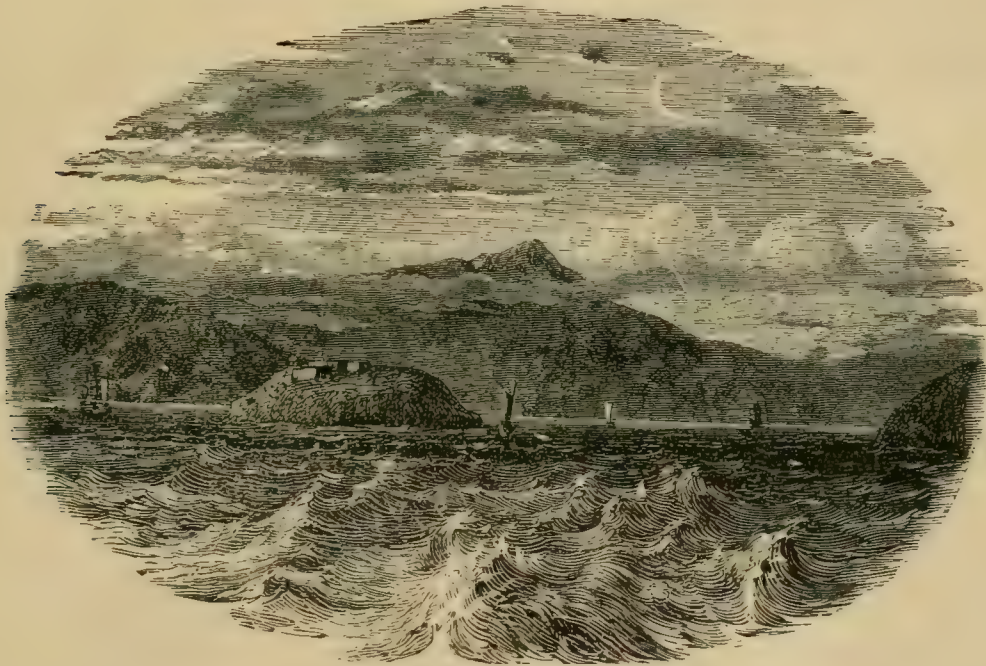
FROM LINEN'S "GOLDEN GATE," THE MISSION DOLORES.

Chinese Classics," various Chinese and English phrase books, numbers of pioneer reports and pamphlets, some curious early theological and religious works

by local pastors, and numbers of local novels by forgotten writers. Rev. Charles Wadsworth's eloquent sermons were published in 1869. Bishop Kip, the previous year, had published his work, still a standard, on "The Unnoticed Things of Scripture." That fine old Indian fighter and picturesque Bohemian, Col. John C. Cremony, published his racy book, "Among the Apaches," in 1868. Cremony was a thoroughly interesting and manly sort of a man; the friend and daily associate of Harte, Stoddard, Carmany, Williams, and Avery; a good,

"Financial Economy" (1867) preceded Henry George in many of his financial views.

John W. Dwinelle's "Colonial History of San Francisco" included his "Address before the California Pioneers," which had been printed by Sterett & Cubery. The frontispiece was a view of the Presidio in 1830. Towne & Bacon printed the History, which had grown from a legal brief to a pamphlet, and thence to a notable volume, which still remains as a monument of painstaking research among the archives of the pueblo of San



FROM STODDARD'S POEM,—TAMALPAIS.

hard working journalist; and a man whose oddities and marvelous narratives have served to keep his memory green these many years, so that men who never heard of Bret Harte can tell stories about the old Colonel.

In all, Roman published fifty-four books, some juveniles, some scientific or polemical, but chiefly literary. Most of these were published in 1866, '67, '68, and '69; and good, honest work went to the making of them. A large proportion of the fifty-four were books that attracted attention and sales in the East. Yale's "Mining Claims," (1868) is still a high legal authority. Ferris's

San Francisco from its foundation in 1776. Henry Payot & Co., 640 Washington Street, who published some of the best of the early books, brought out the poems of John R. Ridge. His wife compiled the volume after the author's death. The poems are mostly Californian, and strong, though very crude. Harte printed one in his "Outcroppings." A very pretty early volume, a large octavo of two hundred pages, was Pierre Cauwet's "*Poesies*," also published by Henry Payot in 1867. The poems were some of them written as early as 1856, and in various mining camps. Some of the lyrics are worth the effort to trans-

late, so fresh and musical are they. The French people of San Francisco look upon the book as an important contribution to California literature.



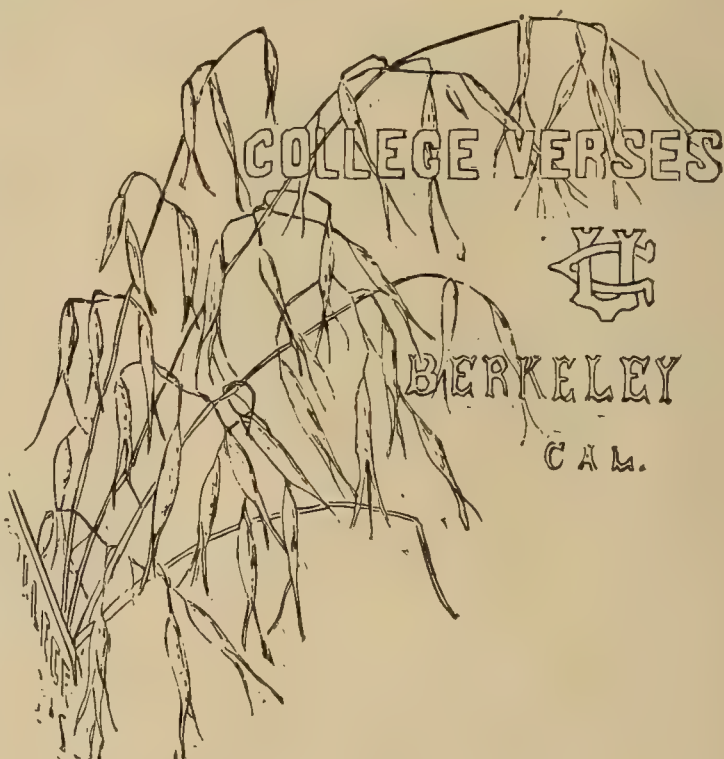
COVER DESIGN OF STILLMAN'S "SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE."

Among the many books of poetry that have been published in San Francisco, one, a little collection called "College Verses," compiled from various periodicals, and covering the years between 1872 and 1882, is especially a book with a happy cover design. These "College Verses" of the University of California are in a modest volume of 4 by 5½ inches and 112 pages. The cover, which has been reproduced for this article, is simply a spray of California wild oats, such as clothes all the hills, with the interwoven U. C. of the University, all in gold on black. This little book was the work of "The California Publishing Company," Bacon & Company, printers, and outside of college circles is almost unknown.

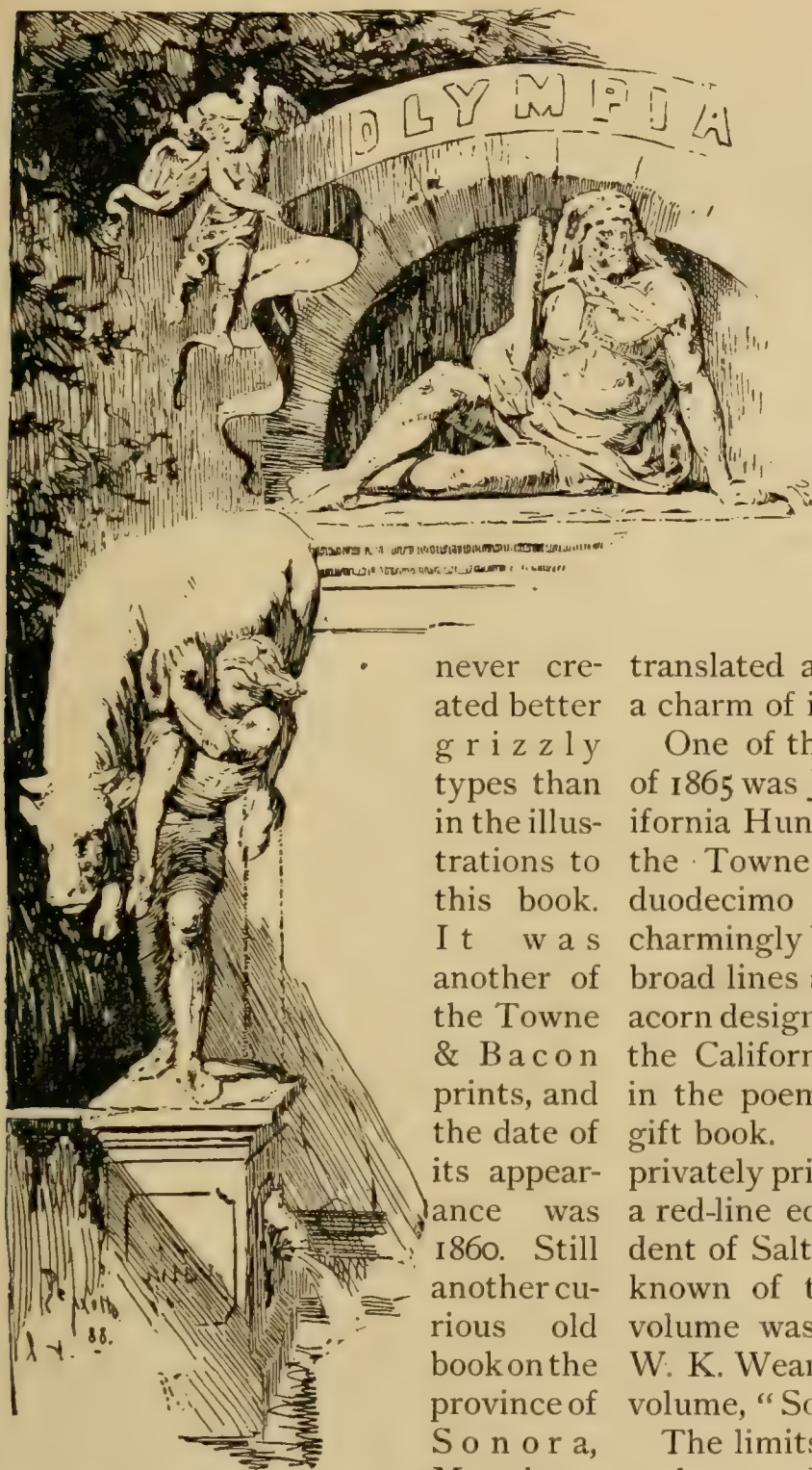
The late Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, a prominent physician of San Francisco, but for many years engaged in grape culture in the San Bernardino valley, was one of the Argonauts, and wrote often and well for leading publications. His reminiscences, printed in 1877, under the title of "Seeking the Golden

Fleece," found a wide sale. The illustrations of pioneer times were excellent, but most of them, as well as the printing, were Eastern work. The design on the cover was a Greek galley.

Another of the old books, which sold throughout the United States, and is marked as rare on the catalogues, is Theodore H. Hittell's "Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California." There seems to have been the making of a series of frontier novels in the reminiscences of the old grizzly-fighter. Aimard or Dumas would make twenty volumes out of the material. But this duodecimo of three hundred and seventy-eight pages, illustrated by wood engravings of Eastman's and Loomis's from Nahl's best designs has hardly a waste word. It deserves reprinting for the boys of California. Grizzly hunting in Alameda County; elk shooting in the San Joaquin Valley; stories of buffaloes and antelopes, and other large game animals, roving where railroads now run and cities stand—these are worth reading, even if one is no longer a boy. Nahl, with all his studies of the grizzly,



COVER DESIGN FROM "COLLEGE VERSES."



FROM TITLE PAGE OF "NAHL'S GYM-
NASTICS."

Don Francis Velasco's History of Sonora, made by Wm. F. Nye, and bearing the Bancroft imprint. Velasco was Secretary of State and member of the Mexican Congress sometime in the fifties, and his work describes the climate, soil, mines, and political organization of Sonora. Its most interesting chapters relate to the Indians, and the

early mines and mining customs, often similar to those that prevailed in California. Incidentally, it contains considerable information about early mining ventures in Sonora by American prospectors and capitalists. Hand-books of the Southwest, mining manuals for Arizona, New Mexico, and the Mexican borders have been issued in great abundance ever since, but still the plain little duodecimo of one hundred and eighty pages that Nye

never created better grizzly types than in the illustrations to this book. It was another of the Towne & Bacon prints, and the date of its appearance was 1860. Still another curious old book on the province of Sonora, Mexico, was a translation from

translated and published in 1861, keeps a charm of its own.

One of the handsomely bound books of 1865 was J. Henry Rodgers' "The California Hundred." This was issued from the Towne & Bacon presses, a small duodecimo of one hundred pages, and charmingly bound in full russia, tooled in broad lines about the panel, and with an acorn design on the back. Col. Baker and the California Battalion are celebrated in the poem, which has been a favorite gift book. In 1866 Sarah E. Carmichael privately printed a small volume of verse, a red-line edition. She was then a resident of Salt Lake, and one of the best known of the Utah writers, but her volume was printed in San Francisco. W. K. Weare of Nevada also published a volume, "Songs of the Western Shore."

The limits of this article are reaching a close, and yet the subject broadens, and the list of early publications is too long to be completed here. None of the publications of the interior cities have been mentioned. Oregon and Washington Territory, with their early pamphlets, periodicals, and books must wait for a future article. Even among the San Francisco publications many more would receive attention in an exhaustive monograph. There was *The Oriental*, that curious monthly that Rev. William Speer

began in 1855, in both English and Chinese. There was the political sheet, *Svoda*, that Father Agapius Honcharenko published for a time. There was Henry George's weekly, *The State*, begun during the New Constitution struggle, continued less than three months, and so rare that a complete set is not known to be extant. The first edition of Mr. George's *Progress as Poverty*, too, first saw the light in this city. And there were probably a greater num-

ber of verses of every description published in San Francisco between 1853 and 1875 than in any other city of equal size and of no greater publishing facilities. But the periodicals, books, and bindings I have mentioned seem to sufficiently illustrate the field. The subject of the early newspapers, especially the publications of the various mining camps, offers even more abundant material for some investigator of the future.

Charles H. Shinn.

YOUTH AND LIFE.

My heart awoke, imperious rising,
And broke from the time-shackles, quickened, alert;
We two will away, we two now together;
This gold-chaliced draught be pledge of our parting.

We drink in the joy of summer hours;
We're free as the bird adrift in the blue;
We're away for meads where the field-larks hover;—
We're free, we two, in the wide world together:

We come of the change and the star-drift of ages,
And hope is above us as a banner unfurled;
We're away mid the din of clamoring bugles;—
We yet may ride on in the storied page!

What's a sea to span? What's a world to conquer?
If hearts are but true, all fields will be won!

O wild, mocking Voice, be still and give way:
Of what avail are the glories you sing?
Mere cheats one and all but to lead me on,
But to close the ranks where another fell.

No triumphs I see where your trumpets are calling,
Only comrades dropping away in the gloom,
And the wild, fierce riders that trample on
Over fallen forms, over pale upturned faces.

Yet we're off, we two, in the wild world together,
And hope is above, as a banner unfurled!

Melville Upton.

FOG AND FOG SIGNALS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the lake shores, and the great rivers of the United States are well provided with lights, fog signals, buoys, and other aids to navigation. All of these are under the control of the Lighthouse Board of the United States and are grouped in sixteen districts. According to the official report of the board for 1887, there were on June 30th of that year 2,034 "lighted" and 4,464 "unlighted" aids to navigation in position. Of the latter there were 217 fog signals operated by steam, hot air, or clock-work, 44 whistling buoys, and 51 bell buoys.

In this, the twelfth district, with which we are more immediately concerned, and to which the writer proposes to confine the substance of this paper, there are 16 fog signals, 12 of which are operated by steam or hot air, the others by clock work, and 7 whistling buoys. These are all first class instruments, and the twelve principal ones are located as follows:

1. Point Conception, 12 inch steam whistle.
2. Año Nuevo Island, 12 inch steam whistle.
3. Pigeon Point, 12 inch steam whistle.
4. Point Montara, 12 inch steam whistle.
5. Farallones, first class steam siren.
6. Point Boneta, first class steam siren.
7. Lime Point, 12 inch steam whistle.
8. Yerba Buena, 10 inch steam whistle.
9. East Brother Island, 12 inch steam whistle.
10. Point Reyes, first class steam siren.
11. Point Arena, 12 inch steam whistle.
12. Humboldt, 12 inch steam whistle.

The sketch of the coast line given shows the position of these signals, and by it we can see that the harbors on this coast are well guarded by light and sound appliances; in addition to which there

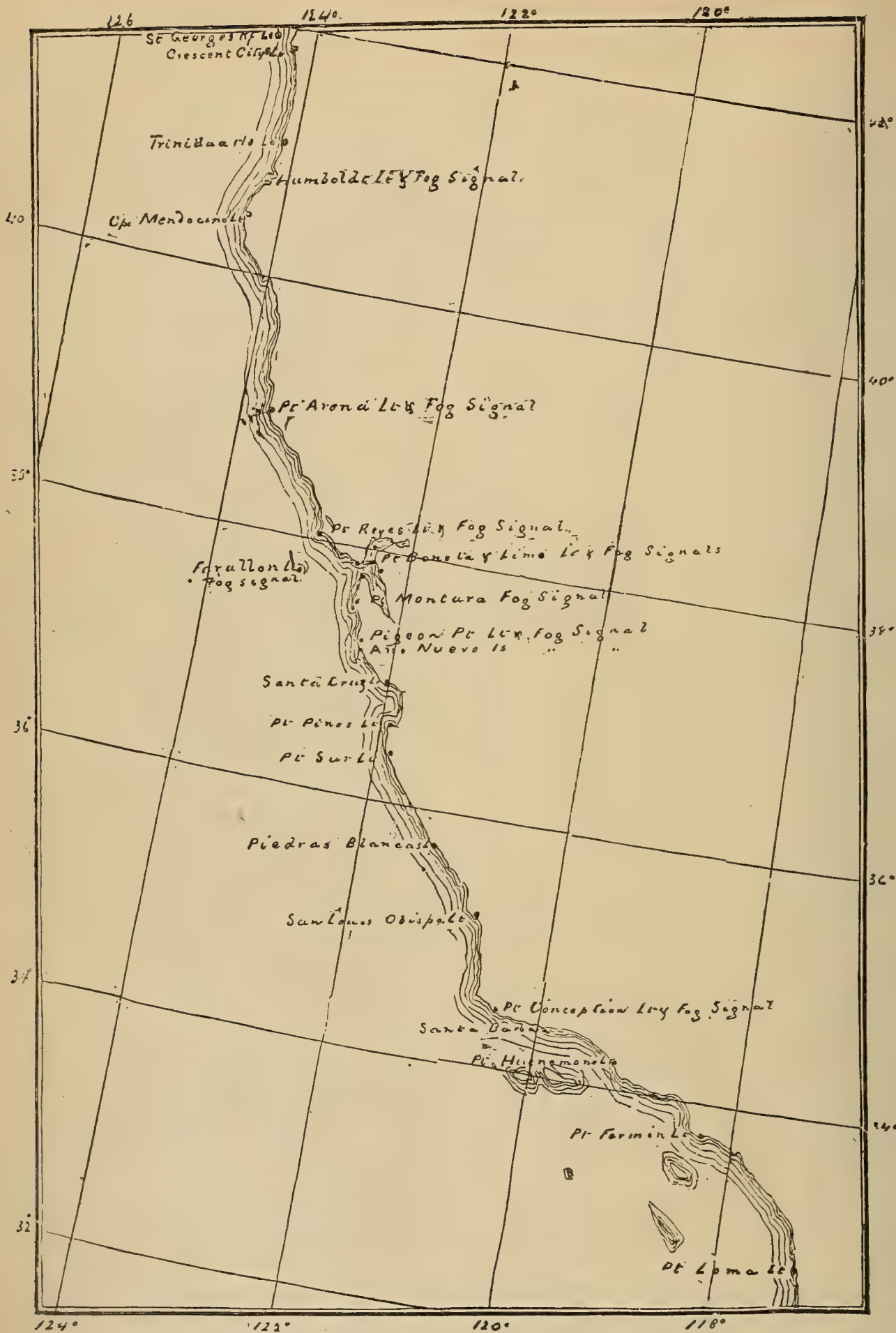
are nearly 100 day beacons and buoys, and fog signals are now being erected at Point Sur and Point Luis Obispo, and a first class signal will be placed on N. W. Seal Rock off Crescent City as soon as the lighthouse now being built there is finished.

Owing to the prevalence of fog on this coast, especially in the months of August and September, the importance of the sound signals established cannot be overestimated, and it is to some peculiarities or eccentricities connected with the audibility of these signals that I desire to call attention in this article.

Sound waves are deflected from their course by media that do not alter the path of light waves, rays of light being able to pass practically straight through strata of unequally heated air, fog and mist, or snow, while sound waves are bent up or down or to either side,—nay, sometimes totally extinguished,—in encountering the same obstructions. Hence arises the fact that it is sometimes impossible to hear sound signals where they should be heard; or their tones, or the directions from which they come, are misunderstood, and thus they help to precipitate the catastrophe they are intended to avert.

These facts have been proven by a series of experiments,—made by such eminent scientists as Professor Tyndall in England, and Professor Henry in the United States, as well as by naval officers of both countries,—on the audibility of sound signals. The results of those experiments show that such signals vary in audibility in a very remarkable manner.

In a paper read before the Philosophical Society of Washington in 1881, by Mr. Arnold B. Johnson, chief clerk of the Lighthouse Board, it is shown that the popular notion that "sound is always



LIGHT AND FOG SIGNALS, XII LIGHTHOUSE DISTRICT, U. S.

heard in all directions from its source according to its intensity or force" is erroneous, and "brings practical men, even shipmasters, to grief."

To support this statement instances are cited, showing that when fog signals were in full blast they would not be heard with the intensity nor at the place expected; would be heard faintly when they ought to be heard loudly, and the reverse; could not be heard at all at times when close by, but would be heard distinctly farther away; and all these changes would occur within reasonable earshot of the source of sound. In one case a steamer grounded in a dead calm and dense fog "about one-eighth of a mile from and behind the steam siren," because, though the siren was in full blast, it was not heard at all by those on the vessel. In another instance those on board a steamer sent out on different occasions for the special purpose of testing the "aberrations of audibility," when between two and a half and three and a half miles from a steam siren, heard nothing but "a faint murmur" at the most, though there seemed to be no reason why the signal should not have been heard for at least twelve miles.

The experiments made in the United States and England seem to have established the fact that there is in the vicinity of fog signals an "area of inaudibility" where no sound is heard. This is often very close; and it would seem that the position of the signal with regard to its surroundings has not so much to do with this phenomenon of inaudibility as might be expected. General Duane, U. S. A., in his report made in 1874 on this subject to the Lighthouse Board, says:

"The signal is often heard at a great distance in one direction, while in another it will be scarcely audible at the distance of a mile. This is not the effect of wind, as the signal is frequently heard much farther against the wind than with it."

These facts are very curious ones, but not altogether unexplainable, as may

be shown further on: still, as another observer says, "If navigators are to windward in a moderate breeze, the chances are very largely against their hearing it" — the signal — "unless close to."

The most perplexing difficulty, however, arises, as General Duane further says,

"from the fact that the signal often appears to be surrounded by a belt, varying in radius from one to one and a half miles, from which the sound appears to be entirely absent. Thus, in moving directly from a station, the sound is audible for the distance of a mile, is then lost for about the same distance, after which it is again distinctly heard for a long time. This action is common to all ear-signals, and has been at times observed at all the stations, at one of which the signal is situated on a bare rock twenty miles from the main land, with no surrounding objects to affect the sound."

In regard to the effect produced upon sound by fog, opinions seem to differ widely. Lieutenant Commander Chadwick, U. S. N., one of the lighthouse inspectors, who had charge of the lighthouse steamer while the observations referred to were being made, and who had made the whole question the subject of careful study, says:

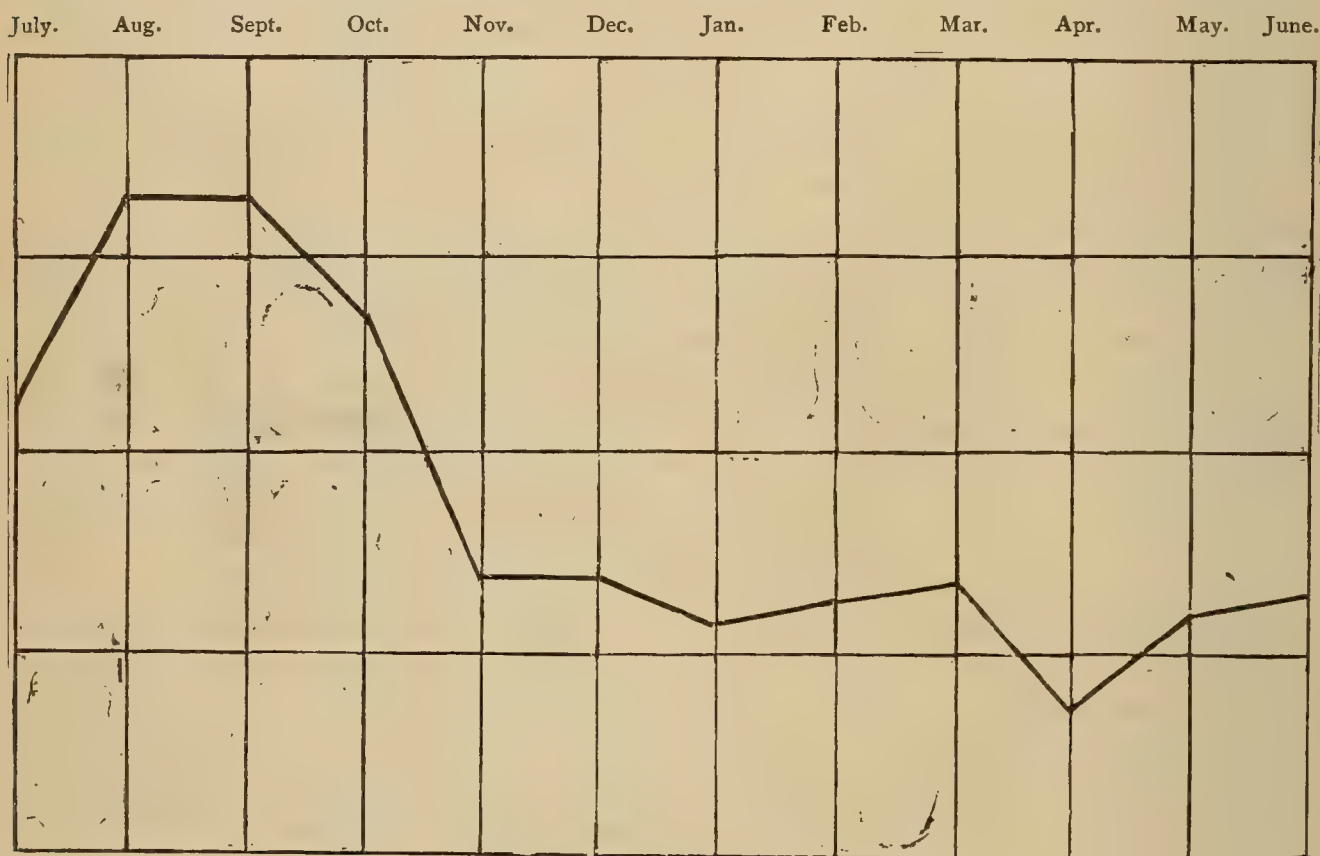
"Fog, to my mind and as far as my experience goes, is not a factor of any consequence whatever in the question of sound. Signals may be heard at great distances through the densest fogs, which may be totally inaudible in the same directions and at the same distances in the clearest atmosphere. It is not meant by this last statement that the fog may assist the sound, as at another time the signal may be absolutely inaudible in a fog of like density, where it had before been clearly heard. That fog has no great effect can easily be understood when it is known, as it certainly is known by observers, that even snow does not deaden sound, there being no condition of the atmosphere so favorable for the far-reaching of sound signals as is that of a heavy northeast snow-storm, due supposably to the homogeneity produced by the falling snow."

At the same time, there are not a few practical ship-masters on this coast who have told the writer that they have repeatedly noticed the echo of sound from a dense fog bank, and of irregularities of sound produced, as they believe, by the varying thickness of the fog. Professor

George Davidson, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, speaking on this subject, said that he was of the opinion that a wall of fog will reflect sound, and open patches in fog confuse sound, and render its source uncertain. In the Arctic Ocean the writer has noted the echo spoken of, at times when fogs prevailed under such circumstances as to make it almost absolutely certain that the sound was thrown back from the dense, dirty gray wall of vapor close at hand.

1888 — twelve years — during which the fog signals at the stations named were sounded.

In the opposite diagram, each horizontal line is a zero point for the station whose name is immediately above and bracketed to it, and the stations are arranged with regard to their approximate geographical position, as will be seen by reference to the first map given in this article. It will be seen that August and September are the two months when

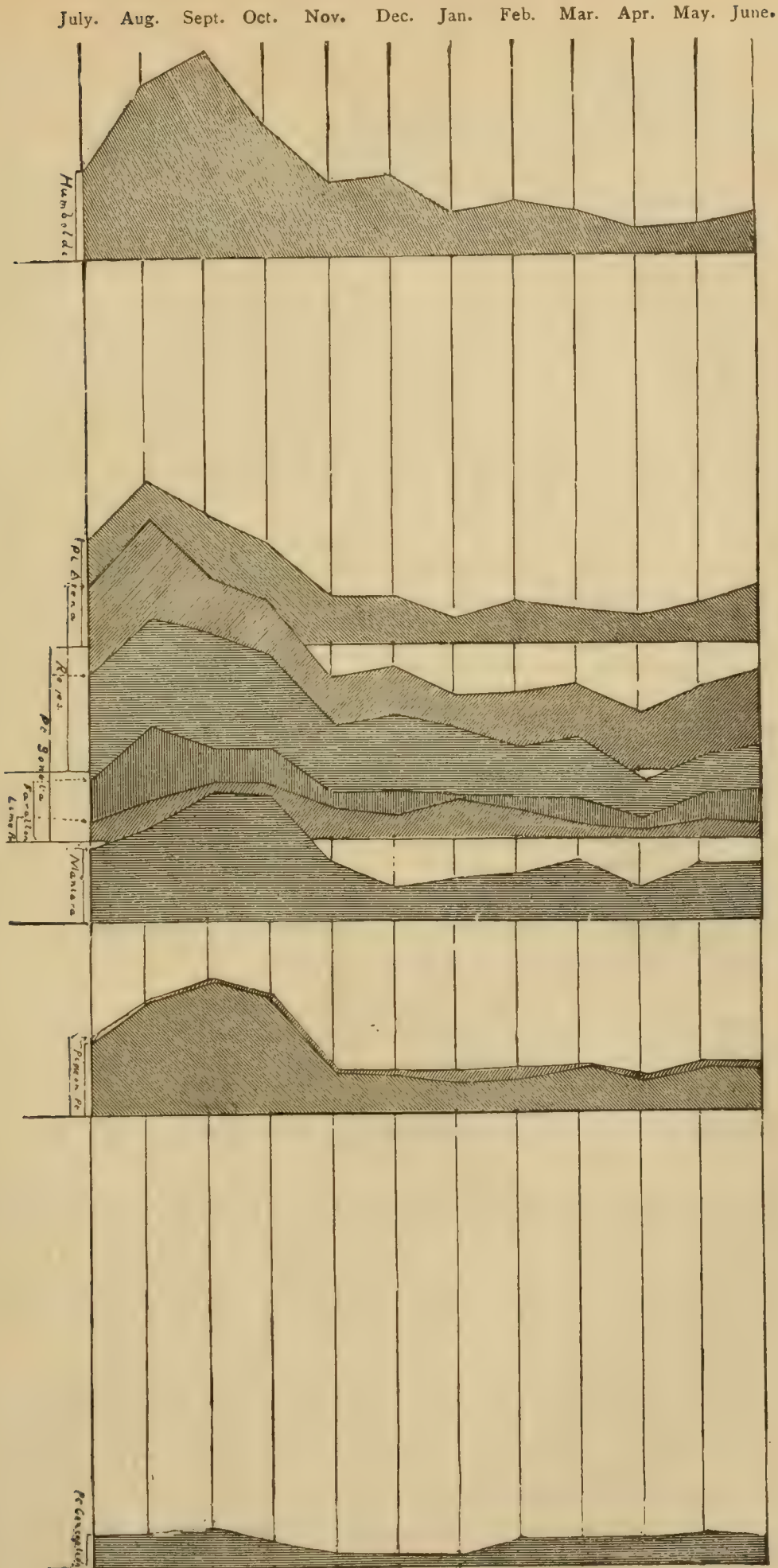


SUMMARY OF FOG FOR TWELVE YEARS.

The question as to whether fog acts as a retarding or accelerating medium for sound is a very important one to navigation on this coast, where there is so much fog. In collecting data on this subject, the writer has examined the records of the Lighthouse Department in this city, to which, through the courtesy of Commander Nicholl Ludlow, U. S. N., the inspector in charge of this district, he has been given free access, and from them has compiled the following chart, which gives the number of hours in each month from July, 1876, to July,

there is the most fog at all the stations, the quantity reaching the maximum in September at all stations south of Farallon, and in August at the other stations, until we reach Humboldt, when it again culminates in September.

At all the stations except Conception, which, being over two hundred miles in an air line south of the next station, — Point Año Nuevo, — may be considered as out of the conditions that prevail at the other stations, and at Point Arena, the minimum of fog is found in April. In this connector, and to assist



COMPARATIVE DIAGRAM OF FOG.

the reader in understanding the values expressed by the profile lines in the above chart, the following figures are given of maximum and minimum fog at the various stations during the periods in which the signals have been in operation up to July 1st, 1888.

Station.	Time.	Max.	Hours.	Min.	Hours.
Pt. Concep'n.	11 yrs., 10 mo.	Sept.	488.	Jan.	100
Año Nuevo.	11 " 10 "	"	1671.	Apr.	408
Pigeon Point.	11 " 11 "	"	1784.	"	385
Montara.	11 " 11 "	"	1636.	"	412
Farallon.	7 " 10 "	Aug.	1485.	"	314
Boneta.	12 " 00 "	"	2768.	"	800
Lime Point.	4 " 10 "	Sept.	626.	"	70
Point Reyes.	11 " 10 "	Aug.	3012.	"	760
Point Arena.	11 " 11 "	"	2018.	Jan.	324
Humboldt.	11 " 10 "	Sept.	2502.	Apr.	263

Combining the profiles given above by adding together the totals of each month, we obtain a second profile, page 356, illustrating the relative amount of fog on the coast line of this light-house district for twelve years.

From this it will be seen that the aggregates of August and September are the same, while April is most decidedly the month of least fog.

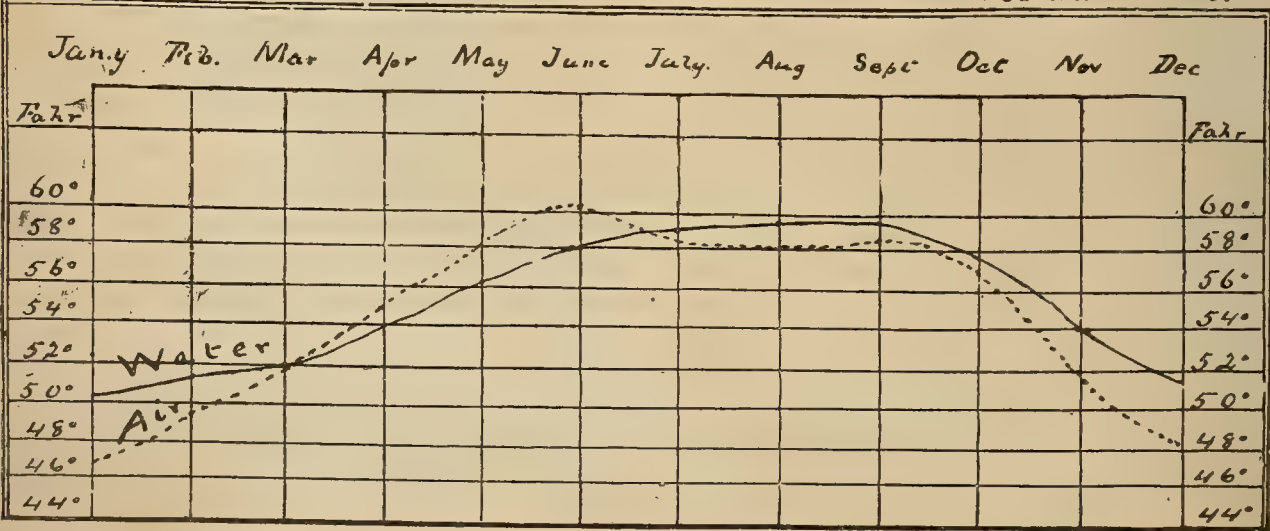
Having briefly indicated the seasons of fogs and clear weather on this coast, and estimated the maximum and minimum quantity, and thus demonstrated the importance of fog signals to navigators in these waters, a word should

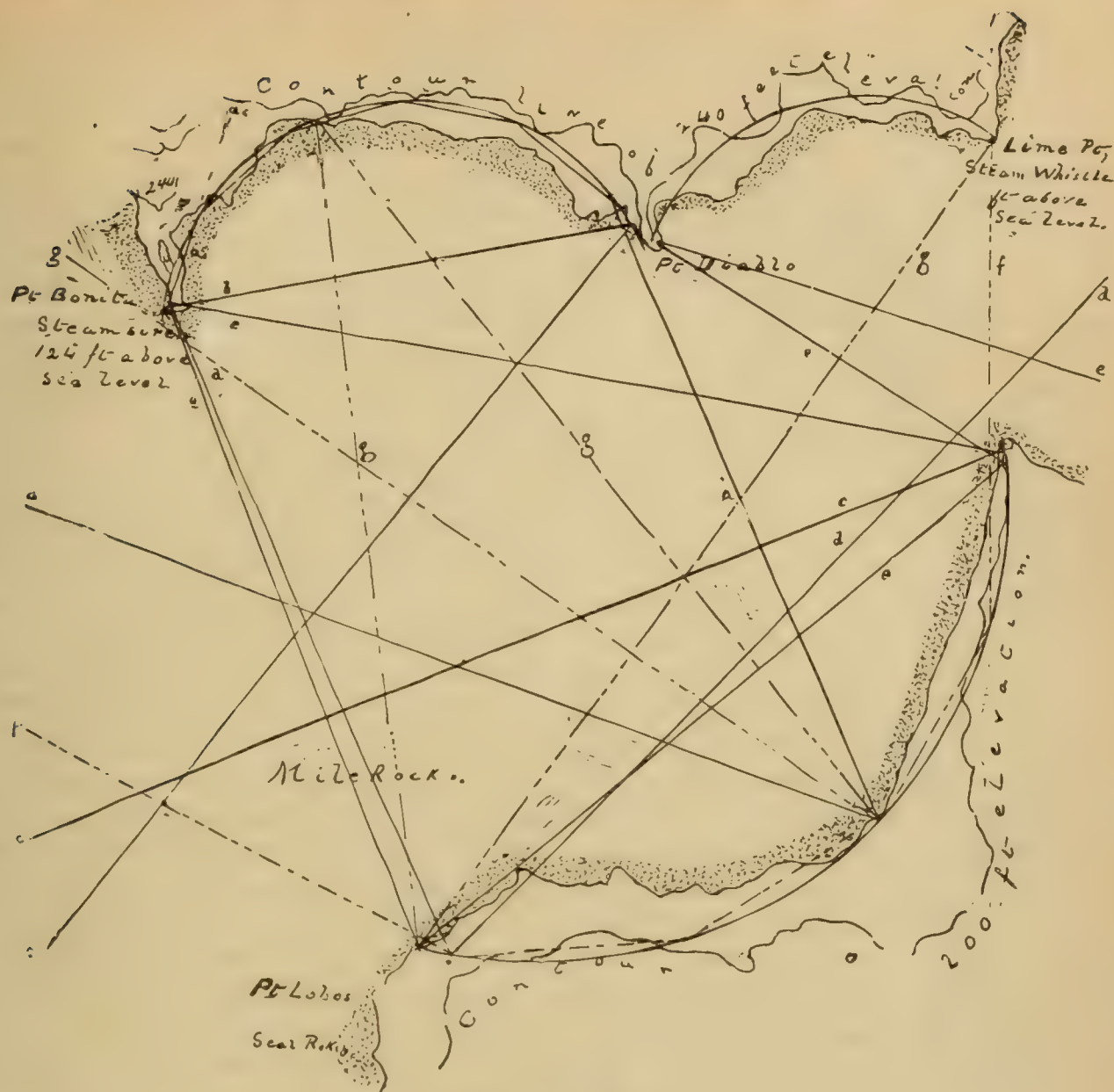
be said in reference to what produces these fogs; and this question may be answered by saying that they are due to the presence of a body of air of lower temperature than that of the water on which it rests. This is shown very clearly in the following diagram, which with the accompanying remarks are taken from a paper on "The Temperature of the Water of the Golden Gate," read by Professor George Davidson, and published in Bulletin No. 4 California Academy of Sciences, 1885.

At the tidal station of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey at Fort Point on the south shore of the Golden Gate, and at Sausalito on the north shore, where it was subsequently located, the observer notes the temperature of the air and water several times each day. A tabulation of the temperature of the surface water and of the air has been made for the seven-o'clock morning observations, from the daily record of the ten years extending from January, 1874, to December, 1883. This condensed table shows that the lowest temperature of the water is for the month of January, 50.49 degrees Fahr., and the highest for the month of September, 59.68 degrees Fahr.; and thus the average range is only nine degrees. The lowest monthly temperature observed was in January, 1883, when it reached 47.9 degrees, and the highest in August, 1880, 61.1 degrees. The highest range in January was 53.9 degrees in 1878, and the lowest in September was 57.9 degrees in 1874.

The temperature of the air follows very closely that of the water, being 47.8 degrees for January, and 58.8 degrees for September: but the month for the

Temperatures of the AIR and the WATER at the Golden Gate at 7 A.M. for ten years 1874-83 See Davidson.





ENTRANCE TO GOLDEN GATE.

highest temperature was June, being 60.3 degrees. The tables, however, clearly indicate in detail the great uniformity of the temperature of the water off this part of the coast, and of the air within fifteen feet of the surface of the water.

It is this uniformity of temperature of the sea water along the Pacific Coast, and its low temperature, which conspire with alternating warm and comparatively quiet periods and the northwest winds of summer to give the peculiar foggy conditions which prevail.

The graphical platting of the temperatures of the air and water in the Golden Gate, shown above, suggests the intimate relation existing between the periods of fog and the periods of greatest difference in temperature of air and water.

When the monthly mean temperature of the air for ten years, observed at 8 A. M., was plated on the same scale, it was found to fall below the temperature of the water from April to September inclusive, and to be above for the remainder of the year; but

when the monthly mean of three daily observations, at 4 A. M., 12 M., and 8 P. M., for ten years, was plated on the same scale, it was found to be practically the same as the temperature of the water during May, June, and September; to be above the temperature of the water from October to April inclusive, and to fall below the temperature of the water only in July and August. *July and August are the seasons of almost continuous fogs.*

It would seem, therefore, that whenever the temperature of the air falls below that of the water, which latter is very uniform, fogs are formed; and their density and continuance depend upon the preponderance during the whole twenty-four hours of a temperature of the air lower than that of the water.

An examination of the diagram shows that the period of fogs coincides with the time when the air temperature is below that of the water, and that during

the clear months, — April, May, June, — the air is warmer than the water.

In the sketch given on page 359 of the entrance to the Golden Gate, there is indicated the Point Boneta light and signal station, at which is located a siren at 124 feet elevation above sea level. On the same shore is the projecting point, Point Diablo, and further in is Lime Point, on which is located a twelve inch steam whistle 30 feet above sea level. In time of fog the siren at Point Boneta is sounded for four seconds at thirty-five second intervals. At Lime Point the steam whistle is blown for ten seconds, with thirty second intervals. Both signals should be heard well out to sea, the siren especially, whose tones should be heard at the Farallon station, where is located another of the noisy sisterhood.

It is the experience of pilots and navigators that the fog signals mentioned are not always heard on this coast when they apparently should be, and sometimes the keeper of one or the other has been reported as not having his signal in operation, when investigation has proved that it was being sounded regularly when thought to be silent. There occur, too, those "areas of inaudibility" which have been noticed elsewhere, and though it cannot be said that such areas are always constant as regards time, or well defined as regards position, yet there are a few localities where they may be said to always exist.

On the south shore, coming from the southward, Point Lobos and the Seal Rocks are first passed, and then Mile Rock. Beyond this the shore sweeps in a tolerably uniform curve towards the north, terminating in Fort Point, almost due south from Lime Point, and one mile distant from it.

The land on the north shore is high, the 200 foot level line, — indicated on the map, — following closely the shore line. On the south shore the sand-hills are much lower, but still the 200 foot level is

found generally but a little way back from the beach.

This level of 200 feet is selected in this case as being high above the different signal stations near it, and practically extending continuously along both shores from Point Boneta to Lime Point on the north, and Point Lobos to Fort Point on the south. What effect upon sound this conformation of the land probably has will be spoken of further on.

For example, it is a common experience of navigators entering this harbor and keeping along the north shore, to lose the sound of the whistle on Lime Point when they are nearing Point Diablo, though after they pass Point Boneta it is generally heard distinctly up to the point mentioned. Another example occurs at Point Reyes station. The steam whistle located there is not heard, as a rule, at all north of the station. There is a long stretch of sandy shore there, and vessels have often found themselves dangerously close to the land when the fog lifted, because the fog whistle, only a short distance south of them, had not been heard.

There have also been noticed at various points on the coast "aberrations of audibility" of fog signals, caused by the interference of waves of sound with each other, or the formation of echoes. Both of these phenomena exist at the entrance to the Gate, and their presence may perhaps be explained by reference to the lines drawn upon the chart of the entrance already referred to.

It has already been said that the land on both shores of the entrance to the Gate is substantially higher than the location of the siren at Point Boneta or the steam whistle at Lime Point. If a line be drawn from Lime Point station, — say at 100 feet elevation above the sea, — so as to touch the shore between Lime Point and Point Diablo, it will be seen that it will form the arc of a circle whose radius is about 3,000 feet. An-

other line, drawn from Point Diablo to Point Boneta, touching the shore line at an elevation of 200 feet, will form the arc of a second circle whose radius is about the same as that of the first one. A third line, from Fort Point to a point on the south shore opposite Mile Rock, will form the arc of a third and larger circle whose elevation above the sea at all points is higher than the signal at Point Boneta and Lime Point. Thus there is found behind each of the two fog signals on the north shore a huge reflector, as it may be called, which diverts the sound waves from Point Boneta and Lime Point, and sends them across the waters toward the third reflector on the south shore, which in turn reflects them at varying angles, some of which are illustrated in the sketch.

Thus a wave of sound from Boneta, touching the circle at a point close to its source, would be deflected several times on the curved surface, finally leaving the north shore near Point Diablo and crossing the water, would be sent out to sea near the point marked *a*. Another wave from the same source, however, moving straight across from its initial point to near the opposite point of the circular arc, would be sent from there out to sea on the line *b*. So, too, a wave of sound *c* from Boneta, moving straight across the water to a point near Fort Point, would be thrown back to near line *b*.

A fourth wave, *d*, moving across to the south shore near Mile Rock, would be thrown back into the harbor. The line *e*, after being deflected on the arc of the large circle would cross to the Lime Point arc, and from there into the harbor, crossing *d*.

So with reference to sound from the Lime Point whistle. A sound wave *f* from this source, crossing the Gate and impinging on the south-shore arc, would travel around it and emerge on the line *f*, about in mid-channel. A second wave *g*, moving across to the high shore in from Mile Rock, would be thrown across

to the Boneta arc, thence back to the south shore, and finally out into the Boneta channel on the line *g*.

These illustrations of the theoretical track of some of the sound waves set in motion by the two fog signals mentioned, are given to show how the peculiar conformation of the land on both sides of the entrance to the Golden Gate will necessarily confuse the notes of the signals, and at some points render them inaudible. The study of the echo-producing areas near each signal and that on the opposite shore makes apparent very many curious and interesting facts, but few of which can be touched upon in this article, but which are more fully dealt with in a pamphlet on this subject now in course of preparation.

One important fact is that the greater part of the volume of *reflected* sound from both signals finds its way to sea more on the *south* side of the main channel than on the north. Thus, vessels approaching this point from the south are more apt to hear the signals than when coming down from the north. At the same time a navigator after passing Mile Rock, if he is well in to the south shore, and approximately half way between Mile Rock and Fort Point, would be likely to hear the *Boneta* siren so plainly as to mislead him in regard to his whereabouts; or, one not familiar with the tones of the two signals might, hearing their *reflected* sounds, imagine them to be placed on the south shore, where it would not be safe to venture far.

There are several points where it is probable areas of inaudibility are produced by the interference of the waves of sound from the two signals. One such area might be expected to exist a short distance—from a half to three quarters of a mile—west of south from Point Diablo, as in that vicinity the direct and reflected waves from Point Boneta meet the direct waves from Lime Point. About a mile west of Point Diablo the navigator may lose the sound

of the whistle on Lime Point, as he is then out of range of its direct waves.

Professor Davidson says that there exists an area of inaudibility in Boneta Channel, and cites the instance of the *White Sparrow*, which struck on the rocks close to Point Boneta while it was foggy, the captain thinking he was on Mile Rock.

It is a well established fact that north of Point Reyes even when in the immediate vicinity of the signal it can seldom be heard, though vessels deceived by this phenomenon have gone in close enough during fog to hear "the roosters crowing on the land." So, too, at many points on this coast there are found these deceptive areas of silence; but the limits of this article forbid any more extended reference to them.

In some localities the shape of the land in the vicinity of fog signals cuts off their sound from some quarters. On the Farallon for instance, Captain Ludlow says that when making the anchorage on the east—inshore—side of the rock in foggy weather he has listened in vain for the sound of the siren, nor did he hear it at all until he had landed and climbed the rock so that he could see it in full blast on the other side.

A study of the topography of the south Farallon island, on the southwest side of which the signal is placed, shows that all the land on the north, northwest, and west is much higher than the site of the signal. A little east of north from the station is the highest peak, on which at an elevation of 243 feet is the lighthouse. On the west the eastern end of the irregular rock called Indian Head, which is only separated from the main rock by a narrow channel, rises to 225 feet above the sea, and the whole south shore line of both rocks forms a barrier to the sound and prevents its reaching the north and west.

There exist in the immediate neighborhood of the Farallon one or more of those mysterious "areas of inaudibility,"

within which the fog siren is not heard, though, as was reported by the captain of a vessel during the present month, the navigator is near enough to hear the breakers on the rock very distinctly. It may be said that the trumpet of the siren is so directed as to throw the volume of sound in the direction where it is needed for vessels coming into this port, though those bound out do not derive much, if any, benefit from it.

At Año Nuevo signal station, six miles south of Pigeon Point, some experiments have been made that indicate an area of inaudibility as existing not far from the whistle. The steamer *Shubrick* in 1875-6 was run in three different directions from the signal during the existence of fog, while the whistle was regularly blown all the time. Captain Korts, in charge of the vessel, says that in running in a northwest direction straight from the signal and to windward, the sound was heard up to near the third mile and then lost, and regained at four miles distance. In running southeast from the station,—*i. e.* with the wind—the sound was lost near the *second* mile, and was not heard again until the fourth mile was reached. In moving straight out from shore, in a southwest course, the sound was heard continuously over the whole four miles. The fog in those trials did not reach more than 150 feet above the surface of the ocean, and upon going to the masthead, Captain Korts found that immediately over the signal it was swelled up in an umbrella-like shape, and was very thin at the summit of this dome, the steam from the whistle showing through it.

The fog signal at Point Reyes is located on the extreme north point of the rock-bound head terminating the north shore of Drake's Bay. The signal is 190 feet above the sea, and above it, at an elevation of 220 feet, is the Point Reyes light. These two aids to navigation are among the most important on the coast, as most vessels coming into the harbor of San

Francisco make this point, coming in between Point Reyes and the Farallones.

When locating the fog signal, the present site was chosen as being the best under all circumstances. Still, as has been already said, the signal is seldom heard north of the point. There the land trends away in a long, low barren beach, rising farther back into undulating sandy hills. There seems to be no practical remedy for this area of inaudibility north of Point Reyes station, and mariners should not fail to keep the lead going when nearing the point in foggy weather.

At such stations as Point Boneta and Point Reyes, the inaudibility of the fog signals may be due to certain facts pointed out by Mr. W. B. Taylor, in an article on "Recent Researches on Sound," published in the *American Journal of Science*, 3d Series, Vol. XI.

In this article the writer, after saying that "the direction of an acoustic beam is constantly normal to the successive aerial surfaces of impact," goes on to state that inasmuch as wave surfaces of air are retarded by friction on the sea, an acoustic beam would be bent downward as it encountered the successive aerial surfaces, and so finally touch the sea and be heard at some distance out, though inaudible near the land.

The reverse of this proposition would occur when the wind was blowing on to the land, while the effect of adverse winds meeting would be to curve the sound wave down and up again.

The varying density of the air, due to the increasing or diminishing heat of the rising or setting sun, would also influ-

ence the direction and force of sound waves. This would be especially noticeable on days when the atmosphere was partially obscured by fog, and then rendered what Prof. Tyndall styles "non-homogeneous." Under such conditions, as Prof. Henry says in his report to the Lighthouse Board in 1875, "As the heat of the sun increases during the first part of the day, the temperature of the land rises above that of the sea, and this excess of the temperature *produces upward currents of air*, disturbing the general flow of the wind, both at the surface of the sea and at an elevation above."

It will be seen from what has been said in this article that the subject of fogs and fog signals is one that is full of interest and importance. On this coast this is especially the case, and it is to be hoped that the Lighthouse Board may be able to carry out a series of experiments here in the line of those made on the eastern coast and in England. There is but one way to pursue these investigations satisfactorily, and that is to carry them on under the conditions that exist when the signals are needed: that is, during foggy weather. To do so would entail some risk and discomfort, but not more than are encountered by our pilots and navigators every year.

Pending such practicable and exhaustive experiments, the writer has ventured to present the subject as above, in the hope that the facts given and theories advanced may be of benefit to all interested in commerce and navigation on this Coast.

F. L. Clarke.



LUMBER, SALT, AND WOOL.—I.

It is to be regretted that the present attempt to reform and modify the tariff should have taken place in a presidential year. The exigencies of political warfare have caused the real questions at issue to be obscured and misrepresented in an endeavor to secure partisan advantages. Political heat is out of place in the consideration of the tariff. It is an economic question, and a matter of taxation and of dollars and cents, in which taxpayers of one party are as much interested as taxpayers of the other. We should put aside our political prejudices and should seek for some basis by which we may be able to judge of the relative advantage or disadvantage to the entire people of the United States to be expected from the adoption of the present bill to adjust the tariff, known as the Mills Bill. The latter is an attempt, as we all know, whether we consider it a wise one or not, to save the country from the dangers of an overflowing treasury and a constantly increasing surplus with the necessarily attendant ills.

It touches the import duty in two ways. As to the great bulk of articles affected by it, it proposes to reduce the duty an average rate of about five per cent. There is no question of free trade or protection involved; its originators and supporters, as well as its opponents, claim that they protect our industries. But this paper will not deal with these more theoretic aspects of the measure. It will touch upon the other proposition made by it, namely, the placing of raw material and the necessities of life upon the free list. The principal commodities so affected are salt, lumber, and wool. We shall consider briefly the salt and lumber industries before we pass to a discussion of the wool question.

Salt is not a product of the skill or ingenuity of the human mind. The creator of the universe made it and placed it everywhere, in the sea and in the bowels of the earth. It is one of the prime necessities of life, without which neither man nor beast could exist. But there have grown up about its production giant monopolies, which are protected and encouraged by the tariff. The people are using annually about 10,000,000 barrels of salt, and there has been a steady increase *per capita* for the last decade. Of this, more than 4,000,000 barrels are produced in Michigan against 2,800,000 barrels produced elsewhere in the country, and 3,200,000 barrels imported. The value of the imported article is \$1,455,385, with a duty of \$675,866, or an *ad valorem* rate of \$49.92 per cent. Cheap salt is a necessity, and will work no hardship upon its producers. It is needed in our great packing establishments for pork and beef, for our fish men, and for those who cure pork, either for their own use or for the market; and for our butter makers, who are exporting butter largely. It is the testimony of experts that salt produced by us cannot be successfully used in the dairy business — there are certain chemical properties of foreign salt that make the latter a necessary article. And we have the testimony of Mr. Whiting, of Michigan, who voted for the Mills Bill, and who is a great salt manufacturer, that he now successfully competes with English salt in all the cities of the Atlantic sea-board; and can continue to do so without the tariff. We can have an idea of the influence of politics on the consideration of such a question when we find that Mr. Blaine, Mr. Reed, and half a dozen more prominent Republicans now opposing this provision of the Mills Bill, want-

ed to put salt on the free list twelve or fifteen years ago. In a debate on the subject in 1871, Mr. Hale said: "I believe this article [salt] should go upon the free list; that the monopoly which has obtained heretofore for the Onondaga salt works — as great and complete as any monopoly ever granted by the Tudors in England's most despotic times — ought to cease."

Lumber is in a worse category than salt. It is used by everybody. In the great Northwest, Middle West, and Pacific States in particular, it is in universal use in every kind of building. There is no other material from which the houses, barns, and granaries can be made. The farmer and the mechanic alike must pay the tariff tax of \$2 per thousand feet on every bit of this necessity he may use. And by this tariff tax great lumber trusts have spread themselves over the entire country. In the Mississippi valley every lumberman must belong to them; the price of lumber at wholesale and retail is controlled by them. On the Pacific Coast the lumbermen ask what price they choose and get it. When we remember that more than 24,000,000,000 feet of lumber are cut in the United States, we can realize to some extent the great tax that is levied upon the consumer. And it is an unnecessary one, too. From 1854 to 1866, when the reciprocity treaty was in force with Canada and lumber was on the free list, the industry was never more flourishing.

The claim of the lumber kings and their supporters that the tariff must be maintained to protect the laborers is a sham. In the great lumber States of Maine and Michigan respectively, the laborers are paid \$170 and \$305 per year; while the capitalists receive \$285 and \$337 per year upon every \$1,000 invested. Is it strange that no single industry has in the last twenty-five years produced so great fortunes? More millionaires are produced than in any other business. In the northwest States lumber

property has increased in value from 300 to 500 per cent, whereas the property of the agricultural community, who are compelled to pay a great part of the tax for lumber, has only increased one per cent. By the removal of the duty Canadian lumber would compete with these lumber monopolists, and would do much to keep prices regulated, while enough of it could not be produced to seriously affect the industry.

But there is another consideration not strictly economic, in favor of aught that would restrict in any way this trade in the United States. During the past ten or twelve years the highest scientific testimony in the nation has been regularly and unremittedly presented to Congress, to the effect that measures should be taken to preserve the remaining forests from the ravages of reckless workmen in the interests of fertility and public health, and in order to preserve our water supplies. They tell us that countries that have allowed their lumber to be swept off by private rapacity have been visited by droughts and freshets. Eventually, this is bound to come to pass, and our magnificent mountain ranges will be swept bare, unless we cease to give a moneyed bounty for their destruction.

But of infinitely more importance in its influence upon the producer, the manufacturer, and the consumer, than in the case of any other article that has been placed upon the free list, is the removal of the tariff on wool.

It is vociferously asserted by the wool growers that if this commodity be made free, wool growing and woollen manufacturing will be ruined. Our wool tariff is an anomaly among the tariffs of the world. Every manufacturing country of any consequence, except the United States, has wool on the free list. Our country taxes both raw materials and manufactured products. Common sense ought to teach us that such an adjustment must defeat its own purpose. All

our civilization and prosperity come from so carrying on our labor as to produce and exchange the greatest amount of product. The country which can produce the greatest amount of goods and at the cheapest rate, dominates the market of the world, and obtains the greatest amount of trade. England ships a number of things,—cotton goods, woollen goods, etc.,—because she produces them at a lower cost than we do; and the reason is, because she has the raw material to manufacture them cheaper than we do it. To enable the wool manufacturer to compete in his home market, and to export a surplus abroad, he must be able to purchase his wool as favorably, not only as to price, but as to selection of qualities and kinds, as does his foreign competitor. By this bill, the manufacturers would be able to command entirely the home market, which they are now largely deprived of, and to compete in the foreign one.

With free wool, our manufacturers would begin to draw upon the markets of the world for raw material to meet the American demand. The result would be an advance of wool in foreign markets, and an advance abroad would advance the price here, tariff or no tariff. Our foreign rivals would pay as much for their wool as we do, while we would get it at half the present cost. In spite of tariff aid, there is not grown in this country nearly enough wool to clothe our people. We grow 265,000,000 pounds a year, while we need over 600,000,000 pounds. \$44,000,000 worth of woollen goods are imported annually at an average duty of 58 per cent. If wool came in free, those goods could be manufactured here so cheaply that the imports would stop, and we should soon be supplying foreign markets as well as our own, while the increase in our manufactured products would increase enormously the demand for labor, and consequently enhance the rate of wages.

Not only are we unable to produce

enough wool, but our quality of wool is very inferior. We can only use it for the coarser goods, and mixed with the finer wools of England and Australia.

But probably the strongest reason for the adoption of this policy is the success that has attended such a course in the past with reference to this industry and to others of the same kind. Let us examine for a moment the tariff of 1846. The highest price paid upon any class of woollen goods, cotton fabrics, and manufactures of leather was 30 per cent *ad valorem*, and upon most kinds of cotton goods it was only 25 per cent. What was the effect upon the New England States, our manufacturing center, after eleven years of low duties? All New England had protested against the passage of the Act of 1846, claiming that it would ruin their industries. The representatives of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont voted unanimously against the bill, while Maine divided her vote. We must judge of this period by the census reports of 1850 and 1860. During that period the value of our woollen manufactures increased more than 42 per cent, the number of hands employed increased 18½ per cent, but the total amount of wages paid increased 37 per cent. The manufacture of cotton fabrics was similarly affected. The value of this product in the United States increased 77 per cent, the number of hands employed increased 28½ per cent, and the total amount of wages paid increased 39 per cent. In New England the increase in the value of the product was 81 per cent; in number of hands, 28 per cent; in wages, 36 per cent. In six New England States the increase in the manufacture of boots and shoes was 83 per cent. Instead of paralyzing industries and labor in New England, this act infused new life and vigor into our manufactures and secured higher wages to our working people. In 1857 every representative from that part of the country voted

for a bill making a reduction of about 20 per cent from the rates imposed by the tariff of 1846, and placing many additional articles upon the free list.

But there is a later example than this, and one that is so kindred in kind that it will illustrate what will happen if wool be placed on the free list. In 1872 Congress placed hides on the free list. The high tariff men prophesied that the industry would be utterly ruined. We have had free hides now for sixteen years. The result of the experiment is therefore before us, and we can judge for ourselves. Every industry connected with leather has prospered under it. We had then a population of about 40,000,000. We have now a population more than 20,000,000 greater, so there has been an increase of consumers of the various manufactures of leather to the extent of over 20,000,000 persons. In 1872, we imported \$11,879,000 worth of leather; in 1887, we imported \$10,936,000 worth; that is, the American manufacturers of leather goods supplied both the twenty millions of increase of our population, and those formerly supplied, and somewhat more. But that is only part of the story. In 1872 we exported \$3,684,020 worth of the manufactures of leather, and \$1,445,178 worth of hides and skins. We now export \$10,436,138 worth of the manufactured article, and \$765,655 worth of hides and skins. We have not only supplied the additional twenty millions, but we have increased our exportation nearly 300 per cent. Not only that, but we have increased our importations of raw hides from 14,000,000 in 1872 to 24,000,000 in 1887.

The same result will follow in the case of wool. If we introduce free wool we shall begin to increase the amount of goods made by the mixture of our own wools with the cheap wools brought from abroad, wools which will come in at the price that they now cost the English manufacturer. Instead of thousands and thousands of yards of woolen goods be-

ing made in England and brought here, the material will come to this country in the shape of free wool to be mixed with our own wools, and in the manufacture of the fabric our own labor will obtain the wages and our own manufacturers the profits.

It has been clearly indicated that the placing of raw wool on the free list will extend our commerce and increase our woolen manufactures. But it is still claimed by the wool grower that, even if this be admitted to be true, it will be at the expense of our sheep-growing industry, and that when that is ruined, the foreign wool market will rise on our manufacturers and we shall be worse off than we are now,—that all our woolen industries will then be destroyed. We have already suggested reasons that show the falsity of such assertions. Our extended trade will call for more free goods; and the demand will correspondingly go to hold up prices. Our wool growing was not hurt by the low duties of 1846. And more, the example of leather has shown how even free raw material will increase in price and prosper in spite of the world's competition. We have another example in England. Within thirteen years after wool was made free, she had increased the number of sheep more than 100 per cent. In 1883 the wool tariff was lowered and we have listened ever since to the complaint of the wool growers that their industry was on the down grade. The truth is, the number of sheep was and is steadily increasing. In 1875 we had in the United States 33,783,600 sheep; in 1887 we had 44,759,314. But the sheep territory was slowly shifting from Ohio and the central States to Texas, California, and the Territories.

But there is another suggestion against the theory that we will lose this industry. It is a fact that within certain limits of climate, habits of people, and cultivation of land, sheep will surely be kept. A few figures will explain our meaning. In 1885, there were in Great Britain 30,086,200

sheep, or an average of 339 to the square mile ; in France there were 22,619,547, or an average of 111 to the mile ; in Germany 19,189,715, or 92 to the mile ; in the United States 48,322,331, or 16 to the mile. Great Britain, with an area about as large as the state of Kansas, has over three-fifths as many sheep as all of the United States together. Why is this ? In all civilized and well settled countries sheep are raised not alone for their wool, but also for mutton ; and besides that, sheep are a positive necessity in the economy of good farming. In fact, though the price in wool be fallen, the number of sheep in England remains about the same. She is able to maintain on far more valuable land, 339 sheep to the square mile against 16 to the mile with us on cheap land. The English farmer kept on raising sheep from 1880 to 1885 — falling off less than one per cent — though in the mean time wool had fallen with them from 30 cents to 22 cents. And even in Ohio, where the wool men claimed the industry was ruined under the drop in the price of wool and the tariff reduction, sheep were in 1886 in numbers 4,753,034, while in 1883 they were 5,050,541 ; but be it remembered, as stated above, that sheep were increasing largely in all other parts of the country. It is proved by the experience of thickly

settled countries, that the rise and fall in the price of wool within certain limits will cut little figure in the number of sheep maintained in a country.

We have given little attention except in general terms to the consumer, to the man who pays the taxes levied by this wool tariff. But he is the one most to be thought of. It is the special class limited in numbers who secure benefits from such tax. But in our country all taxes, direct or indirect, should be levied for the ultimate benefit of the masses of the population. And this wool question touches every one, rich and poor. All must have warm, comfortable clothes, if we are to preserve a higher standard of living than the pauper nations of the world. But where every man is taxed on an average 58 per cent for all woollen garments that he wears, it is time that a halt should be called, and the matter looked into. If the provisions of the present bill in relation to wool become a law, then woollen clothing will be more cheaply manufactured, and not only will our manufacturers be able to extend their trade and commerce, but every consumer in the country will be correspondingly benefited by the cheaper and better clothes that he will be enabled to obtain.

W. A. Beatty.

A FLYING FANCY.

AH, I have you, safely caught,
Cease your fluttering, little thought.
You were singing as you came,
Sing you shall, then, just the same,
Prisoned in the bars of words,
Fast encaged like other birds.

Yet less full of glints and gleams
Now to me your plumage seems,
And your notes would sound less sweet,
Drowned by noises from the street,
Than afield where breezes blow ;—
I believe I'll let you go.

C. S. Greene.

THREE PINES.

V.

"THE man—who married—your cousin, Clare Somers?" I responded, bringing out the words with that half inarticulate lack of purpose with which one listens to unexpected news, and finds himself with much difficulty trying to master and comprehend it. Then I stopped and tightly clenched my hands, striving to recollect what I had said—for the moment I could not tell even that; wondering whether I had inadvertently betrayed any knowledge of the subject. "Tell me about it, Howard."

"It is not a very nice story, Philip. Clare was my second cousin,—near enough for me to know a little about her, but not enough to make me intimate with her, unless she were minded to have it so. She lived about ten miles from me, and so it happened that I saw her two or three times a year, and kept myself tolerably informed about her. By the way, she lived in your town, and I suppose you may have known her some time."

"Black-eyed and dark-haired, was she not? Daughter of old Doctor Somers, I believe? Somehow I have a faint recollection—lived away off at the other end of the town; and so—"

"Was very pretty,—perhaps as pretty a girl as one will come across in a day's journey. The doctor had a very fair practice, and was tolerably well off,—that is, for a professional man in a small place. I think that the bulk of his property was in his house, a nice, roomy wooden house with a broad porch in front, and there were four acres of land behind it. You see, the town was gradually growing up to it, and it was getting to be valuable. It reached down to the river, and near the river bank was a group of three pines.

It seems queer that I should speak about them, you will think. Of course they have nothing to do with the story; but do you know, since we have been at the mine I have often found myself looking at those three pines the other side of the stream, and thinking how much they—"

"Then you have noticed it yourself, Howard?"

"Noticed what?"

"The—that is to say—the beauty of those pine trees opposite."

"Well, no one could help seeing how beautiful they are. Something rather striking, it might be said, standing off by themselves so close to the bank that I suppose in the winter when the stream is flooded, the trees must be utterly surrounded. But the whole disposition of the group is the same,—one large pine in front, with a great branch sticking out within ten feet from the ground, and the other two smaller trees behind. Do you know, the other day, when we went across there to smoke away from the sun, it set me thinking about Clare; and if there had only been a little bench beneath the two back trees, I should almost have expected to see her sauntering down the walk from the house to meet me. I began again to picture her—a broad sunbonnet over her long curls, and—"

"But the story, Howard."

"Yes, the story. What am I thinking of, to suppose that you could be entertained with such stuff as all that? Different if you had ever known her, of course. Well, at nineteen—she should be about twenty-three now—"

"One moment, Howard. How did it happen that such a pretty girl should have lived to nearly twenty, and not had plenty of admirers?"

"But so she had, Philip, though none of them seemed to make any impression upon her. There was talk of one, however—I never heard his name—whom she seemed for a while to like more than any of the rest. He went abroad, it was said, to study art or on an embassy, or something of that kind, and so that was the end of it. Well, the destined man is bound to come along after a while, and so the day arrived when he turned up in the shape of this Rush Brackley. He came into town to establish a banking house; not of course a great banking house such as you will find in a metropolis, but something suited to the place; with an appearance of plenty of capital behind him, something a little ahead of anything in the provincial line that they had yet had, and all that. I heard that from the first he was making quite a sensation. The girls all thought he was very handsome; some of the older people did not like him so much, yet could not tell exactly why; there seemed to be two parties, in fact, about him. Upon the whole, I believe he was more liked than disliked, since he passed for being rich; and of course, aiming to get into a good run of business, he did what he could to make himself popular. I imagine that he could appear very agreeable but for that infernal sneer mixed up with his smile; you must have noticed it; but perhaps when he was on the other side of the continent and everything seemed to be working well with him, he was satisfied, and did not care to sneer as much as here. And so time ran on, and after a few weeks, I heard that he had begun to pay very marked attention to Clare."

"And so they were married?"

"Yes. It was considered at the time, I remember, a great thing for her."

"But, Howard, see here! Do you suppose that she really cared much for him? May there not have been influences springing from his being believed rich? That is to say, I don't mean to imply

that in any way she could have been forced into it, but you know that girls are sometimes overpersuaded, and against their own convictions and instincts, by others who honestly though mistakenly think they are doing them a kindness, and so—"

"As to all that, Philip, no one can tell. Whether a girl loves a man or is forced to take him against her will, you will find that having made up her mind to it, when the time comes she is all smiles and roses, and no one can tell that she is not the happiest bride in existence. I only saw her after that at the wedding, to which I was invited as a relative. I remember nothing about it but the usual orange blossoms, and white veils, and music, and everybody smiling as though it were the happiest occasion that there ever had been in the world's history. And that was the only time I ever met her husband; and you will see, of course, how difficult it was for me at once to place him, finding him out here. Something about him from the first seemed familiar, and yet the difference between the one man over there in a dress suit, and with a flower in his buttonhole, and the man here in a tweed coat and a big cigar in his mouth, and four years afterwards besides—I scarcely know how I happened to recognize him. I suppose there must have been some little trick of manner that pointed him out all of a sudden."

"Well, Howard, and the after life? How soon did it begin to change?"

"Not all at once, I believe. You must know that now I am telling you only what I have heard from others; and I made a long voyage or two between times, so that I could n't have any exact knowledge of things. But I am told that for two or three months things went very smoothly, and she seemed quite happy. Then he began to neglect her, and there were stories very much to his disadvantage. The poor girl could not have known what to make of it at first,

and managed to keep a smile on her face, and very likely tried to believe in pre-occupation of business, and all that. But after a while he began to treat her still more badly, and there were whisperings about his cruelty to her."

"Cruelty? O Howard!"

"I don't mean that he beat her, or any of that sort of thing. Roughs and tramps may serve their wives so, but it don't seem the thing anywhere in a higher life. In fact, if a man in a good condition of life wants to abuse and humiliate his wife, he can do it with sharp words as effectually as with a club. Anyhow, the stories were whispered at first, and then as they were not contradicted they were uttered aloud, and no one seemed to know what to do about it, and all the while things went on from bad to worse. He grew sharp with her in public, and no matter who was by spoke insultingly to her, and they said he had a way of merely looking at her that would freeze the blood in any girl's heart, showing that he had really begun to hate her. Not that she had done anything to make him, of course; but there are men, I suppose, with whom possession soon palls and gives way to dislike, and he was certainly one of them. Then after a while the smile entirely died off from her face; she could not keep up the disguise any longer, you see—in fact, there was no use trying to do so. She grew pale and thin and altogether miserable; and the worst thing about it was that she was so nervous and broken-down that if any one came on her suddenly she would start terrified, as if almost ready to scream, until she was able to realize that it was not her husband. Some people wondered why her father did not interfere; but he, poor man, what after all could he do, so old, and somewhat broken himself?"

"And then?"

"Why, after that and within two years of the marriage, Rush Brackley disappeared. Where, no one knew. There were stories that he had been seen in

England and in Australia, but nobody could rely on them. He was gone—that was enough; and everybody said 'Good riddance.' It was really a good thing for her, since if he had stayed, no one doubted that Clare would have gone into a decline. It gave her a chance to pick up a little; and after a while she began to do so, though of course she could never become the same woman as before. She was so sensitive by nature, you see, and naturally looked upon her abandonment as a disgrace. But all the same she was freed from momentary fear of abuse, and if the trouble had gone no further than his flight, all might have been well, after all. But he was found to have become dreadfully involved, leaving thousands of dollars debts, and some of them dishonorably incurred. There were even stories about forgeries, and if that were so, he would have had to leave, anyhow. He had never had any sound basis for his banking business, it turned out; it had all been founded on pretense. Clare had a little property of her own, some six or eight thousand dollars left by her aunt, and that was discovered to be all gone. He even took her jewelry with him when he made his secret flight—that is, all that was worth anything. And it was found after a week or two that poor old Doctor Somers was on the fellow's paper as endorser, and it became necessary for him to mortgage his house for nearly all that it was worth. Some said that the endorsements were forgeries, and very likely that was the truth; but the Doctor did not care to make any such defense and kept his own counsel, and so,—whether it were necessary or not,—he let himself be almost ruined rather than put in a word to save himself."

"And now the fellow is here,—in the very next tent to us!"

"Yes, he is here. And what can I do about it? For do you know, we seem to have been brought together for some especial purpose, it seems to me."

"So it seems that we have. I mean,

of course, myself also as willing to take a hand in the affair and help you. But what can you do? You cannot pick a quarrel with him and shoot him. That would be rather a savage revenge; and even if you got safely out of it yourself, which is doubtful, it is not likely that your cousin Clare, if she heard of it, would thank you for proceeding to such an extremity. And talking to him with ever so free expression of your sentiments would scarcely help the matter. I suppose that you would not care about taking him back into her society, now that she seems well quit of him. Besides, too much free talk might lead him to shooting you, which would not help the case at all."

"And what then —"

"We—that is, you—must wait, that is all. If you have been brought here through some higher influence it will not relinquish its plans, though at times it may seem to move slowly. It will be sure to develop its purpose after a while. Meanwhile, keep your eyes well on the fellow, and your opportunity for good may come when you least expect it."

And so we set ourselves to keep up a sort of desultory watch with no defined purpose in view, but with a kind of instinct that the time might come when our watchfulness would prove of some service. We would find ourselves sitting and gazing at the faro dealer's tent with some sort of idea that we should be able to look through the canvas and gaze upon the hidden mysteries. And recovering from those moments of semi-stupefaction, we would to better purpose linger near at night, and even enter in with the crowd to see what was going on and note the onward progress of events. And this onward progress was watched by me with some confidence in Judge Towle's prophecy, that before long the fellow would find himself in difficulties requiring a sudden disappearance from the settlement.

And yet for a time this desirable con-

summation did not seem to be approaching. The tent was as full as ever each evening, and with a crowd as good-natured as at first, though perhaps growing somewhat more boisterous. The impressively courtly manner of the proprietor, the stateliness of the black servant, the general complete and stylish method of the equipments began through familiarity to lose something of their fine effect, so that the miners felt more at their ease, and upon occasion expressed themselves with a degree of indecorous fluency; but the impassive good nature with which the plundering was submitted to seemed very little diminished.

At times, indeed, there would come an outbreak of long pent-up feeling from some ruined miner. It is hard to lose one's money every day. Once in a while it might not be out of the way to expend a few dollars as payment for the sport, but when it went on evening after evening, always with the same result, the miner carefully working down some six or eight feet of gulch during the day, and at night invariably dropping his gains into the faro dealer's open till, it was apt to become exasperating. But these steady old gamblers were few among the great number who dropped their coins in a desultory, unthinking style, not entirely ruining themselves at any one time, and upon the whole scarcely feeling their losses; and in their defeat they met little commiseration. Their muttered complaints were usually received with no very gentle badinage; their scowls were met with laughter,—and in the end they generally did what was most becoming, and joining in the merriment slunk out into the open air, with ineffectual promises of self-amendment and future abstinence from play. The temporary breeze would be brought to an end, perhaps with the aid of a winning smile from the proprietor and a few more cigars from his store judiciously distributed; other gamblers would step

in to fill the gap, and so the play went merrily on.

Somehow, though, after a few days, it appeared to me that there began to be an appreciable increase in the number of the disaffected. There were not enough inside the tent to form a party, and if the game were fair, it did not seem easy to determine for what particular object they should combine their forces; but outside they could easily gather together and exchange confidences and utter surmises of foul play, and generally, while in a measure comforting each other, give rise to a very unhealthy and suspicious sentiment against the banker. Gathering in groups after instances of more than ordinary ill luck, detailing with more or less profane superfluity the magnitude of their wrongs, and inflaming each other's injured sensibilities, naturally they grew into the indulgence of rather violent threats of immediate revenge, coupled with sanguinary comments looking towards undefined methods of retaliation at some unassigned date in the future.

As when one evening, when I had thrown myself down for sleep, but was still awake enough to hear a great deal that went on outside, two men drew near our tent, and in the recklessness of their conversation stopped for a moment close by, not seeming to care who overheard them. One of them appeared somewhat intoxicated,—the other was more calm in spirit; perhaps had held himself sober with the comprehension that it devolved upon him to keep his companion out of mischief.

"I tell you, Bill," said the former, "it's hard—it's blamed hard, and you know it. I'd been near a week getting together that money, and it was a better week's work than usual, too. And then this fellow comes, with his smooth chin, and greased whiskers, and infernal smile, and sweeps the whole pile into his till in ten minutes."

"And I tell you, Tom," responded the

pacificator, "it's your own fault. Nobody asked you to play,—I, for one, tried to keep you from it. But you were such an ass—and besides, I suppose the game was fair."

"Maybe it was, and maybe it was n't, Bill. If I caught him at any tricks, I know I'd stick a knife in him, 'way up to the handle. And by thunder! I'll stick a knife in him, anyhow, on the chances of it. Don't you know it would be a good thing for the whole settlement? Everybody's asking what the fellow is doing here, and wondering why somebody don't shoot him. Yes, all wonder some one else don't do it. And I say, Bill, I'm the man that will have the pluck to do it, after all! I'll go back now, and put six bullets right through him."

"You'll do no such thing, Tom. A pretty mess you'd make of it, if I did n't have the sense to keep you back from mischief. Do you want to be hung? For hung you'd be, even for shooting a faro dealer, 'if he did nothing but win your money, and he perhaps playing fair all the while. No, no, Tom; the right way is to lie low and let some other fellow do the shooting. Some fellow will get mad and put a dirk through him, or a bullet in his brain, and you will have all the revenge you want, while the other chap will get the hanging. It'll all happen some day, and quite natural. These fellows don't any of them last long. One was shot last month at Tuolumne, and two killed each other in a fight the week before last at Parker's Creek, and the boys at Jones Junction got mad a little before that, and strung up another one, and he may be hanging there now. Leastwise, I never heard that any one took the trouble to cut him down. So come along with me, Tom, and take another drink at my tent before going to bed; and I'll give you odds that this chap is made away with, some way or other, before three months are out. It happens with all of them."

VII.

TOM seemed to grumble a little, having no proper conception of the efficiency of such a vicarious vengeance, and evidently feeling that it would be much more satisfactory to do the knifing or shooting for himself. But as the more intoxicated of the two he was naturally the weaker, and so after a moment of futile and not very earnest resistance, he suffered himself to be led away from the tent and down the path, a little propitiated perhaps with the anticipation of another drink, but growling deeply as he went, with the mortification of baffled revenge. And I sat up in my blanket and felt my blood boiling with a new thought.

Yes, it was true—that man, Rush Brackley, might die, and through righteous violence, before three months were over. Clare could not care for him,—could never, it seemed, even at her marriage, have loved him. All her affection must have been for me, from whom she had been so cruelly separated, and by some base plot. The flight of the man who had so harshly treated her almost from the first must have been a relief, a very joy to her. It had made a free woman of her again—happy, too, as a bird released from the snare, if she could only have the assurance that he would never venture to come back. And yet,—and here must have been the bitter realization of her lot—it had never set her so free that she could lawfully bring back her bruised heart to the cherished love of her youth. For anything that either of us could do, we were still as widely separated as the poles—would ever be so, as long as that man should live, however far from her he might conceal himself.

But now came the new and inspiring thought that perhaps the man would not live. One can never make plans upon the possible death of a person full of strength and vigorous manhood. Acci-

dents may happen, but they are rare. But that is the case merely with men who live lives of respectability and honor, offering no temptation towards their destruction. Here in these wilds, where social law is often relaxed by provocation; where from the sense of injury or outrage the hand of violence is more easily uplifted than in any more settled district; where one who takes up a disreputable calling must do so with the knowledge that in the end it may turn against him the bitter animosities of hundreds, and almost inevitably lead to his destruction—by the gods! it was very true what those two men had spoken. The annals and experiences of the mines could not be contradicted or set aside. What had happened elsewhere would surely continue to happen; the day would certainly come when personal violence or the requirement of public safety would put an end to Rush Brackley. And then—why then Clare would at least be really free.

“Ah, but I must not pursue that thought,” I muttered.

Yet what else could I do? It forced itself upon me, in spite of every effort to repress it. There could not be a more terrible thought to one of pure and innocent impulses,—it was calculating upon the benefits to be reaped through another’s death; it was almost murderous, it seemed to me, in its suggestions. And yet, what could I do to drive it away? Surely I was not seeking that other man’s death; I would do nothing to hasten or postpone it—rather than be a party to it I would try to save his life at peril of my own. But if the release came through his own instigation towards a quarrel, and at the hands of strangers—why, what harm then to feel that some kindly fate had interposed to correct the misfortunes of the past? and why not learn to contemplate serenely the way towards happiness, so unexpectedly thrown open before me?

Still I would be firm, and try to stifle

the suggestion. But it would not be repressed. And then naturally came the thought that if anything ever happened to release her, Clare should not be prevented from becoming aware of it. Little good, indeed, that this man might some day suffer death for his crimes, and yet far away in some obscure corner whence the tidings could never reach her. Alas! to be free forever and not to know it, and for all her life to remain in dread lest any day the fugitive might resume his warfare against her happiness! Surely this should not be permitted! And now I felt more composed with that new view of the situation, laying to my soul the flattering consolation that in watching Rush Brackley I could be acting for Clare's happiness alone, and without any thought of my own benefit. Yes, for the memory of the long friendship and regard I had had for her, without consideration of my own feeling, I should certainly be justified in interesting myself for her safety.

"Howard," I cried, "we must henceforth keep our eyes upon that fellow over yonder. We must never let him out of our sight."

"And why, Philip?"

"Don't you see? Any day there may come some angry fellow who will pick a quarrel with him and kill him. Tomorrow, perhaps, or next week, or—it is pretty hard, indeed, to think of his lasting even a year longer. Look how it is with all such men. Their time is sure to come, and always suddenly."

"Well, Philip?"

"Must I explain further? Don't you remember that he is your cousin Clare's husband? She is now free from him but for a time; but can she help all the while suffering with fear lest he may return? And when he is killed,—as very likely he will be before long,—is it not right that she should know about it, so that she will know for certain that he will never trouble her any more? Think, on the other hand, of the misery to her

if he were lying dead in some undiscovered ditch, and she all the while trembling at each shadow that fell across the door, with the dread that it might announce his return. No, Howard, you must watch on her behalf, and I—I for your sake will help you."

Howard sat silent for a few minutes, and as I could plainly see, a little amazed. Of course it would be well for his cousin's peace of mind if she learned about her husband's death whenever it happened, but it dimly occurred to him that his own connection with her was not so near or his past intimacy so close that he should now spend much time watching in her behalf to the possible detriment of his own career. The faro dealer might die in a week, but he might live for many years. Some of those men doubtless did. Why should Clare's cousin devote his whole future life, it might be, for her peace of mind?

If Howard had been especially quick-witted perhaps, he would have put this and that together, and reached a correct theory about my sudden interest in the matter; but he was far from being keen in such analyses. All he could now see was that in my friendship for him I was showing myself remarkably earnest,—suprisingly so, indeed, and should be met with some proper reciprocation, though possibly not so warm.

"I don't know, Philip—that is to say, it must all be as you suggest, I suppose. Of course, it would be the right thing if Clare could only find out all about it when the fellow dies. Certainly it would ease her mind. And if it happened while we are here,—which may not be long, you know,—or even if we were to follow him for a week or so to some other place, provided we saw something coming up that made it the proper thing for us to do so—why of course—but if meanwhile I should get a ship, why in that case—"

"Then, until that time we will keep our watch," I said, a little disappointed at the limited concurrence, but forced

to be content with it, as the best that could be had. And while Howard prepared in easy-going way to abide possible results, I felt myself nerved to continue restless and expectant. It might happen at any time, that vengeance at the hands of some enraged victim; had not the unknown loiterer outside my door said so?

And so I began my watch, restless and wrought up to the pitch of desperation, fearful lest at any time the prey might escape me; lingering now on various pretenses near the faro dealer's own tent, so that I might detect the earliest indications of flight; no longer sallying forth to our claim, for that might be too far away; or if I chanced to accompany Howard Sibley there, showing myself useless for any systematic work, and anxious to seize any excuse for return; sitting from morning till night in front of our own tent, whence I might keep my gaze upon the other one, with close, nervous scrutiny, as though in a single moment it might be lifted from the ground like Aladdin's palace, and spirited away to unknown regions. If ever I relaxed my watchfulness from the tent, it was only in some spirit of reverie to turn towards the three pines, which again at the distance began to take on their former likeness to those other pines at home, and gazing upon them to recall the old associations, and for a moment to imagine that the present was swept away and the happy past returned.

Now, too, I took Clare's picture from my writing case, and carried it upon my person. Did I need any further proof that in heart at least she was once more all my own? Had she ever ceased to love me, and was there anything between us that should stifle our longing for each other's presence? Perhaps even at that moment she was gazing at my picture, and with tears in her eyes trying to blot out the memory of the past four troubled years. Yes, she must now remain close to my heart, whence, when I was alone, I could pluck her forth and bring her

image close to my eyes, and watch how in the bright sunlight the gravity that rested upon her features seemed to relax and a smile of welcome for me to take its place.

Daily, now, the fruition of my expectations, which I tried not to look upon as hopes, seemed to draw nearer. To my watchful eye there was each hour a little increase of dissatisfaction with Rush Brackley spreading abroad through the settlement,—a little diminishing of the favoritism with which his air of good fellowship and hilarity had invested him. It appeared, somehow, as though the miners were beginning to read him a trifle more correctly. There was certainly an enlargement in the number of those who felt that they had been wronged by him; and nightly from the tent came louder and more frequent oaths, and more boisterous shouts of glee whenever any one gained a temporary victory over the bank.

There was one evening when towards midnight there came such a loud and continuous shout, mingled with cheers, that the very oaks seemed to rock with the tumult. Then suddenly the whole crowd that had filled the faro banker's tent broke forth in a confused mass into the open air, and dispersed in different directions, and in a moment more the many lights that had so brilliantly illuminated the tent were put out,—all except one feeble candle that was to be seen gleaming in an inside corner, where the owner of the place might be closing up his night's work. Many of those leaving the tent passed close to me as I sat in my own doorway, but though I tried to gain information from some of them, they seemed all too excited to tarry; and so finally the last one hurried past, leaving me entirely unenlightened.

But in the morning I had better success. The miners were still excited with the occurrence of the night before. Where not at work they were gathered in groups, and all seemed filled with the

one topic of conversation. And drawing near, I did not need to put many questions to learn all about it. Rush Brackley had at last met his match. No particularly skilful play or combination had aided it, but it was simply that one who had never had any luck before had found the tide suddenly turn in his favor. A wonderful turn of chance; no matter what card was staked upon, that card turned up to the advantage of the miner. First coin, and then bullion, fine dust, or whatever else came most handy, it was all the same, the faro banker at every deal with lowering visage passing his former winnings across the table, until at last had arisen that tumultuous shout of triumph, with the announcement that the bank was broken.

"But do you think," said one in the little group, "that the faro fellow was really cleaned out? It may be that from some superstition about his luck for that evening, he pretended —"

"Regularly broke, I reckon," put in another, "else he would n't have come to me this morning to sell me this. You see, he must have something to start the game again."

With that the man drew forth from the corner of his tobacco box a diamond ring. As it was turned up towards the light, I recognized it as 'one I had formerly seen upon Clare's hand — her mother's diamond ring, which she had always greatly prized. It was one of those personal treasures that Rush Brackley had basely stolen from her at his flight, and now he was using it with attempt to restore his ruined fortunes.

"I know something about diamonds," said the man. "Dealt in them once myself. So when the fellow came to me, offering it for a hundred dollars, — I knowing that it was worth two hundred — why of course I closed the speculation at once."

"Will you sell the ring to me?" I asked.

"For two hundred dollars, — yes."

"Come with me to my tent."

The man went with me, and in a few moments the transfer was made, and I became the owner of the ring. Why I had purchased it I could scarcely tell. Certainly I had no definite object beyond the temptation to hold for my own something that had belonged to Clare and had been intimately associated with her. And there was the further motive that it pained me to see that little memento of happier days rudely passed from hand to hand, a mere basis for the continuation of a gambling career. So I laid it carefully away, trusting that some time the occasion might come wherein I could put my acquisition to a proper use. And if nothing further came of it, there was better fitness in having the jewel pressing a little nest for itself in the velvet bordering of Clare's portrait, than stifling in the corner of a miner's tobacco box.

This having been done, I again set myself upon the watch. It was very true, indeed, that Rush Brackley had sold the ring so that he might continue his game. That night the tent was once more open, but this time with a limited bank. No longer was the table piled with great lumps of virgin gold or bright doubloons; only now a few silver dollars, such as the sale of the ring might represent, and arranged as artfully as possible to seem like a larger sum. It was sufficient, however, to begin upon, and with some preliminary statement of new rules limiting the amount of the stakes, might yet lead to better fortune. And again for a while the play went on with no very exciting reverses on either side, — here a small gain and there a loss, but on the whole the bank only slowly creeping up to better results.

And now I began to notice a change in Rush Brackley, — a certain degeneracy that little by little each day became more marked. His spirit seemed depressed in spite of every effort to maintain it, and even in his personal appear-

ance there was an alteration for the worse. It was easy after a little reflection to see how this came about. A few years before he had been a man of high estate, of strong financial surroundings, and enjoying, however unworthily, the personal esteem of many. He had fallen from that condition, but had hoped that the retirement would not be for long. It had been a shrewd plan of his, instead of recommencing life in some public mart with small beginnings, thence gradually working up through years of obscurity, rather to stake everything upon one chance. With all the remaining capital that he could command he had arranged his splendid outfit for a more perilous career, and trusted that in some interior wild, where he would not be likely to be recognized, he could in a single season re-establish himself. A few months of that success which almost always accompanies the faro bank, by reason of the great odds in its favor, and he could return to some more elevated occupation, and there with proper audacity and luck even rise to eminence. And for a few weeks it had seemed as though the project was destined to be realized, since from the very first day the gold had poured in in an uninterrupted stream. A single summer and success would be achieved.

Then had come the reverse, the almost phenomenal luck whereby a plain, uneducated miner in one short hour had stripped the bank of all its garnered wealth. Must such ill fortune as this always be looked for as upon the chances? True, months might elapse before such a thing could happen again; but this beginning anew and building up once more the former state had become a very hard thing to do.

And somehow the miners had now grown more wary, and gambled upon a system of greater caution. The stakes were smaller, — the disposition to retire from the scene after moderate losses more prevalent, — the readiness to be

quarrelsome and exacting of their rights and privileges more widely recognized, — their watchfulness of himself more earnest and intent. It took a long time now to gather in a little profit, and sometimes the whole result of an evening could be held in the palm of one hand. If this continued, how in one or even two summers could that success be achieved which would allow him to resume his former condition of life? And could it be that it might be his destiny to find no relief from his lowered state, but that the demoralization of his surroundings would little by little so overcome him as to crush him for the remainder of his life into the closed-up career of a mere mining town gambler?

It seemed to me that he must have had some perception of that fate staring him in the face. I could see it in his aspect, daily more and more dispirited; in the absence of that forced smile, which though so false to one capable of reading beneath the surface, was not without its charm to the great body of his patrons; and even in the unconscious demoralization of his dress and physical care of himself. The tweed suit began to become worn and dusty, and somehow to lack its former jaunty air; the soft hat lost the stiffness of its brim and hung limp and careless of appearance; and more striking than all else, I could see unerring evidences of his abject loss of self-respect in the neglect of his chin, once daily so smoothly shaven, but now allowed to get covered with a rough, unsightly stubble. It was pretty evident to me that some kind of crisis was at hand.

It was a little singular, perhaps, that at this stage of the game, when my hopes seemed on the point of advancing towards a realization, a certain weakness of purpose began to grow up within me. It was possibly the inevitable reaction from the strain of a high wrought purpose, day after day awaiting some development, without any definite knowledge of the

shape it would assume, or how it was to be met when it occurred. It might be that this irresolution of spirit would not last for long, and that after a while the pendulum would swing again towards its old direction of watchfulness and large expectation. But for the time there came to me increasing doubt and uncertainty. What mad fancy was this that beset me, I began to think? How could I hope to find it realized, or at least, what chance of it might there be? That man yonder might any day fall into sudden destruction through the aggregation of his offenses; but was it after all an assured thing? Some of those men met with their reverses,—were hanged and shot down in their tracks; but certainly others survived. The land was filled with them, and for years they would live on in their prosperity. Half a generation hence this same Rush Brackley might be somewhere in the land, enjoying to the full all luxuries and pleasures, while good men and true were starving to death. Why should I tarry for a retribution which might be so long coming? Heaven's vengeance must sometime overtake the man, but it might be years after both Clare and I had become dust.

This spirit of irresolution daily grew more and more in strength, and partly through conversation with Howard Sibley. For it chanced that Howard began to feel thoughts of home contending within him, and overpowering at the last his unwise spirit of vagabondism. Why waste his life in an unprofitable career, when at home there were those who were ready to hail him with open arms,—a prodigal without the taint of sin but only that of restlessness,—and who with loving care would direct him upon the more worthy path which he was entitled to tread? As Howard thought of all this, and of how many there were who were longing for his return, his heart began to soften towards them and he came up to the prompting with generous resolutions.

"I will go home Philip, will go into business and do all that they want me to do. I am tired of being the black sheep of the family. You will be going back in a month or so—I will return with you."

I repeated the words half mechanically,—scarcely knowing what I said and not exactly meaning it,—certainly not looking upon it as an actual promise. It was merely something to be thought of,—that was all. And yet the very utterance of the words seemed somehow to strengthen in me the idea of giving up, as an absurd conception, all that had at first seemed to hold out to me such a glorious purpose. To give it up? Yes,—and then again, no. How weak I should be to abandon it now! And yet again, how strongly did recollections of home begin to draw me thitherwards, the more powerfully through sympathy with Howard Sibley's promptings! At least, I would not now make up my mind,—I would take a little while longer. Why not fix a time, and throw it all upon fate? I would take three days, even as Columbus had done, before giving up the great conception of his life. Something might meanwhile come up to determine me, and without further effort. Even as to Columbus the light gleaming upon the unknown shore had brought about the crisis of his fate, so to myself some light might flicker into my soul and resolve all my uncertainties.

So I endeavored to postpone the subject from my thoughts; and yet of course in vain, since there were long watches in the night when I could not help lying awake and pondering the matter. A night,—two nights,—without result, and then the third. We must believe that it was during the third night that Columbus most restlessly paced the deck; and so upon that night I lay awake more troubled in my heart than ever before, since so far no light had come into my mind to help me, nor had any outward circumstance intervened to do so;

and it seemed as though, were I disposed, week after week might run along and no sufficient oracle speak to me.

Howard lay near me in a deep sleep, calm and restful, his mind already so made up that there was no need of further and disturbing thought. But it was otherwise with me. Twelve, one, two o'clock. There was no church tower to ring out the progress of time, but I could note it by the progression of the stars seen through the half open front of the tent. Three o'clock,—certainly later even than that; was not that the first of the morning stars rising over the top of the tallest of the three pines? No sound yet in the settlement, however,—every one except myself seeming sunk in deep slumber, and nothing to break the silence but the dull murmur of the rapids through the gap above the mining grounds, and now and then, in fitful but not musical strains, the distant yelping of two coyotes making night hideous.

So riotous did they become at last, waking the echoes in every direction, as can be appreciated only by one who has heard coyotes disporting themselves at night in their native wilds, that at last some one besides myself was awakened. I heard him—an unknown man—at two hundred feet distance as he came to his tent door cursing pretty effectually. Then he fired a shot in the direction of the coyotes, not killing either of them, of course, since they were out of sight and probably far beyond his range, but simply hoping to drive them away. They received the attention with renewed and seemingly re-invigorated demonstrations, but after all appeared well disposed to take the hint, since I heard them go yelping over the crest of the plateau, further and further retiring until their dulcet tones could no longer be distinguished.

Then again quiet, except for the faint

murmur of the river's flow, now coming to my ears a little more distinctly as the light wind shifted and brought the sound more directly to me. And so at last the moment came when I too began to sink into a dull slumber,—to sleep, but still to dream.

I thought that I was at home again, sitting in my accustomed place under the three pines at the foot of the Doctor's garden. Those certainly were the long familiar pines, for at my feet lay a bunch of ordinary garden flowers, which Clare must have picked that very morning and then thrown aside. They were withering now, but at least served as an identification of the place. And yet they could not be my old well loved pines; for was not that a broad sheet of glistening white sand I gazed upon, broken in every direction with little hillocks of rock, where miners were burrowing their way to fortune or disappointment? And were not those the miners' tents clustering under every hillside? And yet it must have been our old trysting place in the East, after all; for how otherwise could Clare be coming towards me? Clare herself,—her little willow basket on her arm, the pretty loving smile upon her face,—tripping down from the house, which I now saw in its clump of trees, yet beyond the stretch of sand, which somehow still remained. And she said:

"I have come to you as soon as I could, Philip. I have wanted to see you very much—have wanted—"

Then I began to open my eyes, my troubled sleep being somehow broken in upon, and I perceived by the very dim light that the flap of the tent had been thrown back, and some one stood just outside and cried to me:

"Come out, Philip, at once. You are wanted."

Leonard Kip.

BIGLER'S JOURNAL IN '49.

[READERS of the OVERLAND will recall the publication in September, 1887, of Henry W. Bigler's Diary in 1847-'48, telling of his experiences as a member of the Mormon Battalion, which came to California in the service of the United States in 1847, and of his afterwards being in the employ of Sutter and Marshall at the Coloma Mill when gold was discovered, on January 24, 1848, as recorded in his entry of that date. That portion of the diary was obtained for publication and annotated by Mr. John S. Hittell. To the same gentleman we owe the use of the present further part of the same diary, given as transcribed by Mr. Bigler, with but slight verbal changes.]

Great Salt Lake City, Utah Ter., Oct. 8th, 1849. — Today I began to make preparations for returning to California, having been forced to leave the land that gave me birth, or renounce my religion. Served a year in the Mormon Battalion for Uncle Sam; became much reduced; I feel to strive to make up for losses, by seeking some of the treasures of the earth that seem to abound in the rivers, creeks, and ravines of that country. Thousands from the States have passed through this city the present season on their way to California to seek their fortunes; it seems that the news of the gold discovery has reached every nook and corner of the United States, and has set the world, as it were, all in motion, and on the move for gold. There is a company of our people on the eve of leaving, under the leadership of General Charles C. Rich,¹ of this city. The intention is to go the south route, following the old Spanish trail, and so on

through the Cajon Pass in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Thursday, Oct. 11th. — Departed for the land of gold. Before leaving, Father John Smith, the patriarch, laid his hands on my head and blessed me, also my companion.

Monday, Oct. 22d. — Reached Beaver River. To this point, it is marked 208 miles from Salt Lake City, — having a roadometer in the company by which General Rich measures our road. With the roadometer wagon are three of our elders on their way to the South Pacific Islands, as missionaries to preach the gospel.

[*Note by H. W. B., 1888.* — Here we overtook a company of non-Mormons, 113 wagons, and about 50 with pack animals. The fifty with packs had a captain whose name was Smith. This company and Rich's agree to travel together in case of being attacked by Indians. The train of wagons had Jefferson or Major Hunt,² as by that name he is usually known, to pilot them through. They had what they termed a high council, and by some means got it into their heads that Major Hunt could make a big cut-off, from the fact that he had told them a better road and a shorter route could be made, as he had been so informed by some mountaineers; as for himself, he never had traveled it, and if they were bound to go that way, they must do so on their own responsibility. Finally they gave it up, and so continued on the old Spanish trail. A wagon or two was cached at this place, and some rigged up pack-saddles. The com-

¹ Rich was one of the bishops who bought the San Bernardino ranch for the Mormons, and was one of the managers of the property until the exodus. *J. S. H.*

² Jefferson Hunt came to California in 1847, as captain in the Mormon Battalion, and afterwards resided at San Bernardino, from the Mormon settlement there in 1851 till their exodus in 1857. He represented the county for several sessions in the Legislature. *J. S. H.*

pany of packers now numbered about one hundred, — Mormon and Gentile about equally divided as to numbers.

Leaving Major Hunt and his train of wagons, the packers pushed on in advance, keeping the Spanish trail until we neared what is now known as the "Mountain Meadows." Here it was decided to leave the Spanish trail, and make a cut-off, and be in the mines in about twenty days. This conclusion came about from the fact that Captain Smith said that he was told of the cut-off by a mountaineer whose name was Barney Ward, who said he had traveled it three times, and it was known as Walker's Cut-off. The argument in favor of going this cut-off was that we should be in the gold mines before the rainy season set in, while to keep the Spanish trail we should only reach Lower California by that time, and then we should have to travel up the country hundreds of miles to reach the diggings. To us it seemed plausible, and all decided to make the cut-off, — which, however, proved to be a cut-on.

It was now Nov. 1st. Leaving the Spanish trail we struck almost a due west course, with no guide. Soon a shower of rain was on us, and the ground in a little while became so soft that it was with great difficulty that our animals could travel. The rain was cold, and our mules and horses shivering, and ourselves wet to the hide, when at last we came to some rocks that afforded shelter from the storm; these we gave the name of "Rocks of Refuge." Wood was plenty, fires made, and a general drying-off ensued. The next day we crossed over the rim of the Great Basin and down a cañon, the water now running in a south direction. The cañon was rocky and narrow, the sides of the mountains almost a solid mass of rocks, and perpendicular at that; to think of climbing with our animals was out of the question.]

Nov. 4th. — Rainy; today we came to a place where we had to help our animals

by putting ropes around their necks, and setting men to pull them up a steep barrier of rocks, — one fell and rolled over and over with its pack on. It was dusk when we made camp. [The next morning we found the animal dead.]

Nov. 5th. — Clear and nice. No feed to speak of in this cañon and our animals look bad. As we continued down the cañon today we found it began to widen — the traveling better. In the afternoon we came to where Indians had raised corn, beans, sunflowers, and squashes, also wheat, as there was lots of straw lying about on the ground. The corn fodder was standing minus of the ears, and judging by the stalks, they had raised a good crop of corn. There were ditches or sects they had made for carrying water for irrigating. Passing on we soon came to another Indian farm and camped. The standing fodder afforded good food for our animals.

Nov. 6th. — Passed a large wickiup. The Indians fled on our approach leaving to all appearances everything behind. There were fresh rawhides that no doubt belonged to some emigrant's ox. Judging from the course we have been traveling we have not made as yet much of a cut-off, as our travel of late has been to the southwest. At evening we camped in a cottonwood grove, — the leaves almost perfectly green, showing there had been no frost, and now it seemed more like midsummer than November.

Wednesday, 7th. — Short day's travel. Some of our men went ahead to see what the country is like, and report that the water sinks a short distance below, and as far as they had been there was no more sign of water. The country was broken and sandy. We gave the name of Farm Creek to this creek.

Nov. 8th. — While at breakfast we were overtaken by six men on packs, and they say the whole train of wagons had concluded to follow on after us, leaving Major Hunt to go his own way. Filling our canteens we followed down the creek

a short distance, then turned and traveled westward over sandy hills, and at night camped in the dry bed of a creek. [The day had been hot and every canteen empty. Men dug in the sand for water, —no water reached. One of Captain Smith's men came up and offered to pay any man fifty dollars for a drink of water. There was none for sale.]

Nov. 9th. — We followed up the bed of the creek in a north course towards some mountains, with the hopes of finding water. The sun appeared to come down upon us hotter than ever, — some of the men became almost crazy with thirst. I filled my mouth with bullets, chewing them to create moisture, and to some extent I found relief. Reaching the mouth of a cañon, water was found quite sufficient for man and beast. Men and animals gave out before reaching the water. Canteens were filled, and men went to meet their companions, and even divided their portion of water by pouring some down the throats of their given-out animals. Some of the company were still missing, and men went on with canteens of water in search of them. Failing to find them, fears were entertained that they were killed by Indians, as we had seen several at a distance.

[*Note by H. W. B.* — The next day camp lay by while twelve men with arms, canteens of water, and spades, went to hunt the four missing men and if found dead, to give them as decent a burial as we could. They had not gone far when they met the four men. They had left following the company and had gone in another direction in search of water, and had found some in a cave. Finding there was no harm done and all right, the men fired their guns in token that all was, as the saying is, O. K. Hearing the firing at camp a number gathered their rifles and struck out in haste, believing that the Indians had commenced an attack. This creek we gave the name Providence Creek.]

Nov. 11th. — Traveled up and down hills all day. One animal gave out and was left.

Nov. 12th. — Traveled all day without finding water. Near sundown, finding a patch of grass, we unpacked to let our animals eat an hour, and then proceeded until ten at night and camped without either grass or water.

Nov. 13th. — About ten A. M. as we were journeying, it commenced to rain. Soon it came down in torrents; soon pools of water were formed. We halted and went into camp. There was an abundance of water for all, and a plenty for our animals. Before night it cleared up. Captain Smith said it was plain to him that the finger of the Lord was in the rain, — as to myself I have no doubt of it.

Nov. 14th. — Nice day. Camp moved a short distance, where a weak spring was found. As the pools of water had all disappeared from the surface of the earth, it was agreed to stop at this spring, dig it deeper, and clean it out, when a supply of water was had.

Nov. 15th. — Camp laid by while General Rich and three others went to the top of a mountain west of camp to get a view of the country ahead, as the General began to have his scruples about continuing his journey any further in that direction. It was late in the night before he and the three men got back to camp.

Nov. 16th. — This morning Captain Smith came to our camp and asked the General what discoveries he had made and what he intended to do. The General gave it as his opinion that there was no water, nor could he see any sign of water as far as he could see, and in his opinion there was no pass, for mountains rose one after another as far as the eye could see, — for aught he knew for 150 miles, — and it was his intention to make for the Spanish trail by turning and traveling in a southeast direction, and all that were a mind to follow him he

would lead out for the Spanish trail. Captain Smith said he would continue his course across the mountains if he perished in the attempt. "And if," said he, "you do not hear from me, you may know that I died with my face westward, and not before I have eaten some mule meat." At this the two companies parted. Two of Smith's men joined us. The spring we named "Division Spring." All separated with the best of feelings so far as I know,—the Mormon part following General Rich. We had not proceeded far when we came to good grass and plenty of water. We halted and dined, after which continued a few miles and camped for the night where we had plenty of water and grass.

Nov. 17th.—Followed a creek through narrow cañons of solid rocks on each side of the creek, rising abruptly, for aught I know, five hundred feet. The bursting of a percussion cap was like the crack of a rifle.

Nov. 18th.—After leaving camp a few miles, still following down the creek, we saw a smoke. Pretty soon we saw cattle and some men herding them. The men told us that Captain Hunt with some wagons was just below in camp. Making up to camp, we found to our joy that it was Major Hunt sure enough, in camp at the crossing of the Muddy at the edge of a fifty-mile drive before reaching the Las Vegas, the next water. Captain Hunt told us that one hundred wagons of his train had left to follow on our trail. The roadometer and our missionaries were also with Hunt.

[*Note by H. W. B.*—I might state here what I have since heard became of Captain Smith and company: From Division Spring they traveled on their way westward for a day or so without finding water, and were forced to return to Division Spring, but before reaching the spring they had become so exhausted that they killed one of their animals, and ate and drank its blood. From Division

Spring they took the back track until they reached the old Spanish trail, where they fell in with a company on their way to California. The company took them in, furnished them provisions, etc., and took them to California.

When Captain Smith and company were returning to Division Spring there were eleven of his men that determined to go through to California at all hazards, and so left Smith and again turned their faces westward, trusting to chance about finding water; but somewhere near Owen's Lake in sight of the great Sierra Nevada they split as to the best way to go, nine went one way and two another. The two got through, but I never heard what became of the nine. I saw one of the two: I met him in the Mariposa mines in the spring of 1850, and heard him tell the story. He said had it not been for some acorns they found laid away by Indians they would surely have perished. Now to my journal.]

Sunday, Nov. 25th.—Camped at a spring in the mountains among cedars, where we found a note, dated November 18th, for Captain Dallas to come ahead as soon as possible, for their train was starving,—that the writer had seen things that made his blood run cold, and that they had killed several oxen, and had sent some of their men to the settlements in California for provisions. Captain Hunt says it is 220 miles yet to the first settlements.

Dec. 2d.—Reached the Mojave River. Here we overtook some emigrants in camp,—men, women, and children,—bound for California. They told us they had been here a month living on nothing but beef. We let them have all the flour we could spare. It was a pitiable sight to see them in their condition,—the poor little children, my heart was filled for them.

Dec. 4th.—Made about 20 miles,—rained today.

Dec. 5th.—Camp lay by. Stormy, with snow.

Dec. 6th.—Cleared up. Sent out some hunters. In the afternoon they returned with three nice deer; this greatly increased our scanty stock of provisions.

Dec. 7th.—Continued our journey. We left Captain Hunt and wagons several days ago.

Dec. 9th.—Passed through the Cajon Pass to a spring in a cañon, where we found a man with a wagon load of provisions and a fat beef, sent out by a Mr. Williams to sell to starving immigrants. The sight of fresh beef just butchered, the fat quarters hanging up, seemed to invite all to take a slice. Then the abundance of flour, California style, unbolted,—all no doubt for the best for hungry men, who, had it been otherwise, may have eaten so much as to hurt them.

Dec. 13th.—Arrived at Williams's Ranch and went into quarters. Here we bought unbolted flour at the rate of twelve dollars per *fanéga*; beef on foot from five to fifteen dollars; salt one dollar per *alimo*; sugar and coffee 37½ cents per pound. Some men just from

the mines say that flour is \$1.25 a pound; beef, 75 cents per pound; and lumber, five hundred dollars per thousand feet; and a passage on a vessel from Pueblo up the coast to San Francisco is two hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Williams proffers to sell his ranch for two hundred thousand dollars, stock and all. He says there are cattle enough belonging to it to pay for the ranch in six months at present prices in the mines,—that he has forty thousand head of cattle and one thousand horses and mules. He wanted to go to the States to live, and was bound to sell, or leave his property in some shape, and told General Rich that he and his men could pay for the ranch and all that was on it in less than a year.

[*Note by H. W. B.*—A few days after we arrived at Mr. Williams's, the roadometer wagon with Captain Hunt arrived, and the distance from Salt Lake City to the Cajon Pass was 701 miles,—from the Pass to Williams's ranch 21 miles; total, 722 miles.

Henry W. Bigler.

CAPTAIN BEN.

TO COLONEL RALSTON, Charleston,
South Carolina.

My Honored Father: I have already written you how I liked New York as a city, and how many delightful acquaintances I made through the letters you gave me. Do not think, however, that I like the North better than the South,—my beautiful home is too dear to me,—and do not ever think that I have any regret that I was brought up and educated in the seclusion of Magnolia Grove. Our three years' trip to Europe with you and Major Early and my tutor, Professor Webb, to whom I send my kindest regards, opened my eyes to the world, and

I do not feel awkward in the new life and gayety of this delightful city.

Eh bien, I must return to the call I made. I sent your letter to Mrs. Bartlett Jones and called the next day. The house is very charming, near Fifth Avenue, which you doubtless remember well, but a newer and more aristocratic street. The house furnishing was superb, all foreign, while the servants were very English in looks and livery. One has to be very wealthy in New York to keep up such an establishment.

While I waited in the reception room for her ladyship, a stout, rather ordinary man came in, looked at me uneasily, then

extended a fat, red hand. "I am Jones, of Jones and Giles; wife said you was here; glad to see you I'm sure. From the South—dull there, ain't it?" I answered his many questions, all of which he asked with no apparent interest or desire for information. It was quite embarrassing, but Mrs. Jones soon came in and her husband disappeared. She is very beautiful; I believe you said she was striking as a child. I think she must be like her father; I recall the painting of him at home taken at the time when you say he was called the handsomest man in Charleston. Of course I asked immediately after Captain Ben Clark, and was disappointed to hear that he was in the country. I hope to see him soon and give him your messages.

Do not be anxious about my finances; I can never realize that I have ample means, but have acquired a miserly habit of a large balance over my expenditures each month.

Affectionately,

PHILIP RALSTON.

Dear Father: So my last letters have worried you. Do not for a moment think I could so forget the honor of the family as to fall in love with Mrs. Bartlett Jones. She is a fascinating and beautiful woman, and some New York husbands go out very little with their wives, who go at will with gentlemen friends, though always with a chaperon. Mrs. Jones seems sadly neglected by her husband, who cares for nothing but business, and works very hard for so rich a man. I have learned that New Yorkers are never satisfied, always wanting more.

You ask me in each of your welcome letters about Captain Ben; I ask Mrs. Jones equally often, and her answers are always vague and unsatisfactory. I would visit him in the country only too gladly if she would give me his place of residence, but really I feel it will be ill bred to pursue my inquiries further, for the subject is so manifestly distasteful

to his daughter. I have met several of the old sea captains who used to know him; they say he lived with his daughter some years, then lost his money speculating, and was paralyzed in his lower limbs from the shock, and they supposed was at one of the Joneses' numerous country houses, cared for by servants. I write you only a few lines relative to Captain Ben. I must close now for I have to dress for a theatre party, to which I shall honestly confess I am to take Mrs. Bartlett Jones.

Affectionately,

PHILIP RALSTON.

Dear Father: You complain now that I write no more about Mrs. Bartlett Jones, and make no more inquiries about Captain Ben. Well, I have not been up to Mrs. Jones's for some weeks, but have been traveling in other cities; besides, the Joneses with the rest of the aristocracy have migrated Europewards or to Newport or Saratoga,—the latter place you remember well. I got back to this city last night, and found it very hot and uncomfortable. I have not made up my mind where to go yet, but as Jones is at home shall find out from him about Newport. I am ashamed to say I know so little of my own country in the North.

You ask if I have explored New York, and met with adventures, and in a jocular vein,—suggested I know by Major Early, who is always at your elbow,—if I have met any pretty chambermaids or shop-girls. Well, I met with an adventure this very afternoon, and a young lady too. The Major's eyes are wide open now, a sly twinkle in the corners, but you frown. My dear father; I well know you would have followed the adventure further, but I left it when I saw an opportunity. I took a sail down to Staten Island this sultry afternoon to enjoy the sea breeze; it was about two o'clock, and the ferry was not crowded, only a few pleasure seekers like myself, and the usual number of bundle-laden shoppers.

I sat in the stern under an awning, and pretty soon I noticed a young lady sitting further on on the same bench. She was dressed all in gray with a little hat to match, and a red wing in the little hat, and very tiny gray gloves. The Major will note that I particularize her attire, but to avoid mystery I will add the gray was inexpensive, and she wore no jewelry or furbelows. She had very pretty brown eyes and tidy brown hair in a little knot, but curling around her face, and rosy cheeks, and a sweet mouth. I fancy the Major chuckles audibly now. Well, the conductor came for our fares; he gathered my ticket and went to her. Just then a brisk flaw of wind struck her hat, and in reaching to save it, away overboard went the tiny purse she had been holding ready for the man's coming.

She was very young; her lip trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. "My ticket was in it," she gasped.

The conductor, a big, stolid brute, looked at her suspiciously: "That's been tried afore," he muttered.

I went up to him: "Here is the lady's fare," I said, and some of my father's quick temper to avenge an insult to a lady boiled in me. "You are an insolent fellow, unfit for your position, and I shall report you to the company."

He tried to apologize, but I shut him up and he slunk off.

"Thank you, sir," she said blushing; then she bent over her book.

When we were at Staten Island I asked her if I could aid her in any way.

"No, sir," she said very sweetly, in such a modest, shy way, "My grandfather is at the landing."

"Oh," said I, "And are those big buildings the famous Sailors' Snug Harbor?"

"Yes, sir; such a beautiful home for old men, captains and sailors. Grandfather lives there so happy and contented. Here he is now!"

The ferry had landed while we were

talking, and a fine looking old man with bristling white hair and clean shaven face came up to us. He was decently dressed in blue clothing like retired officers wear, and seemed about eighty years old. The pretty little granddaughter told him the small act of courtesy I had done and he grasped me very heartily by the hand.

"Lord bless ye, sir," he said, "Dolly ain't no more fit to be left alone, such a childish thing. The imperdent feller, now! You won't take pay?—please, I'd rather, sir. I'm a pensioner, I know, but I ain't a pauper." (I took it, father, as any man would have done; for it hurt him to refuse.) "Can't thank ye enuff. Won't you stop?—have n't time, eh?—Wal, come agin. Come visit us; I'll show ye round the place." This with the air of a mansion owner, and very touching the humble pride he took in it, and his air of hospitality.

They went away together then, she thanking me with the wild rose blush on her face, and he very hearty as to voice, very tremulous as to hand. They made a pretty picture on the wharf; the bright-faced little creature in gray clinging to the fine old sailor, who is anchored in Snug Harbor, so near to the end of his voyage of life; so near the everlasting refuge of heaven. There is my adventure, father, and at this writing I see no sequel to it.

Affectionately,

PHILIP RALSTON.

My Dear Father: I write this hurried note to tell you some news that I fear will make you feel very badly. I assure you that before this reaches you Captain Ben will have seen your son and will have heard your kind messages, dearer to him now in his adversity than in his prosperity. I think that I wrote you I intended calling on Mr. Jones to talk about Newport. Well, a raw easterly spell set in, so I did not go till last evening, a week since my adventure on the

ferry. Mr. Jones was not in, and as I turned from the steps to the pavement I saw, ghostly and unreal in the thick, wet fog that hung over everything, my ancient acquaintance from Sailors' Snug Harbor.

"How did you get here?" I asked in surprise.

He recognized me, and touched his faded straw hat with the real old sailor duck.

"By the ferry, sir. I often come up for a frien', an' as I see you comin' out, might I ask if the leddy is well?"

"Who?"

"His da'ter, Miss Vi'let,—I allus called her that, for I sailed in her father's ship when she was a baby,—Mrs. Jones, sir."

"She is in Newport," I said; "and well, or was a while ago. Do you know her father?"

"Like a brother, sir; onct I would n't 'a' said that, but in his misfortune his pride has left him, and he is so frien'ly like, sorter leaning on me, that I sometimes wish he was the fine, bluff Captain Ben he used to be. O so changed, sir, so helpless, yet so brave and soldier-like to bear pain. He's greatly thought on to the Harbor; the Governor of the Institution calls on him, the Doctor sets and chats, and the chaplain and him argy religion by the hour. He reads foreign works in strange tongues like American, paints ships for visitors sometimes,—sells 'em, too, or I do for him; but the saddest sight to me is to see him weaving baskets."

"What!" I cried, "Does his daughter send him no money? It can't be."

"She makes him a 'lowance, sir, but he never teches it. He puts it away in a little box under his bed: 'Gilman,' says he—that's my name, sir,—and awful solemn he says it,—'if you survive me, as I think you will, return this box to Vi'let, with her poor old father's forgiveness, and tell her his last prayer was that her children would not neglect her in her helpless old age.'"

"It is horrible, unnatural," I cried.

"It ain't right, sir, for he was the kindest father, denying her nothin', and so proud of her. It is a hard world when children, rich and comfortable, finds a big mansion like that too small to holt their old crippled father; but her ma died when she was a baby, and the Cap'en says mebbe he did n't bring her up right. He is well fixed to the Harbor, has a nice room and comforts, and has bought little things with the money he earns,—and fixed it up. Dolly's helped him—my grandchild, sir—he calls her 'Little Sunbeam,'—he's knowed her five year, since I fust went to the Harbor. She's eighteen now, and her ma has been dead a year. She comes to see me every week. I went to the Harbor from choice, for I could n't stand the city and high buildings, my legs is so old and stiff. Dolly don't mind now, for I'm so well off; she works all day in a millinery shop, then trots home at night up to her little room on Miss Gyer's top floor—a good, decent woman that—and like a wee bird in a cage cooks her meals, a-singing away, and then sets down to sew for me or to make her gowns. I don't fear for her none. She kin talk French, too, for the Cap'en taught her, and if you'll not think it queer, I tell ye sometimes I think the Cap'en likes her better nor his own flesh and blood."

"Is he sick, that you come here?" I asked.

"O, no, but she ain't writ him lately, and he's anxious about her. He loves her yet, and he grieves for her; and Lord, how pleased he is when once a year or so she comes sweeping down in her silks and satins to see him. He's very proud, then, I tell ye. O, it hurts me to tell this, for he's such a fine man, and his faithful heart is a-breaking. So I bunks with him at his own request, and right proud I am to wait on him, and would do more if he would let me. I come up often to see if the lady, his da'ter, is well. I'll bid ye good-night now,

and thank ye agin for your kindness to Dolly. I like your honest face, so young and kind,—and I'd be pleased indeed for you to come down to our place."

I shook hands with the fine old fellow and gave him my card. "Tell Captain Ben," said I, "that Philip Ralston, the son of his old Charleston friend, Rodney Ralston, is coming to see him tomorrow."

"So you knowed him all the time," said my sailor friend, suspiciously.

Then I told him the story of my search, and he admitted that the Captain's old friends did not even know where he was. Then he wrung my hand again, and with his queer sailor roll vanished into the fog. It is very late, dear father, so I will close my letter. I shall go see Captain Ben tomorrow.

Your affectionate son,
PHILIP RALSTON.

My Dear Father: I have seen Captain Ben, and you will be much saddened to hear of the great change in him. I faintly remember the big, handsome Captain who used to visit our Charleston home long before the war. I dimly recall my childish awe of his big gold watch chain with its dangling seals, his blue clothes, his white vests, and his wide expanse of shirt front with the glittering diamond studs. I remember his hearty voice, his enormous size—he seemed a veritable giant to me—and I recall his long beard and his big dark eyes. I know the ladies always said: "What a splendid looking man!" I think it was my boyish ambition to be like him when I grew up. Enough of this,—I have learned that time is the great leveler of pride and beauty, of mind and heart. Alas, that we could not die when we were in our prime! This for him, but for you, ah, dear father, you will never grow old.

I went down to Staten Island on the morning boat, and found Mr. Gilman waiting for me on the wharf. "Day, sir," he said, with his nautical salute, "he is waiting for ye,—told him you was

coming,—quite excited, indeed,—never forgets any one."

"Is he here, near here?" I asked.

"O, no, in his room, paralyzed—never goes beyond the hall and piazza where I wheels him."

He led me up a pleasant road to a big iron fence where a gate, guarded by a fine old barnacle, led us into a beautiful enclosure. Here there were fine trees, walks, green grass, and many old sailors smoking and talking, sitting on the seats under the trees. A musical fountain was playing near the marble steps of the entrance. There are a number of buildings, solid and substantial, and I found, after the formalities of introduction to several officers in charge, that the buildings inside were all alike. They had hard wood floors oiled, neat bedrooms with cots, long halls, some sitting rooms with comfortable chairs, a library, a monstrous dining-room,—the bread delicious, and the dishes and all so marvelously clean,—the kitchen too, quite a miracle of neatness. Men everywhere, no women. One room down in the basement was very sad,—the place where the blind sailors work. There are many of them, and they make baskets and mats. I bought a number and sent them to Aunt Mary today. The sailors are paid for any work they do, and are given tobacco every month, a regular ration, which they can sell if they wish, or can have its equivalent in money. I thought as I went on through the neat wards and rooms out across the yard to the hospital, that Captain Randall Roberts was one of the greatest benefactors the world has ever seen. He has given a snug harbor to thousands of the most wretched old men on earth, sailors worn by wind and weather, absolutely helpless when ashore, and as wretched as the wrecked hulks of vessels beached on shifting sand. His noble gift has prospered marvelously, and the great majority of the dead old tars are with him now to thank him for his Home. How simple

the requirements of the Home! — five years under the American flag; captain or sailor, either welcome. Each enjoys the hospitality given by that fine old sea captain and patriot, sleeping in his grave, but living in the hearts of his pensioners and all the world.

"Here is his room," my guide says almost reverently. He knocks at the door, "Come in," says a voice, and I follow Gilman in. I see a neat room with rugs on the oiled floor; pretty pictures of the sea are on the white walls, some flower pots on the window sill; two cot beds, a table covered with books; and there in the arm-chair is Captain Ben. I think of an old lion. He is majestic still, but with the glory of a winter storm. His long, shaggy beard and hair are snow white, like a mane, his eyes glow with a lambent fire under thick white eyebrows, his face, wrinkled and seamed with trouble and pain, is bronzed still,—the breath of the sea, the kiss of the wind will never be effaced. He raises his tremulous head and looks at me.

"It is Rodney Ralston's boy, little Phil," he mutters, "my friend's son, and I—I here!"

I go up to him and he holds my hand but covers his face with his left hand. There are tears in my eyes, for I can see the tears trickle through his fingers. We do not speak for a moment; Gilman goes out quietly; then Captain Ben points me a chair. He recovers and we talk of you, of old times, and I tell him all your messages and many more that I know you would say, and after an hour he raps with his cane and Gilman comes back.

"Get cigars, Gilman, and the old port, '52. I brought it myself into Charleston, Phil, imported it — your father remembers, eh?"

My sailor friend at first will not join us; he limps around and gets the glasses, and the box of cigars sent by an old-time friend.

"They're finding me out, Phil," the Captain says, "though at first I tried to

hide myself — false pride, all false pride, Phil."

Captain Ben almost pathetically insists Gilman shall sit down, which he finally does, sipping the wine gingerly, and sucking the cigar a long time before he accepts a light, then with a "I don't like to bother ye indeed,—jest as good 'thout."

I don't mention Mrs. Jones nor does Captain Ben, but he is very eager about you, and recalls the old days with some relapses and repetition. He speaks of Gilman as his best friend,—almost the only one,—tells me to write you he is happy, and adds,—poor father!—"I am much better off than with Violet. I am so helpless and such a care, you know, and a special attendant is so expensive. Here I meet so many old friends; there are lots of us wrecks in the Snug Harbor, eh, Gilman; it's pleasant to think that I shall be buried with the rest in the sailors' burying ground, with services in the pretty chapel you saw. Our chaplain is an old sailor, too. I'm known here as Captain Ben; I have almost forgotten I have another name, and I think sometimes I will ask that they put only Captain Ben on whatever headstone they will give me."

It was noon, and dinner bell rang. "I'd like you to stay, but the fare is so plain," said the Captain anxiously, "and I am wheeled out to the invalids' table, but —"

Ah, the old-time hospitality was there, and I remembered the dinners he used to give aboard ship, how often you and Major Early have talked of them. I told him I could not stay, so I went around the island in the afternoon, and coming back for a farewell call at five I met Miss Dolly there. It was very touching to hear Captain Ben tell what she did for him, the dressing-gown she made, the pillow-sham for his bed, the dainty tablecloth, and all the knickknacks about the room.

Dolly blushed and said, "Please don't, Captain Ben," and Gilman laughed and

said he believed Dolly liked the Captain the best, and then Dolly had to kiss her grandfather to prove she didn't at all. I like to think of the sweet young girl being there and brightening their lonely lives with the sunshine of her youth and beauty.

I went home with Miss Dolly and as I followed her out of the door Captain Ben called me back. "Take good care of her," he said in a whisper, "she's the truest little heart in the world,—she is the star of our dark night." I wrung his hand. Of course I would take care of Miss Dolly; and I went home with her to a quiet, dingy street, where a sour-faced woman opened the door for the young lady, and her face somehow lightened a little when she saw Miss Dolly, but she glared at me suspiciously and slammed the door almost in my face.

Good night, dear father,

PHILIP.

Dear Father: Captain Ben has received your letters; he is much pleased. I see him frequently and he often speaks of you. The other day he asked me if I ever saw his grandchildren. I had to tell him that I did not know there were any. He seemed much grieved, saying, though, that fashionable ladies left their children too much to the care of servants, but he wondered if they would remember him. There were two, a boy and a girl. I shall not go to Newport, for I find New York very pleasant.

PHILIP.

Dear Father: In your last letter you reproach me with wilfully omitting mention of the young lady I wrote you about, of answering none of your questions, and of writing too briefly. I do not like to vex you, but I see no need of giving a chronicle of my days' doings; but I will tell you plainly that I never in my life saw a more perfect lady, with a nobler, kinder nature than Miss Dolly has. Any allusion to her in the way you wrote

is distasteful to me. I blush that my own father should suggest a thing so base, that the gentle, modest girl and her feeble old grandfather were trying to ensnare me. It is so mean an insinuation that I drop it with scorn. I close now, for I am in no mood for letter writing.

PHILIP RALSTON.

Dear Father: I feel there is a coolness coming between us. I think it is cruel of you to misjudge me. I would not think of marrying beneath me, as you say, but is a true, honest American girl, working for her living, cheering her grandfather's last days, and being a daughter to that neglected father, Captain Ben, beneath a young man who has done nothing in the world but to spend his father's money in his own selfish enjoyment? However, I have never told Miss Dolly of my admiration for her; I do not know that I love her or that she cares for me; but it was—what shall I say to my father? I cannot write the word that will describe such conduct. How could you write to Captain Ben that you feared I would be entrapped into a marriage with a common sailor's granddaughter, and asking him to prevent it? Was that honest or fair?

That poor old captain, that poor old sailor, are friends, are in the level of age, misery, and poverty that finds no difference in rank,—are united in noble companionship by misfortune. You have hurt Captain Ben; you have drawn him back to a cruel world that has not been kind to him. You have brought him back to a time when he thought his daughter was above a working man, making him think perhaps if she had not married for money her heart would have always been kind and tender to him. I know Captain Ben was proud in the old days, but I think he is prouder now, though in a different way. His pride now is to do right.

He handed your letter to me, saying

gently: "Phil, you must come here no more," and I knew that was final. I could not go again: Dolly was more to him than I could ever be. So I will go no more, and you have caused me bitterer pain than I ever believed your hand could.

PHILIP RALSTON.

Dear Father: After three weeks I write to you. I humbly beg your pardon for my silence and my anger. I have been in the solemn presence of death; my heart is softened and with my penitence to you comes a lifelong regret. Your fears can be at rest. Yesterday I received a note from Captain Ben. Here is a copy:

Dear Phil: Come down at once. Gilman is dying; he wants to see you before the end.

CAPTAIN BEN.

I went down to the island immediately; on the wharf an old sailor was waiting; he was sent by Captain Ben to watch each boat for me. I followed him to the familiar room. It was the same as of yore. The windows were wide open, the soft summer breeze was floating in from the bay, for Sailors' Snug Harbor is so near salt water each old tar can breathe the old accustomed air and hear at night the quiet swashing of the tide. He can see the ships go by, and hear the rattle of the cordage and the echo of the old-time command. Captain Ben was there in his chair; Gilman was in one of the cots; his wrinkled face was thin and drawn, the bronze paled to ashen hue; his thin white hair was disordered, and his hands worked restlessly with the quilt.

She was with him, but I saw only her bowed head, for she was kneeling by the bedside. An old sailor was standing by the window and the doctor had just gone out of the room. I met him in the hall, where he told me that the end was near.

Gilman knew my step; he opened his eyes and looked in Dolly's white face.

"Tell 'em to go out," he whispered; "I must see him, Ralston, alone."

She obeyed, giving me a pitiful little glance, while the old sailor wheeled Captain Ben away. After the door was closed, I went up to Gilman and his feeble fingers closed on mine. He looked at me keenly with his dimming eyes.

"You've a true, honest face," he muttered. "The pillow—there,—strange, for I don't know ye well, but there's no one else."

I got by his direction a wallet old and worn, and tied with twine, from under his pillow. I untied it according to his wish. There was a folded paper inside and a roll of money. I read the paper. Ah me, that quaint, toilsome, blotted copy—the infinite pains and labor it must have cost him!

To my dear Dolly, \$480 is give by her old grandfather that loved her, the same being five years' savings at \$8 a month, him never bein' perticuler fond of terbaccer nohow. It's all he hed, and he wills it to her, showin' her that he thought on her all these years, and saved for her, a labor of lovin' care.

SILAS GILMAN.

P. S. For her to spend and not to keep, him bein' better satisfied for the same, and not to buy no gravestun, for on the tother shore he'll look back and worry if she do.

"Will it hold law?" asked Gilman anxiously.

"I am sure it will," I answered.

"There is a load off my mind," he whispered; "an' I leave you, sir, her guardeen. Help her to put it where it's safe; it's a deal of money, and she's young and timid. It will please her to think that her grandfather thought of her all these years; and the comfort of doing it, of hiding it and guarding it for her, was such a joy to me. There, put it away, mister; she must n't know till I am laid away. Your hand for an honest promise. Tell the Captain when I am gone. I da's n't have him for gardeen, for he's forgetful, or he might put some of his own savings to it, he's that generous. Now call them back."

I promised him all he asked, and called

her into the room, and Captain Ben. It was pathetic to see the happy light in the dying old man's eyes when he looked at the girl, or the twinkle when he looked at me. He was thinking of our weighty secret, and how pleased she would be at the surprise awaiting her.

"I'm powerful tired; it's a hard day's work," he said, vaguely. Dolly had put her soft arm under his head. "Close, little gal; no doctor, no more, the last did all as was needed. I've done all I hed to tend to, le'me lie here peaceful, and drift out ter sea. Cap'n Ben, 't won't be long, your v'yage is a short one, and Dolly will be a da'ter to ye allus; Dolly, ye will?"

"Dear grandfather, yes," she said, gently; she was so calm I could not but wonder, for she had seemed such a child.

"You'll tend to that, Ralston, in trust, eh?"

"On my honor," I said.

"Thankee! Cap'n Ben,—wheel him nigher,—your hand. Dolly, yours. I leave her to you, Cap'n; and now the ship is comin', all sail set, a fair and faverin' wind, and the sea all shinin' gold. Ship for this v'yge? Yes, sir, I want a job. Silas Gilman, able seaman, not afraid of storm or sea. Before the mast; no ambition, sir, for more—jest to do my dooty in a callin' I'm fitted for—no responsibility, to be the man at the wheel 'cordin' to directions of the Cap'n. Yes, sir, all right,—booked for this v'yage, Silas Gilman, able seaman."

What episode in his past life this related to I don't know, but it was very real and sad, for his cheeks flushed, his eyes brightened, and his head raised. Now his hands plucked nervously at the quilt, while his mouth worked convulsively: "Fog's thick," he muttered, gazing blankly ahead, "terrible fog. Ah, it's clearing; there she is, and the old Clarinda, trim built ship yet. Why, she wa'n't lost then; and there's the yawl a-comin', and there's—why there is marm in the stern; she ain't dead, then!

Boat ahoy, boat ahoy!" He stretched out his arms: "They've seen me, they're comin'; here I be; boat ahoy!"

Captain Ben dropped the suddenly quiet hand. "Dolly," he said, brokenly, "you and I must comfort each other."

They buried Silas Gilman two days later, and I went to his funeral, and saw the old sailors come to take a last farewell of a comrade they were so soon to follow. I went to the grave with her, so pale and mournful in her black gown, with the long veil. I do not think that she cried, even when the earth rattled on his coffin,—just a shudder, that was all. I went back with her to Captain Ben's room, and there in the solemn quiet of that sad place, where it seemed his kind old face would look in on us, and his voice still sound a hearty welcome, I told her of his legacy. Dolly cried then, thank God, for that still agony would have killed her. I went away and left her with Captain Ben.

Yesterday I went to her lodgings, and I made so favorable an impression on the grim landlady that she showed me to Dolly's little room. What a dainty nest it was! so poor, so neat, with its bare floor, the braided rugs, the old-fashioned rocker, the white bed, the little table with her work basket, the trim curtains, and even a maltese cat purring in a sunny window. I remember every detail of the little place, for never before had I seen such pleasant poverty,—where privation was made beautiful by a girl's labor and love.

She came up in a few minutes; she was very shy, and trembling, and somewhat indignant. She was suspicious, too, for she has met with a world the women of our family have never known, but her virtue and nobleness stand out the fairer to me. The rude touch of the world could not mar her purity of mind and heart. I sat down uninvited, she standing by the window half scared yet resolute and firm. I talked of the old man dead and his request that I was

to be her guardian ; then I took her hands in mine, such tiny hands, and asked her to let me be her guardian for life. She freed herself and motioned me away. Then she told me — she is so determined, too, and strong, I knew I could never move her — that Captain Ben had told her you would never countenance such a marriage ; it would estrange father and son. Captain Ben had told her so delicately, as if he had no suspicion she cared for me, only to warn her not to care for me.

“And you might have loved me?” I asked, catching at that miserable uncertainty.

“I would not tell you,” she said quietly: “it would not be right to you nor to your kind father, who thinks that I am beneath you ; but tell him,” she said proudly, “I would rather be the granddaughter of Silas Gilman, an honest sailor, than his daughter-in-law, uninvited and unloved. Now goodbye,” she said very gently, holding her face from me ; “thank you for all your kindness to him, to Captain Ben, to me. Now go and never see me again.”

I went, father : she is unprotected and alone, — I had no right there. I will not go again. I leave for South America in a week. Professor Webb is here ; he wants me to go with him ; he is going to accept a position in an observatory in the Argentine Republic, and will give me work. I could not take your bounty any longer after the trouble, and I must get away from my sorrow. I will not say goodbye, only farewell. I will not stay long away : in a few years we can come together and forget. I tell you fairly and honestly, father, I should have married her if she would have had me, and I would have worked for her as other men work for their wives. I should have been happier with her in poverty than without her in prosperity. Love makes us selfish, dear father, but I can never forget how good you have been to me, nor your loving care.

Your sorrowful son,

PHILIP.

TO MAJOR EARLY, Charleston, South Carolina.

My dear Major: After my long absence, during which no line from me has reached you, I feel almost ashamed to write and ask a favor, but this is an occasion of no common occurrence. Phil is to bring his bride home the first week in September, and I want you to have the house furnished up for the event. Give Small and Brown *carte blanche* to refit and refurnish the house, and the suite of rooms facing west have furnished in pink and white, — that I think will be becoming to the bride. See also that the carriages are in good order, and every thing fine to honor my son's wife. We shall all go down to Magnolia Grove, and you must be our guest, the second week in September.

You are surprised, eh? Well, I will explain it all. You knew I left Charleston in a hurry ; I did not even bid you goodbye. Enclosed please find letter that rascally son of mine sent me, making me cry on one page, making me boil with rage on the next, scaring me to death with South America, indeed! I went straight to New York and to Captain Ben. I could not but think of Sheridan's King Lear when I saw him. God! what a change! I never was so broken up in my life, but we got used to it and sat and talked, and another old sailor, who might have been the ghost of Silas Gilman, mysteriously appeared, and brought out the port and cigars Phil wrote about. Gad though, I'd brought a box — the Captain's old brand, finest too in the world — for him, but left them out of sight for him to find afterwards. While we drank the port and smoked, — the old sailor accepting only a cigar and disappearing, — there was a timid knock, and Captain Ben, rather flustered, said, “Come in.”

I knew who it was in a moment. A tall, slim girl dressed in black, with a child's face looking out under the veil, — a sweet girl's face with big, sad eyes and

little, tremulous mouth. She flushed prettily when Captain Ben, rather embarrassed, introduced me as General Ralston of Charleston. She bowed very coldly, put a little package in Captain Ben's hand, and said she must go right away.

"Wait a moment," I said. "What do you know about my son's going to South America?"

She turned very white then and caught Captain Ben's chair; I thought she was going to faint. "South America," she repeated, "O, it can't be,—so far—"

"You didn't know?" I said.

She shook her head, looking at me miserably.

"You are not to blame for it in any way?" I asked, and Captain Ben glared at me.

"Sir," she said earnestly, "if there is any one to blame it is the father who treated him so unkindly; it is not the woman who loved him,—who tried to be brave that he should never know how she suffered."

"You cared for him then?" I said.

"General, this is cruel, it is unmanly; by God, I'll not stand it!" burst out Captain Ben.

She put her little trembling hand on his shoulder.

"Dear Captain Ben, don't be angry with the gentleman. I am not ashamed to tell General Ralston that I loved his son. How could I help it? He was so true and noble, so kind to the old man who is gone, so different from any other man I have ever known. I know my people are of humble origin, but they were honest people asking no favors, seeking no man's patronage. What I have from my ancestry is only self-reliance and independence. I am proud, General Ralston, and I have pride enough to refuse your son though it broke my heart. I loved him too well to make his marriage a trouble to him. I thank you, sir, for your courteous silence. Now," turning to Captain Ben with the sweet-

est face,—she had been very cold and distant to me,—“I must go, but I have good news; a kind lady over in Brooklyn has offered me a position as head trimmer in her millinery shop, and the pay is so good. I can see you Sundays; it is only a little farther and I think that I had better accept the offer, so I will run in tomorrow and see you.”

“But, my dear,—” he said,—then I interrupted.

“Wait, young lady?” said I, “Miss Dolly, I think, is your name; I have seen it enough in letters. You haven't told me where my son is yet?”

“I don't know,” — very stiffly.

“Not in South America?”

“Sir,” — with a pathetic break,—“I have not seen him for a week, and—and he did not tell me where he was going.”

“Suppose,” said I, “that we go and find him.”

“I don't understand you,” — very startled, the bright eyes frightened, Captain Ben much mystified.

“Well,” I said, and I went up and took her little trembling hand, “I have found why my son was disobedient for the first time. I know now the reason of our estrangement,—do not draw your hand away, for I don't blame him in the least. I don't; and I think that his old father is more in love with this sweet girl than he is, for I would never go to South America and leave her alone. I'd stay here to guard and watch over her, till from the very monotony of my suit her proud spirit would have relented.” I kissed the pretty, blushing face.

“General, you are the same chivalrous, warm-hearted fellow!” cried Captain Ben, quite overcome. “And my Little Sunbeam to find her happiness here after all the shadow! Find it in Captain Ben's room where he could know it all!”

The pretty little creature was quite overcome, hiding her face in a mite of a handkerchief.

“She's a heroine, too,” I laughed. “The lad wrote me all about her, and

the fine old sailor too, eh, Captain Ben?"

She broke down then, hiding her face. I put my arm around her.

"Shall we go find our Phil?" I said, and just then the door opened, and the old sailor, quite scared looking, whispered hoarsely, "The young gentleman's out here, Cap'n," and Phil followed him close.

The boy's face was a study, — such surprise, anger, and joy.

"Here is your wife, Phil," I said. "You have treated her shamefully, and tormented us all with wild reports of South America. I don't believe you ever meant to go."

"I was to sail this evening," he answered with trembling lips; "I came here to bid Captain Ben goodby."

I soon explained; the old sailor brought out more port; Captain Ben and I smoked and drank, but the young folks only looked at each other, — he pale and eager, she nervous and tearful.

"Well, Phil," I said, "are you off for South America tonight?"

"What does Dolly say?" he asked, and she, womanlike, replied, "Philip, you ought to stay for your father's sake."

Phil would n't have been my son if he had not kissed her then, but he did right bravely, and his arm disappeared at the same time, the confounded veil hiding the slim waist. So we old fellows sat and talked and drank port, but they were drinking a sweeter draught. O Major, if life were all June sunshine and young love! We have had our day: wild, sweet Diana Lee is dead thirty years, — your young bride of a year, — and shy Alice Peyton, my wife of three years, lies in far away Florence, and Phil is all I have left. Ah, I would not mar that lad's love story for all the world.

A few days later — let me see, a week — we persuaded her to be married, though she said she ought not be so happy when the dear old grandfather was dead. She knew well enough this would please him

most, and so she was married in Captain Ben's room. She wanted it that way but was too shy to say so, and I knew the Captain was too feeble to move. I took her shopping and made her buy hosts of pretty gowns and frills. The old, old days of dainty lace and draperies, of soft colors and gowns. My Alice! I choked once in a while when she would turn to me to admire a shade or a lace. I took her to a jeweler's and bought diamond earrings. I had not time to have Alice's — laid away for twenty years — reset for her. The shopman said: "They are becoming to your daughter, sir," and that pleased us silly folks mightily.

The wedding was so quaint. They cleared the room of the furniture, all but the Captain's chair, and some one trimmed the walls with flowers (a sailor by Captain Ben's orders), and a table in the corner held a cake and the port. The chaplain of the Harbor married them, and some few of the old sailors, who had known her grandfather, were there, — the Captain, Phil, and I, the other guests. Well, at the last I went after Mr. Bartlett Jones — not a bad fellow at all — and luckily the children were at home for a week, though their mother was at Niagara; so we went down too, Jones, the children, and I; and right pleased was Captain Ben, while the children, — nice, bright little folks, — were delighted with their grandfather and the place. The young bride looked lovely in white, — no veil, only flowers Phil gave her. She was shy and more birdlike than ever, but Phil was proud and brave. The boy's good stock; I like his manliness through it all.

After the service we ate cake and had the port and the cigars, the old sailors all taking some away, very proud to be invited, and very pleasant to see, wishing the bride well and all. She stole away to a kind friend's house just outside the grounds, and came back soon, ready for traveling, quite bewitching in her silks, feathers, and diamonds. She's beauti-

ful, Early, there's no mistake, as handsome a woman as I ever saw. Phil was ready, and they bade the Captain good-by, and me last. They have gone to Niagara and the watering places. Phil will take her to Europe next spring. The Captain called her back and fastened with trembling hand a little gold chain with a locket about her neck:

"It was my wife's," he said huskily,—
"all I had to give, Dolly, but given, God knows, with what blessings and good wishes!"

Ah, poor King Lear! Cordelia must leave you, too, even if you cry out in loneliness and despair, "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

An old sailor at the gate flung rice after the carriage, and one old fellow on crutches, who had heard of the wedding, waved his hat with a hearty "God bless the bonny bride!"

Jones is a decent fellow; he told me that he had acted mean. He'd come down oftener and bring the children. It was a nice, quiet place; he could get rid of business cares, hang it, and he'd come frequently and smoke with his father-in-law; wanted a place to drop in anyhow; and Violet should come too, or there would be trouble. He never wanted the old man here; it was her doing, and now no power on earth could get him back to New York to live again.

I left Jones and the children there with Captain Ben for a later boat, and knew it would soften the old man's loneliness. I stayed a week in New York, running down often to Staten Island. I join Phil and the bride in Newport Saturday, and we take a trip West. I met Madam Jones the other day and told her plainly what I thought of her conduct, and said her ingratitude would be visited on her and on her children, "For," said I, "no one, my brilliant lady, is exempt from old age and dependence." She was shamed and silent, and I may have done her good.

I saw to putting up a neat gravestone

to Silas Gilman, according to Dolly's wish, and I went last night to try and induce the Captain to go South with me. He said no, and was firm and decided, but quite upset at my offer. Hospitable as usual, he offered what little he had, and I, who have made arrangements with a friend to send him mysterious cigars, wine, and books, felt a little easier at leaving him. He seemed so resigned to wait for the end, and so happy that Dolly was happy, and the little grandchildren would visit him.

Ah, why cannot all women be Cordelias! I went away sad at heart, with a mental picture of that grand old man, a pensioner on a good man's bounty, deserted by his nearest and dearest, waiting for the final voyage. He who had commanded so many years, waiting patiently to obey the great Commander. I see him in his wooden chair, the bare floor, the rugs, the white walls, the little pictures, the flowers, and the cot beds. I see him sitting, looking out of the window at the gathering darkness, his white hair and his long beard, shaggy as the mane of a lion, falling about him. I remember him sitting there watching the twilight fall, the shadows of recollection in his deep eyes, the veil of the future folding gently about him. Recollection and hope, poor Captain Ben,—and I an old man, too! Ah, I recall the gay life, the old merry-making, but it lies so far, far back. I see him only the old man, alone, the rest of the grave close upon him, the tranquillity of the night of life near at hand.

I think he must have thought, as he looked at the stars come out, while the soft air blew his hair and beard, of the serene starlit nights at sea, and his great heart grew as calm as the ocean in the glorious majesty of night and peace. He bade me goodby quite calmly then, and I went away and left him there. Poor Captain Ben!

Very truly yours,

RODNEY RALSTON.

Patience Stapleton.

THE WILLIAMS MASSACRE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY EXPLORATION OF OREGON'S SOUTHERN COAST.

THE early history of all countries abounds with thrilling reminiscences of pioneer life. The Pacific Coast, especially, is replete with interesting anecdote of the heroism of those who shared the hardships of early settlement, and hewed for themselves homes from out of the wilderness. Rich, however, as the literature of the country is with these incidents, there is more yet to tell than has been written. Southern Oregon, particularly, has an unwritten history of great value to the future historian. But the participants in these stirring scenes are rapidly passing away, and soon the memorable occurrences in which they bore so prominent a part, unless now written, will live only in the dim and uncertain light of tradition.

Scarcely more than a quarter of a century ago that section of southern Oregon of which I now write was a wild and almost unknown region, held without dispute by wild and savage tribes of Indians. No white man had ever penetrated its deep mountain gorges or shadowy forests, whose realms of silence had never been broken save by the elk's shrill whistle, the wild bird's note, or the murmuring sound of some little brooklet as it leaped from the somber shades into the sunlight.

Rumors of the wealth of this unexplored region had frequently reached the interior settlements, but it was not until the summer of the year 1851 that any organized attempt was made to test the authenticity of these reports. The desire for gold and the possibility of acquiring sudden wealth was strong enough to draw men from the comforts of homes and loving firesides to the danger of a new country, where neither their

lives nor property were for a moment safe from the attacks of the merciless savages by whom they were surrounded.

The incidents which I am about to relate are matters of history, and written from notes taken down shortly after the occurrence of the events, and while the facts were still fresh in the minds of the participants. And although some of the incidents therein narrated may savor somewhat of improbability, yet they still are hard facts, which owe their intense and absorbing interest to the peculiar nature of the adventure, which is without a parallel in the annals of frontier life.

About the middle of August, 1851, a party consisting of twenty-three young men was organized to explore the Coast Range mountains and find a practicable route, if one existed, for a road eastward from the coast to a point near Shasta on the Oregon and California trail. They were under command of Captain W. G. T'Vault, an old Oregonian, who had been secured by the Port Orford Company to explore this country, and had been represented to them as a good mountaineer and an experienced Indian fighter. The remainder of the party were mostly immigrants of that year, and but few of them had ever been accustomed to mountain life or the ways of hostile Indians. Perhaps of all the members of the expedition L. L. Williams was the only one who was a good hunter, and who could be relied upon to supply the camp with meat. Although but twenty years of age and the youngest of the party, he had had considerable experience in woodcraft and Indian customs, and for five years previous had been a member of a company engaged in hunting and trap-

ping along the northern boundary of the United States from the Lakes to the Rocky Mountains, and while in this employ had undergone many hardships, and effected numerous narrow escapes from the Indians by whom they were surrounded and frequently attacked.

The expedition left Port Orford in good spirits, but after about a week's travel it was found that Captain T'Vault, who had professed to be well acquainted with the country through which their route lay, knew nothing of the surroundings, and could not recognize any of the prominent landmarks, or tell in which direction to go to strike the road in the interior. Not wishing to proceed farther under such a leader all but nine of the men returned to Port Orford, thus reducing the company to ten men, including the Captain, who were as follows: W. G. T'Vault, captain; Cornelius Doherty from Texas; John P. Pepper and Patrick Murphy from New York; John Holland from New Hampshire; Cyrus Hedden from New Jersey; Jeremiah Ryan from Maryland; T. J. Davenport from Massachusetts, and L. L. Williams from Michigan. These continued on, and after wandering blindly about for several weeks, suffering from want of proper clothing, and narrowly escaping starvation, they at length reached the Coquille River, where several of the men gave out, and the remainder were consequently compelled to hire the Indians to convey the party in canoes to the mouth of the river, from whence they would follow the ocean back either to Port Orford or the Umpqua.

Embarking in two canoes about noon on the thirteenth day of September, 1851, the start was made on the trip to the sea, a distance of about fifty miles. Although Indians were seen by the hundreds, no hostile demonstrations had been made, and had it not been for the absence of squaws and papooses, they might easily have been mistaken for friendly Indians.

The river traversed one of the most beautiful valleys of rich bottom lands on the Pacific Coast, timbered with a fine growth of myrtle, maple, ash, and other trees peculiar to the river bottoms of Oregon; and with lighter hearts than for many a day that the famished and disheartened explorers found themselves speeding down the stream to the coast.

As night set in the Indians in charge of the canoes manifested a desire to land, and so camp was made on the north bank, where a spur of the mountain reached down to the river. A strict guard was kept, and it was believed by all that this was to be their last night in the wilderness. The roar of the breakers, as they beat upon the rocky beach below, could be plainly heard, and an early hour the next morning would land the wanderers upon the ocean shore, where clams, oysters, and other shellfish could be found. Happy, and rejoicing in the prospect of a speedy deliverance from their sufferings, they lay down upon the ground to pleasant dreams. The sky was clear and bright above them, the river flowed quietly past their resting place, and the moon rose slowly from behind the mountain tops. They little dreamed that upon night so calm such an awful morn could rise.

An early start was made the next morning, and with a fair tide rapid progress was made down the stream.

The condition of the men at this time was a most deplorable one. Bareheaded, barefooted, hair long and unkempt, and physically so far reduced by starvation that their voices sounded hollow and sepulchral, still they were as cheerful as it was possible to be under such circumstances. It was now realized by all that great caution should be exercised, and the question of immediate action in regard to safety and the procurement of food was fully discussed. For the first time, when all should have been united, quite a difference of opinion was found to exist.

A large Indian encampment stood upon the north bank of the river, and about two miles distant from the ocean, which now could be plainly seen over the low, drifting sand hills. Most of the party were in favor of landing and trying to obtain something to eat, while Williams and one or two others, more fully realizing the danger, strongly protested, deeming it very imprudent to land, as there were already Indians enough in sight to overpower and annihilate them the instant they should step on shore.

The Indians in the canoes refused to go past this point, and a few of the men suggested landing upon the south side, where, to say the least, they would be in no immediate danger. Unfortunately, the captain, faint with hunger and fatigue, allowed his prudence to be overcome by a tempting display of salmon by the Indians on shore, and prevailed upon all of the party except four to agree to land, asserting that they were in no danger, or they would have been attacked long before. Williams and Hedden strongly but unsuccessfully opposed this movement.

The canoes landed broadside upon the shore, and were instantly surrounded by a large force of Indians, who were hideously painted in colors of every hue, and armed with clubs, long knives, and bows and arrows. Almost at the same instant there suddenly darted into the river from the little sloughs and bayous above and below a score or more of canoes filled with armed Indians; and yet the majority of the party could not believe there was any danger.

Williams and Hedden again insisted upon shoving the canoes out into the river, and landing upon the opposite shore; but without a moment's warning all discussions were suddenly closed by an irresistible charge made from every side by the Indians, who numbered not less than one hundred and fifty. Their plans were so well laid, and the attack was so sudden, that Ryan, Holland,

Murphy, and Pepper, were immediately struck down with clubs, while every other person in the company except Williams was quickly disarmed.

It did not appear possible that any of the party could escape. Williams rode in the bow of the leading canoe, and had the instant it reached the shore stepped out, where he was in a position to use every limb and muscle to advantage, and thus avoided being overpowered at the first onset. Two powerful Indians seized his gun, one by the muzzle and one by the breach, while Williams maintained a firm hold upon the middle. There ensued a desperate struggle for the possession of the gun, which suddenly went off with the muzzle downward, and the report giving the Indians a fright, Williams succeeded in wrenching it from them.

The position of Williams was now critical in the extreme, and he found himself surrounded on three sides by a large body of Indians, with the deep river on the remaining side. After gaining possession of his rifle he instantly clubbed the breech of it, and commenced fighting with all the strength he possessed, striking to the right and left, knocking Indians down at every blow, and gradually clearing the way before him until he stood upon the level bank about twenty steps back from the river. The Indians had given way before and closed in behind him as he advanced, and after he had left the margin of the river, where the fight began, he was completely surrounded, and formed the center of a circle, with an excited mass of blood-thirsty and armed barbarians on every side.

Fortunately for Williams the Indians armed with bows and arrows were on the outer rim of the circle, while those forming the inner part were armed with clubs and long knives. Encircled by this living mass of savage humanity, in order to keep from being instantly crushed it was necessary to strike almost

simultaneously in every direction ; for as the whole force would fall back from a descending blow in front, at that moment was Williams in the greatest danger from the clubs, knives, and arrows of those in the rear, who the next second had also to be beaten back. A few blows shattered the stock of the rifle, the fragments flying in all directions, leaving in Williams's hands the heavy iron barrel, about three feet in length ; thus giving him a formidable weapon with which fearful blows could be dealt.

During this struggle no one could expect Williams to remain unharmed. His body, arms, and shoulders were badly bruised, and at last a blow upon the head knocked him to the ground, where, if the Indians had closed upon him, he could easily have been dispatched. The blow neither stunned him nor broke any bones, and instantly jumping to his feet Williams found the space in which he had been fighting so contracted as to leave scarcely room in which to swing his weapon. Being nerved to desperation, he no doubt accomplished much more than could have been done under a state of less excitement, and soon made room in which to handle himself, and the fight went on as before — the whole force whooping, howling, and yelling as Indians only can ; when Williams with a desperate lunge succeeded for the first time in breaking the living wall, and as it happened, on the side opposite the river. This was the first time since the fight began that daylight had been visible through the crowd ; and as the almost exhausted man looked through the gap across the level prairie, and saw at its edge the thick green timber, a faint flash of hope for the first time passed over him. He rushed through the opening thus made, and as he ran looked back over his left shoulder, speculating in his terribly agitated and confused mind as to what the result of this new movement would be, — when he was struck between the lower ribs and the left hip by an

arrow, which penetrated the abdomen and passed about two-thirds of the way through his body.

Animals running at full speed are sometimes struck in such a manner as to cause them to stop suddenly, and this arrow had the same effect upon Williams. Finding it impossible to move, he jerked it out, drawing off the barb and also the point of the main shaft to which the barbed point was attached. No pain was experienced when the arrow entered, but the suddenness with which the barbed point was drawn off inside the body was, to say the least, a painful operation, and it seemed for a moment that he must give way before it ; but singularly the excitement overcame the pain, and in a moment he had as good command of himself as ever.

The fight now assumed an altogether different character, and most of the Indians fell back towards the river to plunder or mutilate the dead, or to assist in torturing any poor fellow whose life had not quite passed away, and to look after the dead and wounded of their own. About fifteen or twenty, armed with bows and arrows, scattered out on each side of Williams, only a few feet distant, and opened a rapid volley of arrows from both sides at once.

From the positions thus assumed it was impossible for Williams to bring himself near enough to his pursuers to strike any of them, as when a move was made in any direction the Indians in front would rapidly glide away, keeping just out of reach, while others were discharging their arrows from both sides and the rear. Exhausted, disheartened, bleeding from a hundred bruises, and feeling that he had already received a mortal wound, Williams turned his back upon his pursuers and ran towards the timber. The savages gave chase, concentrating upon him a perfect shower of arrows ; but soon the majority abandoned the pursuit and fell back to the river, leaving to continue the chase two of their number, who

were each well armed with bows and full quivers of arrows,—one of them carrying a rifle also that had been taken from one of the men.

These two Indians at once placed themselves on each side of Williams and about ten feet distant, firing their arrows with a rapidity not easily realized by one having no personal knowledge of the manner in which these weapons are handled by an expert. Their constant cross-fire rendered it almost impossible for Williams to dodge many of their arrows; and as if to render his chances of escape more hopeless, his breeches became unfastened and dropped down upon his feet. It was not a time to be particular about toilet, and dangerous as the circumstances were, Williams was obliged to stop and kick the old breeches off. Being now encumbered by nothing but a bob-tailed shirt, he felt a little more sprightly, but the Indians were in no greater danger than before.

Why Williams was not completely ridled during this long running fight across the prairie, is more than human tongue can tell; and his only weapon, the gun-barrel, was all that prevented the Indians from closing upon him. They could play all around him, but were careful to keep out of reach of this death-dealing instrument, wielded by so desperate and powerful a man. His position now was more dangerous than ever, and he would gladly have exchanged it for that earlier in the combat, where he was struggling hand to hand in the midst of a hundred Indians, all as well armed as these; for in that instance each individual Indian, anxious to preserve his own life, was interested in keeping out of the way of that deadly gun-barrel, while now the two who were chasing him could swiftly glide out of striking distance, and with safety to themselves pester him with their arrows.

Upon reaching a point about twenty-five yards from the timber, Williams turned his eyes from the Indians to see

if it were possible to enter the tangled mass of brush and briars along the margin, in case he should be able to reach the woods,—when stepping in a little hollow he stumbled, pitched forward, and fell headlong to the ground.

The Indians immediately rushed upon him, and the one who carried the gun dropped his bows and arrows, cocked the gun, pushed the muzzle against the breast of Williams as he was in the act of rising, pulled the trigger, and—the gun snapped.

Williams knew the gun to be a good one and loaded, and as he felt the muzzle thrust against his breast, a sickening sensation pervaded his whole system, a cold sweat stood out upon his brow, his limbs seemed to lose their power and refused to obey his will; but when he realized the fact that the gun had failed to explode, new life seemed infused into his veins, and in an instant he was upon his feet, rifle barrel in hand.

The Indian instead of running, as had invariably been the case before, now met him face to face brandishing the breech of his rifle. The critical moment of the entire affair seemed to have now arrived, and as Williams knew it to be the final struggle he became, if possible, more active than ever. He closed with the Indian, and on the first blow missed him entirely, but on the second he was more fortunate, and with terrific force brought the heavy iron gun-barrel down upon the head of the Indian, killing him instantly. Meanwhile the other Indian was not over eight feet away, firing his few remaining arrows with all possible swiftness.

Williams's first impulse was to seize the bow and arrows of the dead Indian and defend himself with those weapons; but suddenly changing his mind he snatched up his comrade's rifle.

Then, indeed, the long practice of Williams as a hunter did him good service. To cock and poise his rifle were the acts of a single second and a single

motion; then aiming almost without sighting he pulled the trigger. A quick and sharp report followed; and giving the yell that has become historical for its appalling influence, the Indian, as the last remaining arrow discharged by his nimble fingers grazed the head of Williams, fell forward upon the ground a corpse.

This terminated the fight; but while Williams was really the victor, he expected at any moment to die from his wounds. He looked back towards the river and saw the Indians swaying back and forth, and keeping up an infernal whooping and yelling, and throwing into the air pieces of the flesh of his murdered comrades.

As Williams turned to enter the woods, Hedden, who had also escaped, called to him, and joining him they both hurried off through the timber together. Hedden had been a witness of the latter part of the conflict in which Williams was engaged, but powerless to render him any assistance, had breathlessly watched the progress of the fight, until with rejoicing he saw it terminate in Williams's favor.

Williams presented a most pitiable sight; his hands, arms, head, and nearly every portion of his body, were cut, jagged, bruised, and pounded almost to a jelly, while the only clothing he had was a shirt. The only course now open to the two men was to proceed northward along the coast to the Umpqua settlements, a distance of about forty miles. They were without food, fire, or blankets; their route lay through a country full of hostile Indians, and their only weapons consisted of the gun (without ammunition) that Williams had brought out of the fight, and a knife belonging to Hedden.

They traveled all that night as fast as Williams was able to go, and about noon the next day lay down to sleep. Hedden being unhurt was soon asleep, with the rifle (of no practicable use) by his side;

but Williams, who was in too much agony to sleep, was suddenly startled by a heavy shadow being cast in front of him, caused by an Indian rising from the ground on the opposite side of Hedden, and having in his hands the gun. Hedden was on his feet in an instant, and rushed at the savage with his butcher knife. The Indian fled, Hedden in close pursuit and but a few feet behind, striking at him with the knife; when coming to a bluff the Indian jumped down a perpendicular precipice about twenty feet, carrying the gun with him. Believing themselves pursued, the two men struck deeper into the timber, and continued traveling as long as Williams could walk.

Day after day they struggled on, Williams continually getting worse, and able to crawl but a few miles a day. The only food that could be obtained was bugs and snails, and upon this unsavory diet they were compelled to subsist in order to sustain life.

All of Williams's wounds, except the one where the arrow had penetrated the abdomen, were now running sores, and his body was swollen to an enormous size, till he was unable to rise from the ground without assistance. The self-sacrificing devotion of Hedden to his unfortunate companion was most touching, and Williams repeatedly urged him to go on to the fort alone, and leave him to die in the wilderness. But Hedden firmly refused, saying he would stay with him while life lasted, and see him decently buried when he died.

After almost two weeks of wandering they at length reached the mouth of Coos Bay, where they found a friendly Indian who put them across on the ocean beach. By following this about twenty miles they would reach the Umpqua. Williams now gave out so completely that he could not move, and suffered untold agony, crying, begging and praying for death to release him from his suffering. He again urged Hedden to go on and leave him to die in the sand-hills;

but with the resolution of a martyr Hedden refused, saying he must move on while life lasted, and not give up now when help was so near. So tearing up his shirt, Hedden made a sort of sling which he placed around Williams, and thus carried him along until they reached the Umpqua, where Williams was placed in friendly hands and his wounds dressed for the first time.

Shortly after their arrival at the Umpqua, a vessel came in from San Francisco, having on board as a passenger Dr. E. R. Fiske, a graduate of Harvard College, and a kind and benevolent man. Under his charge Williams was soon able to move around, but the arrow still remained in his body and caused him much trouble. Finally on February 28, 1859, the end of the wooden joint of the arrow made its appearance near where it had entered, and with the aid of a pair of bullet moulds Williams succeeded in drawing it out. It was a hard vine-maple stick about three inches long, both ends of which had been hardened by the fire, and was as solid as ever. He now began rapidly to get well, and in ten days threw aside the rags and bandages for the first time since September 21, 1851, and stepped forth a well man.

In after years Williams was twice county clerk and twice county treasurer of Umpqua County; and in 1863, when Douglas and Umpqua counties were consolidated, he filled the office of clerk twice by appointment, and three times by election. He was also a captain of a company of volunteers, and spent two or three years with his command among the Indians of southeastern Oregon. He was considered one of the best county clerks in Oregon. He was an excellent draftsman, has been a United States

deputy surveyor, and was chief clerk in the United States land office at Roseburg, Oregon. He was a strange combination of a self-taught scholar, a life-long backwoodsman, a first-class hunter, a good explorer and mountaineer, and a persistent Indian hater, for which last named quality he had as good a warrant as any man living. He took an active part in the Snake River Indian campaign.

In 1874 he visited the buffalo country on the Saskatchewan River in British America, and thence to the Black Hills in 1876. In 1879 he made an extended tour of the Yellowstone country, and wrote some interesting descriptions of the remarkable scenery of the National Park. He died in San Francisco in 1881, leaving a fortune of about \$75,000, the larger part of which was bequeathed to charities.

Although the expedition was fatal to most of its members, yet it opened to settlement one of the finest valleys of the Pacific Coast. The beautiful river which Williams and his companions were the first to discover still ripples onward to the sea; no longer, however, gliding through its bower of trees, which have long since given way to the ax of the woodman, but flowing instead past many a beautiful home, around whose cheerful fireside is still on wintry evenings retold the story of Williams and his brave fight with the Indians.

Hedden, now an old man, still lives at Scottsburg, Douglas County, Oregon, and is the only living member of the expedition. Although he has undergone many hardships since the frightful experiences of 1851, that dreadful massacre in which he and Williams so nearly lost their lives has made an impression upon him that can never be effaced.

Andrew J. Lockhart.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

LOVE that died ere his day was done
Came to my door last night,
Knocking and weeping and wailing on,
Shut out from the warmth and light.
“Now wherefore, wherefore, O thou Dead,
Return to trouble me so?
I thought the green moss covered thy head,
Where the earliest violets blow,
Where spring sounds are calling,
And tender breezes go.”

Then answered Love in woful tone,—
Without in the dark and cold,—
“Forget’st thou me who was once thine own,
In the beautiful days of old?
Arise, arise, and open the door,
And take thy weary one home,—
My lonely grave on the windswept shore
So dank with the salt sea-foam,
Where hoarse waves are howling,
And evil spectres roam.”

So I loosed the latch and opened wide
To clasp the wanderer’s hand,
—When I saw a vision glorified
Upon my threshold stand.
Lo, Love new-robed in a raiment bright,
New-girt with an angel guise,—
With the old sweet smile on his lips of light,
He whispered, “O, be wise,
Return, thou heart’s dearest,
With me to Paradise!”

M. C. Gillington.



THE LOST EXPLORERS: A TALE OF SOUTHERN COLORADO.

"ALF'S chair is vacant, mother; we must bear his absence as best we can," said Miss Hagar Hefron, as the two ladies met at the breakfast table the morning after the young master of the New England estate had departed for scenes wild and drear in the far West.

"Yes," replied the elder with a sigh, "it will take all our efforts now to keep up cheerful appearances. More than that we cannot do the coming fall and winter, here alone. My only hope is that he may soon tire of the discomforts of a nomadic, outdoor life. The hardships he will meet traveling in the open air, in rain or sunshine, are things he is not used to. I hope they will send him back to us by the New Year, if not sooner."

"I wish I were as hopeful as you are, mother. I shall not expect him before spring. Really, I don't like the idea that there are absolutely no settlers in that barren country. The Indians may not give the party as friendly a welcome as they think their force will command," she added, feeling more concern for her brother's safety than she cared to have her mother detect.

It was true, as his maiden sister said: Alf Hefron had, in an hour of despair, ventured on a dangerous expedition. He had wooed and won his neighbor's daughter, Martha Dare; she a pretty girl of seventeen, he a handsome fair-haired youth of twenty-four. Their betrothal had been accepted by both families as a capital one in every way. The two were suited to each other socially, made a handsome couple, and were sincerely in love. But a week before the day set for the wedding a terrible thing happened. While bathing, Miss Dare ventured too far into the current of the river, was overpowered by its force, and drowned. The happy prospects were cut off from the

pair for ever by one moment's indiscretion.

Alfred Hefron found his loss and the suddenness of it almost unbearable. Mrs. and Miss Hefron, too, took the sad accident much to heart; and then as an additional sorrow to them came the son's announcement that he had engaged to join a company of romantic youths who would start immediately, bound for the unexplored Rockies. The meeting was to take place on a certain date, and at a point of equipage at a town on the Missouri River. Riding animals, pack animals, and the necessities for camp life would there be purchased, and the journey be pursued westward in mountaineer style.

The object was solely to see nature in her grimmest and strongest aspect, to study for temporary pleasure all the botanical and mineral curiosities of a region as yet untrodden by the more enlightened white man; to see, converse with, and note the characteristics of the native red man of America, living undisturbed by our civilization. In fact, the party was composed of young men tired of luxuries and indulgences, hungering for hazardous exploits, adventures, and the stimulus to their young blood that the bold bluffs, desolate valleys, dangerous cliffs and mountains of Colorado and northeastern Arizona would afford them.

Alf, in his new-born sorrow, found a partial panacea in the call for volunteers to join the expedition. Forgetfulness of the cherished hopes now lost forever could be found in a degree in this change of circumstances, and to remain on the scene of his past happiness was not to be thought of, for a while at least. The advertisement was answered with but little consideration of the greatness of the undertaking. The distance from his

home and the complete change from his daily associations offered him more chance of mental relief than anything else could do; beyond that aim he had no thought. As the day for meeting was near at hand, his immediate departure followed in spite of all the mother and sister could say or do to detain the beloved head of the household.

And so he had gone. The mother grew a trifle pale and still in the weeks that followed. Hagar, too, was soberer than usual. The rooms and premises were lonely, filled with a desolation such as follows a funeral, and Carlo frequently uttered a note of distress at the loss of his master. In the household the name of the absent one was held almost too sacred for mention, either by the servants or the two women more closely concerned in his welfare.

So the time dragged on until one day early in the fall a letter came, postmarked Santa Fé, New Mexico, and filled with satisfaction over the course he had taken. The party he had fallen in with numbered sixty odd of exceptionally good and jovial fellows. A fraternal friendship had sprung up among them all, thus isolated from home and friends of former years, and their anticipations of future rambles were most promising.

He had taken an unaccountable liking to this comfortless mode of life and feared he should become a confirmed ranger of nature's madly tumbled up wastes. They afforded much food for thought. Incidents happened daily that, trifling though they were, kept the spirits constantly under a pleasing stimulus. The *tortillas* served up by their Mexican cooks (to be eaten as bread and used as spoons in feasting on the conglomeration of vegetable and animal matter, well watered and boiled, which in respectful memory of savory viands of the past they called minced soup,) were as palatable as the *colerow* was hot. The novelties presenting themselves daily he thought were worth following up; and as souve-

nirs of his locality were enclosed needles and hooked thorns from various species of cactus.

They were now encamped at a point from whence they would start on the morrow, leaving every vestige of civilization behind them. They contemplated spending weeks and even months in the depths of the unknown goal, far from mail routes and post-offices. The winters of that latitude were too light, from all accounts, to give them much inconvenience, either in calling for personal endurance or in interfering with the supply of feed for their animals. The whole party of them were in the best of spirits, and in raptures over their novel undertaking. They were confident of making valuable discoveries, and finding relics and specimens to awaken wonder in their beholders, when the time should come for them to join their far-away friends. Should they fail in these hopes, however, they would yet be more than satisfied. The very God-forsakenness of the country's aspect fascinated them beyond understanding.

Then followed a sketch of domestic affairs in a Mexican village, and of the docile, ancient-looking little burro, the natives' beast of burden. Too little he seemed to be ridden, yet two, and even three swarthy huskies would mount him at once, and urge the poor staggering beast forward with repeated kicks upon his limbs, and never a thought of mercy. Yet these same people were religious. Jesuit fathers were scattered throughout New Mexico. They were revered by the people, but their cruelties to animals and their participation in petty gambling games made them objects of mistrust to foreigners.

As she finished reading the letter aloud to her mother, Hagar looked up in astonishment to find her listener in tears.

"Why, mother, what is the matter?" she queried, "I'm sure we have never hoped to get word from Alf to compare

with this for cheerfulness. He is really enjoying himself, poor fellow, and that I think is the best of news.

"Yes, daughter, you are right," — drying her tears and speaking with an effort, — "but I don't like his being quite so enthusiastic. It is a bad omen; too much faith ends in disappointment. I don't like, either, to have him get attached to such a savage mode of life. It seems to me an unnatural dissipation, one even more treacherous than the moral dissipations of our civilized quarters, for it leads its victims away to pitfalls and possible death without any inward accusation of the way being wrong and deceptive. I'll tell you, Hagar," lowering her voice to a whisper, as if dreading to hear her own words, "I dreamed last night he stood on the opposite side of a river, reaching out his diary as if he wished me to take it; but a stream separated us and we could not make our voices heard above the roaring of the waters. I fear, my child, he will never return to us."

"Nonsense, mother!" said Hagar, "you have worried so much about Alf of late that your dreams have naturally become troubled too. Don't become despondent, now that everything is going well with him. No doubt he will be back in the spring, thoroughly cured of his romantic ideas. I'm sure my mind has been greatly relieved by his accounts and his joyful mood."

The autumn came with its russet leaves, withering grasses, ripened fruits, and busy days, to the two, the widow and daughter left upon the farm. The servants were not to be entrusted with the fall's packing away, and so, with canning, preserving, pickling, and the like, for a few weeks there was little time for thinking of aught but present affairs, no idle hours for hatching up gloomy pictures and dreaming of possible mishaps to the lost son and brother. This was a happy time; the increased stir about the premises brought forth occasional smiles, with

pleasant utterances and apparent forgetfulness. The days did not now drag as they had done before. The apple butter making, the cider, and other preparations for winter came as a positive relief.

But the sweet home content that again possessed them was not to be of long duration. A week before Christmas another letter came from the West, but written by an unknown hand. It read:

"Dear Madam:

"I have been appointed by my fellow travelers as the one to write you, and it is my painful duty to send you sorrowful tidings of your son. Before leaving the Missouri River to follow the Santa Fé trail out to this section, we saw the necessity of a fellow feeling and sympathy being fostered in our company, and so we swore a mutual friendship in whatever might befall us on our journey, and decided that an immediate report should be sent to relatives in case anything went wrong with any one of us.

"At present, and for ten days past, we are encamped near a village of Pueblo Indians on the Rio Mancos. We are near the dividing lines of Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah. This message will be sent by a detachment of our party to the nearest Mexican village, some days' journey, whence it can safely be sent to Albuquerque, and forwarded from there to you.

"My unhappy news to you I will here give in detail, that you may draw your own conclusions. The affair has completely mystified us.

"Ten days ago we were following the banks of the river and approaching this village, where we intended resting our jaded animals a few days, and spending our time in a thorough exploration of the country near us. The time was about three in the afternoon. On our left were a succession of perpendicular bluffs and cliffs, with here and there a break, a chasm filled with darkness, and masses of fallen gray rock in its bed,

with ragged upright walls. We had passed many caverns and ancient ruins of cliff dwellers, which excited much curiosity among our party, as the ruined town grew more pretentious and interesting, but we thought best to move on to better camping grounds, and return at leisure to explore these wonderful remains of an extinct civilized race. However, Alf Hefron and Hugh Manning fell to the rear, telling us to move on and they would overtake us within a distance of a few miles. Three miles farther along we came upon this little Indian town and pitched our tents at a proper distance. The inhabitants were friendly upon ascertaining that we were, and in their curiosity about our books, our trap-pings, and the like, a sign language was resorted to, in which all alike engaged. So the hours passed until dusk, when two saddled horses entered our camp, bringing to mind the absence of two of our comrades. The animals showed no sign of excitement, but their presence, riderless, filled every heart with apprehension.

"Immediately thirty of our horses were re-saddled, and as many men took the backward track in search for the missing men. The hunt began hopefully enough; we had no particular source of fear. But it was nevertheless fruitless, and the two men's whereabouts remains the profoundest of mysteries up to the present moment. The night had a clear moon. Loud calls were made all the way to where they left us. Then bon-fires were made on prominent points; even the face of the cliffs was scaled for that purpose, with great difficulty. That they could get lost was improbable, with the river on one hand and the cliffs on the other; but in want of some more reasonable move to make, that of building fires to attract them naturally suggested itself to us.

"None of us closed an eye that night, excepting a few left to guard the camp; all hands were active in the hunt, and yet it was all to no purpose. With the

daylight we tried to track them, but in this, too, we failed. Every accessible cavern was then searched, every ruin having a climbable path to its locality was examined, but neither the men nor their footprints could be found in any of them. That these Indians had anything to do with their disappearance is scarcely probable, though some few of us suspect they had, in our want of something else to suggest as a probability. And that any roaming band of savages has come across them without turning a stone or leaving a sign, we do not believe. They would have considered the plunder, too, and not let the two horses go in search of our camp.

"The two luckless ones of our party are gone, and have left no track nor clew by which we may trace them up. We have daily repeated our labors, hunting with continued failure. The case we give up as a hopeless one. We own ourselves baffled, though we have in our anxiety scared every burrower as big as a kitten from his den to investigate the possible and impossible hiding places our conveniences will permit us to reach within a radius of several miles. We would give or suffer anything to solve the mystery, even were the missing men our enemies instead of our friends. We can only sympathize most sincerely with you in your bereavement. You have lost your son; we our brothers and companions.

"Yours very respectfully,

"JOHN IRVING and
Sixty-six Fellow Travelers."

The contents of this letter were, as may be imagined, a severe shock to Mrs. and Miss Hefron. Both were ill with grief and perplexity. The terrible uncertainty of what had been his fate was even more hard to bear than the news of his death and burial could have been. A hope that he was yet in the land of the living could not well be entertained after reading the story of the ten days following the disappearance. The two

women were in utter despair. Neighbors and friends feared that neither of them would survive the blow.

II.

IN 1874 a United States Government agent, Jackson, with a party of geologists, were at work in the San Juan division, making geographical and geological surveys in the various cañons and over the plateaus and differing elevations and formations of that untamed portion of Colorado. They were an able, industrious party, making short stays, but neglecting none of their duties; sparing no time, yet bent on a thorough knowledge of the country, its specimens, whether wrought by man's hand or that of nature. The lay of the land was carefully noted by them, altitudes marked, landscape drawings made, photographs taken. Every ruin, too, was ransacked, and every fragment of ancient pottery, weapons, tools, or other articles that had done service in the long ago, and might throw light on who were their owners, and what was the exact period at which these had burrowed into the cliffs, was examined minutely, pored over thoughtfully, and written up carefully. It were strange then if anything worthy of note should escape detection by this party, as they wormed themselves over the desolate land from right to left.

To comprehend the wild beauty, the grandeur, the silent charm of nature's open fields, one must have been among the very first to intrude upon the beasts, reptiles, birds, and red men of a broken up country, such as is this particular district. Everything that lives and breathes views man with an air of curiosity mingled with doubt, and he looks back at them in the same way. The air, knowing nothing of exhaustion from having been breathed and rebreathed, acts as a constant stimulant to the mind. The senses are ever on the alert, keen to enjoy the veriest trifle in incident,

change of scenery, etc. The sights, all uncommon to populated parts, fill the spirits with lasting pleasure, shorn of evil results. The slight danger of attack by beast or savage quickens the blood and enhances the fascination. Neither soul nor body tires. Sleep seems scarcely a necessity. It is almost a sacrifice of time and pleasure to slumber, though the fresh, cool air, fanning one's face at night, while he lies wrapped in his buffalo robe under the shining stars, is delightful in itself.

The profound silence, the grim and awe-inspiring precipices, the torn and raveled bluffs, like huge fortifications, skirting vast gray *mesa* lands, and the utter desolation toward every point of the compass, frighten one who travels alone, but combine to attract a party venturing into their solemn midst.

Hundreds of miles lie in strips, with no vegetation except a few dwarfed specimens almost colorless, and so sparsely spread as to make no pretension of covering the everlasting sand and rock of the landscape, parched, bleached, burnt to a gray brown by solar heat and want of cooling rains; a land tumbled into a mad confusion of hills, valleys, plateaus, bluffs, saddle-backs, hog-backs, gullies, washes, and cañons, with here and there a turbid stream, like a wriggling serpent turning from side to side, uncertain which direction to take, coursing its way onward forever to a lower level. And the distant giant sentinels, rearing their snow-capped heads up into the horizon, to defy the outside world, as it were, keep their guard with a seeming royal dignity over their apparently endless domain. On all these may be read disjointed notes of historic struggles and superstition, to be pondered on by the interested and thoughtful wanderer, and constructed into such sentences and meanings as seem to him nearest the right.

The vivid green hue of the cottonwood is occasionally seen, and it offers a happy haven of rest to the eye. It grows along

the river banks, where the moisture can seep clear down to its roots. It is, however, guilty of deception. A winding strip of cottonwoods may be seen in the distance, yet the thirsty horseman may reach the promising thread, and ride along mile upon mile in a shaded dry waste, without finding a spoonful of water. These empty river beds have their seasons.

Mirage is of frequent occurrence, and the sumptuousness of the pictures it presents baffles description. The frowning bare face of a cliff may take on all the perfection and magnificence of a king's palace,—bay windows, cornices, polished spires, and the like, as beautiful as reality could make them. Approach, and the bald rock wall doffs its mask and looks thoroughly commonplace. You can barely trace the rifts and protuberances that took part in the masquerade.

The life of the prospector for metals and mines and that of the mountain explorer are very much alike, and they are equally fond of exposure. The very weirdness of the barren world offers a fascination not easily overpowered. Quit the life and live a while in civilization, and though your education is fair and your knowledge of the inhabited world's ways passable, yet a restlessness possesses you that refuses to be driven off. It is probably an uneasiness such as is felt by those who try to conquer their thirst for intoxicants. Few succeed. With great effort they hold out against their inclinations for a while, then when least expected they cast themselves back into the element that has bewitched them.

Even now-a-days I often find the tears starting when I think of past years of camp life, filled, too, as they were with hardships and discomforts. When I ask other rangers of the untilled hills for their opinions and views on camp life, they invariably say something to this effect: "I never was happier in my life

than when roving the mountains and plains, an unknown and uncared-for stray, pitching my tent wherever night overtook me, eating my food seasoned with grit and ashes, and sleeping with my knife and gun under my head."

Imagine then a well equipped and imposing party of United States geologists moving along the verdured banks of the Rio Mancos on a warm summer afternoon. Their last point of action had been at the ruin called Hovenweep Castle in the Hovenweep Cañon; now they were going up the Mancos with its cliffs, caverns, and debris on every side.

Hour after hour they jogged along at a steady gait, trees and water on their right and massive walls of rock close on their left, with green vines and thorny creepers at their base trying to clamber up their unfavorable sides. Patches of matted grasses in low and moist places, flecked with golden buttercups, alternated with unproductive sandbars, each a diminutive oasis surrounded by a desert, and upon the picturesque effect the bald granite rocks looked down in solemn admiration.

The sun was getting low on the western hilltops, when the advance scout was startled for a moment by a movement ahead. Halting to take precaution against running headlong on to an ambushed enemy, they were soon partially re-assured. From behind a grove of trees scudded off to the river bank a band of frightened sleek little Indian ponies, routed from their grazing patch by the approaching company. A report was made at once to the advancing body, and the chief deeming the discovery no signal of hostility, the onward march was taken up anew.

A half mile farther and they came upon little fields of maize, planted with no respect for regularity, but growing a rampant lot of large and small plants, crowding and huddling themselves into groups, fighting, as it were, for the possession of choice spots, while plenty of

room was unoccupied in close proximity to the disputed patches of earth. Shortly after, a village of *tepees* came into view, and consternation was visible among its people.

To allay the Indians' fears of unfriendly advances upon their domestic peace, a man was sent to make known as best he could the object of their presence. Pointing to the crumbling walls of an ancient watch-tower perched on the edge of the cliffs a mile beyond, he impressed the Indians with the idea they had come solely to carry it away with them. Understanding there was nothing to fear for their own safety, the men, women, and children alike were overwhelmed with curiosity.

With the dusk they came in a body into the explorers' camp, the little copper-limbed children enjoying themselves immensely cleaning out the remains of the strangers' supper. And the fathers of the company eyed them with satisfaction, silently thinking of how very little it took in past time to put their own children in ecstasies, even though used to many luxuries, of which the present happy little hearts had never dreamed. The innocence, the wide-awake spirit, and the impulsiveness of the white, black, and red child are alike. In soul they are exact duplicates, until years and education have formed gulfs between them. These men's own children, it seemed, had come from afar, and were in copper-colored masquerade playing before them that night in their open camp. The black-eyed little ones, if not quite lovable, were at least objects to call forth admiration. Why should n't these men, exiled from their own families, take a little notice of the youngsters now in reach, while it took but a trifle to command appreciation.

The explorers were considerably astonished to understand that these Indians had years since been visited by a large company of white men. They knew that no government party had preceded them,

and that private parties, a large organized band of men, had been here to spend a fortnight seemed improbable, more particularly so when the event was said to be twenty-three years past. The news was extraordinary; what could have been the object of this company in these parts in the early days of '51? People were at that period crossing the continent by a trail running far to the north, on their way to the gold fields of California. Colorado, the more immediate territory, was then almost unknown to the white race. Where now stands Denver, "the queen city of the plains," deer, antelope, buffalo, and other game, sported by day, and the panther prowled while the coyote howled by night. Pike's Peak then, as now, held its proud, hoary head 14,147 feet high, piercing the clouds, seeing in a clear atmosphere, and being seen, from two to three hundred miles, where no near hills obscure it. But the gold ledges later found in the vicinity of Pike's Peak, which in '58-'59 made it famous all over the world, were in '51 secrets of its own.

Possibly a few prospectors had drifted south off from the pioneers' trail, and upon Colorado's northern border, but they had scarcely come to this distant cañon. Searching for metals, too, could not have been the object of any squad of men sojourning there, if they were not utterly unqualified for their mission. What then could have brought them into Mancos Cañon at such an untimely period? The chief and all his fellow geologists fell asleep that night puzzling their brains over the mysterious travelers, and the more they studied on their subject the farther they were from reaching a conclusion.

The following day explorations were begun in various ones of the many ancient ruins imbedded in the face of the cliffs for a considerable distance above and below the town. In the mean time some of the head men, mounted on their horses, rode slowly along the base, tak-

ing eye surveys of the strangely built cliff ruins.

Seeing this maneuver, the Indians in evident alarm came forward with more information. Looks of horror were on their bronzed countenances, to accompany much of more or less interpretable lingo, and a becoming amount of gesticulation for dramatic effect. They warned the captain to avoid the vicinity of the tower. An evil spirit held that point as its place of abode.

The men argued with the Indians against this demon's powers to harm, and at length prevailed upon two of them to follow. Just beyond the tower a gap was found in the cliff, running into the plateau above a hundred yards or more. At its mouth the width was forty to fifty feet, tapering to a dark point at its terminus. Looking from the mouth into the chasm it presented an uninviting appearance. The walls on either side were perpendicular masses of broken pillars, rising to near two hundred feet.

Here too were ruins. About fifty feet above the earth occurred a horizontal projecting ledge. Above this lay a bed of shale between the two strata of sandstone. This shale, being easily disintegrated, had been weathered out and carried away, leaving a groove four to five feet high and eight feet deep. In this a row of pigmy houses had been built, their fronts most strongly put up, and standing with a three-foot path between them and the edge of the lower projection. Some of these houses had passage-ways leading from one to another; then occurred barricades, now but crumbling masonry. Far back in the rift, and hidden from view, the Indians said the demon held high revel by day, year in and year out. At night he sat near the front on the ledge at the left, his one eye glaring upon any one who dared look upon him.

The men dismounted to enter the pit on foot, for the bed was a mass of detached rocks lying in settings of tangled

weeds and vines. To make any headway was difficult at best, and not only did the breaking of a leg suggest itself as a probable result for their pains, but also the probability of running into a nest of serpents.

Again the two Indians made violent remonstrance against the willfulness of the foreigners in pressing forward. To enforce detention one of the swarthy fellows caught the chief by the coat sleeve, bringing all to a halt, then lifted his open palms to the men to insure their silence. Quick as thought he stooped, picked up a stone, and hurled it with all his might against the nearest wall. With the loud and double report that followed the clash, the explorers were made to understand the Pueblo's meaning.

"Heigho! and that's it, is it?" remarked Owens, as a smile spread over each one of the four white faces present. "Some earthquake has cracked this cliff back into something that can't keep its mouth shut."

"Hello there, you demon!" called out in stentorian tones Ike Peoples, the irreverent wag of the expedition.

"Hello there, you demon!" came back in a hollow, mysterious voice, filled with sarcasm and defiance, from the farthest recesses of the chasm.

The Indians stood terror-stricken, staring at the strangers who dared challenge the evil spirit.

"How dare you mock me?" again shouted Ike.

"How dare you mock me?" roared the irate unseen speaker.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" came back from the cliff.

"This cleft has a remarkable echo," spoke up the commandant. "We will mark it down as Echo Cleft."

"And what are we going to do with the demon?" queried Maxie, who had hitherto been a silent listener.

"Don't think we are equal to the task of routing him," said Jackson; "so we

will take no notice of him as long as he does no more than quarrel with us."

"But he comes out at night and sits up here on the ledge."

"Then we shall be here at nine this evening, and give him a chance to perform for our benefit."

Without making farther discovery, the men returned to the more accessible ruins, near the village, where the main portion of the company were at work making slight excavations in the sand and debris, the fillings in of windstorms for centuries back. The walls bore evidence of their builder's architectural skill. Beams and timbers were found as well preserved as sheltered, while their kind and dimensions were not native to a circuit of some hundred miles. The presence of these would indicate that this extinct race either had means of transport or lived at a time when the country abounded in thriving forests, and products for the use and good of its people, under the more favored condition of a humid atmosphere.

In the plastering of one of the massive walls were the imprints of five baby fingers. Playing about the busy builders of this fortress, a little would-be helping hand had clapped itself upon the wet mortar, leaving its impression to exist ages after its own race perished, to be by another people looked upon in silent wonder over the history connected with it.

The first day was a busy one. With the evening, the fatigued quartette that had challenged the demon postponed their call on him, to rest for the toilsome duties of the coming day. The ruins to occupy the explorers' attention next were situated in deep caverns, having arched and overhanging roofs. These were in two tiers, in niches in the face of a cliff of great height. The scheme to reach them was a doubtful one, as they overlooked a dizzying precipice, while the ancient, stone-cut stairway was of little use in its almost obliterated state.

The task, however, was accomplished

ere midday, and the afternoon's search in their great vaults was not unrewarded. Imbedded in the dust of ages were a pot of maize, and fragments of pottery, which for beauty of colors, designs, and durability, would do credit to American work of modern times; whole, or nearly whole, stone jars and crocks, modeled into birds and other animals, and artistically pictured in vivid colors, and stone implements for domestic use of a fine slate, ground into perfect shapes and smoothly polished.

These caverns were undoubtedly formed by Nature, and resorted to for safety by a people hunted by destructive human enemies. They believed the crevices were furnished them by an all-seeing God in promise of protection. Alas, for our vain hopes! They lived, worked, and struggled, as many do now-a-days, to perish in the end with faith flickering and the prayers for mercy upon their lips. Our prayers are not always answered, even though what we ask, it seems, should be ours by all that is just. On these *mesas* and in these valleys lived and flourished at a period of climatic favor a people possessed of industry, genius, refined taste, and all the tendencies to progress and culture. But envy looked with evil eye upon their prosperous fields and great cities. An inferior people, great only in barbarities,—probably the ancestors of the present savage Apache tribe,—could not brook the favors fortune showered upon others under their very noses. That the same might be theirs by working for it could not be understood. Then, as now, the lower grades of humanity tried to elevate themselves only by trampling upon the rights of their superiors. The growing grain of the workers was destroyed or carried away by the marauders. The stock they drove away for their own use; irrigating canals that had cost their constructors infinite toil were destroyed; and finally the peaceful peoples, driven to the cliffs for refuge, guarded their

families as best they could from further harm from the enemy, by building watch-towers on prominent points. But the struggle for life availed them naught. Their sources for food supplies were cut away. Long they suffered the pangs of hunger, by hazardous means getting just enough game from the surrounding neighborhood to keep the spirit in the body, and a spark of hope for a final restoration to liberty and peace. But their doom was upon them. It was only a matter of time with them. And so the chapter was ended,—the last one of a noble and numerous race wiped from the face of the earth by multitudes of rapacious beasts in human form. We often say, "God's will be done," when we have exhausted all our powers to prevent it and failed.

At dusk on the evening of the second day, the former six visitors to Echo Cleft set out for another look into the dark pit. Not that either of the four explorers expected to find a demon enjoying a nocturnal airing, but all were much interested in the Mancos ruins. These Indians seemed sincere and truthful, and the explorers would gladly ride the mile's distance after dark with the least shadow of a probability of thereby making a new discovery. And they did discover something which followed their fancies to their pillows, and came back again at dawn.

Emboldened by the white men's former daring, the two Indians took the lead, urging up their courage for a show of bravery, but upon reaching the goal they crept back to the strangers' side, trembling with fear. Upon seeing the conduct of the Pueblos a new interest possessed the party, and they pressed on assured that something awaited them.

Standing at the open mouth of the chasm, but one thing could be seen in the darkness. From the ledge fifty feet above, on the left side, was the glowing one eye of the demon. A chill at sight of it sauntered down Ike Peoples's back

(he had spent his nursery days in the charge of one of these innocent maids who are, particularly on dark nights, brimming over with ghost stories), in spite of disbelief in supernatural appearances, and he neither challenged the demon nor sought an interview with him on friendly terms.

"I believe," said Owens, "it's a star fallen down, and stuck up there against the wall. See how it grows dim and lights up again."

"Why, you must be color blind," said Maxie, "don't you see it is as red as a coal of fire?"

"Do you call it red?" asked Ike, having partly recovered himself. "It looks to me like a green bull's-eye lantern. What do you say, Mr. Jackson?"

"It is changeable, as I see it. Not only is it yellow, but every other color I can think of. We may as well commence work here tomorrow."

"And," said Ike, speaking very low as they turned to leave, "capture the demon."

Fortunately the one place along the cliffs for some miles where ascent could be made to the plateau above was at a point near the watch tower, and only a few hundred feet from the cleft. It was a tedious and dangerous graded trail, gradually rising along the face of the perpendicular walls, and considerably worn by the storms of time. This, too, was a relic of the long ago, prepared by the cliff dwellers for access to the upper level as well as to the waters of the murky river flowing below.

The ruin of the round tower was examined, without the discovery of anything of much value. Its walls were of the same substantial kind found everywhere in that country. It contained a single chamber in its center, shielded by two very thick walls, between which ran a circular hall three feet in width.

Reaching the cleft, a partial descent was accomplished with some difficulty at the point where the riven walls marked

only a crack. Then a rope ladder was lowered over the dizzying brink a little farther on, and the chief with his trio were the first to reach the jutting ledge, the level of the ruins. But for the danger of a slip, they might, where the rows of man's handiwork began, have easily jumped the crevice from one side to the opposite one.

Slowly they walked in single file toward the mouth, passing on a narrow foothold the partition walls, where the width of the outside walk had crumbled away to an extent dangerous to unwary feet. They were nearing the mouth of the chasm, passing another of the partition walls, whose end pressed close upon the ledge's edge. The place was bad, almost impassable. Owens, who was in the lead, holding on with hands and feet, came to a sudden halt.

"What do you see?" asked Jackson, who was next in line.

"Skeletons, sir; human skeletons!" was the answer, as Owens looked back with a half-frightened face.

"Great goodness!" said Maxie, "do skeletons frighten you, Owens? Who was it that helped us dig out three of them over at Hovenweep a few days ago, and made such a fuss over the pots and kettles and other paraphernalia found with them?"

"But these are neither Indians nor ancients," replied Owens, taking no notice of the bantering question.

"Move on, Owens, if you think it safe," said Jackson. "Be careful how you stick in your toes, Maxie. Don't get shaky, Ike; this is a bad place to get around. There! Reach me your hand, Ike. All safe?"

The next moment the four geologists were holding an inquest, as it were, over the two skeletons lying side by side. It was evident by the fragments of garments, remnants of boots, and the like, that they were the remains of white, or at least, civilized, men of modern times. Both lay very near the edge of the jut-

ting rocks. The right arm of one of them was broken and the skull crushed. Both legs and two ribs of the other were broken.

Who were they? How came they there, and by what means came they to their death? A lively colloquy was held for the next few minutes, then search in the surrounding rubbish was made for a clew to their identity.

The dryness of the climate, and the shelter from the winds, had preserved the skeletons, so though only naked bones, they were not as yet broken apart. The left hand of one reached over the brink, and the fingers lay half closed in a niche of the rock.

"Here we have a pocket book, or diary, and a clew, I suppose," said Jackson, as he slapped the relic with his palm to remove the adhering dust, until its rotted leather cover hung in rags.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Ike, at the same moment. "Gentlemen, here we have the demon. See!" and he pointed to the hand overhanging the ledge.

"That is indeed a beauty," returned Jackson, when the quartette party had on all fours proceeded to examine the new object of interest, a lady's ring, containing a solitaire diamond, resting in the niche and encircling the dry bone of the little finger.

The leaves of the diary, though yellow and warped, were perfect, excepting a small margin at its ends. There were many notes in it, incidents of daily travel and nightly camps from the Missouri River over the Santa Fé trail, and north to the present locality. As the four witnesses expected, these men were members of the mysterious expedition spoken of by the Pueblos. The geologists gathered from the notes much information of the doings of these rovers over a new country in the early days of '51, their object of search, or rather, want of object, and the like. The last of the pencil tracings were written on the spot, and read as follows:

"October 14th, '51.

"My God! this is terrible. Here I lie, with my legs and ribs broken, while my friend, Hugh Manning, is dead beside me. I, too, am his slayer, as I am my own. His suffering was that of a moment. It is only a matter of a little time with me. To lie here and think of what I have done, and what will be the result, together with my pain, is maddening. O my poor mother and sister! They have worshiped me as their only idol these many years. God pity them, and forgive my folly. Their future is blighted, at least, if they survive the mystery of my sudden loss. They will never know what became of me. They will believe, of course, that I am in the coming years a tortured prisoner among a band of savages. They will never learn that my own curiosity and giddy folly led me to my death, and that they at home alone filled my thoughts to the last moment." O the comfort of the home nest, with dear friends about the hearth! I have never appreciated it as I do this hour. I shall never be there again.

"The sun. I cannot see it now, but it is shining on yonder crag. I shall see it no more upon earth. It is now about five, I think. My watch has gone over the precipice. There it will lie ages, maybe, as my friend and I lie here until we moulder to dust, and the light winds entering this chasm blow us into the pit, a puff at a time, careless that we once lived, breathed, enjoyed, and suffered both physical and mental pleasures and pains. It is just as well for us, but somehow I wish I could be entombed in our family vault, that my two dear ones would know me there, and know me free from earthly trials.

"Soon our friends will be in search for us. They will be too late, I know. Already I am too weak, and could not call loud enough to be heard at the mouth of this awful crevice in the earth. They will hunt for us faithfully everywhere, I

am sure. But to no purpose. We shall never be found, even if they spend the winter trying to fathom the mystery enshrouding our whereabouts. And yet our story is so very simple.

"After a little look about where our friends left us, we rode on, thinking to make no more halt. But seeing the village a mile away, and seeing our comrades preparing for camp, we concluded there was no hurry. We then rode up to the mouth of this pit, which will be our tomb, and being fascinated by the massive, gray, perpendicular walls, and these caverns along their face, we dismounted, put our horses to feeding on a patch of grass at their base, and proceeded to scale the cliff by the ancient trail, to view the country from the elevated position, and examine the tower standing on its very edge. The ascent was more difficult than we had anticipated from the view below, but having started, and there being plenty of time, while our friends had pitched their tents and were not moving from us, we concluded not to turn back without once viewing the landscape from above. Once on top of the plateau we were eager for some discovery of note to communicate to our fellow travelers. Finding nothing of consequence in the tower, we came on to the pointed end of this chasm, thinking we should find a path leading down to these caverns, else how did the ancient race living here get either up or down to their abodes? Probably there once existed a path at that end, but time with its occasional crumbling away of the rock has destroyed it, and so we were disappointed in our hopes of getting down.

"We had started to return, when we acted upon a fatal thought. We would look down here near the mouth, and at this, the highest point of the cliff. We stood together leaning over and looking into the yawning gulf below, when suddenly I felt a dizziness. Before I could step back to safety, I felt myself falling unconsciously and clutched my friend's

arm like a vise, and dragged him with me to where we now lie.

"I feel the end is near. If there is a hereafter—and I think there is—I shall appear to mother in a dream; then I shall meet Martha Dare, my bride, and be happy. I have taken Martha's engagement ring from my breast and placed it on my finger. Queer fancy, perhaps, to want to decorate my own corpse with a costly jewel. But I feel that I am growing queer. My ideas are rambling, too, and my sentences are disjointed. I am thankful that I am getting better. My pain is not now so severe. O, I am very tired! I must stop. I cannot write more. I hear the hoofs of galloping horses along the base of the cliffs. No. It is useless to try. I cannot answer their calls. There. They have passed on to search for us beyond. My eyes are closing with a heavy sleepiness. I don't know why it is, but some unknown power prompted me to write. I feel it is a sort of confession, though no one will ever read it. Somehow my mind is much relieved. I will now sign my name to this, and then slumber undisturbed. It is scarcely night yet, but I see the dawning of day. What is it? Where am I? Whose faces smiling in mine?"

The last few lines were so badly scrawled as to be almost illegible. The hand that had traced them had been numb beyond control by the wandering mind. The writer had promised to sign his name, and had evidently meant to do so, but a mark neither in the form of letters nor anything else was all that filled its place.

The bones of the two skeletons were hoisted to the plateau and given a solemn funeral by the government's surveying party. Then work was begun in the caverns below. Some few additional relics were packed away with those previously found, and when the cliff town

had been thoroughly explored, the party of geologists pulled up stakes and moved on their way toward Mount Sneffles, and the swarthy families of the Pueblo village heard of them no more. Neither did they ever after see the eye of the demon in possession of the cleft. But his voice haunts the place now as of yore. His satirical mimicking tones are to be heard when any one ventures noisily into his neighborhood. Since his nocturnal exhibitions are at an end, the Indians, however, do not regard him with the terror of past time.

A warm and pleasant September afternoon, Miss Hagar Hefron—now a gray-haired woman, with a pleasant, calm face, and a look in her gray eyes betraying years of sorrow—sat inside the open sitting room window at the old New England homestead, dreamily watching her maid returning from the village. "Did you get any letters?" she asked, as the girl entered the gate.

"No, ma'am; but I got a package for your mother, Mrs. Alice Hefron."

"For mother, Mary? What do you mean?" asked Miss Hefron in astonishment. "Give it to me. There must be some mistake. Mother has been dead twenty-three years."

With trembling fingers the lady opened the package. At sight of a silver watch, well remembered, but now bruised and blackened, and Martha Dare's engagement ring, and the decayed diary of her brother, Miss Hagar was overcome by the old sorrow. With a moan, her head dropped on the window sill in a faint. Mary in alarm called for help, and the mistress soon recovered. Some time passed, however, and a fit of tears, such as she had not indulged in for many years, was over ere she could again pick up the package and read the letter enclosed, containing from the United States geologist the story of how her brother's remains were found and buried by himself and his party.

Dagmar Mariager.

IN SALVADOR.

THREE or four years ago I landed at the port of La Libertad, in Salvador, one of the five Central American republics. Salvador is the name of the republic, — not San Salvador, as it is often erroneously called. San Salvador is the name of the capital city.

There is no harbor at La Libertad ; it is simply an open roadstead. A good wharf was constructed within the last few years ; before its erection, to effect a landing was sometimes difficult and dangerous, owing to the heavy rollers that sweep in on the coast from the broad Pacific. Occasionally the boats were capsized and lives lost.

There is, with but one exception, nothing in or about La Libertad to attract the sight-seer's attention. On the voyage from San Francisco the steamer touches at several ports, principally Mexican, and she stops long enough at them to allow passengers to go ashore, and by the time the Salvador landings are reached, one has become somewhat familiar with the appearance of the black-eyed, brown-skinned people, and to the sound of the language that they speak ; so as the charges for landing at the Central American ports are rather exorbitant, passers-by content themselves with viewing La Libertad from the deck of the steamer. The exceptional point of interest is, however, interesting and striking in the highest degree. It is the sweep of the waves, — the *send* of the sea on the beach. A quarter of a mile from the shore there is only a quiet undulatory motion of the water to be seen, but as these undulations near the beach and shoal, they not gradually but suddenly assume the shape and size of railway embankments, and rushing with the noise, the speed, and impetuosity of an express train for a few hundred feet,

finally roll over with a heavy crash and wash far up on the dark sand, which has been worn and fretted from the volcanic rocks that abut in places on the verge of the sea.

There is another and a more important fact to engage the attention and interest of the observer of human character. He will perceive a considerable difference between the people and those farther north. Their faces are more open and intelligent. The look of superstition and bigotry that often lowers about the eyes and on the brow is no longer observable.

I hired a mule for the purpose of proceeding to the capital without delay, for at that time the diligence did not run regularly between the two places. I left La Libertad early in the morning, in order to accomplish the greater part of the journey in the cool of the day ; although the heat there is not very great, nor nearly so oppressive as it is in some parts of the United States. It is the "eternal summer" that "gilds" these tropical countries that gives people who live elsewhere the idea that the temperature must be always insupportable. I had not proceeded far on my way before I discovered that the pleasure of the trip would be seriously impaired by a fact that I had on setting out treated as of little consequence. The stirrups, which are made to fit the small feet of the Central American, were too narrow to admit mine to a proper bearing in them. I could insert only an inch or two of the toes of my shoes, and that hold I could not retain when the animal at times broke into a canter. I was at last compelled to take my shoes off. I had of course to dispense with the spurs, and the mule, who knew perfectly well how the land lay, took an ungenerous advan.

tage of the circumstances, and lingered along on the road pretty much at his own will and pleasure, notwithstanding an occasional vigorous application of the whip.

The unpleasant footing on which I stood, or rather sat, on the mule did not, however, prevent me from enjoying the trip. I arrived in San Salvador about noon, just in time for breakfast. The Central Americans break their fast with a cup of coffee and a piece of dry bread, but that is not called breakfast; the first square meal goes by that name, and is partaken of about twelve o'clock. American or European workmen that board in hotels and are compelled to take and put up with what they get, consider this arrangement a hardship; and so it is, — it is but a slim preparation for the long forenoon's hard work that follows. However, neither I nor any one else, so far as I know, suffered in health through it.

Salvador is the smallest of the five republics, but the most populous in proportion to its area, which is between 7,000 and 8,000 square miles; the population is some 600,000. It is situated between the 13th and 15th degrees of north latitude, and the 87th and 90th degrees of longitude west of Greenwich, lying between Honduras on the north and the Pacific Ocean on the south, the Gulf of Fonseca on the east and the republic of Guatemala on the west. The country may in general be described as consisting of a coast line of hills or continuous ridge about twenty miles in width, reaching in places a height of 2,000 feet; then a broad valley, separating this breastwork from a range of volcanic mountains, the highest peak among which, San Vicente, is 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Some of the volcanoes are still active. The broad valley and other sweeps of open country are in places of a rolling surface. Rivers and streams are numerous, and they flow through picturesque scenery; many of their valleys are very fruitful, notably

that of the Lempa, which is the principal river. There are large forests of every sort of tropical timber, while high up in the temperate regions on the mountain sides grow many of the species familiar to us in the north. In a valuable work by Doctor David J. Guzman of Santa Ana, Salvador, entitled *Apuntamientos Sobre la Topografia Fisica de la Republica del Salvador*, are enumerated one hundred and twenty-six different species of valuable timber. *Hard* is no name for the unconscionable excess of that quality that some of those timbers possess, as I know at cost of tools and temper.

Among the timber suitable for furniture and cabinet work, Doctor Guzman mentions that of the balsam tree. Although it exhales a pleasing perfume and is beautiful in color, these valuable qualities, the Doctor says, are as nothing compared to its medicinal properties. The balsam obtained from it is the famous *Myrospermum Salvatoriense*; this balsam along with that of Tolu being those that are chiefly used in medicine throughout the world. It is obtained in the following manner: In new moon in the spring of the year they begin by making circular contusions on the trunk of the tree. In eight days the sap leaks at these contusions. The tree is then heated with torches made of a kind of resinous cane. In this operation care must be taken to prevent the fire from coming in contact with the sap, for it is very inflammable and the tree would be quickly destroyed. After twenty to forty days of this process, clean cloths — usually rags — are applied to the wounds. In eight days the cloths are removed and boiled in water for half an hour, and then, while still hot, they are wrung out in a kind of circular net. The sap thus wrung out settles to the bottom of the vessel, and the water remains on top and is easily decanted and the crude balsam remains. It is then exposed to the fire in a copper, to purify it

and to evaporate any water that may remain. When cool the balsam takes a wine color. The quantity exported in the year 1880 amounted to about 61,000 lbs., valued at \$33,725.

A tree that grew in a coffee plantation on the outskirts of San Salvador was a most striking and interesting object. On seeing it for the first time, I felt as one might on finding a treasure. Wonderful for the sweep upward and outward of its branches, it is still more so from the build of its great trunk, which is scored with immense corrugations that run straight up and meet at the top, where they shoot through each other like the interlaced fingers of two colossal hands, and produced, form the branches. The bark is smooth and whitish in color, which lends a curious life-like appearance to the tree.

Of the lakes of Salvador Doctor Guzman says that they present the peculiarity that the greater number of them are nothing more than extinct craters full of water, even comprising the beautiful and extensive ones, Güija and Ilopango. I visited Ilopango; it is about seven miles from the capital. The road to it is little less curious and interesting than the lake itself. To avoid a circuitous route and save a few miles' walking, I was directed to leave the main road and follow a pathway, which after half a mile of steep descent terminated squarely and abruptly in a river. This perplexing break in the trail puzzled me not a little, but in answer to my inquiry some wood-choppers directed me to go straight down the river. I did not hesitate to do so for there were a few inches only of water, and in a short time found myself tramping in a deep narrow gorge, the sides of which, several hundred feet high and perpendicular, were completely hid by a dense growth of trees and foliage. A mile and a half of this, and the water, which had been gradually growing shallower, disappeared altogether, absorbed in its sandy bed; the sides of the cañon

had widened and subsided; and instead of wading a river, I was traveling on a broad, dry, sandy road in a comparatively open country, with the shore of the lake a short distance ahead.

With the intention of scaring up *algo que comer*, I bent my steps to a house near by. For a trifling consideration a woman kindly supplied me with tortillas and fish, and some of the *caldo* or broth in which the fish had been boiled, but the *caldo* was distasteful. Tortillas are cakes made of corn—not ground into meal, but frayed and rubbed laboriously down with a stone on a stone slab. I suppose corn meal would not adhere. When properly made these cakes are very good; I used to prefer them to flour bread.

The following particulars respecting Ilopango are taken from the *Topografía Física*: "The level of the water is twelve hundred feet below the plane of the surrounding country, and it is easy to recognize its volcanic origin from the existence in large quantities of trachyte and basalt. The waters are clear but not potable, containing a great quantity of sulphur and various salts, and they are in certain periods of the year considerably agitated, emitting a strong odor of sulphur. In January, 1880, the crater of a new volcano was thrown up in the middle of the lake, and it is supposed that the earthquake in 1873, which was so destructive to the capital, centered there. The new volcano thrown up cannot be less than fifteen hundred feet high, considering the depth of the water at that spot."

Including this new crater in Ilopango there are four active volcanoes in the republic. One of them, Izalco, is more interesting on account of having been formed since the conquest. It broke out for the first time in 1770.

About six miles from the city on the road to Santa Tecla is a circular depression in the land, known as the Laguna; down in this is a sugar mill, along with

the home of the owner and several other houses. Some of the inhabitants of the neighborhood recollect when the Laguna contained water. This curious basin is about half a mile in diameter, and its bluff walls average two hundred feet in height. I worked at the mill several months, and I noticed that, contrary to what one would naturally expect, the atmosphere was not as warm below as it was on the top of the bluff. A pane of glass was broken in the window of the room in which I slept, and at night I positively suffered from cold and was glad to stuff the broken pane. Often for an hour or two in the mornings it was unpleasant enough without a coat. So much for a tropical climate.

Güija is the largest lake in the republic. It is seven miles wide by seventeen in length. It borders on the territory of Guatemala. The city of Metapán is distant four leagues from it. Güija is notable for the vestiges of ancient Indian towns near to it.

The city of San Salvador is situated just beyond the verge of the lap of the mountain that bears its name. The mountain has two distinguishing features in striking contrast to each other, — the peak, which is 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, and the "turtle back," (known by that name among sailors,) a thousand feet lower.

An immense extinct crater is on the top of the lower portion of the mountain. Its diameter is about one mile, and its depth to the surface of the lake 1,700 feet. The view of a hole in the ground of these dimensions is simply tremendous. It is impossible to say how long it is since its fires burned low and finally went out. At the sides of the road leading to it cinders and ashes are to be seen looking quite fresh, — as fire-suggesting as if they had been raked out of a fire only the day before. For miles around the base of the mountain in certain directions may be observed the miniature hills and valleys of the rolling country I

have mentioned, having the same appearance as some districts in Hawaii; but those of Hawaii are still hard, black lava, like a petrified stormy sea.

Two acquaintances of mine visited the crater of San Salvador, and ventured at the risk of their lives to go down the almost perpendicular sides. These are grown over with trees and bushes, which although of help in the descent, conceal dangerous precipices. After trying for two hours to descend to the water at the bottom, they did not seem to be any nearer to it than when they left the top; so they abandoned the project and were glad to clamber back.

The distance from the city to the mountain top I judge to be about fourteen miles. Some parts of the ascent are very steep and rough, but the magnificent view of the landscape is ample compensation for the toil, even if no *boquerón* to excite one's awe and astonishment awaited at the summit.

During my stay of nearly a year and a half in San Salvador and neighborhood, a scare or two of slight earthquake shocks occurred. Most of the shocks happen in the valley in which the capital is situated, and there they are most severe. Seven times has the city suffered severely from earthquakes. The first time was in 1575. It was destroyed in 1854, and again in 1873; two hundred people were killed or wounded in 1854, and in 1873, though only one life was lost, the destruction of property was greater. The ruins of several churches in the neighborhood of the city are still to be seen; the fragments of what had composed their massive walls strewn the ground testify to the violence of the shock that overthrew them. The buildings in San Salvador, with few exceptions, are only one story high, — the walls have not far to fall, and the manner in which they are built enables them to hang together better. Laths are nailed to upright posts or studding; the space between the laths is filled in with

clay, and sometimes broken tiles are stuck into the clay; then the walls are finished inside and outside with plaster. From the almost continuous terrestrial rocking sometimes felt, the valley, Cuscatlán, is also called the Valley of the Hammocks. I was told that after the demolition of the city in 1873, it was determined to remove the capital to a new site some nine miles distant, but for some reason or other it was never done. The new town is of some size and consequence, and is known as Santa Tecla or New San Salvador.

In an article in a New York magazine a year or two since, a hope is expressed that an indicator may yet be discovered to give warning when an earthquake is at hand. Doctor Guzman mentions something of the kind already in existence. "Señor Menton, connected with the French legation in the Argentine Republic, has intimated to the Academy of Sciences of Paris a method—a *sure* method—to know the approach of an earthquake. This consists of a magnet, to which adheres a piece of iron. A short time before an earthquake the magnet loses its power of attraction, and the piece of iron falls. Señor Menton says that in Arequipa, where shocks are frequently felt, the experiment was tried with perfect success." The author of the *Topographia Fisica* also explains the experiments made by the late Professor Richard Owen, of Bloomington, Indiana, to find out the occurrence of distant earthquakes.

The Indians, who number about eighty thousand, are a peaceable, industrious race. They manufacture pottery, matting, netting hammocks, and other articles, and many of them trudge weary leagues to market with their wares. It is they who obtain the greater part of the balsam. I was struck with the intellectual shape of some of their heads—the height of the forehead above the eyes, which reminded me of the portraits of Sir Walter Scott. I used to think that

such heads were not placed on their shoulders for nothing, and that it would be more in consonance with the fitness of things if, instead of kneeling to the bishop, as I have seen some of them do, the bishop were to kneel to them. Judging from their past history, however, and their present condition, it seems they have had their day, as a distinct race at least. It is said that the Cuscatlan Indians were originally a tribe from the country now called Mexico, and that after they had been settled for some time in their new quarters they renounced that atrocious feature of the Aztec religion, human sacrifice, and even killed their chief, who insisted on its continuance. Their cities had not the architectural grandeur that those of the Aztecs could boast, but their lowly roofs sheltered noble, humane hearts. It appears—according to Guzman—that they, to the number of 23,000, were sent south in the guise of traders by the Aztec emperor, in order that he might have them to rely on in his schemes of conquest; he had long in vain tried to conquer and annex these countries to his empire. The emperor died about this time, however, and the immigrants were left to form an independent nation. In the course of a comparatively short time, these Pipiles reached a high grade of culture and civilization, having kings, governors and generals, with a regular army, and cities and towns of considerable size and importance, such as Palanque, Copán, Matlan. Their laws were just, and were enforced by tribunals with impartial severity. They diminished taxes as much as possible, pursued agriculture, had many useful arts, and some fine arts. They were finally conquered by the Spanish, who enslaved them and treated them with dreadful cruelty.

From the examples given in Doctor Guzman's work, their power as linguists must have been very considerable. I copy a few specimens:

Humanity. — *Tlactipactlacajott*.

Justice. — *Tlamelahicacachicahualiztli*.

Repentance. — *Nejoltquipacholiztli*.

Patience. — *Tlapaccahyohuiliztli*.

These specimens are sufficient to confirm what the Doctor goes on to say :

All these words testify that the Mexican language and its derivatives are far from being poor. A great number of authors have written and made use of them—French, Italian, Spanish, and German—and have eulogized them greatly. Boturini says, “In urbanity, in elegance of style, and in the sublimity of the expressions, there is no language that can compare with them.” And Boturini, the Milanese writer, understood the Mexican language and was a profound and erudite linguist.

Juarros expresses himself thus of these people: ‘It is difficult for us to understand how these Indians had in their government such good laws that they might be adopted by the best governed republics.’ That is not strange, however, in such a civilization, with whose traces history is well acquainted . . . devoted to agriculture, cultivating corn and vines, and plants whose fibres served to weave their clothing. Their language was rich and had an accent that was very agreeable and musical, according to Herrera; moral maxims the most beautiful, and noble sentiments that today form the most consolatory hopes of civilization. There were poets of a quality of feeling that showed their breasts were warmed by the sensibility that sweetens the life of man and nurtures the emotions of generosity and love. Their sadness and their melancholy are expressed in the words that they address to the new-born: ‘Thou art born to suffer, but thy tears shall obtain the pardon of the gods.’

Such is a brief extract from that portion of Doctor Guzman’s work which relates the character of the Central American Indians. He then goes on to describe the usage they were subjected to by their dominators :

“Among the odious prerogatives that the Spanish governors of the colonies possessed was that of the *repartimientos*, which consisted in the partition of the Indians among the Spanish established in the colonies. This system constituted the most rigorous of slaveries, depriving this docile, unfortunate race of their liberty and their property, and compelling work the most fatiguing, by which countless numbers of them perished. And what was more notable, the same Franciscan friars who were sent over to preach the doctrine of Christianity, undertook the defense

of the *repartimientos*. This slavery was also authorized by a bull apostolic, on pretense of withdrawing the Indians from their idolatry and instructing them in the principles of the Catholic faith. . . . Thousands of them perished in the torment of unheard-of work in the mines. More of them died of the sickness contracted in the pearl fisheries on the coast.

According to the relation of Las Casas 200,000 Americans perished in a single year, worn out and exhausted during the dreadful journey of hundreds of miles they had to make, each of them carrying burdens of one hundred pounds. They were compelled to make their way over rough mountains and through tangled forests.

When Bartholomew de Las Casas arrived in the colonies the dawn of redemption for the oppressed glimmered for a moment on the horizon. Horrified with the view of so much suffering he returned to Spain, and interceded successfully for the slaves with Ferdinand VI. But Ferdinand died soon afterwards. Cardinal Jimenez was appointed regent, and encouraged the oppression of the colonists in spite of all that Las Casas could do for their amelioration.

As regards the state of the Indians at the present day it is said :

Few are the towns in Salvador which still preserve any of their primitive customs, or are not mixed with the Spanish, Creole, or *ladino* element. In some—as in those of the Balsam coast, Nahuizalco, Nonualco, Guatayagua, and others—the primitive is almost the only language spoken, and they adhere with tenacity to their ancient customs and traditions, notwithstanding the education which the government has introduced.

The wants of these Indians are very limited. The women dress with a blue cotton cloth, woven in San Salvador, and other points. In many towns they go naked to the waist. The hair is worn in two braids, tied with ribbons at the ends, and falling on the shoulders. The men wear pantaloons made of cotton cloth, woven by themselves in a species of handloom, white cotton shirt, and a palm sombrero. Those who live on the elevated lands wear in addition a *chaqueta*,—jacket—made of coarse cloth. Comparing the actual state of the Indians with their ancestors, judged by the vestiges which remain of them, the backwardness in which they are found is notable. They are not only much less civilized, they appear incapable of attaining to the same advancement in which they lived when the Europeans invaded their country. They do not lack intelligence, but they possess a certain characteristic stubbornness which inclines them to view with suspicion and distrust all efforts by the colonists to improve their condition. This is not much to be wondered at, considering the violence and cruelties they have been subjected to in the past.

Some of the Indians have considerable musical genius. During the feast of San Salvador, the chief feast of the year, a few of them from Guatemala performed on a *marimba*, a musical instrument formed of wood. The keys — of varying lengths — are struck with a sort of drum-stick. The tunes played are intelligible and pleasing, and the performance is very enjoyable.

The agricultural products of Salvador are considerable, both in numbers and quantity. Among the principal are indigo, rice, sugar, starch, balsam, coffee, India-rubber, and tobacco. The exports of indigo amounted in 1879 to 1,186,894 pounds, valued at as many dollars.

Fruit is plentiful and cheap. Many of the species, — not to be found away from home, — are very curious. Before all others the orange is the omnipresent fruit tree, every house or hotel out of town having its attendant orange trees.

San Salvador, the capital of the republic, was founded in 1528 by Alvarado the Spaniard, in commemoration of his victory over the natives. It is twenty-four miles in a direct line from the Pacific Ocean, and about thirty-six from the port of La Libertad. The population is about twenty thousand. It is a plain, unpretentious looking city, but there are three handsome public buildings in the principal plaza, — a cathedral, then in course of construction, the national palace, and the university. The palace is a fine, large building two stories high; it is of timber, somewhat in the composite style of architecture. The dwellings occupied by the well-to-do classes are generally arranged in the following manner. A gateway large enough to admit a carriage affords access to a courtyard, from which the various rooms and offices of the house open. Many of the courts contain a fountain, and nearly all of them are planted with trees and flowering shrubs. A piazza stretches along each side of the square, their eaves being supported by thick columns, which

lend a massive, substantial appearance to the structure. A small door, hung in one of the large folding gates, gives admission to the inhabitants when the gate is shut. The windows that look upon the street are hinged French fashion, and are protected by light vertical iron rods, which are somewhat outside the line of the wall. As the side-walks are very narrow, — wide enough for two only to go abreast, — and as the windows are much left open, these bars are simply for purposes of protection. They are not for guarding imprudent señoritas, neither do they suggest a prison life, but rather one of security and peace. These dwellings, externally, though having no claim to architectural ornament, are plainly yet neatly finished, and the interior is furnished with sufficient elegance and good taste. The style and arrangement of these habitations are well adapted to the climate; in the heat of the day the trickling water and the shade of the trees and plants are soothing and cool.

During my stay in the capital a new house was erected for the President. It is two and a half stories high, well and substantially built, but its style belongs to the north, — to the United States, — and it seems, and is, entirely out of place.

In two plazas the market is held every two or three weeks alternately. This change of place allows of their thorough clearing and airing, it being impossible in their crowded condition to do so otherwise. Women alone vend the wares, and in the absence of market house or sheltering roof, they shade their positions by a piece of matting placed on horizontal poles supported by four up-rights. All these are cleared away in the general bi-weekly flitting.

When the hundreds of market-women have unawares bundled their traps and stolen away to the other market place, the effect produced in one's mind is comical on seeing not a vestige of yes-

terday's busy scene in the deserted open space.

The baskets they use for marketing are open and round, without handles. The large ones are carried on the head, and the small ones are poised gracefully on the uplifted hand. The weight some of the women can carry on the head is astonishing. I have seen them walk away in this manner with a quantity of corn that would have been no small load for a mule's back, and the cheerful, musically intoned "*Adios, pues*" in greeting to a passing acquaintance indicated a mind unruffled and contented. Many of them are handsome and comely in figure and face, their beautiful eyes not sparkling, but introspective, and like lamps that burn low and clear. The women of all classes dress neatly, and in a manner suited to the climate and to their means.

The *mozas* appear on Sunday in a plain white dress. A broad long scarf falls from the head, the ends being passed under and over the arms. The señoras wear shawls placed on the shoulders in the usual way, leaving the head bare. Comparatively few wear hats; they use parasols to shade from the sun, but not always—they do not seem to be afraid of the sunshine. I scarcely recollect seeing a single mantilla, which is supposed to be the regulation part of the Spanish ladies' dress, all the time I was in Central America.

It is very animating to see the women thus dressed, and in colors corresponding to the bright sunshine streaming across the broad plaza to the church.

The men dress as they do in Europe or in the States, but the working men generally don their clean-washed white clothes, the majority going barefoot.

I was much attracted by the children of the poor—the little girls—some of them perfect models of childish beauty in their long dresses, like those of grown people.

The drainage and sanitary arrange-

ments of the city were at that time defective, and cleanliness was too much disregarded. The consequences were to be seen in the mortality among the population, especially among the children. It is customary for a band of music to accompany every funeral. When the deceased is young, the band performs, not dead or slow marches, but quick-step tunes. Some of these airs, though simple, are not to be excelled in sweetness. There is more than usual of that in them that prompted the exclamation of Jean Paul Richter—"Away, away, thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found, and never shall find."

Somehow, music was more charming in Salvador than anywhere else, especially if the pieces played were of native production. The military band performs two or three times a week in the central plaza in the evenings. It is on those delightful occasions crowded with the citizens. Even the intoned barbarities of some of the greatest composers were less intolerable when sounded from the instruments of these gifted performers. If an organ was played at night, with what astonishing power and beauty it rang through the silent *calles*.

I delighted in an Italian's evening visits to the hotel. He used to come round during the day with a boot-blackening outfit, to pick up an odd *real* or two by polishing the boots of the guests. And sometimes of an evening he would put in an appearance with a hurdy gurdy. Well I remember one tune it played—a noble, classical air, which had a fascinating ring of gentlemanly *insouciance* about it, that always reminded me of the admonition of Christ to his disciples, commencing the fourteenth chapter of John, "*No se turbe vuestro corazon.*"

One evening, a watchmaker, an American living in the hotel—the only watchmaker in the city of any account—under the influence of a few *copas de cognac*, declared he could play the organ bet-

ter than the Italian, and insisted on sharing in the performance. Between the two, that hurdy gurdy was ground for all it was worth, and the bar-room and hotel were flooded to running over with music. It was a red letter musical festival evening, and no mistake.

The atmosphere in the morning is cool and especially clear and pleasant — such mornings as make a fellow think with rapture of “his dinner, his mother, and heaven.”

There is a wet and a dry season, lasting about six months each. In the capital the rain seldom falls before half past seven or eight o'clock in the evening. In that regard the clerk of the weather is very partial to the city, for consequently work suffers no hindrance from the rain. Four or five evenings in the week the rain falls, its approach heralded by heavy clouds and gusts of wind — strong enough to make things lively without doing any damage. This lasts a few minutes and then, accompanied by thunder and lightning, it rains as if it would rain its last. The streets that run in the direction the land inclines are converted into beds for rushing torrents, not fordable for the time being, — the middle of the street is the lowest in Salvador. The showers last from one to two and even three hours. That is the general state of the weather in the wet season; once in a long while, however, the rain sets in for a spell of a few days at a stretch. Probably the wet season is the pleasantest time of the year; the air is cooled and the dust on the roads and in the streets is settled, but people must be careful to avoid getting wet for fear of *calentura*.

The cemetery is situated in a south-westerly direction on the outskirts of the capital. It contains several monuments and tombs that are artistically and historically interesting. Among others is one erected in memory of General Barrios, who was executed a few years ago under the branches of a gigan-

tic tree that grows near to the cemetery gate. The republic at the time was in a state of political turmoil and agitation. Barrios had been president, if I mistake not, and he was liked by the people. His enemies trumped up charges against him and he was imprisoned, and after a mock trial condemned to death. The populace determined on a rescue, but he was hurried out one morning at an unexpectedly early hour and shot. The monument represents the bereaved widow kneeling beside the body of her husband. Barrios of Salvador must not be confounded with Rufino Barrios, late president of Guatemala, who was killed in battle with the opposing forces of the Republic of Salvador. One of the earthquakes disinterred a great many bodies in the cemetery. An inscription on a tomb is to the effect that these remains were collected and placed in it.

The features of the landscape in the environs of San Salvador derive point and character from the ruins of two aqueducts that converge towards it. They are built of brick, and they were irremediably impaired by the earthquake of 1854. The water is now conveyed in pipes in the usual way. The air of antiquity that the ruins of these aqueducts give, with other characteristics, makes it easy to fancy one's self traveling through old Spain.

The *mozos*, — laboring men, — who live in the country, carry *machetes*, which are long, broad, heavy knives, — in fact, rather swords or scimitars than knives. They use them at work in the fields. The appearance of swarthy fellows armed with these Moorish looking weapons is suggestive of anything but republican citizenship. Wages for native labor are small, but the habits and wants of the laboring classes are few and simple, and although many of them are to be found in miserable hovels, they seem, personally, much in advance of their surroundings.

To judge by the number of scholars who appear in the streets the common schools are well attended. The university building was being enlarged, and a very creditable exhibition was given of free-hand drawings by the students, who seem to be the only portion of the citizens who take an active independent part in politics.

Theatricals, moderate and legitimate, are much appreciated by the working people, as well as by the other classes. The Spanish plays were to me monotonous and uninteresting, — an impression that would not be removed even with a better knowledge of the language. The dialogues were extended and wearisome, but the audience always seemed pleased and gratified, and no impatience was manifested. There were no gods to propitiate or appease. A troupe of operatic singers was procured from Italy; they were subsidized by the government, and assisted by resident talent, also Italian, the prima donna being among the latter. Now opera, to me, is like traveling in a country where the few spots of beauty are not enough reward for crossing the long stretches of sterility that separate them; but that troupe of operatic performers — quite unknown to English-speaking fame — assembled in the theater of the very modest little city of San Salvador, gave me by their good taste a new interpretation of opera.

I have alluded to the appearance of the women in San Salvador. An occasional one is to be met whose beauty of face far exceeds anything I ever beheld anywhere else, — a certain nobleness of expression much superior to mere regularity of feature, which is increased by the *moreno* tint. The prettiest I saw in the many walks I used to take outside the city was washing clothes at a small stream near the path. A line or two on the noble face spoke of the mother's pains and anxieties, lending an air of sweet gravity to the features.

We are reminded of the existence of

these republics, out of the track of emigration and travel, only by an occasional paragraph in the newspapers, to the effect that one or other of them is in a state of revolution or at war with some of its neighbors. But I soon found that the inhabitants of Salvador commended themselves to me in many particulars: their simplicity and good manners, their good taste in dress and disregard of fashion, the absence of trumpery publication either in book or newspaper form, the easy flow of work and business, and the oft recurring festival holiday.

It was with satisfaction I saw that in Salvador business is an auxiliary to living, — they work that they may live.

Some attempt is or was being made, principally by outsiders, to introduce the building of railroads. But railroads are not required; they would only involve the country in debt, and either furnish a field where some superior business machines could use their abilities in raking the proceeds from them into their own insatiable coffers, — to the impoverishment of better men, — or tempt the powers that be to do as they did in a neighboring republic, which raised a loan of seventeen million dollars, — ostensibly for railroading purposes, — four millions only of which sum were devoted to that and the rest stolen. If in Salvador they keep the wagon roads in good repair, these roads will be amply sufficient for freight and travel for many years to come. The republic was at that time under the presidency of a man who has since then said something about the effect that railroads would have in the admission of the Central American republics into the brotherhood of nations. Salvador and her sisters will do better by showing an example to the world that they can do without railroads until the real needs of the population and legitimate business call for them. The land basks in the "fixed smile of the tropics," and the inhabitants can dispense with many things that in cold climates

are indispensable. They can afford to let the resources of the country lie dormant and undeveloped. Let them slight these for a while, and with personal good example, without which all twaddle about "brotherhoods" is idle, let the governing classes turn their attention to the development of the nation's moral and spiritual resources.

There are several newspapers published in San Salvador. In one of them I was surprised to see a series of articles giving a merciless exposure of sacerdotal iniquity. Politics, however, was not one of the subjects upon which the editors dared exercise their abilities.

Generally the presidents have filled their positions more after the manner of despots than according to strict republican principles. In the government of nations, when administered wisely and well, an occasional stroke of despotism is to be sighed for; but despots are apt to abuse their power, and that has been too much the case in Central America. In that country, however, the evil has not been unmixed,—in Guatemala, for instance. In a sketch I have read of that republic, it was described as being infested by a "dissolute aristocracy and a venal priesthood." When Barrios stepped into power, he with Napoleonic promptitude put a stop to their nonsense, and though he afterward marred his own good work to a great extent, the moral effect of his action at the time was not confined to Guatemala. President Barrios was, if I am correctly informed, a *mestizo*,—mixed breed,—and it is further to his credit that he did not neglect the Indians in the republic he governed, securing their confidence and friendship. His pet scheme was the unity of Central America, a necessary part of the plan, I suppose, being that he himself was to be president over the united republics. It was while marching with his army on Salvador that he met the troops of the latter, and in the battle that ensued lost his life; and

with the fall of its advocate the scheme of Central American unity collapsed. The day might have gone differently if the invading army had not lost its chief, and it might not. I am strongly inclined to think that even in the other event, the soldiers of Salvador would not have belied the estimate I formed of them whilst in the country they defended so bravely against an unjustifiable invasion.

While I was in San Salvador I saw a strange sight in the street one feast day. A man was undergoing penance by crawling from one church to another. Both churches were in the same street, and the distance between them was about half a mile. The man had on a white suit of light underclothing, and a white cap was drawn down over his face. He crawled—not on his hands and knees—no; those who imposed the penance knew a trick worth two of that,—he crawled on his elbows and knees, and in the middle of the street, over the irregularly laid jagged stones. One or two women, however, stayed with the man, and spread pieces of cloth to soften somewhat the hardness of the road. What was the sin or fault of which he was guilty I did not learn.

The feast of San Salvador lasts about ten days. The citizens then have a cheerful good time of it. Merchants crowd in from the neighboring republics, bringing all kinds of wares, which they display on stands in the streets, and there are processions every day in which both sexes and all classes join, including the president. The ladies in the ranks adorn and grace these displays, and add wonderfully to their attractiveness. There is also in addition a sort of *tableaux vivants*,—scenes from classical poems and plays. The structures upon which they are enacted are highly ornamented, with much taste and at no small expense, and they are borne aloft on the shoulders of men, some of them requiring one or two hundred supporters. The processions dis-

band in one of the plazas amid brilliant and deafening pyrotechnics. I may say the entire population of the city is out of doors and in attendance on these occasions.

As regards the economical and business aspects of the Republic, I took but little interest in them. I congratulated myself that I had struck a country which was in many respects so far in advance morally and intellectually of other nations, which are always supposed to occupy the van. The working classes are not discontented; the wealthy classes and the well-to-do seem also to be satis-

fied with their lot, and to have none of the tiger-like greed for more riches that characterizes many of their kin in our own republic, nor do they indulge in the vulgarity of trying to outshine their neighbors in expensive display. The lines of social demarcation are not very strictly drawn. Existence there, compared with existence here, is like the enjoyment of calm, quiet health, compared with a state of feverish unrest.

In bidding *adios* to Salvador I express a hope that no mere sordid business enterprise may invade her precincts, but better may she speed.

John Newbigging.

THE MOAN OF THE MOJAVE.

I AM the desert, — hearken to my moan.

All day I pant beneath a pitiless sky,
All night I sicken in the ghastly light
Of a cold moon, or in the dark I lie.

Accursed am I, accursed of God and man.

A death in life is mine. Alone — alone —
In my bare heart no throb of mother's joy,

And o'er my breast, sadly even spring winds moan.
Yes, cursed am I, and cursed my children, too.

The gray coyote sneaking o'er the sand,
And the gaunt cactus, that pariah, who

Against the world has raised his armed hand.

At times my heart is filled with savage rage,

Its fires burn fierce, and with my blasting breath
I scorch, and blight, and burn all living things,

And in mad joy, I shriek, "Death — death — death — death!"
Then comes a voice, far off, and yet so near,

Saying, "Peace, be still!" Softly the west wind sighs
And to my wildest plainings only brings,

On perfumed wings, gentle and sweet replies:—
Replies from flowery lands, beloved of God;

From fair green fields and gentle, murmuring rills,
From singing birds, from fat, contented beasts;—

I bow resigned, and peace my sad heart fills.

The lily's dainty cup, the beauteous rose,

The lizard and the toad, the adder's fang,

Were by the same hand fashioned not in vain,

I bow resigned: He made me, and He knows.

Jane Porter.

RECENT FICTION.

THE cheap "libraries" continue to multiply in number, while the old ones still drag out their lengthening chains. Almost every publisher of note—with many of no note at all—is publishing one or several series of cheap books. But the chorus of approval that greeted the early stages of this development has about died out, and murmurs are heard regarding several kinds of damage done by this flood of cheap literature. It is a good thing in some cases, perhaps, that poor people can get Shakspeare or Emerson or George Eliot for ten cents a volume; and yet in human nature it is almost a universal principle that a thing is valued at what it costs. A book bought for ten cents is in the thought of the buyer a ten cent book, even though it be the greatest of masterpieces. As such it is read hastily and thrown aside,—indeed many of these books are worn out with one reading,—and so the habit, universal when books were scarce and dear, of reading and studying them again and again, and holding them as precious things, is destroyed. But this, though it is the cause of serious intellectual debasement, is not the greatest ill; the moral aspect also is in several ways serious. Many of these books are pirated, and their readers are put in the position of receivers of stolen goods. But perhaps the greatest harm of all is the loss of moral discrimination in the choice of books. Twenty-five years ago the dime novel was recognized even by the school-boy as he hid it behind his geography for secret perusal, as a dangerous book, one that he would be ashamed to be caught reading even out of school hours. Reputable books, on the other hand, cost their dollar and a half and were valued accordingly. But now, where is this marked and evident distinction? In the

same "library," with the same external appearance, at the same price, you shall buy the Bible, and *The Pirates' Bride* and all grades between. In consequence the unformed moral sense is confused, and books as a whole are degraded in popular estimation.

The books in these "libraries" must appear at regular intervals to obtain the low postage given on periodicals, and the publishers are thus obliged to print a vast amount of vapid and dreary stuff that would otherwise never see the light. This tirade is not particularly occasioned by the books immediately in hand for review, though several of them are "library" books. The chief offender is *Miss Middleton's Lover*¹, or, *Parted on their Bridal Tour*, as the sub-title adds. The frontispiece is a portrait of the "gifted authoress,"—no other name seems to apply,—well calculated to disarm the stern critic; and this is followed by a wilderness of bad grammar, bad taste, and weak sentiment. Perhaps the moral of the book—Don't marry without love, and don't let there be any secrets between husband and wife—may redeem it a little, and yet these are not likely to be impressed much by so slight a book, for—to use the pet phrase of the author—it "sounds like nothing human." Another, also a reprint of an English novel, is *Eve*,² the second number of Appleton's new cheap series. It approaches the machine novel,—all its parts interchangeable with the multitudinous similar product of the system. Some little individuality is perhaps traceable at times, but not often. The actress marrying into a family of the country squire

¹ *Miss Middleton's Lover*. By Laura Jean Libbey. New York: The American News Co. 1888.

² *Eve*. By S. Baring Gould. *Town and Country Library*. D. Appleton & Co. New York: 1888.

class brings in a strain of evil and roving blood that has to be worked out of succeeding generations in suffering and in crime. The pretty, trifling Eve and her practical sister are no new types. The wild brother, shielded by the self-sacrifice of Jasper and the blind devotion of Watt, the hump-backed younger brother, — these we have read of before; the jealous murder, the trysting place on the high rock, and the final plunge from it, these are frequent enough, — in novels. Even less, perhaps, than usual are shown the motives that cause the actions of the characters, or rather the actions are so out of proportion to the motives that are indicated, that the reader wonders at times if the scene of the story is not laid in some outlying province of Bedlam; and the speech and customs of the people are so far removed from any recognizable life, that were it not for an occasional allusion to Byron and other modern matters, the author might as well be writing with the time of Cromwell in his mind's eye. Of course, the good triumphs in the end, and the reader is dismissed with edifying moral conclusions. This is as it should be, and yet moral conclusions carry small weight when thrown in as a sop to the consciences of people that read novels with a little twinge of doubt as to whether novel reading is not an unjustifiable waste of time, — as the reading of such novels as *Eve* undoubtedly is.

In the Gainsborough series, another of Appleton's paper-covered issues is printed, *A Little Maid of Acadie*,¹ a story of much better grade than the one just noticed. A little girl, Françoise, — or in the *patois* she uses, Françuaise, — is brought up by a grandmother in Longfellow's Acadia. As a result of family differences, she has put into her mind a strong dislike of her mother and sisters; and the reader, — though per-

haps not intended to do so, — is rather inclined, because of their vapid worldliness, to share in this dislike when the family comes back to Acadie to claim the old family place. The shy little creature, as usual in stories, is not so shy that she does not capture the eligible young men in the narrative. Her difficulty in making a decision, solved by discovering that one of the leading two had been married to her sister in a former state of existence, is the staple of the story. With all this commonplaceness of plot, there is something pleasant in the way the story is told, — the quaintness of the provincial French phrases and manners and good pictures of the Acadian landscape making it worth the hour required for its reading.

Still in the region of the paper-covered, though at the fifty-cent altitude, there is a book sent by the publishers of a New York cartoon weekly, with the statement that it is by a well known New Yorker, and a request for a guess as to his name. A sum of money is offered for the first correct answer. The limit of time has passed, however, within which these were to be received, and this reviewer does not care to make a venture in this direction, confessing not only inability to guess who the writer is, but even to guess why he wrote at all. The book² is an extravaganza of the siege of Paris, full of impossibilities and absurdities ostensibly humorous. The best point is where the Frenchman, in an attempt at colloquial English, congratulates the hero, as having "ze horizontal — ze level — ze flat head." Some of the soap advertising speeches of the government agent in disguise as a peddler are also funny.

In a paper series that maintains a much better standard of merit than most of them comes *Two College Girls*,³ an at-

¹ *A Little Maid of Acadie*. By Marian C. L. Reeves. Gainsborough Series. D. Appleton & Co. New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

² Napoleon Smith. New York: The Judge Publishing Company. 1888.

³ *Two College Girls*. By Helen Dawes Brown. Ticknor's Paper Series. Boston: 1888.

tempt at a "Tom Brown" for a girls' college, — presumably Vassar. Without succeeding to the fullest extent, the book is an interesting and amusing story of the life of the girl undergraduate. The characteristics of the New England girl are brought into sharp contrast with the Chicago girl, her room-mate; yet the differences are shown to be more of early association and education than inherent in the real characters of the girls. The demure maiden whose home is "seventy miles from Boston" never had the chance to develop a frivolous liking for frizzes and ribbons, and the Chicago girl is not without her serious aspirations, in spite of her giggling and fondness for pickles. The influence of these two on each other, mutual repulsion, gradually disappearing on closer knowledge, is well shown. Of course, the quiet girl captures the brother of her room-mate, and at the end is borne off to married felicity in Chicago. The book is not likely to become the classic that "Tom Brown" is, and yet it will probably be long before a better girls' college book is written. Possibly there will come next a tale of the co-educational college, in which there is a likely field for effort. There has been a description of the girl in the boy's college, but not of the life in the colleges where girls and boys are equally at home. The present Michigan, or Cornell, or Berkeley, would serve for this purpose, and a fair picture of either of them in the form of fiction would do a needed work in removing the prejudice against the system of co-education that still lurks in many quarters.

Fairly among the bound books at last, we give the first place to *Manuelo's Narrative*,¹ which purports to be a translation of a manuscript found in a Portuguese monastery, as deciphered by the monks of Evora. The writer of the scroll was supposed to be Father Justino, who obtained the narrative from the lips of

Manuelo, a Portuguese sailor, three hundred and fifty years ago. Manuelo was left for dead on the shores of San Francisco Bay by his ship-mates, who while on a search for water had rashly provoked the natives. But the brave sailor was not dead, of course, and came to, to enter on a remarkable chain of adventures among the Indians of the newly discovered country. First he dwelt on the Marin shore, and then by various flights, occasioned generally by love matters, he went among the Santos, — the Oaklanders of that day, — and southward among the Barbos, the Anglos, and the Dagos. In every place his civilized intelligence served him in good stead, and he became finally a king and generalissimo in a grand series of wars, which are duly celebrated in the narrative. He was not only skilled in matters of the heart and in war, but was a prophet of no small pretensions.

Standing on Mount Tamalpais he viewed "all the wonder that should be" across the Golden Gate, and this so accurately that he foretold San Francisco life and customs down to the little things, even the pavements and fashions being described. It will be seen that it is not a probable plot, and the narrator is not able to keep his face entirely straight in telling it. The style is remarkable for an intimate mixture of prose and verse; it often drops into rhyme and metre for a few lines spontaneously, with no warning, even in the manner of setting the type. Then it takes to verse openly, and runs in that fashion for chapters together, dropping back into prose again with no word of apology, when the stock of rhymes is exhausted. Verse and rhyme enough there is, but that does not indicate anything poetic; for the style of the narrative differs not at all, except for inversions to make the rhyme, in the two forms. Readable is not exactly the word to apply to the book, and the chief satisfaction from it is that gained by the "Pioneer" in writing it.

¹ Manuelo's Narrative. By a Pioneer. Samuel Carson & Co. San Francisco: 1888.

*Jack in the Bush*¹ is an account of a so-called summer school, which means a camping trip where two gentlemen take a party of six lads into the woods in the northeastern corner of the province of Quebec. The instruction is in fishing and shooting, with some attention to the development of the noble and sportsman-like virtues in the boys. There was some doubt as to whether this book should be reviewed as fiction, or as a book on hunting and fishing, but a short examination of some of the fishing stories,—notably one where the young angler plays a big salmon five hours and four minutes before killing him,—stamped unmistakably the category to which it belongs. Mr. Grant is guilty of a number of slips that betray the want of care in his work. He is not always sure of the names of his boys, using Fielding for Fearing, and a shotgun offered for a prize becomes a rifle in the course of a few pages. These are small matters, but they indicate lack of attention. It is to be doubted if youngsters taken on a trip like the one here described would always be so successful in escaping the results of their rashness as these boys are, and yet the book will do a good work if it encourages like undertakings in real life. The manly tone of the boys and the generous rivalry between them is worthy of commendation.

Another outdoor book is *Tenting on Stony Beach*,² a narrative of the venture of two ladies who, with no other protection than a huge mastiff, camped on the old south shore of Massachusetts Bay. The mastiff, however, was quite a protection, for he “sat on his tail and grinned,” at any intrusive person in a very formidable way. Part of the time these enterprising women cooked for themselves on the kerosene stove in their

tent, and part of the time they were “mealers” at a house chiefly devoted to “chippering up” Mr. Simms, a melancholy dyspeptic. They had much difficulty in breaking in a dory also, and more in getting such small help as they needed from the shiftless dwellers on the shore. But it is not necessary to catalogue all the doings of these campers to show the character of the book. It is charmingly written, with many humorous passages and some, too, in which there is a strong touch of pathos. The life of the fisher folk is drawn with sympathetic hand, and the reader is given a better insight into human nature, even while he laughs at the happenings on Stony Beach. The book is tastefully printed and bound, as goes without saying in a Houghton-Mifflin book.

An edition of Mrs. Burnett's *Editha's Burglar*³ illustrated profusely from drawings by Henry Sandham, is among recent books. The pretty little story is one of the daintiest bits of writing by the author of many such, its special charm lying in its naturalness. Every one has known children that might have acted as Editha did, and every one feels that a burglar might behave much as Editha's burglar. He is not too good for his profession, and the moral bracing given him by the child requires time to act, and is not overdrawn. The illustrations seem to have been carefully composed and drawn, but the engraving is poor; by far the best pictures in the book are the direct reproductions, uncoarsened by the tool of the unskillful workman.

A dainty little volume in a dainty little series is *Undine, and Sintram and his Friends*⁴ in the Putnam's “Knickerbocker Nuggets” series. The delightful story of the water maiden and her

¹Jack in the Bush. By Robert Grant. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Company. 1888.

²Tenting at Stony Beach. By Maria Louise Pool. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Company.

³Editha's Burglar. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Boston: Jordan Marsh & Co. 1888.

⁴Undine and Sintram and his Friends. By De La Motte Fouqué. “Knickerbocker Nuggets” series. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

mortal lover, with its delicacy, its sweetness, and its pathos, never grows old. The grace of the Frenchman and the mysticism and earnestness of the German were united in Fouqué in so kindly a mixture of the elements that his creations are like nothing else; and *Undine* is the flower of them all, as immortal in literature as in her water nymph's nature itself. *Sintram*, that strong allegory of the struggles of a human soul from barbarism to light, is a fitting companion to *Undine*, and a power for good to many generations. The dress into which these stories are put is almost worthy of them. A dainty embossed binding, half cloth, but closely resembling half leather, a beautiful antique type, a carefully considered size and shape, and good illustrations by Heywood Sumner serve to render the book a delight. The only changes that would improve it are the substitution of real leather for cloth, the correction of five or six misprints, and the alteration of one queer mis-translation, — where on page 32 Huldbrand is made to point his "rifle" at the apparition.

For the final word has been saved the book of all the modern work in hand deserving of most serious critical consideration. Miss Litchfield has been praised in these pages before, and praise is to be the tenor in the present notice. And yet the first pages of *A Hard Won Victory*¹ do not attract the reader. The

characters she introduces are developed afterward into people worthy of study and liking; but as they are first shown they seem commonplace. The serious girl, not satisfied without a "mission" in life, is she not one of the stock heroines? And does it not "follow as the night the day" that there is the careless and faultless city man to set over against her as a foil? But this serious maiden is more than usually set in her cranky notions, — as her friends consider them, — and to prove her earnestness goes to nurse a cross and cynical old major-general of a woman. Her influence in the frivolous and Philistine household, and no less its influence on her, are subtly traced, not of course the melodramatic sweeping of things before her by the power of her loving spirit, but more the silent moulding that happens in real life. But a great trial comes; she is placed in a position where she has to weigh in the balance her own happiness against that of another woman under circumstances of great temptation. Her struggle with herself, its vacillations, and its crisis are carefully done, — and Miss Litchfield may claim to have created a character that is an acquisition to literature and to life.

There are flaws in the plot, as for instance the threadbare expedient of the missent letter, but the reader on finishing the book is not in a mood to pick flaws in it.

LE CONTE'S EVOLUTION AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.²

It is enough for thoughtful readers in California, and indeed in a much wider field, to know that Professor Joseph Le Conte has published a book on evolution,

to lead them to look for a valuable and delightful work. Never has he failed to more than fulfil expectations thus formed. In the present volume his task

¹ *A Hard Won Victory*. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

² *Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought*. By Joseph Le Conte. New York: 1888. D. Appleton & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

has been to discuss the three questions: "What is evolution? Is it true? What then?"—and to discuss them in a manner intelligible to the non-scientific reader, while yet "profitable to the special biologist." The limits he has imposed on himself, 338 small octavo pages, compel the greatest condensation of style, and yet there is no ambiguity and hardly a trace of the baldness of which he speaks in his preface. Doubtless with the wealth of material at his hand he could have expanded the work to three times its present size, and the reader would have said, "Well done." But there is no essential link in the triple chain of evidence on which evolution hangs that is not made plain to any careful reader.

The work to which it is most nearly akin in this portion is "Evolution of Today," by Doctor Conn of Wesleyan, noticed in the *OVERLAND* for January, 1887. That book was praised because of its great fairness in stating the evidences of evolution and the objections to the theory. It placed the reader in a position to judge for himself. Professor Le Conte, though not less fair, speaks more as with authority in the matter. The size of his book does not permit of giving the arguments on minor points in full, and he has wisely claimed the right to omit these in his summary, and directs the reader's attention, where it chiefly belongs, on the underlying principles. Nevertheless, the main objections that have been urged are fairly given and the explanations of them.

As to the status of the theory he speaks more confidently than Doctor Conn. Doctor Conn's book was largely intended for evolution skeptics. By a tentative way of putting the doctrine and grave attention to objections from any source, he won the confidence of timid thinkers in the conservative character of his conclusions. As they read, the conviction forced itself upon them, as originally upon the scientists them-

selves, that evolution had strong points in its favor,—that it explained many otherwise perplexing phenomena,—that it probably had some truth in it,—that it was undoubtedly an established theory.

Professor Le Conte recapitulates the discussion, so that confidence in the truth of evolution is strengthened in the minds of those already acquainted with it, and conviction forced on those that will fairly study argument and weigh authority, and while not so well adapted as Conn's book to convince people unawares and against their wills, is better suited to present needs.

And those needs are to show people that believe in evolution what to do with it,—how to place it among other doctrines in their mental household, and to orient it with their earlier beliefs.

This service is a most necessary and important one, rather *the* necessary and important service to the world of thought of today. No man that has written on the subject has the qualifications in this direction that Professor Le Conte possesses. A pupil of Agassiz in those great formative days when Agassiz was laying broad the foundations for the doctrine of evolution without accepting it himself, Le Conte was an evolutionist even then. A mind of wonderful clearness, an imagination that serves him constantly with apt figure and comparison, an integrity of purpose that wins instant recognition, and a reverent faith—these with a lifetime of study and research have fitted him to speak on evolution in its relation to religious thought as few men can.

Professor Le Conte's position need hardly be stated to *OVERLAND* readers. He finds no words strong enough to express his assent to the doctrine. "We are confident that evolution is *absolutely certain*,"—"not only certain, it is axiomatic." "It is only necessary to conceive it clearly to see that it is a necessary truth." He is equally clear that

the doctrine is not materialistic in its tendency:—"Thus science, more than all other kinds of culture, simplifies while it infinitely ennobles and purifies our conceptions of Deity,"—"—our own self-consciousness and will and thought give rise, necessarily, to the conception of an infinite self-consciousness, will, and thought,—*i. e.*, God."

This thesis, that evolution is not only not antagonistic to the fundamentals of religious belief, but a strong argument in their support, is advanced and advocated in the third part of the book, with a force and eloquence that confirms Professor Le Conte in his place of honor among the teachers of evolution and the defenders of theism. Let more be said, for it is doing a good deed to encourage the spread of doctrine so sane as this book teaches. It is hardly possible that any scientific materialist can read the last eighty-two pages of this book carefully and not realize that his giving up of re-

ligious belief is not the foregone necessity that he sadly imagined when he was forced by cumulative evidence to acknowledge that evolution is true. On the other hand, to many troubled souls in the Christian Church, who have watched with fear the steady growth of this suspicious theory,—which was assumed to show that nature created itself by blind law and needed no God,—this book will come like a revelation. Let all such perplexed ones read and take heart, finding that there is a standpoint of calm and clear reason from which this strange doctrine may be made welcome, no subversive and terrible overthrow of cherished hopes, but a breaking away of barriers that shall enlarge their view and make grand their conceptions, as much as did Galileo's telescope when it showed that this earth was not the center of a little group of stars, but only one of myriads of worlds in the universe of God.

ETC.

It is to be wished,—scarcely hoped,—that even yet the country might be saved the discredit of violation of treaty obligations. That California is determined to stop altogether the admission of Chinese laborers is settled; and that,—what with the very considerable sympathy with her position felt in Eastern States, especially by the laboring classes, and the political fear a "doubtful State" can inspire,—she is perfectly able in a presidential year to accomplish her will, is also settled. But what possible need there was of roughly, and with even insulting haste, breaking a treaty, when its honorable abrogation by due and regular notice was perfectly open to our Congress, it is hard to see. Whatever evils are befalling the State through evasion of the exclusion law,—and there is too strong political and journalistic bias as to these to make sober people feel as certain as the politicians and journals do of their magnitude,—certainly we shall not be enough the worse for waiting the short time necessary for formal abrogation to justify breaking our faith with another nation, or with the humblest subjects of another nation. "A nation that violates its treaties" is a bad sneer to have to meet; and when, remembering the experience of the

Indians with our treaties, the sneer becomes, "A nation that violates its treaties *with the weak*," it is a worse one. The struggle for party advantage has precipitated a position in this matter from which it seems impossible for the nation to escape with credit.

It was doubtless outside of human nature that the Chinese matter should not have been more or less imported into the presidential campaign, although we suppose no right-minded person,—unless he is temporarily made wrong-minded by intense bias,—thinks it has any business there. Mr. Harrison's vote on the Chinese Restriction Act, as one of his public actions, is as open to public criticism and as justly liable to influence electors for or against him, as his other votes,—on the Blair Bill or the Pension Bill, for instance. But to make it the pretext for an unreasoning anti-Chinese outcry directed to his disadvantage, is of course sheer demagoguery. So too is the attempt to excite class feeling against him on the strength of his apparently perfectly proper action in the railroad strikes in Indiana. So too is the attempt—now somewhat on the wane, we think—

to make capital against the President by an anti-English outcry, whether in connection with the fisheries negotiation or with the proposed reduction of import duties. So too, in its inception, at least, is the attempt still in full swing to confuse with the plain issue of this campaign the remote and theoretic question of free trade or protection. In its inception, we say, for there is more honest ignorance mixed up with this piece of demagoguery than with the others; as is natural, since it involves somewhat more abstruse considerations of finance and trade. Then again, the many people in the country that are doctrinally intense free traders or protectionists, and well primed with reasons for the faith that is in them, are not able to resist temptation to argument on the general question, especially as it requires very little exact information to have opinions as to whether there should be a protective tariff, but a good deal to know the rights and wrongs about wool, or sugar, or lumber, or jute; and these debaters very easily forget, or never paused to realize, that their doctrinal differences have nothing whatever to do with the question.

The University Matriculation.

HON. HORACE DAVIS,

President of the State University.

Dear Sir: Your assumption of the active direction of the State University seems a proper occasion to call attention to what appears to me a serious abuse in the conditions on which students are admitted to its colleges of applied science. In doing so I may briefly recall the history of the foundation of the institution. The act of Congress of July 2, 1862, donated 150,000 acres of land to the State, on condition that the proceeds thereof should be "inviolably appropriated to the endowment, etc., of at least one college, wherein the leading object shall be, (without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics,) to teach such branches of learning as are related to agricultural and mechanical arts." The State, by act of March 31, 1866, accepted this endowment, and established an institution to be called "Agricultural, Mining, and Mechanical Arts College," which was to afford "thorough instruction in agriculture, mining, and natural sciences connected herewith; in which the graduate of the common schools can commence, pursue, and finish a course of study terminating in theoretical and practical instruction in those sciences which bear directly upon agriculture, mining, and mechanical arts." These enactments, though not very elegantly expressed, sufficiently indicate the decided purpose of the legislature as well as of Congress, to give a preference to the strictly useful over the merely ornamental branches of education, and to throw the institution to be founded open to the youth of the State at large, making the leading objects of instruction agriculture, mining, and mechanical arts, and those branches of science con-

nected with them. Languages, literature, and pure science are not to be excluded, but they are distinctly relegated to a second place, as compared with applied science and the useful arts.

The recentness of our political and social organization, and the fact that our soil, climate, topography, and products, as well as our geographical position with respect to the rest of the civilized world, differed so essentially and entirely from those of the other States of the union, sufficiently account for and justify this discrimination.

It was not lost sight of, but re-enacted in the act of March 23, 1868, organizing the University in substitution for the "Agricultural, Mining, and Mechanical Arts College" of the previous session. Sections 4, 5, and 6 declare in what order the colleges in the University shall be established; they are first and in preference to all others the college of agriculture, for which minute directions are given, closing with the enactment that "these advantages shall be open in the first instance to students of the college of agriculture, who shall be entitled to a preference in that behalf." The college of mechanical arts is next to be established, and the regents are charged to "always bear in mind that the college of agriculture and the college of mechanical arts are an especial object of their care and superintendence, and that they shall be considered and treated as entitled primarily to the use of the funds donated for their establishment and maintenance by the said act of Congress." After these are to be established the college of mines, that of civil engineering, and such other colleges of arts as the disposable means will permit; and finally and last of all, the college of letters is to be called into existence.

These references to the statutes — and more might be added to the same effect — justify me, I think, in assuming that the design of the legislature was that any boy of fair talents, whose education had been carried forward as far as the public schools of his county could take him, should be eligible to enter the freshman class of the University, and there to be instructed in such useful branches of learning as to enable him to direct, intelligently and judiciously, the labor of persons engaged in agriculture, mining, or the mechanical arts, on which the prosperity of the State so largely depends. In fact, to suppose otherwise is to suppose that the intention was to exclude the greater part of the youth of the State from the benefits of the institution, and to confine them to those who were either residents of the two or three most populous counties, where high schools existed, or the children of wealthy parents who could afford to give them good private tuition; neither of which suppositions is admissible.

An American boy — certainly a California boy — is expected to get through his elementary education by about the age of sixteen, and then either go to college or to work, as the case may be. I will suppose

such a boy of fair general talents, brought up in one of the less populous counties of the State, and a graduate of its public schools. He is familiar, of course, with the routine of agriculture or mining as carried on in the vicinity of his place of residence, and desires to acquire a scientific knowledge of the same branches — just the sort of person and the sort of education the University was primarily founded for. He presents himself for examination as a candidate for the college of agriculture, mining, or mechanics; but what chance does such a youth stand of entering the institution? Not one in five hundred! Let us leave him for a moment knocking at the door, while we look at the subjects on which he has to be examined before he can get in. Here are some of them (I omit the elementary and really necessary ones, and insert only such as appear to me more or less subject to criticism).

English. “A short composition, correct in spelling, punctuation, paragraphing, and grammar, upon a subject announced at the time of the examination, and taken in 1888, and until further notice, from the following works: Tom Brown’s School Days at Rugby, Scott’s Lady of the Lake, Irving’s Alhambra, Thackeray’s Newcomes, Shakespeare’s Merchant of Venice and Julius Cæsar, (Rolfe’s or the Clarendon press edition).

“Applicants will also be required to analyse sentences from these works, and to pass an examination on the first seventy-one lessons in Kellogg’s text book on Rhetoric.”

Algebra. “(a) To quadratic equations, including the various methods of factoring; the theory of exponents, integral and fractional, positive and negative; and the calculus of radicals.

“(b) Quadratic equations, both single and simultaneous, their solution and their theory, including all the recognized methods of solution, and all equations reducible to the quadratic form; formation of equations from given roots.”

Plane Geometry. “(a) All the plane geometry except the metrical properties of regular polygons and the measurement of the circle.

“(b) The general properties of regular polygons, their construction, perimeters, and areas, and measurement of the circle, including the different methods of determining of the ratio of the circumference to the diameter.

Physics. “The elements of the subject, taught experimentally as shown in some work, as in Gage’s Elements of Physics; Peck’s Ganot (or a real equivalent) will cover the ground.”

English, 14. “The examination in this subject will presuppose thorough study of the selections named below. The applicant should be prepared to elucidate, in full, the meaning of any passage in the work assigned; to paraphrase such passage; to point out the rhetorical figures in it; to answer questions concerning the lives of the authors and the sub-

ject matter and structure of the works studied. The history of words should also receive attention, Skeat’s Etymological Dictionary being taken as the authority. For the present, the examination in word derivation will be limited to Spenser’s Prothalamion.

“Until further notice, the examination will be upon the following works: Scott’s Lay of the Last Minstrel; Whittier’s Snowbound; Longfellow’s Evangeline; Lowell’s Sir Launfal; Sir Roger De Coverly; Burke’s works, edited by Payne, Vol. I; and Hale’s longer English poems, omitting Wordsworth’s Laodamia and Shelley’s Adonais.”

To all which must be added either chemistry, botany, physiology, mineralogy, plane trigonometry, or free hand drawing, at the applicant’s option.

Now I go back to the poor lad we left waiting at the door of the college of agriculture, mining, or mechanical arts, and I ask again what chance has he of gaining admission to either of these? I said not one in five hundred; I should have said not one in ten thousand.

And please observe that the requirements are identical, no matter what particular branch of science the student may desire to pursue. He must, for example, be equally proficient in higher algebra and geometry, if he purposes to enter the college of agriculture, as if he offered himself for that of civil engineering; and for all the colleges of science, viz., agriculture, mechanic arts, mining, chemistry, and civil engineering, he must be not only much farther advanced in algebra and geometry than is required from a candidate for the college of letters, but must in addition be unusually well posted, for a boy of the age supposed, in such highly relevant and valuable scientific preparatory works as “Scott’s Lay of the Last Minstrel, Whittier’s Snowbound, Longfellow’s Evangeline, Lowell’s Sir Launfal, Sir Roger de Coverly, Burke’s works, edited by Payne, Vol. I, and Hale’s longer English poems, omitting Wordsworth’s Laodamia and Shelley’s Adonais,” the examination on which, it is expressly provided, “will presuppose *thorough study* of the selections named, and will extend over two periods of an hour and a half each,” during which the poor lad will be required “to elucidate in full the meaning of any passage in the work assigned; to paraphrase such passage; to point out the rhetorical figures in it; to answer questions concerning the lives of the authors, and the subject matter and structure of the works studied”! For some reason this excessive preparation in poetical and merely literary studies is not exacted of students entering on the classical or literary course, — and it may even be omitted by candidates for the colleges of science who possess a sufficient smattering of Latin to get through two books of Cæsar and four orations of Cicero. This may be consistent with the statutory preference to agriculture and mechanic arts over literature and classics, but I confess myself unable to perceive it.

Perhaps it may be supposed that the examinations as actually conducted are not subject to the criticism which an honest desire to fulfill the intent of the law naturally suggests on these enumerated requirements. The fact, however, is not so,—indeed, quite the contrary; I have looked over all the examination papers accessible—those of June last are, I think, a fair sample—and I have no hesitation in saying that those designed to test the student's proficiency in what I have called a smattering of Latin (subject VI) are vastly easier than the corresponding ones for the poetical and literary preparation for scientific studies (subject XIV). Eight lines and a half of Cæsar, nine and a half of Cicero, and eleven simple sentences to be put into Latin, are the whole of the former, while the latter contain such "crambos" as the following:

1. "Give a careful synopsis of the most striking passage in Tom Brown's School-days at Rugby."

2. "State what figure of speech is most employed by Irving in the Alhambra; quote examples if you can remember such; set forth the advantage, if any, of such use as Irving makes of the figure you select as most typical."

3. "State what you know of the author of The Newcomes; give a list of his writings; arrange those you have read in the order of excellence."

4. "Analyze the subjoined selection; defend [against what criticism?] the punctuation; point out archaic forms; *annotate* [What sort of notes is required? What need of annotation?] 'orts,' 'stal'd,' 'begin,' 'fashion,' 'corporal.'"

"Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion; do not talk of him,
But as a property!"

5. "Quote from memory a passage,—at least ten lines,—from Evangeline, setting it down in accurate form."

6. "There in a meadow by the river's side
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untyde,
As each had been a bryde,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs estrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket

And with fine fingers cropt full faëteously
The tender stalks on hye.'

"I. Annotate [!] the words estrayled, flasket, faëteously, hye, thereby."

"II. State (a) who wrote this poem, (b) what is its subject, (c) whence its title, (d) what is its metre, (e) what general term of description can you apply to it?"

7. "Give some account of the life and writings of Burke."

8. "Explain the allusions in the subjoined passage:

"Whilst we follow them along the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straights, [*sic*] whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dextrous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood."

9. "If this passage seems forcible to you, *set forth, if you can, the secret of the effect you note*!"

Now Mr. President, I ask, in all seriousness, whether this is a fair examination of a candidate for admission to the college of agriculture, mechanic arts, mining, chemistry, or civil engineering? May not a person attain the highest rank—absolutely the highest—in any one of these departments of learning without having ever read a line of any one of the authors or the writers referred to in these examination papers? Again, is it fair to exact from the student of agriculture or chemistry a greater proficiency in algebra or geometry than is required from students who take a merely literary course? Is it just to the less populous counties of the State where high schools do not exist? or is the demand for such advanced English scholarship as a condition of admission to the colleges of science, and not to that of letters, an honest compliance with the legal enactments I have quoted above? To me it seems directly the contrary. Instead of giving a preference to agriculture, mechanic arts, etc., over mere literature,

the admission examination discourages the selection of the colleges of science, and invites the student to give the preference to that of letters.

Not to be misunderstood, let me say I do not object to your undertaking to teach him all these things in the colleges of science, if judged proper by the faculty of the particular one to which the youth belongs. My objection is to exacting from him as a condition of admission to the special colleges a previous study of pure mathematics, history, and English literature to such an extent as to enable him to answer off-hand, in the solitude of the examination room where he must speak to no one, and amid the terrors of an inquisition so novel and disheartening to a boy, all about Tom Brown at Rugby, Hiawatha, Clive Newcome, Evangeline, the Lady of the Lake, Burke's orations and writings, and Grant's first administration, — for that, without having yet escaped from the domain of contemporary politics, is included in the history examination.

That I am right in this criticism on the tests for admission is proved by the fact that the register of the University shows but 22 pupils in the college of mechanic arts, 24 in the college of mines, 23 in the college of chemistry, and 6 in that of agriculture, — 75 students in all in these four colleges of science combined, while the college of letters alone comprises no less than 197 students! Again, the counties of San Francisco and Alameda alone supply two-thirds of the whole body of California students, and all the other counties of the State together but one-third. The University is a public trust, established for the benefit of all, and supported by the common purse: does not this style of management practically limit its benefits to the inhabitants of two counties only?

There is another and even more serious objection to this procrustean style of examination, which exacts as a condition of admission an equal acquaintance with subjects relevant and irrelevant to the course proposed by the candidate. It is that it almost certainly excludes boys who have some particular talent in a high degree, because ordinarily such special talents are granted at the expense of the general endowment. Some boys have an intuitive perception of the relations of numbers, and add, multiply, and divide mentally, with wonderful accuracy and ease; others who cannot do this have a ready apprehension of mathematical truth, and will run through their geometry, trigonometry, and conic sections with as much ease as reading a newspaper; and yet neither of these classes have any more taste for or appreciation of poetry or fiction than Harold Skimpole had of financial truth. Others are natural born mechanics; fellows who instinctively handle tools with the dexterity of a practised workman, but who cannot by any process be got to take the slightest interest in Tom Brown, or Burke, or Hiawatha, or Clive Newcome, or Evangeline. Such boys are of course one-

sided; they probably fall as much below the general level in certain points as they rise above it in others; but are they for that reason to be denied admission to the special colleges, founded to teach the very subjects towards which their natural talents incline them? To my mind they are just the boys for whom these special colleges are founded, as they certainly are the ones most likely to reflect credit on whatever institution can claim them for alumni. Yet such boys cannot enter any one of the special colleges of our University, because unable to pass an examination in subjects having little, I might fairly say no, relation to the studies they propose to pursue. For what relation exists between agriculture and algebra any more than between a river in Macedon and another in Monmouth? What has Hiawatha, or Evangeline, or Burke's orations, or Grant's first or second term to do with civil engineering or chemistry? I repeat, Mr. President, I do not object to endeavor to round off the angularities of youthful character by instruction in all the subjects at the University; my contention is simply that it is both unjust and unwise to exact proficiency in them as a condition of graduation — and *multo fortiori* of admission — to any of the special colleges such as agriculture, mining, mechanics, chemistry, or civil engineering. How many men of recognized eminence in science and art have been sadly wanting in some of the most ordinary school-boy attainments? General Grant was not the less a great soldier because his nouns and verbs did not always agree, nor was Bunyan less a great preacher and writer because ignorant of all book learning. The military academy whose rules would exclude the one, or the theological seminary which would shut out the other, would equally make a mistake.

Nasmith would not have been eligible as a pupil of our mechanical arts college before he reached the age of fifty, if then; but by that time he had invented the steam hammer and was famous. The same is true of Arkwright, the father of modern textile manufactures; of McCormick, whose reaper revolutionized the agriculture of the world. John Tyndall, when he issued from the humble Irish cabin in which he first saw the light, at about the age supposed, could not have been admitted to study physics or chemistry at Berkeley; nor could Michael Faraday probably at any time of his life; and all for inability to quote Longfellow's or Scott's poetry, to analyze one of Burke's splendid periods, and set forth the secret of its effect on the reader, or recall at will the incidents of Tom Brown's imaginary career at school or college, or defend against unannounced criticism the punctuation of an obscure passage of Shakespeare. Yet these men attained the foremost ranks of science. I might enumerate hosts of others, of whom as much might be said, from Watt down to Edison, but it is unnecessary.

The world has often remarked how large a propor-

tion of its really great men have worked their way to the front without the aid of a college education, and on the other hand how small a proportion of those who have received such education have been really distinguished in after life. It were well if we could make this otherwise, for it has led to unjust, though very natural suggestions, adverse to college training. But how can such a change be effected while boys of any strongly marked bent of inclination are excluded from our University? If every thing is leveled down to one standard, is it not necessarily that of mediocrity?

A learned professor for whom and for whose judgment I have great respect, lately undertook to make at least a partial defense of the English examination (subject 14), on the ground that he had met with young gentlemen who were bachelors of science of other universities, and yet who could not write an explanation or even a clear account of phenomena observed in certain chemical investigations. This argument has doubtless done duty in the discussions of the faculty, and will again, for which reason I answer it here. The underlying idea is a true one; only the application and inference are erroneous. Exact, as a condition of graduation, ability to express clearly in writing all that the student has learned, and make instruction in it a part of his college course; but don't expect of a boy coming to college an accomplishment which to some is almost unattainable, difficult to many, and rarely, if ever, acquired before the age of maturity. It is not before sixteen or seventeen that boys learn to write clearly and well; it is an accomplishment acquired much later in life. And I may be permitted to remark that it is not by the study of such models as either Scott or Longfellow, or even Irving or Burke, that it is to be acquired. Burke was an eloquent and Irving an elegant writer; but neither of them in clearness of statement could equal William Cobbett or Horace Greeley, or even Thurlow Weed or Abraham Lincoln — not one of whom, be it observed, could have passed the English examination at Berkeley.

Perhaps I ought to apologize for volunteering this discussion; if so, my excuse is that I suffer personally from the injustice and unreasonableness of which I complain, and my lot in this respect is, I believe, quite common. For thirty-five years I have paid school taxes in this State, and have never had, from the public, any instruction for any one of my eight children. I have now a boy of eighteen who goes up the second time to be examined for admission to the University. He has fair talents in most respects, but is, I admit, a one-sided fellow — indeed, all my boys are. This one is a fair mathematician for his age; can handle a surveyor's level or compass in the field has built and operates a line of electric telegraph, put up a line of telephone, and feels a strong desire to pursue scientific studies, especially chemistry and electricity. He goes up to certain con-

demnation, because he cannot get up any interest in Burke, or Scott, or Evangeline, or Tom Brown.

I have two other boys, younger than this one, who are natural mechanics. At sixteen and fourteen they have built a couple of steam engines (with improvements!) of their own invention, a telephone line and instruments, merely from directions from the book, and some of the work they turn out would not do any discredit to skilled mechanics. I cannot even get them to read Robinson Crusoe, much less Tom Brown, or Evangeline, or Hiawatha. They ask if it is true, and if it is not, what do they care about it? What is there to admire in one lie more than in another? They never can become literary men, I know, but they are capable of making excellent, intelligent civil or mechanical engineers, and will do credit to the institution that educated them for such. I think they are entitled to the benefit of the funds appropriated by Congress and the State to the education of California youth. I have carried their education at private schools further than any public schools in this county (where they were born and raised) could take them. I feel the injustice of excluding them from the University for reasons which would exclude such men as I have referred to above. These are the circumstances which have drawn my attention to the case, and are my excuse for this communication.

I am, dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

John T. Doyle.

MENLO PARK, Sept. 15th, 1888.

EDITOR OF OVERLAND:

My friend Mr. Doyle has courteously sent me a copy of his open letter criticising the examination papers of the University of California, and informing me of his intention to publish it. May I ask you to print with it the following reply?

Mr. Doyle's chief objection is that the standard of admission to the colleges of science is too high; that it excludes from the University a large number of students who are entitled to receive its benefits. Notably, in the first place, students from those parts of the State where there are no high schools, or where those existing are below the University standard of scholarship; and secondly, it bars out young men with an aptitude for only some one line of study, — one-sided persons, who may show a genius for some specialty, but are incapable of general culture.

I think Mr. Doyle labors under a misapprehension. For in the first place, the University, through her various courses of study, opens her doors to everybody with any decent preparation, to pursue his studies within her limits. If Mr. Doyle had examined the register carefully, he would have found that when a young man, for any reason, is unable to prepare himself to enter as a regular student, he may still take a special course or a limited course, and pursue almost any line of study he pleases, so long

as he is in earnest, and shows due diligence and sober purpose.

What I have said already covers the ground of Mr. Doyle's main objection. But I should like to go farther and state more fully the position of the University in these matters.

If a young man wants, as a "special student," to pursue any one subject, he may, on consultation with the professors in charge of that particular line of studies, confine his entrance examination to such subjects as are requisite for its pursuit. If, on the other hand, he enters as a "limited course student," he is examined only in the easier English requirements, with arithmetic, elementary algebra, elementary geometry, and such history and geography as is needed to enter an ordinary high school; in fact, a young man from the country who can pass a first grade grammar school examination is very nearly prepared to pass the limited course examinations to enter the University by that door, and profit, as far as his limited preparation will let him, by its instruction.

And so with Mr. Doyle's supposed one-sided boy. If he only wants to pursue one line of study, he can enter as a special student, being examined only in those branches deemed absolutely necessary to enable him to comprehend and profit by the University instruction in that line.

But these special courses and limited courses do not lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science. The young man who pursues them enters the University and gets from it whatever he is competent to digest, and when his course is ended he may receive a certificate of excellence in such studies as he has completed.

The degree of Bachelor of Science is reserved for a man of broader and fuller culture. Anything above grammar school learning will give a man the chance to share the benefits of the University, but to win the honors of a degree he must undergo the same toils and win the same victories as are the cost of a degree in other Universities.

Her aim is to make the degree earned by four years of faithful work at Berkeley as precious as that of any other first class university in America. Our requirements for graduation are as rigid as those of any college, without exception, in the United States, and our standard of scholarship is as high. Of course our requirements for admission must also be as high, and if Mr. Doyle will examine the requirements of Harvard, Cornell, the University of Michigan, or any other first class institution, he will see they are about the same. We do not lower our flag for anybody.

To come down to particulars, I say the young man entering for a degree in mechanical engineering at Harvard, Cornell, or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will meet at the threshold fully as rigid requirements in mathematics as at Berkeley, nay,

rather more severe. And as to the examination in higher English (commonly known as "English 14") which Mr. Doyle especially objects to, the scope of the requirements is substantially the same at Berkeley as at the other high grade universities. The intention is to ground the young man thoroughly in his native tongue, in English classics and English literature. As the ancient classics are omitted in those courses where this is required, this is meant to fill up in some degree their place in the mental discipline. And I may add that all over the country there is a decided leaning towards greater thoroughness of training in the English language and literature, and I thoroughly sympathize with the movement.

It is possible that in carrying out the requirement in higher English at Berkeley we are too severe, that the examination is too rigid, and the questions too technical,—some savoring of philology rather than broad and literary in their character,—but if so it is an error on the right side, that of thoroughness; it is a generous ambition to maintain a high standard. And let me add that if any candidate for the colleges of science fears this examination, he may avoid it by selecting the sixth subject, which Mr. Doyle terms a smattering of Latin.

Now in reference to the agricultural course, I would beg to call Mr. Doyle's attention to the special announcement on page 72 of the register, that "students in agriculture not desiring to take the full course, nor to receive a diploma, may be admitted to special or limited courses for a longer or shorter period, and may attend only special lectures, recitations, and practical exercises according to their requirements, so long as they maintain a good standing in their studies and general conduct." What greater privileges, what greater freedom of action can be asked for than this?

The small number of agricultural students is not due to the high requirements. It is the experience of all agricultural schools that their main work is not done in a central school with large numbers of students, but in scattered experimental stations, such as the University maintains in various parts of the State, and in original investigations carried on at and published from the college, to be read and applied on the farm.

And so of the total number of students in the colleges of science at Berkeley. Their number is as large in proportion to the total number of students as is usual in other communities. When some generous man shall give us such an endowment as Hiram Sibley bestowed on Sibley College at Cornell, then we can put up such a plant of machinery as will keep our boys at home to learn mechanical engineering. So he will immortalize his name and bless the State.

To sum the matter up, the requirements for a degree at Berkeley are no more severe than those pre-

scribed in all first class colleges, and no broader than are needed for a man of scientific education ; while the wants of those who are so unfortunate by nature or education as to be incapable of this preparation, are amply covered by the generous provisions for special and limited courses. In a word, the University offers every man a chance to take all he can digest.

Respectfully yours,

Horace Davis.

What to Read.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY: I have from the lack of guidance in earlier life, been reading books during the two years last past that ought to have been read by me at least ten years ago. No one with whom I came in contact, not even my professors, gave me any suggestions or directions that were of use or profit, and I rambled on, now turning this way and then the other, reading nothing of importance, until at last I accidentally strayed upon higher ground, and became able to see the waste of time I had made. It occurs to me that a few suggestions relative to reading, gathered from my own experience and the experience of certain friends of mine, may be not without interest to people younger than I, who may be at a loss what selections to make from the multiplicity of books of the present time.

I do not believe stereotyped lists of books advisable ; in many instances a subject has been admirably well treated by more than one writer, and the style of one might be better adapted to one reader, and that of another to another reader. To illustrate : "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" by John Fiske, covers much of the same ground as Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." The reader might be better able to understand the philosophy of evolution as explained by Mr. Fiske than as treated by Mr. Spencer. Of one thing I feel certain, however, and that is that the reader, after determining the direction in which he will read, should go to the fountain head, or the highest and best authority, usually two or three authors, upon the subject. Eschew asides, commentaries, this man's idea of what is the meaning of the author, another one's explanation. I have read that Darwin's book, "The Origin of Species," occasioned the writing of about nineteen hundred volumes in Germany ; but to know much of the book it must be studied itself.

An immense amount of literature is produced about persons or things that may be classed as gossip of a higher order, and of no particular value. That differences exist in the construction placed upon facts matters but little to any one, except it be the specialist. It is the general trend that the reader desires or should thoroughly well understand.

To illustrate, I will suppose the reader to have decided to learn something of evolution, biography, history, and fiction, and will briefly consider the readings to be pursued under each head.

Within the last half century there has been formulated the doctrine of evolution, which profoundly affects and changes the views of men as to their origin and relative position, as well as importance, introducing an entirely new regime. The reader, in order to get the best idea possible of this subject, should read in reference thereto the writings of the best authorities. Herbert Spencer and John Fiske as speculators and philosophers, Darwin, Huxley, Tyn-dall, Marsh, and a few others as investigators. If these writings are out of the reach of the reader mentally, let him read and re-read until he arrives at an understanding of them. At the present time, with an increased tendency in the same direction, investigation is made by specialists, who devote a life-time to a member of a class, a feature, or function. All that the general reader can do is to accept the conclusions arrived at by the specialist pursuing his investigations in any one direction. The examination of this subject of evolution opens the door to all modern knowledge, and such works as are necessary to carry the reader forward will suggest themselves, or be suggested by those already read. For this further reading the *latest* thought that has been verified and revised is the best, as the men of the present are constantly moving on to higher ground, and leaving the attainments of their predecessors, as the men of the future will leave those of the present. Old books are of little value on strictly scientific subjects.

Under the head of biography I suggest that the reader, among as many others as he may choose, read the lives of men who have been in advance of their time, for the reason that it is highly instructive and interesting to see in looking over the past how the masses have slowly but surely moved on to the ground or position occupied by the minority. It has ever been thus. What the small minority of broad-gauged, large-brained men believe today will ultimately be the belief of the masses ; and in the future as in the past, they will reluctantly and complainingly follow the leaders on to higher and still higher ground so long as higher development goes forward. Read the touching story of the great Copernicus who died just after his book was published, and whose remains were committed to mother earth as we bury a beast, no priest being willing to perform the last sad offices. Follow Galileo through his various confinements, condemnations, and retractions, until he died blind and broken-hearted. Pursue the fortunes of Servetus who came within an ace of discovering the circulation of the blood, as he was hunted down and finally burned to death by John Calvin. Do not forget to read the life of Bruno, who wrote a work advocating a plurality of worlds, for which, he declining to retract, his ashes were scattered to the wind.

Late works upon the subject are the better because they deal with the people instead of kings and courts,

generals and battles. Greene, Carlyle, and others have pictured for us the people from evidence that remains of them, as a naturalist will accurately construct an animal or a representation of one from a portion of the skeleton. Greene's *History of the English People*, and Draper's *History of The Intellectual Development of Europe*, are examples of the kind I mean. By comparing these pictures, the general progress of man from a lower to a higher plane is made forcibly apparent.

From fiction the reader can glean some of the greatest lessons of life, a wonderful knowledge of human nature, and better and more varied entertainment than from any other source. The works of Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot go a long way toward a fair English education, and furnish unsurpassed pictures of the times in which they were written. The writers of our own time and country, in this line, are deserving of great praise, and their works of careful study. W. D. Howells paints for us characters from real American life, and furnishes delicate and staple suggestions profitable to people of all classes, particularly those who have rapidly accumulated money, and whose means are out of all proportion to their culture, leading them to affect what they are not. His work is well done, even though he does tell us upon which side of the buggy the young man took his seat, and comment

upon the thickness of the china ware in a restaurant. Do not miss the work of Charles Egbert Craddock, who in portraying character and disclosing motives scarcely has an equal among the modern novelists. Neither can one afford to miss the work of Henry James, W. H. Bishop, and a half dozen other novelists of the present day.

If the practice of reading something daily is established, and the best is really out of reach, take something within reach, and gradually go forward. Persistent and successful readers have originally acquired a taste for reading by beginning with a poor class of literature and gradually working up to the best.

The new knowledge of today so soon becomes the old knowledge, that without constant and careful reading there can be no thorough education reaching down to date. Men are largely educated in grooves, and in many cases can no more get out before death, than a marble can get out of a pipe through which it is rolled before it comes to the end. Reading largely obviates this, lifting the mind out from ruts, and rendering it pliable and receptive, and preventing crystallization, which takes place when men cease to grow, usually at about twenty-five years of age, and go out of life years after with the same ideas they held when young.

Edward Spencer.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Two Nature Books.

IN the series of books on the seasons, drawn from Thoreau's note books by Mr. H. G. O. Blake, comes as the latest issue, *Winter*.¹ It needs no introduction to our readers, who know the perennial charm of that unique student of Nature and of human nature, the sensitive, wise Thoreau. Winter itself is here delineated as by some wondrous process of thought photography. It is the very spirit of the snow that inspired these varied but ever beautiful pictures. As we read we can see the myriad crystal prisms of the crust, feel the gloom that precedes the whirling storm, or hear the creak and crunch of the snow underfoot. The "crystal year" is here in its truth and its beauty, but also in its relations to the life of man. Thoreau was as truly the apostle of the heart as of Nature, and in these jotted notes we find a constant unfolding of the inner man. He makes frequent

parallels between the outward and the inward. "When the thermometer is down to 20 degrees the streams of thought tinkle underneath like the rivers under the ice." "In winter we will think brave, hardy, and most active thoughts. Then the tender summer birds are flown." And again:—"In proportion as I have celestial thoughts is the necessity for me to be out and behold the western sky before sunset these winter days. That is the symbol of an unclouded mind that knows neither winter nor summer."

Every plant and dumb creature had a friend in Thoreau, and he understood it with a quick sympathy; yet it was the human problem that most interested him, and one who reads these selections from his journal—covering a period of thirteen years—must believe with the editor that he lived the secluded life he did because he believed that politics, trade, and society would stand in the way of his *truest* life.

What Thoreau has done for the general aspects of the seasons, Olive Thorne Miller has done in the bird world. *In Nesting Time*² is the title given to her collected essays on feathered life. It is the out-

¹ *Winter*. Selections from the Journal of H. D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

² *In Nesting Time*. By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

come of keen interest and genuine study, and will be sure of a welcome among bird lovers. Its style is familiar and simple, making the book well suited for young readers, who will doubtless gain both pleasure and the impetus for further study from its pages. We soon become greatly interested in its heroes and heroines, as we follow them from babyhood to the time when they are care-laden heads of families. The author gives us the result of her own observation of the habits of the blackbird, the oriole, the "wise bluebird" and a score of other songsters. One of the most entertaining chapters recounts the results of a visit made to the South for the purpose of making acquaintance with the wild mocking bird. Early and late our patient author watched her nest and its proud owners, being rewarded by the discovery of ways and traits that place the Southern mocking bird high in the scale of "bird charmers." The book is easy and pleasant reading, and will commend itself to all lovers of truth.

Stories of the Nations: Turkey and Media.

THE genesis of that knotty question which is still disturbing the diplomacy of Europe is given in the latest issue of the series of *Stories of the Nations*.¹ The diplomatic aspect of the history is, however, almost completely ignored in the present book. Mr. Lane-Poole contents himself with a narrative of the numerous struggles between Christians and Turks which continued for five hundred years, and threatened for a time to end in the subjugation of Christendom by the successful army of the Sultan. The social and moral condition of the Turks receives but little attention, as is perhaps to be expected in an account of the doings of a people so pre-eminently war-like, but there is less excuse for the absence of any attempt to point out the significance of the important events, and the lack of perspective. Unimportant movements receive about the same prominence as those which were most decisive in shaping the development of the world's history. The history of the Ottoman Turks—to the exclusion of the other tribes of this race—forms the subject of the book; and this is traced from their earliest home, under the shadow of the great wall of China to their present position as a thorn in the side of Europe. The elements of their character which contributed to their success, their untiring energy in battle, their perfect military organization, and their complete mastery of the strategy of three centuries ago are pointed out, but their weakness in civil administration, which laid the foundation for their overthrow, is not sufficiently dwelt upon. The last chapter is devoted to the modern history of Turkey, where we see, beginning with the present century, a reversal of the earlier relations of Christians and Moslems. Instead of a con-

queror, the Turk is now dependent on the protection of the countries which he formerly threatened. He is a necessary weight in the "balance of power," but his participation in European councils is passive merely. His weakness is the source of his present strength. In literary execution the author seems to have lost sight of the class of readers to whom the book is addressed. The construction and the vocabulary are the reverse of simple, and would repel those who are expected to profit most from the series.

The account of our earliest known period of history has already been interestingly told in this series in the volumes devoted to Chaldea and Assyria. The same author now presents a continuation of these books.² The account of the coming of the Medes is preceded in this book by a rather lengthy account of the religion of Zoroaster. The account is, indeed, rather too lengthy, for the questions involved in a religion are too exclusively within the field of speculative thought to lend themselves to a treatment so essentially popular as that required by the scope of the book. Some ideas can not be made simple even if they could be expressed in words of one syllable. This natural difficulty of the subject is increased by the unsystematic arrangement of the exposition. The second part of the book—the history proper—suffers from this same defect of arrangement. There is a mass of interesting and instructive material, but it is buried in a narrative which is almost rambling. It passes backwards and forwards in the different centuries from country to country and from reign to reign without warning, and in a manner that must be confusing to a reader unfamiliar with the subject. The overlapping of this book with the story of Assyria, and the frequent references to that book for details merely suggested here, would render the reading of one without the other exceedingly unsatisfactory. These defects are particularly unfortunate in view of the extreme interest of the subject, an interest which is increased rather than diminished by the element of uncertainty that enters so largely into it. The puzzles of the cylinders and inscriptions are exceedingly interesting, the peeps into the social life of Babylon through the records of the house of Egibi are fascinating, and the familiarity of the author with the subject justifies the reader in following her through the dark passages of the story with the utmost confidence. As instances of inexcusable carelessness in proof-reading, the following may be cited. On p. 289 occurs the following unintelligible sentence: "Of the three cylinders mentioned on p. 281, and the one brought over by Mr. H. Rassam, which surpasses both the others in importance as an historical document, contains the annals of the reign of Nabonidus, last king of Babylon, and the capture of Babylon by Kyros." On page

¹ The Story of Turkey. By Stanley Lane-Poole. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

² The Story of Media, Babylon, and Persia. By Zénaïde A. Ragozin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

181, the date of the destruction of Jerusalem should be 686 B. C., instead of 586 B. C., and beneath the frontispiece the date should be 1885, instead of 1785.

Briefer Notice.

The Mormon Puzzle,¹ in the three subdivisions of the Political Puzzle, the Social Puzzle, and the Religious Puzzle, is treated in a moderate and impartial spirit by the Rev. Mr. Beers, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Eleton, Maryland. The author attributes his ability to take an unprejudiced view partly to the fact that he has never been in Utah, a somewhat startling ground on which to assert a fitness to write on Mormonism. But Mr. Beers justifies himself by saying that visitors to Utah, known to be men of influence or of scholastic authority, are closely watched for by the astute authorities of that peculiar people, are taken in hand on arrival by delegated persons, and shown only the favorable side of the city, the stock "happy families," etc. Others fall into anti-Mormon hands, and are told a multitude of things that are not true as to the life and practices of the saints. His method was to correspond with all leading men, both Mormon and Gentile, to read all obtainable published matter concerning the question, and to give it careful study for the space of two years. The result of this procedure has been a readable book, markedly moderate and fair in its tone. The power and growth of the Mormon church he finds to be doctrinally in the measure of Christianity it contains, and politically in the cementing force gained through the persecutions in Missouri and Illinois, especially the murder of Joseph Smith and the bombardment of Nauvoo. The solution of the puzzle he finds in three courses of action: first, in the abolition of woman suffrage in Utah,—a bad thing, he thinks, in the peculiar circumstances of the Territory; next, in the series of vigorous colonization schemes by which the Mormons are to be surrounded by and outwitted by a larger Gentile element, though not in a hostile spirit; and last, in a system of free public schools, supported by the government. Of course, there is no question as to the competency of the government to establish such a system in a Territory, though it may not do so in a State. This solution he supports by many good arguments, and the reader will freely admit that his plan should be tried before recourse to the schemes of those who advocate violent action, and before relapsing into a belief that the case is so hopeless that nothing should be done. Points of difficulty will occur to anybody, and yet none of these seem to be insuperable. — Under the modest name *Science Sketches*,² President Jordan, of the University of Indiana, has gathered a number of papers from his voluminous writings on scientific subjects that have been published in many

vehicles. They vary widely in their scope, "The Story of a Salmon" being a delightful sketch, entirely popular in its tone, one that an intelligent child would enjoy, and "The Salmon Family" a thoroughly technical and exact account of the salmon tribe in all its branches. The three biographical sketches,— "Darwin," "An Eccentric Naturalist" (Rafinesque), and "A Cuban Fisherman" (Poey),—are delightful, the first as a worthy tribute to a great man, and the second for its humorous touches in describing that picturesque crank, who at one time delighted in having discovered "twelve new species of thunder and lightning." All the sketches are worth reading, and the titles already given and one or two more will show the range of the collection: "An Ascent of the Matterhorn," "The Story of a Stone," "The Dispersion of Fresh Water Fishes," "The Evolution of the College Curriculum." — Mr. John S. Hittell's name is a sufficient guaranty of the trustworthiness of the *Guide Book to San Francisco*,³ published by the Bancroft Company. Visitors will find in this small book a compend of all points useful in the thorough and intelligent exploration of the city. Maps and tables of fares are abundant and satisfactory, and the only fault to be found is too great a zeal to influence the visitor's judgment in favor of San Francisco. We doubt the expediency, for example, of introducing Market Street as "perhaps the most impressive business street in the civilized world." — It is campaigning of the best order to circulate the original documents in the political case. If the remaining weeks before November are spent not in the exclusive perusal of newspaper comment upon the President's Message and the Mills Bill, but in that of the papers themselves primarily, it will become indeed the educational campaign it is credited with being. Whether Republican or Democrat, one should be glad to possess a copy, in compact and serviceable form, of the two documents that form the text on which the whole controversy of the campaign is merely commentary. We are glad, therefore, to tell our readers of two admirable editions of the Message. Opponents thereof will not like the annotations, which are in the one case⁴ in the form of pictures by Thomas Nast, and in the other⁵ in that of foot-notes by R. R. Bowker, and in both cases friendly to the text. But whether he likes them or not, any one will have a far clearer idea of the present state of the tax and revenue question after examining one or both of these books, with Nast's rough but always strong and taking cartoons, or Bowker's careful and scholarly addenda of statistics and illus-

³A Guide Book to San Francisco. By John S. Hittell. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1888.

⁴The President's Message, 1887, with illustrations by Thos. Nast. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

⁵The President's Message, 1887, with annotations by R. R. Bowker. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Questions of the Day, No. XLVIII. 1888.

¹The Mormon Puzzle. By Rev. R. W. Beers. Funk & Wagnalls: New York. 1887.

²Science Sketches. By David Starr Jordan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1888.

trative facts, presented without a word of argument or comment.—*Hints from a Lawyer*¹ is intended to make clear to general readers the legal rules which govern them in their commercial relations. Chapters are given on the various contracts relating to real and personal property, on the law of matrimony, and on the administration of the estates of deceased persons. The author's success in his effort to produce a useful book is neither greater nor less than that of his numerous predecessors in this line. His frequent lapses into dialogue in the earlier chapters tend only to render his exposition of the legal rules on these subjects less clear, and it is well that the later portions of the book are confined to a more systematic statement of the subjects of which they treat. The author also frequently uses technical phrases, the full significance of which can only be apparent to the legally trained mind. The clause of the Statute of Frauds referring to contracts "which by their terms are not to be completed within a year," has been the subject of a large amount of judicial interpretation, but the author states it boldly and without explanation. But the insuperable obstacle to any attempt to present the laws of the United States on these subjects in a popular form is the great diversity in the legislation of the various States. In order to present general rules, the author is obliged to state the most onerous restrictions in force in any State, and to omit the particular provisions which have only local force. The result is that a person without a knowledge of the law of his individual State cannot tell what rules to depend upon. A person might act in compliance with the rule as laid down in this

book, and yet not comply with the requirements of the State law. The following instances show discrepancies between the rules laid down by Mr. Spencer and the California law. Mr. Spencer says that contracts between husband and wife are void (p. 118); in this State they are valid; he defines all under the age of twenty-one years as infants (p. 3); in this State females reach their majority at the age of eighteen; he says that chattel mortgages must be renewed each year (p. 53); there is no such provision here; he says that sales of personal property for a price of fifty dollars or more must be evidenced by writing, unless there is a performance or part performance of the obligation on either side; in this State the limit is two hundred dollars.—*In Castle and Cabin*² is a traveler's book setting forth the results of observations made by the author, a lawyer from Massachusetts, during a tour through Ireland last year,—the gist of over two hundred interviews with residents of the different parts of Ireland, including people of all ranks of society and in every social condition. The legal training of the author has prepared him for an intellectual handling of the questions involved, and the result is a valuable contribution to the growing mass of information on the condition of the country. Home Rule and the Land Question are naturally the subjects of discussion, and in four chapters, one of which is devoted to each of the provinces, the views of the inhabitants of these divisions are set forth. A final chapter presents the personal views of the author on these problems, which have been carefully excluded from the earlier portions of the book.

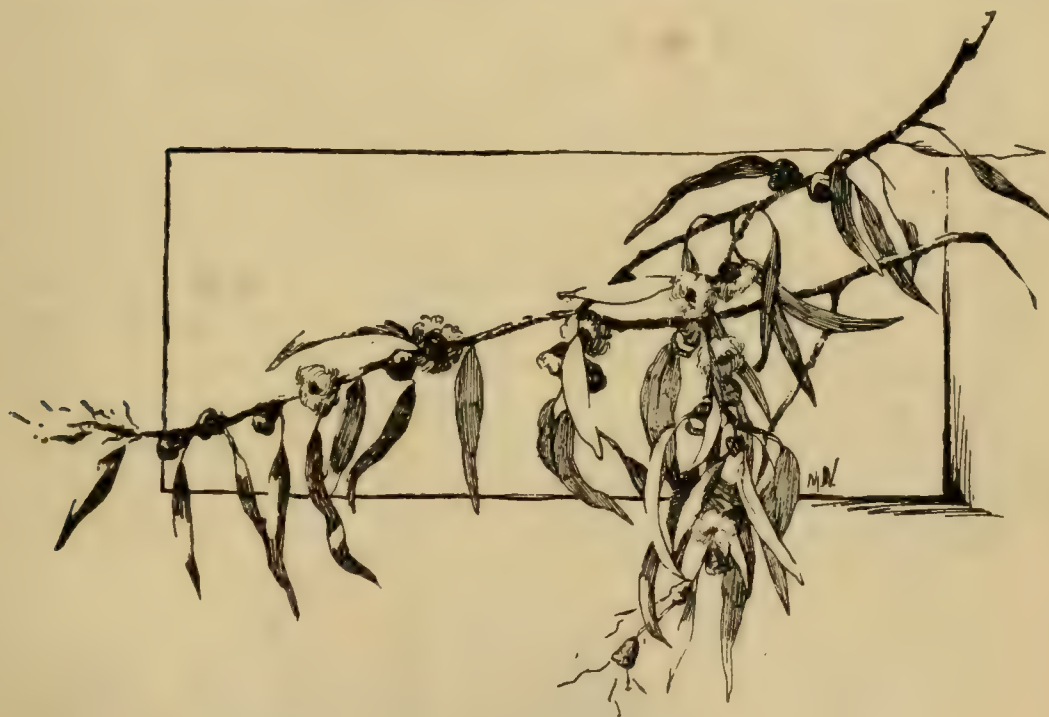
¹ *Hints from a Lawyer*. By Edgar A. Spencer. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

² *In Castle and Cabin*. By George Pellew. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

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THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF THE EUCALYPTUS.



THE problem of a wood supply has become during the last few years a question of no mean importance. Year by year our forests of pine, oak, and redwood are disappearing under the exhausting demands that are continually being made upon them. The same thing is true of our coal supply, which cannot be expected to remain forever unimpaired.

People must have lumber and fuel. Where shall these be obtained when the present sources of supply shall have

become exhausted? It is to suggest a possible solution to this problem that the present article is written.

It is impracticable to wait for the natural reproduction and growth of our own forest trees. It is the inadequacy of this supply that demands the remedy. The same objection holds to their artificial production.

Yet it is to artificial forest culture that we must look for a solution. Nor is it among our own trees that there is to be

found a suitable tree for this purpose. That young continent, Australia,—young at least in being a trifle of a few millions of years behind the other continents in geological development,—produces a tree that in the writer's opinion affords an adequate practical solution to the question. That tree is the eucalyptus, or Australian gum-tree, about four hundred species of which are known in Australia, where it has long supplied nearly all of the wants of the inhabitants for fuel and timber of every description.

The value of this tree as a wood producer consists chiefly in the fact of its exceedingly rapid growth compared with other trees, either hard or soft wood. The different varieties differ as widely from each other in appearance and quality of wood as do pine and oak. They are found growing in every kind of soil and surroundings, from the low stagnant marshes to the hot and arid desert places; upon the tops of mountains at an altitude of 5,000 feet, beside the edge of glaciers, and along the line of perpetual snow. From one or the other of the different varieties lumber is obtained fit for every conceivable purpose.

The *Eucalyptus globulus* is by far the best known in the country of all the varieties of eucalyptus, and is the one

that has usually been chosen for experiments in forest culture. Following is a description of several varieties of eucalyptus, as classified and described by Von Mueller, the government botanist at Melbourne, in his work called "Eucalyptographia."

Of the *Eucalyptus globulus* he says:

"It grows in valleys as well as on ridges and mountain slopes, chiefly in humid regions of the southern and eastern portion of our colony. The continued marvelous rapidity of growth of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, its sanitary importance, and the value of its hardwood timber, were not at first recognized, and it was only in 1852, when I passed through forests of *Eucalyptus globulus* in Victoria, that I became fully aware of its unparalleled forestal importance.

"The timber of the *Eucalyptus globulus* is of a rather pale color, hard, heavy, strong, and durable. In tranverse strain, its strength is about equal to English oak. In house-building it is one of our best timbers for joists, studs, rafters, etc., and is very largely used for that purpose. It is extensively used by carriage builders and manufacturers of implements. It is used for telegraph poles and for planking bridges and jetties.

"The rearing of forests of our blue



A BLUE GUM WINDBRAKE.

gum tree can be more cheaply and more easily done than of almost any other tree, while its return is twice or three times earlier than that of the most productive pine or oak forests; and this raising of eucalyptus forests can be extended to regions in which most pines and all oaks would cope in vain with an almost rainless climate. Sterile land, unless it be absolute sand, will soon be transformed into a verdant and salubrious grove, more particularly so if the sub-strata do not consist of impenetrable layers or outcrops of rocks.

"While quietly the forest advances almost without expenditure and care, its wood treasures increase from year to year without taxing the patience of generations, and within less than half the life-time of man, timber of conspicuous dimensions can be removed, after fuel has been provided annually long before; while the unpropitious original surface soil will have been converted into a stratum of fertility for agricultural or pastoral return, from successive storage of mineral aliments brought by the roots of the trees from far beneath, and accumulating through the decay of dropping foliage.

"It is not too much to assert that among rather more than one thousand different species of trees indigenous to Australia *Eucalyptus globulus* takes the first position in importance, and among its own kind is the prince of the eucalypti. Our blue gum tree has, on the whole, exercised already a greater influence than any other single species of arboreous vegetation, pines and oaks not excepted. Thus it has transformed the features of wide and formerly treeless landscapes, has already afforded in many places timber and fuel for rapidly increasing settlements, and rendered also many a miasmatic locality permanently habitable.

"The sanitary effect of these trees is due:

"1st. To the ready and copious absorption of humidity from the soil;

"2d. To their power of exhalation, much greater than that of many other kinds of trees;

"3d. To the evolution of a peculiar highly antiseptic volatile oil; and

"4th. To the disinfecting action of dropping foliage on decaying organic matter in the soil. Possibly the blue gum tree is a better scavenger of back yards than a weeping willow, and is so far safer as it does not intrude into the foundations of buildings, and leaves no putrefying foliage.

"To bacteria and other micro-organisms eucalyptus oil proves as fatal as phenic acid. It may be injected into the veins and arteries of cadavers for the purpose of preservation. Flesh of any kind is as well preserved by eucalyptus oil as by creosote, while beef sprinkled with it will dry hard without putrefaction. It is valuable as a dressing in gangrene."

Among the first to plant the *Eucalyptus globulus* to any extent in California was General Stratton of Alameda County. In the year 1869 he planted forty-five acres on a tract of hill land just back of the town of Haywards. Twenty acres of this artificial forest were cut down in 1880 to make room for an orchard, and after charging every item of cost and a yearly rental of \$5.00 per acre, the profits, as shown by the owner, were \$3,866.00 on the twenty acres in eleven years, or about \$17.50 per acre per annum,—a rather profitable investment.

Another forest of this tree, about seven miles south of Los Angeles, showed the following results: Cost of trees at time of setting out, \$7.50 per acre; labor of setting out, \$5.00 per acre; subsequent cultivation, \$5.00 per acre; rental of land, \$3.00 per acre per annum, amount in seven years to \$21 per acre; total cost per acre, \$38.50. The estimated amount of wood now standing on the land is 35 cords per acre, which is worth in the locality uncut \$3.00 per cord. Total value of wood per acre, \$105.00. Cost

of the body of timber, \$3,734.50. Present value, \$10,185.00. Net profit, \$6,450, or about \$9.50 per acre per annum profit in the almost incredibly short space of seven years.

It will be seen from the description of Baron Von Mueller, than whom no man has had and improved more opportunities to study this tree, and from the examples just cited, how valuable and expedient the *Eucalyptus globulus* is for purposes of forest culture.

"The *Eucalyptus rostrata*," says the same authority, "is one of the most important of the whole genus. Although surpassed in celerity of growth by *Eucalyptus globulus*, it is of higher value for the extraordinary durability of its timber, having in this respect a rival only in *Eucalyptus marginata*. Even in California, where the indigenous forests supply the most magnificent timber pines of the globe, it is found far more advantageous to rear eucalyptus wood for fuel and for many other purposes for which it is adapted, than to grow fir wood.

"The principal use of this wood is for railway sleepers, telegraph poles, fences, and other posts, piles, bridge planks, culverts, wheelwrights' work, etc. It is also employed extensively by shipbuilders. It takes a good polish, and may thus be used for furniture, though it is rather heavy and difficult to work, on account of its great hardness.

"*Eucalyptus rostrata* supplies our well known red gum timber, which is so highly prized for its unsurpassed durability, especially under ground; as it is very dense, bearing an enormous downward pressure, and is but slightly subject to longitudinal shrinking, it remains for very long periods indestructible in fresh or salt water, or in the ground."

The limits of this article will not admit of as copious quotation from Von Mueller as the writer could desire, but I will quote in reference to one more variety, interesting for the wonderful height

which it attains. This tree is the *Eucalyptus amygdalina*.

We of California are accustomed to flatter ourselves that our sequoia is the largest tree in the world. This, however, is not strictly true. This species of eucalyptus has been known to attain a much greater height at least than any known sequoia.

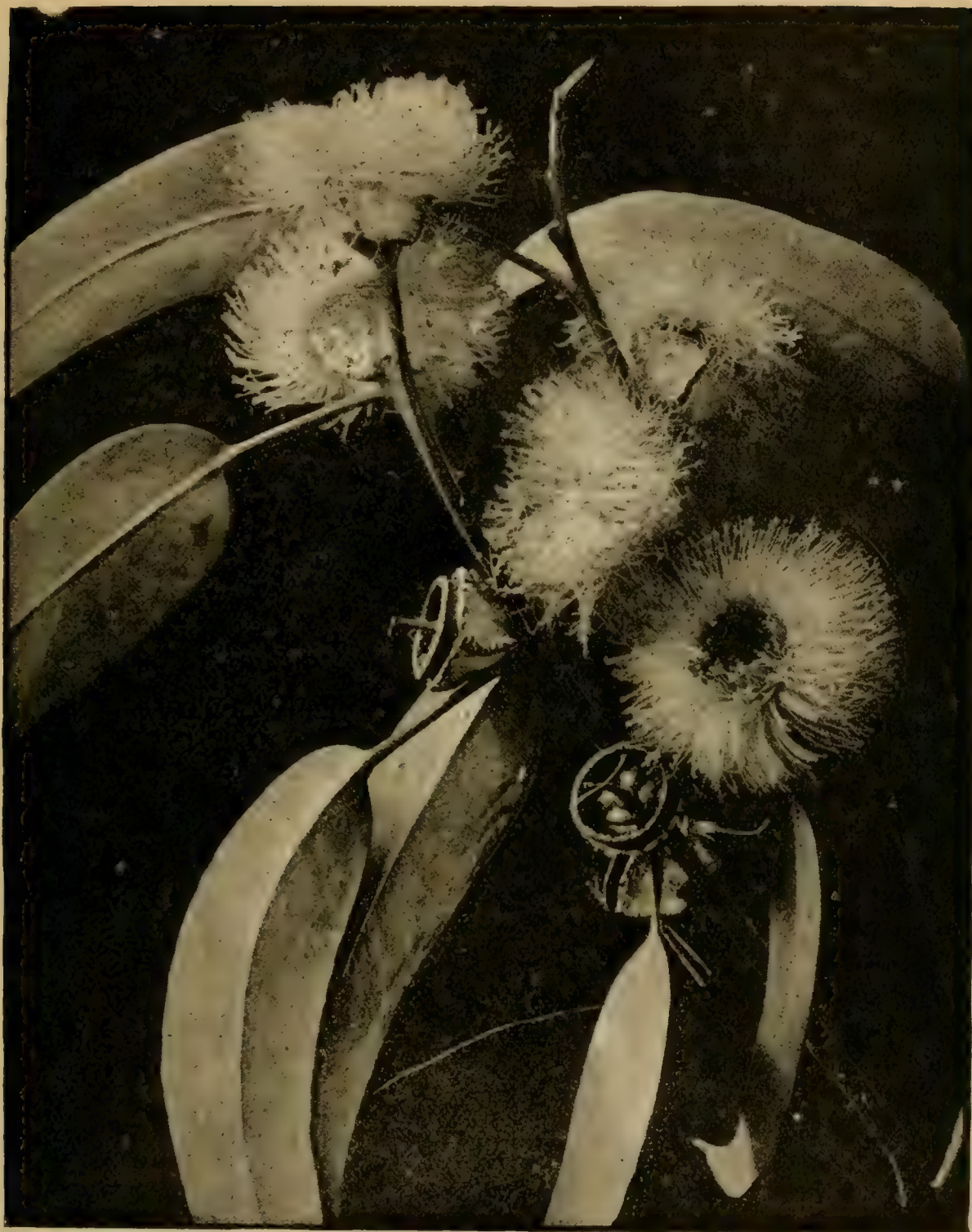
Von Mueller says of this tree:

"This eucalyptus is one of the most remarkable of all plants in the whole creation. Viewed in its marvelous height, when standing forth in its fullest development on the slopes, or within glens of mountain forests, it represents probably the tallest of all the trees of the globe. Considered as a hardwood tree of celerity in growth, it ranks among the very foremost. Regarded in reference to its timber, the tall variety can fairly be classed with the superior kind of eucalypts."

Trees of this variety have been measured 420 feet in length, the stem up to the first branch being 295 feet, so that very few sequoias would reach its first branch if placed standing by its side. The diameter of the stem at the commencement of the ramifications was four feet.

A still thicker tree measured at three feet from the ground 53 feet in circumference. Another tree measured 25 feet in diameter at the base. The tallest tree of the kind ever measured was 471 feet high, and the largest circumference was 130 feet at the base.

Although the trees of this variety grow on the whole much larger than their kindred, isolated trees of the *Eucalyptus globulus* have been measured that actually exceed them a few feet in height. Some years ago, at Dandenong, thirty miles from Melbourne, a *Eucalyptus globulus* was blown down that measured at three feet from the base 90 feet in circumference, and was 475 feet long. In a grove near Hobart Town, Tasmania, are many trees of this variety measuring



RED GUM LEAF AND FLOWER

80 feet in circumference. About six miles from Hobart Town, on the Huon road, is an old *Eucalyptus globulus*, named Lady Franklin, which was broken off sixty or seventy feet from the ground so long ago that no one recollects when. The stump measures 116 feet in circumference. Tourists drive down from Hobart Town especially to see it.

Public attention in California has been

called to the value of the eucalyptus wood as a fuel within only the last five years, by the establishment of a new and thriving industry in the county of Alameda, in the prosecution of which it became necessary to cut out a large quantity of this timber, which had fortunately been already planted on some of the barren acreage of that county.

About that time a company of capital-

ists, was formed for the purpose of manufacturing from the *Eucalyptus globulus* a preparation for preventing and removing the scale, or incrustation, upon steam boilers. This company is operated under the patent secured by George Downie, the discoverer of the value of the eucalyptus for this purpose. A more fortunate thing for the operators of steam boilers as well as for the owners of eucalyptus forests could not have happened, for it has opened up a new and important industry, and has made more profitable than ever the planting out of eucalyptus forests in this country, and must inevitably result in the quite general planting of these trees on ground that cannot be well used for other purposes.

The large quantity of eucalyptus wood that this company acquired in obtaining the leaves and was obliged to dispose of, was placed upon the market at about one-half the price that pine wood was selling at. It soon became a popular fuel at factories for steam making, and is now used to a great extent by them, bringing the same price as pine wood. It makes

a very pleasant grate fire, if burned before it is too well seasoned.

The company's factory is situated at San Lorenzo station, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and gets its supply of leaves from the forest of General Stratton, above alluded to. The trees are cut out and the leaves gathered by gangs of men called "strippers." They are then placed in large iron boilers and heated with steam until an extract of a dark brown color is obtained from them. This is the boiler fluid. The boilers in which the fluid is prepared at its full strength, far from being in any way injured by it, are apparently indefinitely preserved, so that the company has used but one set of boilers during the whole five years that they have been operating, and they show no sign whatever of injury. The product has already become a necessity to steamboat and boiler men in the factories of San Francisco and Oakland, and is rapidly coming into use throughout the United States and foreign countries.

Another important product of this manufacture is the essential oil, with



EUCALYPTUS OIL FACTORY.



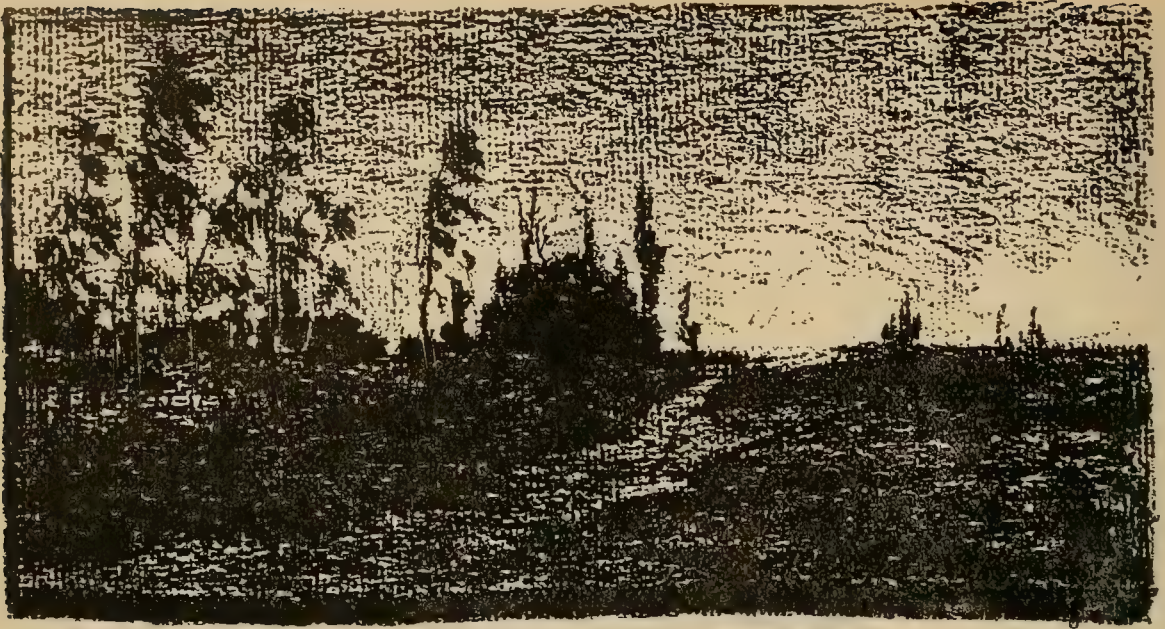
RED GUM.

which the leaves of the *globulus* largely abound. This oil has long been manufactured in Australia, and is composed of several essential oils, the principal one of which is eucalyptol. It bears some resemblance to turpentine, and is used quite extensively in surgery as an antiseptic dressing. The large quantities of this oil that are now being produced will undoubtedly bring about the discovery of some very important use for this product.

In the estimation of the writer the day is not far distant when the barren regions of the State from the low wet marshes of the Sacramento and San Joaquin to the barren slopes of the foothills and

the arid desert regions of the southern portions of the State will be utilized and beautified in the profitable production of one or the other of the best varieties of the eucalyptus.

Among the many uses that have been suggested for the eucalyptus is that of planting them along the lines of levees in the low lands of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. Their rapidity of growth has caused them in all cases where they have been so experimented upon, in an incredibly short space of time to fill and cover the levees completely with a network of roots, thereby making them very unlikely to be washed away, and affording a stable foundation



EUCALYPTUS IN A NORTHER.

for the accumulation of vegetable matter upon and about them.

One of the great advantages of the eucalyptus as a wood-producer, aside from its rapid growth and its adaptability to all sorts of soils and climates, is the fact that it may be cut down so as to leave nothing but a bare stump, when it immediately begins to put forth new leaves and branches, and in a short time produces as much wood as has already been cut from them.

Furthermore, far from being a detriment to the soil, they serve to enhance its richness, bringing up the elements from below, and dropping them in the form of deposits of leaves upon the surface, so that land that had before been sterile has, after the planting and subsequent culling out of trees so as to admit the sun, shown an abundant growth of feed for cattle and horses.

The eucalyptus has so many economic uses that it is likely to be the "tree of California" quite as much as the noble redwood. The eucalyptus is fit for telegraph poles, railroad ties, cheap wood pavements, fence posts, and other farm uses. And the leaves and wood of the blue gum are especially valuable for making potash by burning them in pits,

leaching the ashes, and evaporating in the usual manner. Baron Von Mueller estimates that a ton of blue gum leaves and branches will give five pounds of pearl-ash. Excellent charcoal, equal to that of the willow, is made from the *Eucalyptus globulus*, and the best whalers that sail the South Sea are of eucalyptus wood.

Dr. Robertson, in a prize essay of the Edinburgh International Forestry Exhibition in 1884, describes the leading Australian eucalypts and their economic value. He reports from personal observation that Western Australia has about thirty thousand square miles of gum forests, chiefly *Eucalyptus rostrata*, *Eucalyptus marginata*, *Eucalyptus diversicolor*, *Eucalyptus gonicephalus*, *Eucalyptus viminalis*, and *Eucalyptus coxophela*. The *marginata* or jarrah, is the great timber tree used for piles, for ships, for floorings and foundations, for railroad ties, and for all purposes for which great toughness and durability are required.

The *Eucalyptus globulus* is not suitable for a street tree, and the authorities in most of our country towns are beginning to order their removal. There are other species, notably the fragrant-leaved "piperita" and the true scarlet-flowered

eucalypt, that are better adapted to gardens and small suburban tracts. But it must be confessed a single blue gum or an iron bark tree may well be the pride of the householder, so tall, and stately, and constant it is, with its smooth, clean shaft, towering into the sky, feathery against the sunset, and white in early summer with its fragrant blossoms. Only, along the street, so says experience, men should plant deciduous trees, — elms, maples, ashes, catalpas, and the rest.

The propagation of the eucalyptus is easy, rapid, and inexpensive. The seeds are sown in beds of sandy soil, or in shallow boxes, and sheltered by wire netting or lath frames from the direct rays of the sun, and also protected from the small birds who are especially fond of the seeds and sprouting plants. They are very easily grown to a height of four or six inches in boxes containing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty plants, and at a cost of not more than one cent apiece. Autumn-sown seed make plants that are ready to put in the open field the following spring, just before the late rains. With good seed and a skilled gardener's attention, large plantations of eucalyptus can be prepared and planned for at much less cost than is noted above. Elwood Cooper, in his little manual upon eucalyptus growing, says that boxes of two and a half feet by three feet, and six inches deep, are best for use. Put in four inches of soil, then an inch of sand. Cover the sand with sawdust, one inch deep, and plant the seeds in the sawdust half an inch deep. Keep the box moist, and if the seeds are fresh and good they will show themselves on the eighth or ninth day. In eight weeks the plants ought to be large enough to transplant to the open air. Mr. Cooper has had ten men plant seven thousand small eucalypts in an afternoon, and ninety-five per cent of the plants lived and thrived. There are fifty thousand seeds to one pound of the blue

gum, and forty thousand ought to grow. The red gum needs more heat to germinate. Mr. Cooper estimates planting trees six by seven feet apart, or one thousand to the acre.

The English have planted eucalyptus extensively in India. A report from the Nilgiri forests speaks of the astonishing yield of these forests, surpassing all other timber or fuel trees. The growth was about fifteen hundred cubic feet of timber per acre per year for the first five or six years, equaling twenty-five tons per acre; so that with frequent cutting this amount can be depended upon indefinitely for fuel. What foresters call the "high forest system," a term of fifty years being fixed as the period, is undoubtedly best for the eucalyptus, if timber be desired. A revolution of fifteen years will produce a good timber of medium quality, but the larger cycle of fifty years is better.

The last circular of the State Forestry Commission offers to distribute small plants of the best species of eucalyptus at a low price; the State University has done similar work, and sometimes a free distribution of plants and seeds. What California needs at present is a careful and complete canvass of the State, among the land owners, to interest them in "tree-planting for profit." Writers and the public press generally should discourage the use of these trees for street and lawn, but should encourage them for plantations, for forest shelters, and for timber on a large scale. There are hundreds of species of deciduous and evergreen trees that are "useful, beautiful, or profitable" for Californians, but not one on the list offers so many practical advantages to the land owner, who can devote five or more acres to trees. It is therefore the rearing of five and ten acre plantations that the writer wishes to advise, and to urge upon the press of the State.

Already, around the bay of San Francisco, in the Los Angeles region, and in

many towns of interior California, the eucalypts that were planted during the "eucalyptus excitement" of ten or fifteen years ago are beginning to make a great showing for themselves. In ten years more some of the largest of them will be notable land-marks for miles upon miles. Men are beginning to see that there is a certain sort of stately and somber beauty about the tree, and that it is the coming tree of the great interior

valleys. There is every prospect of a revival of interest in this famous Australian tree, that takes so kindly to alien soils, that thrives on the Campagna, and in the swamps of southern India, and on the table-lands of Algeria and of Spain. Perhaps some day the economic forests of the world, planted by government, and held as national reserves, will be eucalypts, at least wherever the climate permits of their growth.

George McGillivray.



THE GREAT MAKUSHIN DIAMOND.

It is very curious how often the same story appears in different places with slightly different details. I suppose you have all read,—everybody has read it,—about the great gem in the White Mountains, which some one has made such a pretty story about, and you have read too about the great carbuncle in the Hartz Mountains in Germany, which shines in the night and which so many people have tried in vain to get possession of.

Well, this story is like those, only different. Makushin is a great volcano on the island of Unalashka, next to the larg-

est of the Aleutian Islands. I was on that island a long time and learned the story from the natives. Makushin is very rocky and large, and though steam and fire are pouring out of it most of the time, it is so high that its upper half is covered with ice and glaciers. It is away on a part of the island by itself, and no one lives now within many miles of it. The natives say that no human being was ever on the top of it, and many places in that part of the island are so wild that no one has ever explored them. It is by no means a very large island but the natives know little about it except

along the shores, and just about their four or five villages and the passes between them.

Around the foot of Makushin is a wild, irregular mass of mountains, small only in comparison with the volcano itself, and on one of the highest of them shines at night a brilliant light, like Venus when she sets late in the evening. The light is not visible from the shore; it is seen only when one spends the night some distance inland and looks up a wild valley, across a ridge of mountains. The natives say that Makushin is the *tyone*, or chief, of that cluster of mountains and that his badge of office is his wreath of steam and smoke; the mountain with the light is the second *tyone* and the gem is his badge of office. They believe that the light makes crazy the mortal who looks at it too long, and that he never gets well, but wanders among the mountains as a wild man the rest of his life.

There was once a village on the side of the bay next to Makushin. A small stream came down from the mountain side, and where it made its way into the salt water, the village had been placed. High up in the mountains and several miles from the village was a small lake, well stocked with fish and frequently visited by the villagers. When fishing was bad elsewhere they often drew their supply from this lake. They are a timid race and would never stay here all night. They are afraid of everything they are not familiar with, and the very men that would go in a frail boat made of skins and easily capsized to attack a whale or a walrus, are as cowardly as puppies about anything new. At one time when I was there, several mules, which had been brought up by ship and were intended for a place farther on, were put ashore to rest and feed for a few days. The mules wandered up a valley that the natives regularly followed in passing to and from a village on the other side of the island. Those villagers had not heard about the mules, and when some of them were

crossing the island they saw the beasts in the way. They were very much frightened and took to the rocks, where they stayed nearly all day, not daring to return or advance. The mules grazed on peacefully and unconsciously until they had passed up the valley far beyond the frightened natives, when the latter took courage to come down and resume their journey. They hurried on, and when they reached their destination about nightfall they had wonderful stories to tell of the monstrous beasts they had met.

The villagers near Makushin would not stay at the mountain lake over night, partly because of the baneful light of the mountain gem, which was visible from there, and partly because of their fear of the wild men of the mountains, in whom they thoroughly believed.

Now, in the village there was a young man, an orphan, named Nosokoff. He was brave, and gay, and skillful in all that he could do, but he had the misfortune, when a boy, to lose his thumb on his right hand, and that prevented him from using the harpoon. Although he came of a celebrated family of whalers and was highly respected for his ancestry and also for his personal character, he was looked upon as a cripple.

There was also in the village a belle named Naida. She was short and thick, and when she had her bird-skin winter parka on she was, in the estimation of the young men, bewitchingly round. Her face was like the full moon, and her eyes had the gentleness of those of the seal. Nosokoff loved Naida devotedly. The loss of his thumb did not prevent him from playing on the native guitar, and he was a master in its use. No one could dance like him, and he was easily the leader of all the village festivities. He danced to Naida, and played the guitar to Naida, and when Easter came and it was customary to exchange eggs with the greeting of a kiss, though a single egg constantly renewed by the mutual

exchange and a single greeting for each person was considered enough, Nosokoff laid in a dozen beautifully colored eggs with designs painted on them, and absent-mindedly worked them all off on Naida. She was not deceived by his pretense of forgetfulness and her heart was touched.

The natives were brought in contact with the Russians and had learned to prize various articles of civilization. Curiously enough, they had fastened their especial affection on timepieces, especially clocks. These they looked upon as articles of luxury only. They were kept going, but without any attention to the time they showed. The ticking of a clock on his wall was enough to assure a visitor of an Aleut's high respectability. In the richer village across the bay, there were several clocks, and one native there had three, all going at once in his principal room, and all showing different times,—not one the correct time. There were none in Naida's village until Nosokoff succeeded in getting one, which he promptly presented to her. The possession of this clock gave her a position among the villagers that was unique, and Nosokoff was rewarded with her ardent affection.

Nosokoff sent a go-between to her father to ask her in marriage, but he refused on the ground that the pretendant could not support a wife in proper style. He had lost his thumb and could not throw the harpoon. The natives got their living by fishing but fish gave them food only. To get the other necessities as well as the luxuries of life, they hunted the seal, walrus, and whale, and for all these the harpoon is necessary. Naida's father could not give her to a cripple, and the go-between was dismissed with this decisive answer. Other messengers were sent; the whole village took the part of the popular Nosokoff, but the father remained obdurate.

It finally came out that there was another and a stronger reason for the

father's obstinacy in refusing Nosokoff; he had other and more ambitious plans for his daughter. Naida had already been promised to the second priest in the church in the principal village in the island. He was a young man, and in the nature of things to become the wife of a priest is the best thing that can happen to an Aleut girl. Her husband is exposed to no perils of sea, weather, or savage animal; if she become a widow she is supported from the funds of the church and the charity of the pious; and by marrying the priest her social position becomes one of the highest, only surpassed by that of the wife of the first priest and that of the white resident trader.

In this case, however, there were some drawbacks. The second priest was a confirmed drunkard. He sometimes carried on divine services when so drunk he could hardly stand. This, it seems, was not serious enough to make him lose his place, though it would probably prevent his advancement. The Russians look on drunkenness as a venial matter, and in the case of a missionary priest it was considered as of less consequence than in that of a home priest. So far as Naida was concerned it was a very serious matter, for this man when drunk was brutal,—not to speak of his having an essentially mean character even when sober. When drunk he treated the natives like dogs, but they are the most submissive people under the sun. Naida's father had been dazzled by the brilliancy of the position which his daughter would occupy—and he would become a lesser light in the system—so he had promised his daughter to this man notwithstanding his character.

According to their customs he had an absolute right to dispose of her hand, and she had but one alternative and that was not to marry at all. If she married she must marry the person her father had selected, but he could not compel her to marry without her consent. It is

an alternative which Aleut girls rarely elect, for the situation of an elderly unmarried woman is with them very undesirable. After the death of her parents she has no settled home, and becomes a sort of slave to whoever is willing to keep her for her services.

Nosokoff was in despair. He could think of nothing better to do than join the Russians, though he would lead a dog's life, whether on ship-board or in the towns. He would entirely lose the freedom of his village life and the pleasure of association with his people; but he thought the latter no longer congenial, and he could not bear to live where he could see Naida and yet have to remember that he was without hope.

The Russian ships called occasionally at the village, but this was not the season for them and none were due for several months. The ship that collected the harvest of skins had been in the bay some time before and had gone eastward. The trip must be now about completed, and within a few days she must pass the northernmost point of the island on her way to Kamtschatka. Nosokoff made up his mind to make his way to the northern point of the island and there await her.

The landing places there were too rough for his skin canoe, and he must go overland and signal to her from the shore to send a boat for him. When once aboard he would soon have hundreds of miles placed between him and the spot that had become unendurable for him.

The point he must reach lay to the northwest of Makushin, and the great volcano lay exactly between the village and his destination. The distance was not great in miles, but it had never been traversed. It was necessary to go around or over the volcano, and either path was considered impossible. The glaciers of the volcano and the mountains and ravines around its base were equally impassable. Besides, the country was

infested by wild men, of whom the natives stood in superstitious fear; and one must pass through the noxious light of the great diamond of the mountains. It was the wildest of undertakings, but Nosokoff courted death, and he was already so distracted with his hopeless love that he cared nothing for the crazing effect of the jewel's light. He confided his plan only to a chosen friend, and this friend accompanied him as far as the lake, intending to return on the evening of the same day.

The friend did not return that day; but the day after, toward sunset, he appeared in a wretched condition. His clothing was badly torn, and he talked wildly, and could give no connected account of his trip.

In a few days he recovered his senses, and then he told how he had gone with Nosokoff; how they had gone to the mountain lake and he had intended to return the same day, but he had trusted his footsteps unwittingly to the treacherous bridge of moss and it had given way, letting him fall into a narrow crevice in the rock. He had been extricated with so much difficulty that it was almost night when he got out. They were close to the mountain lake and had remained there all night. They had caught some fish and dug up the root of an orchis, and made a meal of the two; but as soon as night came on Nosokoff had acted strangely, and then he, the narrator, had lost his senses, and he knew no more until he found himself at home.

Of course the villagers laid it to the Makushin diamond, but the root of that orchis is somewhat poisonous, although so far north as Unalashka the cold usually takes the poison out of it. They may have eaten some roots that were poisonous enough to drive them crazy, especially as they did not cook them, as the natives usually do. However that may be, Nosokoff was not seen again, and he was believed to have become a wild man.

The village was very much stirred up about the matter. The superstitious dread of the surrounding country deepened and took full possession of them. They never ventured to the mountain lake again, and it was with the greatest reluctance that the women went to the surrounding hills to collect brush for firewood. They would only go a short distance and several together, and then only in the middle of the day. There are no trees on the island, and even the brush is so small and scanty that it is collected roots and all. The brush near the village was soon exhausted, and the dangers of longer excursions after it lost none of their vividness as time passed by.

Indeed, with time, Nosokoff's story became a sort of tradition, which was much embellished by the imagination of each narrator. Superstition took hold on it and magnified it until the fear of him and his fellow wild men became very great, the danger from them seemed to come down closer and closer, settling down on the village, and they could endure it no longer.

The station had never been one very favorable for hunting and fishing, and now that the fuel was scarce, and Nosokoff and his band seemed to hang close about them ready to do them grievous injury, they decided to remove. They passed across the great bay, and established themselves on a small bight, where quite a stream came down a broad valley and sluggishly wound its way through a succession of tidal beaches into open water. They were only two or three miles from the main village, and within easy reach of it by a path leading along a broad beach. For some reason they were no longer prosperous; the once thriving community of over a hundred had dwindled down to a score or less.

Naida had not been affected like the rest of the old village. So far from being afraid of the surrounding hills, she had seemed to be attracted, and spent much of her time wandering among

them. She was always alone, and would frequently spend away from the village the whole of their long summer day of eighteen or twenty hours. No one dared follow her, but they all knew that she was looking for her lover. She was no longer gay; she had become silent and moody, while her full moon face had lost its roundness. She was always gentle, but she was so sad that the villagers said among themselves that she too must have looked on the mountain jewel until it had turned her head. They feared she might become wild and join Nosokoff, and this fear had its weight in hastening their removal across the great bay.

Thus passed six or seven years, and nothing had been heard from Nosokoff except the stories of startled natives who claimed to have seen his face peering through the bushes or around the rocks, when a cousin of his was, one time after nightfall, hastening down a valley to the principal village. The priest's only cow, a small Siberian one quite capable of caring for herself, had strayed away. He was her keeper, and was out to find her. He had not succeeded, and had either lost track of the time or had strayed far away, so that he was caught out in the hills after sunset. It was almost dark, and he was traveling along as fast as his legs could carry him, thinking doubtless of what the Little Father would say when he had to report that his cow was not found, when he heard a rustling and looked up,—there stood Nosokoff! He was strangely dressed, and wore white *torbassa*, while the tame Aleut wears yellow. But he would not have recognized him had he not noticed in the gathering darkness that he lacked the thumb on the right hand. The cousin was beside himself with fear, and stood still because he could not run.

"Tell the Little Father," said Nosokoff, "that I wish to see him here tomorrow night three hours after sunset."

Then Nosokoff disappeared, and the cousin found his legs again, and ran as

he had never run before. It was a place, though, in which "the more haste, the less speed" is strictly correct. He fell into streams, wrenched himself in cracks in the rocks, sprawled on the soft moss, was caught and tripped up by the bushes, and he lost all trace of where he was until he ran up against a wooden cross and found that he was in the village cemetery. The distance had been only a mile or so, but it took him two hours, and when he reached the priest's house he was in a pitiable condition. The story was at last extracted from him, and it was so strange a one that the cow was entirely forgotten.

The father was a good and learned man, and the Russian blood in his veins gave him courage. He did not once think of failing in the appointment with Nosokoff, and he had dreams of being able to report to the great patriarch at Moscow the gathering into the fold and baptism of a tribe of wild men. He kept the appointment, but Nosokoff kept him waiting nearly an hour. When he came, it was near midnight and quite dark, but the good father was satisfied that it was Nosokoff himself. The father urged him to follow to the village; he accompanied him a short distance, and refused to go farther.

"I want Naida," said he. "Bring her with you tomorrow night and marry us." He seemed to know that Naida was still unmarried.

The father showed him how irregular a marriage so performed would be. If he would come in and be married in the church like a Christian, the father would do it.

Nosokoff would not listen to that and they parted.

On the next day the father told Naida's father all that had happened. He was shocked, and would not for a moment listen to such a proposal. He would not even tell Naida, and he returned from the interview resolved on silence the most absolute, as he felt sure if his daughter knew of Nosokoff's presence, she would go to him at once. He had long since given up marrying her to the second priest, and was ready now to consent to her marrying any one but a wild man. She had had several offers. One was by the German cook on a Russian steamer which had put in there. That was a match even superior to that of the second priest, but she was deaf to his Teutonic persuasions.

The priest went the next night to see Nosokoff again and try to persuade him to return to a civilized life. A captain of a ship had once given him a night glass, and he took this with him. Before climbing the mountain slope where he had met Nosokoff the night before, he swept it with his glass and saw there not one person alone, but three! and one of them was in a woman's dress! He feared it was a trap. Perhaps they intended to seize him and compel him to perform the sacrament against his will and conscience. He turned about and returned home without addressing them.

The next morning he sent the *tyone* through the village to learn if any one had been absent the night before. All had been at home, but when he sent to the small village he found that Naida was gone. She had gone out to the hills in the morning for fuel and never returned. She had joined her lover in the mountains.

Harry Walrod.

A VETERAN.

FALLEN, and to rise no more,
In the meadow grass he lies;
Over him the cold wind cries
Wild and drear dirge-melodies, —
But all his woes are past, his fears and hopes are o'er.

Who was nigh to mark his fall? —
Was there none to breathe a word
To his dying ears, half-heard? —
Was there none but flower or bird
To see the silent end? None hurrying at his call?

Now the robins where they sing
Through the mellow eventide,
Mourn above him, — “daisies pied”
Gaze upon him open-eyed,
And shrink together, starting back, all scared and wondering.

Seamed he is with wounds and scars,
Vestiges of many a fight
On a black and stormy night,
With the north-wind's fiercest might,
Watched through the flying scud by veiled and friendly stars.

He that could not faint nor fear,
Rent by rain and crowned by cloud,
Tossed his arms and cried aloud,
In the jubilation proud
Of victory well nigh won, and triumph drawing near.

But on bright autumnal days,
How the children loved to come,
Trooping all about his home!
Dainty gifts he gave to some.
Dropping his hoarded treasures for their glad amaze.

Hospitable too was he, —
To the poorest and the least,
Bird or insect, man or beast,
Shelter gave he, and a feast
Of all his bravest cheer, spread forth most royally.

Requiescat! Night shall lend
Kindly shroud, and softly lay
Darkness over his decay.
While the homeward hedgers say, —
“What th' old oak down at last! well, all things have an end!”

M. C. Gillington.

GRAZING LANDS.

THE PROPRIETY OF INCLUDING THEM IN ANY NEW CLASSIFICATION OF
THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

FOR some time past the land office officials have been active in their attempts to show that large portions of the public domain have been acquired, or such acquisition has been attempted, by a misapplication of existing regulations. So inadequate to meet the case in their opinion are our present laws, that an entire repeal of them, as they now stand, has been urged in successive reports of the Secretary of the Interior.

In compliance with this demand, a bill has been prepared for the consideration of the present Congress, repealing all the present regulations for the acquisition of public lands, and re-classifying under four divisions: agricultural, timber, mineral, and desert lands. If the provisions accompanying each of these classes were adequate to cover all portions of the public domain, with anything like equity in the acquisition of the lands of different intrinsic value, there were some hope that the new legislation would check further liberal interpretation in these matters. In the failure to make any provision, either by classification or by suitable regulations under desert lands for the disposal of our arid Western table-lands, devoid of water and not capable of irrigation,—popularly known as grazing land,—our legislators are perpetuating the cause of the troubles they seek to avoid.

It is on the supposition that the government would be long in making suitable provision for the acquisition of these lands, that so much interest has been manifest in acquiring title at great expense, compared with the intrinsic value of the land, to water rights. In the hope of showing the propriety of

adding grazing lands with suitable provision for their acquisition to any new classification, I desire to present a few phases of the question, suggested by a visit to a Wyoming range and its ranches.

On any good map of the United States find the intersection of the 42d parallel and the 104th meridian. You have located the point where the North Platte River enters Nebraska. Glance up the North Platte twenty miles, to a point just beyond the mouth of a small stream from the north, called the Rawhide. These are respectively the limits of one of the characteristic pockets in the course of the North Platte. Bluffs which above and below crowd the river recede between, leaving a bottom from two to four miles in width, rather promiscuously divided on the north and south banks. The North Platte in this portion of its course is not fordable, and consequently forms a natural barrier. Tributary to the north bank are ranges, approximately twenty-five miles by thirty miles in extent, of uneven surface, from four thousand to six thousand feet elevation, whose scanty watering places are already acquired by private individuals, either as locations for small ranches or in expectation of selling the privilege to stockmen interested. As regards the ranges, the same is true in a measure of the south bank. The lands on the south bank are covered by ditches, now notorious in the history of land-office litigation, and popularly known as Goshen Hole. Save a small opening at the mouth of the Rawhide, all the north bottom is fenced and claimed by individual holdings. These, on account of their

common relation to the contiguous ranges, and because of the necessarily corporate character of the ditches that cover them, are virtually co-operative.

Only he who is acquainted with stock grazing on public domain can appreciate the significance of this solid fence along the river, and the value of the privilege that it involves. Range stock will soon desert any section, never to return, from which the water has been cut off. Let a ranchman fence his spring, the only one possibly in a radius of ten miles, and the range of which this spring is the center is as certainly at his command as if the thirty-one, and better, square miles were fenced. Only to a person who by practical experience knows these things, does the vast expenditure of money required to gain title seem at all in keeping with the expected benefit. Nor is there danger that unsettling of present titles will do more than allow a repetition of entry for the same ulterior purpose. It is in the nature of the climatic and other conditions that it must be so.

As I first caught sight of this beautiful river basin of the North Platte, above referred to, from the bluffs about midway and commanding a view in either direction, I had the impression, which doubtless all strangers have, that this was a level, fertile meadow. A descent into the valley and a more careful examination soon dispelled the delusion. The soil is sandy. The wind had rendered the surface, apparently so level, an interminable succession of mounds and depressions, and the supposed fertile meadow is but a sea of sand grass, so devoid of nutriment that stock will starve rather than crop it. Only on the islands in the river low enough to receive the annual inundation is there any natural meadow. Most of the basin is covered with a short prairie grass, which is similar to that on the neighboring plateau, but which does not grow large enough to gather.

There is an abundance of water in the

North Platte, and sufficient fall to render complete irrigation practicable. The presence of quicksand, however, necessitates the construction of formidable head-gates to extract the water from the river, expensive to build and keep in working condition. The laterals from the main ditches, too, on account of the uneven nature of the surface already referred to, are a bewildering succession of dikes and cuts and tortuous windings, of the labor and vexation of whose construction only those who have had experience in irrigation have any conception.

I have it from those who are in a position to judge,—and my own observation convinces me that it is conservative,—that \$15 per acre is a low estimate for the cost of irrigation alone on all the lands covered by ditches in the twenty miles above mentioned. To this must be added the price paid the government as initial, and the expense of fences and buildings in a country devoid of timber and far removed from railroad facilities. True, in return you have land that will produce fair crops of hay, alfalfa, oats, fodder corn, and vegetables of quick growth, in a region where the acreage under cultivation will always be relatively small. Yet we must recollect that even these oases are not without their drawbacks. The cost of labor in a region remote from civilization is greater; the land must be properly tilled as in more productive sections, and watered in addition; the crops are subject to more frequent destruction by hail, excessive rain, water-spouts, and cyclones, than in regions of more settled climatic conditions; the producer must find ways to consume his own product, a pittance of which will supply any prospective home market, and in any other he is too remote to compete in the agricultural line, were he otherwise able; nor are the possibilities of future facilities so great as in agricultural districts where the whole area is susceptible of cultivation. That

so much had been expended must be attributed to the hopes of attaining thereby a valuable auxiliary in the future development of the grazing industry. Upon the perpetuity of the range stock business in some form, the owners of these river ranches must depend for the consumption of their future products. What disposition will finally be made of the vast tracts of land contiguous to these settlements, to which none of the existing laws of acquisition are applicable, is a matter of great uncertainty. This uncertainty is exceedingly discouraging and embarrassing to those who have already made improvements fitted for the industry that reasonable foresight sees must finally be developed in this section.

No amount of newspaper booming by local editors, loan agents, land and railroad officials, whose livelihood depends, not on the success or failure of the entryman, but on the number, regardless of consequences, whom they can induce to make the attempt, can develop remunerative agricultural land from our Western table-lands. Such artificial stimulation, however, can cause a deal of human misery and disappointment, besides futile attempts at the impossible, often repeated delay, and constant annoyance to the development of industries that climatic conditions have already decided appropriate.

The arid table-lands of several of our Western States and Territories to which these remarks are applicable are notoriously unsuited to agriculture. The industry for which they are suited, without encouragement, has already found its home there. Congress, however, has thus far failed to make provision for the acquisition of suitable individual rights by those engaged in this industry. Those who would gladly pay whatever is reasonable for the permanence of realty are compelled to be squatters, and to hold personal property subject to the caprice of legislation that can make that property of little use to them at a blow, by pro-

hibiting the use of the public domain. Further, they are not encouraged to make any improvements for the protection of the range business, from the very fact that already such improvements have been judged infringements upon the rights of the government; nor is there any method of restricting any who may choose from participating in these improvements without remunerating the owners.

Whatever may be the merits of the numerous cases of land litigation arising from individual attempts to adjust that for which the government had as yet made no provision, one fact is certain, this neglect has virtually provoked a misapplication of existing laws, or has led to a liberal interpretation of them. In the disposal of lands of every other character save that under consideration, our national Congress has attempted such legislation as would reward individual enterprise and effort. Wherever the intrinsic value of smaller holdings has been found greater than that of average agricultural land, that body has not been slow to limit the maximum of such privileges. The aim of all legislation has been to offer at a nominal price such holdings as when properly developed possessed productive power sufficient to supply a family with the ordinary comforts of life. In the case of our grazing table-lands, the productive power per acre is manifold less than even the poorest of Eastern agricultural land, thus offering an opportunity for a just expansion of the maximum.

Were the range now limited, so that each ranchman were compelled to confine his stock to his own holdings, as is universal in the East, and were prohibited from the use of public domain, even were he possessed of an acreage that would signify great affluence in an agricultural section, it would be impracticable for him to gain a respectable livelihood here. Nor is it fair to suppose, because some now seek favorable loca-

tions while public domain can prospectively be made use of indefinitely, that they would attempt it were this latter privilege withdrawn.

What in case of legislation the initial price of mountain grazing land should be on the supposition of the entire withdrawal of public domain is a large question, nor do we attempt it in detail. But in illustration, and as the result of personal observation and judgment, if land in the Red River valley of Dakota, with a productive possibility of 14 bushels of wheat per acre, is valued at \$1.25 per acre to the maximum of 320 acres, then to be fairly just to the Western ranchman, who at the lowest authentic estimates must possess 36 acres of this land for every head of stock, and in addition must wait four years for his product, four cents an acre should be asked for the land, and the maximum fixed at 10,000 acres.

Until by some standard of comparative values it can thus be understood that such disposal is mere equity, and that a ranchman with 10,000 acres of this grazing land is no monopolist, nor served better than his fellow citizen in Dakota with 320 acres of agricultural land proper, the present unjust discrimination against the permanent settlement and development of these table-lands must continue, and a speculative value must attach to lands and water-rights acquired under existing laws, along streams to which the grazing land is tributary.

It has been urged against the establishment of another class of public lands, that such classification will offer new inducements for false entry and fraud. If by adding this class we cover all the public domain, there can be no motive for fraud so far as the acquisition of rights in a grazing country is concerned. It was only in the application of the grazing laws to agricultural lands that such

trouble might arise. We suggest that the government would remove even this objection, — would in fact simplify methods, economize and expedite business, and forestall all misappropriation, — by classifying for herself the public domain, in advance of opening for settlement, and not leave this business of her own, as now, to the affidavits of prospectively interested parties, both in initial filings and in contests. Such classification might be made by proper officials in connection with surveys and re-surveys, without burden. If before patent issues, special agents and local land office agents must satisfy themselves of the probity of the claimants' affidavits, as is now insisted upon, why might not the government have removed any motive for perjury in the first instance, by determining through these same agents the character of the land, and satisfying herself prior to entry through her local agents of the claimant's compliance with conditions? Such preliminary caution would do away with the wanton unsettling of titles, with the needless retention of earned patents, and with the endless disputes over matters of private judgment and interpretation, often prompted by individual greed and jealousy, now so prevalent in the administration of the land office.

Further, such prior determination would remove from the government the present suspicion that she is in a measure privy to the misfortunes of the too sanguine pioneer, whom she professes to desire to assist; and that more serious charge, that she is speculating in his ignorance and necessity in matters where the government, not the citizen, should take the risk of a proper interpretation of her own laws, and of a correct judgment concerning the value and character of the lands to which these regulations are applicable.

Charles E. Lowrey.

THREE PINES.

VII.

I SPRANG to my feet ; Howard Silsby, as instantly awakened, did the same. It took but a second for us to grasp our boots, the only article of our apparel that we ever laid aside upon going to sleep, and to emerge from the tent.

In front stood Judge Towles, holding his saddled horse. A little group of five or six others were gathered around, some on horseback, two or three on foot.

It was Judge Towles who had aroused us, and to him we addressed ourselves.

"What is it, Judge?"

"We want to borrow your horses. Two of us are without any. They shall be returned before night."

"What for?"

"We are after the gambler. He has shut up shop—is off. We are after him,—that's all."

"And by the gods, Judge, why should we lend our horses when we are ready to ride ourselves on just that errand? Howard, do you hear? The fellow is gone,—we are to help bring him back. Now tell us all about it, Judge, while we put on our boots and the saddles."

It was not yet very light—that has been said ; but it was close enough to morning not to be very dark. There was a little pale streak in the sky at the east ; in a few minutes it would turn to purple, and then begin to glow with a thread or so of gold. Already the second morning star was quivering on the crest of the distant hills, seemingly there fastened and struggling to get free. In a moment it had disentangled itself, appearing as though it had suddenly shot up into space, away from the mountain's crest ; and then, no longer trembling with the effort, calm and unblinking, began its upward journey through the fast

brightening empyrean. The group of men and horses stood in dark relief against the scarcely lighter background, yet each moment their faces became more easily to be distinguished, and soon I could tell them all, even note their expressions,—the animation of the faces of the favored ones who had their horses, the disappointment of those who found themselves balked in the expectation of borrowing other horses, and must perforce stay behind.

Howard and I pulled on our boots in a twinkling, then started to saddle our beasts. The two horses, suddenly jerked up from their lazy nap upon the turf, seemed a little astonished at this summary call to employment again. For two weeks they had enjoyed rest around the tent at the end of liberally long lariats ; perhaps they had begun to imagine that work for them was over forever, and that for the remainder of their lives they had been pensioned with unbroken ease and comfort. Now they seemed to sigh as they found out their mistake, and looked around in melancholy pleading and demand for explanation, but beyond that calmly submitted themselves to the exigencies of their position.

Meanwhile Judge Towles stood by, and accompanied the preparations for departure with a running commentary upon the situation.

"You see, Philip, it's all on account of the Bobolink,—do you know him?—the young fellow with the florid, round face, who whistles every morning with a shrill kind of double note, without any tune to it, either. There ain't many who know his name, and of course there's no need to know it either ; so they call him the Bobolink, to save the trouble of asking. He's a good sort of fellow, and a little of a fool too, I suppose ; or he would

not have acted as he has done. Has a mother and sisters to support, they say ; and was getting along very well towards doing it. Don't drink or gamble, which of course is expensive ; nor swear, which don't cost anything, but is n't supposed by some very nice to listen to. Well, last night, instigated by the Devil,—O it must have been so, you see, for there ain't any other way of accounting for it,—he brought in his pile, five thousand dollars or so, and put it down with a thump, all together, on the queen. A real nice way to make money, of course, if all things turn out well. Let the queen come out on the right side, and you double your capital in a minute. But in this case the queen didn't come out on the right side,—perhaps it never does, when so large a pile as five thousand dollars is concerned ; and so Bobolink lost it."

"A hard case."

"Rather. So you see what a fool Bobolink is. Well, every one for himself out here, and there were those who said Bobolink deserved to lose, and might know better next time, and all that. Only, some one who went out a little while after found him sitting under a tree, crying. And when we heard of that we were sort of touched ; and telling each other all the while what a fool Bobolink was, we remembered, nevertheless, the mother and sisters. And then came Montezuma Askin,—he that says he used to play monte in the halls of the Montezumas, but has n't for a long time since, having seen the foolishness of it, and knowing the tricks of the trade, besides. So he just looks on, and watches other people make or lose, and revolves the matter in his own mind. Well, Montezuma came and told us that Bobolink by just rights ought to have won, but that the faro dealer broke him by pulling out two cards at a time. Montezuma swore to it, and more than all that, sat down and showed us just how it was done. And with that, of course,

we got mad and swore that restitution should be made. Not altogether on Bobolink's account, or his sisters' ; but you see the reputation of the mine was at stake. If we must have faro playing here, let it be honest playing. And then we have had an itching for an excuse, weeks past, to break this fellow up, and now here it is at last !"

"Just so, Judge."

"Well, we mustered in a body—a dozen or so of us—and went to his tent an hour ago, and found him gone. Sloped without beat of drum, and of course all his funds with him. The whole concern empty of anything available except furniture and provisions, and not a sign of anybody left to tell the tale. And so we are getting together as many as we can mount, and going after him. We think he has struck out for Crosby Section, as the most likely place."

"We'll find him, Judge, you may depend upon it," and giving a farewell strain to the saddle girth I threw myself upon my horse.

Howard did the like, and at about the same moment ; and now the party being ready, the word was given and we started off. Eight determined men, and all armed ; it would certainly go hard with Rush Brackley if we overtook him, and he offered any resistance. We paced off at a brisk walk, which would grow into a lively trot at the earliest opportunity. But with the start came an interruption.

We were passing the fugitive's tent, dark and partially stripped, as has been said ; going by with a careless glance, for there seemed nothing there likely to interest or detain us. But all at once one of our party, more keen sighted than the rest, threw himself off his horse, plunged into the bushes near by, and emerged, dragging the faro dealer's black coadjutor after him.

The fellow had evidently been left behind to close up necessary details, and with instructions to meet his master at

some preconcerted rendezvous. Hearing the advance of the pursuers, he had taken for the moment to the concealment of the nearest thicket, but not quickly enough to escape detection.

He presented rather a pitiable appearance as he was now dragged forward,—the neat black suit discolored and torn, and his face nearly blanched white with fear.

“Now, then, where has your master gone?” cried one of the party, reaching down from his horse, and helping to hold the man erect upon his tottering legs. The fellow’s teeth chattered, but for the moment he seemed disposed to be loyal, and so maintained silence.

“It’s a matter very easily settled,” the Judge interrupted. “Two of you take him to that tree and hang him. The rest of us will ride on.”

“’Fore God, sar, I don’t know,—master did n’t say”; then as he found himself being pulled relentlessly towards the tree, one of the men unwinding a rope from the front of his saddle with apparent serious purpose: “You’ll let me go, sar, if I tell? I have n’t done anything, have I?”

“If you tell the truth—not otherwise—we’ll let you go. Hurry up with it now.”

“Well then, it’s Manley’s Bend. I was to meet him there, tomorrow.”

The Judge gazed intently into the fellow’s face. It was the struggle of searching keenness against dogged obstinacy, and for the moment it seemed doubtful which would win. There was only one way, after all, to determine it.

“You are lying, you scoundrel,—at least I think you are. If so, it will cost you your life, that’s all. Two of you stay back here with this man and hold him safe. The rest of us will be enough for what we have to do. We will go on to Manley’s Bend. If by afternoon one of us comes back with the news that we have the man we are after, you can let the fellow go. If you hear nothing from

us, it will be a sign that we have been cheated. Hang him up then. Let him have a minute or two to say a prayer, if he wants to; but hang him up, all the same. You ought to hear from us by two o’clock. If not, don’t wait long; see that it is all nicely finished up by three. Now then, boys, drive ahead.”

“Judge,—’Fore God, Judge! Come back! Don’t let them do that,” the negro cried, now in a paroxysm of terror. “I was lying,—yes, Judge, I was lying. But I’ll tell the truth now, sar,—yes, all the truth. It was to Coyote Hollow—yes, sar, that’s the place. You won’t let them hang me for telling the truth, will you, Judge?”

There was now no need of a searching examination to feel assured that the man was really at last telling the truth, at least as far as he knew it; there was something so abject in his position as he remained crouching before us,—such an overpowering terror manifested in every feature. With life at stake, there is little that a man will not do to save himself. Besides, there could be little in the relations of employer and servant to command any chivalrous self-sacrifice.

“To Coyote Hollow, Judge,” the man continued, partly recovering himself, as he began to realize that he would be lightly dealt with, in recognition of full confession. “He took all the money with him,—would n’t trust me to bring a bit of it with me. I was to get together the cards, and the cloth, and such other things, for to commence on in a new place. Was to have met him in Coyote Hollow tomorrow, sar.”

“All right! We’ll find him there. Tom, let the fellow go. We’ve no further use for him. Perhaps some one else will hang him, some day. Though I don’t exactly see that he deserves it, either. It’s his master that’s the one to blame. Now, then, boys, once more forwards!”

The negro was dismissed with a harmless kick, his expression of terror grad-

ually changing to a grin, as he realized his escape, — and the cavalcade pressed onward.

It was still brighter now, and every minute growing more so. The purple tints of the east were becoming mingled with bright streaks, each instant shooting further up towards the zenith, and already upon the peaks of the distant Sierras a sheen of gold had been laid, constantly working down the snow-white sides towards the valleys. In a few minutes the sun, which thus had begun to kindle the mountains' tops, would rise upon the nearer world. But nature was now sufficiently brightened for every purpose. The trees stood out green and separate from each other; the water ran with a suggestion of coming sparkle, and over the rapids tossed its white bells of foam, not needing the sunshine to enliven them; to all intents, the new day had fairly dawned.

Judge Towles rode at the head of the cavalcade, the rest of us following in single file. For a while we could do no more, for there was only a mule track, not sufficient for two to go abreast. It ran close to the water for a while, at a point where the river as yet had been untouched by the gold diggers, and at the foot of a ledge of perpendicular crags, broken into all sorts of fantastic forms, and crowded with a straggling growth of pines.

Then the path wound to the upper surface, and here was better opportunity to ride in mass. For though there was still merely a mule path, it ran through a level plain, unbroken for many yards in every direction except by occasional great oaks dotting the area. We now clustered together three or four abreast, and spurred our horses into a trot, and felt gaily exultant, feeling that we were making satisfactory progress, and in the right direction.

All at once we came to where the track divided, and over the level surface it could be seen that the diverging lines,

after running side by side for a little way, finally parted abruptly, and wandered off almost at right angles to each other.

Which road led to Coyote Hollow? No one really knew, and it seemed scarcely worth while to guess, with so little to guide our conjectures. But at a little distance from the point of separation was found the remnant of a half-burnt cigar.

Here at last was something to go upon, for no one but the faro dealer had cigars. But then again came the doubt. Had that half-consumed stump been purposely placed there by the fugitive as a decoy and deception? It was certainly singular that it should be found so near the divergence of the two paths. So some of us argued, with very proper suspicion; but others gave little attention to the suggestion, claiming that there was no reason why he should believe that he would be pursued at all, and that therefore he would not be likely to take any precautions at all in flight.

Then, too, if this were an intentional attempt at mystification, how should it be read? Should we laugh at this feeble attack upon our intelligence, and take the other path? Or should we give the fugitive credit for deeper guile, pre-supposing our adoption of that course, and so, taking the first route, more certainly come upon him?

There was much hesitation and dispute among us, occasioning some loss of time; and finally we divided, pursuing different routes in search of further indications, and able for the while at least to keep within sight of each other.

Then came a loud shout of exultation from the right hand party; and one of them, dismounting, picked up and held aloft a horse-shoe. It must have been cast by the fugitive's horse. Certainly he would not have thrown it away, to the crippling of his beast, for any possible mystification, nor would he would have done it so far from the separation of the paths. With an answering shout, the

left hand party cantered across the intervening turf and joined their comrades, and so we all rode on together again.

We had him now, this fleeing faro dealer. There could be no doubt that we were upon the proper path, and however far might be his start, his crippled horse could not easily for any great distance help him elude us.

What should we do with him when we caught him? It was a question that we had so far rather indefinitely considered,—had rather felt inclined to postpone until it might be more closely forced upon us,—but that would doubtless soon require vigorous action.

First of all, of course, must be the demand of restitution to the Bobolink of his little fortune.

The Bobolink was a fool, to be sure, but there were his mother and sisters to be considered, and there was little doubt that the faro dealer held those unjust winnings at that very moment in his saddle bags. All this was a matter requiring no debate. But what was to be done with the man himself?

One of the party suggested shooting him, but that proposition met with no seconding. It was not in the mind of any of us to shoot a man in cold blood; and besides, he could not, according to any moral code, be said to have done a thing worthy of death. Full restitution of the spoils would go a great way towards atonement. Perhaps to tie him to a tree and give him forty lashes upon his bare back, as a warning not to transgress again; perhaps a mere injunction never more to venture near our settlement—well, we should soon see.

A great deal, of course, would depend upon the action and demeanor of the man himself, when caught. Something, too, upon our own disposition at the moment. If Rush Brackley had then been captured, it might not have gone very hard with him. The air was so soft and pleasant, the bright sunlight so cheery, the ride so exhilarating, that there was little

probability that we should have been led to extreme measures. The object of the expedition must of course be accomplished,—the Bobolink must have his money again. That matter attended to, why should we trouble ourselves any further with the fugitive, so long as he might relieve us of his future presence? Who, indeed, upon such a day as that, could project any extreme severities?

Among all of us there were certainly none more lively and bright-spirited than Howard. Had he not taken his resolution for a good purpose, to be steadily adhered to, not merely for his own good but for the happiness of many at home, who were praying for him as a wayward, misdirected child? Certainly he would now show himself to them in a new character, and let them see of what stuff he was made.

“Yes, Philip, it will somewhat astonish them, will it not? to see me come home and slip back upon the old countinghouse stool. They will scarcely believe it at first, will they? They will think it too good to last, and will watch every day for me to disappear again. I don’t deny that the hum of the sea will at times come into my ears and drive me perhaps half crazy; but for all that I will stick it out to the end. In ten years you will find me the head of the firm, Philip,—a selectman of the town, and very highly respected by all,—looking forward, besides, to that highest ambition of New England life, the chance of some day becoming deacon of the church,—and I say, Philip,—”

“Well, Howard?”

“You mustn’t laugh at this, for I mean it. It’s the beginning of the hard work of life that I am going to put myself to accomplishing. You must know that my little sister Jane is to be married in a few months. I was going to bring her a wedding present from China,—an ivory elephant or a porcelain mandarin, or something of that sort. Of course I must give that up, now. But

there is our claim; I want that we shall dig that out to the very bottom. There must be something in it, though perhaps not much. Colonel Belden has got a little out of his claim on our right, and Judge Towles about the same amount on our left. Not a fortune in either case, but enough to have paid for the trouble, may be. Now our claim just between ought to pan out about as well. And last night I lay awake thinking it all over; and I made up my mind that if you would help me I would clean out the pit to the very end, and give all my share, little or great, to Jane for her wedding present. What do you say, Philip?"

"I'll help you in that, Howard, certainly. And—but here we must be coming to the border of the plain, and no Rush Brackley yet."

We had now ridden about two miles along the oak-studded plateau, which seemed coming to an end. In front the land began to rise from its former level, and a thicker growth of trees mingled with underbrush obscured any observation in front. It appeared as though the rocky steep that had bordered the stream had curved inland. Away beyond, and rising into the dignity of the first of a prospective chain of mountains, the land loomed still higher, peeping some distance above the rugged line of the nearest slope. Doubtless a valley lay between, and in this we hoped to overtake the fugitive.

With this view we pressed on still more rapidly than before, the low thicket of bush we began to enter opening before us as we advanced, and disclosing the mule track constantly leading onward. At length we gained the brow of the first line of elevation and gazed below.

A basin of turf with very few trees lying below us, and stretching out nearly a mile before beginning to rise again and lose itself in a new growth of brushwood. Through this clear basin the mule track still ran almost in a direct line to the opposite acclivity.

And about half way across was the fugitive.

He was plodding slowly along upon his horse, and evidently unapprehensive of any pursuit. Perhaps from the first he had not feared molestation, and the dropping of the half-burnt cigar away back had been a mere chance; perhaps, anxious at first, he had begun to lay aside all fear with increase of distance.

Leisurely pacing onwards, and yet his slow progress might have been owing rather to the condition of his horse than to any assurance of safety. As we drew rein for a moment and gazed down upon him, he was seen to stop and dismount and examine the horse's feet. Evidently he was taking careful note of the loss of the missing shoe, which if not carefully treated would soon cause his animal to go lame. Satisfying himself of the fact, and perhaps that it could not be remedied, he remounted; and then looking back for the first time saw us.

Another instant we were riding down the slope towards him. For a moment it seemed as though he would press onward in flight; then he drew his rein and remained motionless. Certainly flight could not be successful with only that half-crippled horse. Then he turned from side to side, as though looking for some place of concealment. But where he happened to be there was only an open space for some distance on either side,—no interruption beyond the few oaks standing in the plain, and no possible refuge at either hand. And so at last turning he steadily faced us.

There could be only one course for him to pursue—that of absolute surrender. A moment of reflection would have convinced him of this. But when hard pressed no one can be always wise, and to an ill regulated disposition opposition merely encourages rashness. Else what devil for the instant possessed him, that his lips should part with that old, habitual ugly smile, tenfold intensified, and his hand stray towards his pistol belt?

"Look out, boys! Look out!" cried the Judge, as the hand became outstretched with the pistol surely pointed.

We lowered our heads to our horses' necks until the reports — one, two, and three — had passed us. Then hearing nothing further, we urged our horses madly forward.

Like a charge of cavalry in battle — was it not really a battle? — our horses dashed tumultuously forward, shaking the ground and plunging on in solid force. A moment more, and with the shock as well as from the rearing of his own frightened horse, Rush Brackley lay prostrate upon the ground, we gazing silently upon him. Seven of us, that is to say, clustered closely around him, — but where was the eighth?

A little way off, just where we had gathered when we had begun our onward rush, the remaining horse stood frightened and trembling, and whinnying pitiously as a horse will manifest his perception of some unusual or startling incident. Beside the horse and perfectly motionless lay its rider.

Two or three of us ran up and lifted him, then for the moment let his head drop again to the ground, and rang out our cry of alarm. It was poor Howard whom we had raised up, — not merely bruised or hurt by the fall as we had first supposed, but altogether lifeless, — shot through the heart, — dead.

VIII.

At the same moment Rush Brackley lifted himself slowly from the ground. He was not hurt in the least by his fall, and now stood erect among us, his eyes brought near together with a frown, his lips curved with a supercilious, antagonistic expression, his whole look one of defiance.

For an instant he glanced aside towards us, who now more tenderly than before were again lifting poor Howard from the ground. Rush Brackley saw

that in the sudden burst of passion something had been done by himself that he would now wish had been left undone.

To what extremity had he gone? Physical injury that would be cured in an hour or two of rest, or death itself? He could not tell; he could ask no questions; the knowledge of it, whatever it might be, would come to him soon enough.

Whatever it was, he had done it. We had all seen him fire the shots; the pistol with its three chambers empty lay smoking at his feet. He could now only turn his face straight forward again and endeavor to maintain his expression of indifferent recklessness.

Under other and harmless circumstances some of us would have spoken to him. Perhaps even in friendly greeting, since it was in our power to do what we would with him, and therefore a pleasant word or two could not work any damage. Some of our party had played at his tables with varying success; one man had won largely. Even a jest or two consequently might not come amiss after restitution should have been made to the Bobolink, and a generous release resolved upon.

But now not one of us spoke to him, for we all felt at once the terror of the situation. We could only stand fixedly and with expression of bitter determination gazing upon him. One or two let their eyes wander away to the nearest tree, measuring the height of the lowest branch from the ground. There was a wonderful suggestiveness in the movement and it began to spread. But the Judge soon recalled us to ourselves.

"Wait, boys, — wait until we get back to the settlement," he said in a low, determined tone. "Nothing hasty or rash, — everything to be done in order and with deliberation. Put him on his horse and see that he does not have any chance of escape, — that is all now."

Within a few minutes, therefore, Rush Brackley, unresisting, as he saw that no

efficient opposition was possible, was sitting once more upon his horse and being slowly led back to the mine. His hands were tied behind his back, but one of the men rode by him on either side, so close that he could not fall. Another rode in front leading the white pony with a sufficient lariat. All the escort had pistols, now brought into plain sight and ready for instant use. The prisoner well knew that he could make not one motion, however slight, looking towards escape without having two or three pistol balls driven through his head, and so, silent and unresisting he rode towards his equally hopeless doom in the settlement.

Fifteen minutes later another little procession, consisting of myself and three others, slowly wended our way back to the mines. We were now merely leading our horses, ourselves all on foot. Between us we carried a rudely constructed bier,—a few slender sticks covered with brush, and a blanket over all. Upon this lay poor Howard Silsby, another blanket thrown over him. Weighed down with this sad burden—there seems nothing so heavy as the body of the dead—we slowly plodded along the returning way. More slowly indeed than the other procession, which soon left us out of sight; but little by little we urged on our way, occasionally stopping for a short rest; and so, late in the afternoon, finished our labor and regained the camp.

There at once evidences of kind sympathy met us. Poor Howard had been very much liked in the mine,—more so than he would have thought, possibly, he was so quietly disposed, engaging in so few of the follies around him, and so little seeming to court popularity. But his round, smooth, honest face and his pleasant laugh had attracted many with bountiful good will towards him, and it was felt somehow, almost without especial occasion for trial of it, that his was a generous nature which could be thorough-

ly trusted. And so now some ten or fifteen men met us at the borders of the plain, and gave us their escort up to our tent, and there did what they could towards disposing the lifeless body with reverence and care. Some gathered bunches of pine needles and laid them many inches thick upon the floor of the tent, placing on them fresh blankets, so that the poor boy now rested more luxuriously than he had ever cared to do when alive; and others helped me rearrange the furnishing of the tent so that any discordant features might be hidden out of sight; getting, too, from somewhere, no one knew where, a little bunch of crape to fasten upon the front flap of the tent. And still further, two of the men went across to where a flagstaff had once been erected in the middle of the plain, and put the flag at half mast. They could not do too much for Howard Silsby, who would so gladly have done much for them,—so they said. And so at last all was done, decently and in order, and the little throng dispersed, leaving Howard stretched out upon his soft bed of pine needles, his hands crossed over his breast, the wound hidden carefully from sight, his eyes closed, and a pleasant smile of peace upon his face,—lying in silence, waiting for the last offices of all.

Then I left the tent in charge of two men to guard it in my absence, and set out by myself across the plain. There were other things to do, which it seemed that I only could attend to,—necessary preparations to be made for the last sad rites.

It seemed at first that this would be difficult to accomplish, for how much was there not which could scarcely be obtained in a mining population? And yet where four or five hundred men have been gathered together from all kinds of occupations, it is seldom that some one cannot be found for almost any task. And here now came the carpenter and volunteered to make a coffin; Howard Silsby

had always been so pleasant with him. Here, too, were three who offered to dig the grave; would that they could do much more for Howard than that. And so, in less than an hour, it seemed as though all that could be thought of at the moment was provided for; and I, my mind somewhat relieved, and my heart really cheered with the sympathy I found in every direction, started again for my tent.

My way now led directly across the plain, and following that line, I came to our own claim,—Howard's and mine. We had not worked much at it lately; most of our labor had consisted in strolling up to it at a late hour of the morning, peeping into the excavation for a minute or two, and then sitting down to smoke. Others had begun to joke us a little about our slow progress, alleging that we must be letting the money at the bottom lie to gather interest; and we had not been at all offended, and had even carried on the pleasantries the more merrily as it touched us closer. It was a fact that a depth of four feet in three weeks was scarcely a matter to pride ourselves upon, more especially as on either hand, as open-mouthed reproaches, stood the gaping pits dug by Judge Towles and Colonel Belden,—great square excavations nearly twenty feet deep, all cleared out to the bottom rock, and for many days past abandoned for other claims.

But now I stood in the slanting rays of the setting sun, and gazed down into our claim with a different feeling. No one could reprove me for lack of industry and fortitude; pleasantries about my labor was to be at an end; there was a duty now before me. At the bottom of the pit lay little Jane Silsby's wedding present; it must now surely be lifted from its obscurity of centuries. Please God, before many months I would put it into her hands as her brother's last gift, and tell her how Howard had spoken about her only a minute or two before he died: and better than all else, per-

haps, would tell them all how Howard had determined to make them happy and satisfied with him, by casting aside forever his wandering propensities and submitting himself to the safer rule of their guidance.

"And so the poor boy is gone," was uttered alongside me.

"Yes." I answered. I did not know the man who spoke, and who had come up unexpectedly. It was sufficient that, although a stranger, he spoke with sympathy and feeling.

"And we know just who did it; that is something. The fellow will hang for it tomorrow, sure."

"I suppose so: in fact, that seems pretty generally agreed upon."

"Judge Towles has been elected to conduct the trial. That was done an hour ago. Some twenty of us got together and fixed it. There were some who thought he would not care about it, but he is true grit, is the Judge. Has seen something of that sort of thing in Kentucky, he says, and knows just what to do. There were some who didn't care to have any judge or trial at all, but to hang the faro dealer up on the spot and have done with it at once. Such a clear case, you see. But the Judge, he said we must be regular, above all things. It might be on our consciences if we were not regular, and of course it would all come to the same thing in the end."

"Of course."

Then the man and I parted, going different ways. But I had not proceeded far when another miner joined me,—unknown as had been the first one, but equally filled with sympathy.

"Poor Silsby! I liked the young fellow, do you know? And now we must go and bury him, and have no comfort in it, except that tomorrow we can bury the gambler, too. Well, that, after all, is a kind of satisfaction. There can be no getting of the fellow off, can there?"

"I suppose not. It seems a very clear case."

"Very clear. Out here, too, we understand ourselves, and have no Eastern nonsense to keep a man from the gallows. No stays, and injunctions, and exceptions, and all that. Only the merits of the case will be considered, and on that basis the matter can be closed up at once, and every one back to his work satisfied. You see the light out yonder, don't you? A little crowd around it? I've just come from there. It's Judge Towles making up the jury. I'm to be one of them myself."

"Rather a novel way to do it," I responded.

"Perhaps so. But if you go on the old plan, how would you get along at all? If you want men here who haven't already made up their minds, where will you get them? What we want on a jury is men with brains enough to understand a fact when they see it brought before them, and courage enough to act upon it. And I reckon you can trust Judge Towles to find a dozen such men, and better than we could if we undertook it ourselves. And the Judge is sound and conservative, too. Some of the boys wanted to have the trial right off and finish the thing tonight, but the Judge says we mustn't go too fast. We mustn't hurry, or else we might feel badly afterwards, thinking that we might have made some mistake. We must sleep upon it and have time to consider it well over, and then tomorrow morning we can hold the trial at seven, and the hanging can come right after. O, the Judge is sound and clear as a bell,—there's no mistake about that."

He, too, went his way; and as I proceeded further, walking around towards the side of the plain and along the line of tents, I came across Colonel Belden. He was sitting in front of his tent, in a reflective position, and evidently very much impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The Vermonter, stepping forwards, seized my hand in his, and gave it an affectionate wring that almost

brought tears into my eyes. It was not that the Colonel was so particularly glad to meet me, or was giving me a greeting after a long absence; it was merely his manner of expressing sympathy.

"The poor young fellow!" said the Colonel. "Do you know, I was really getting to love that boy? And how he always helped us all to laugh about that claim he was going to dig out some of these days, and all the while never got at!"

"It shall be got at now, Colonel. I am going to take hold of it myself. Half of what lies at the bottom, much or little, belongs to Howard, and I am going to get it out, if hard work will do it, and carry it home with me to his family."

"No! Well, that's the true and honest thing, and I and a few others will turn to and help you along with it. And I say! Isn't it a comfort that the faro fellow must suffer for it? They all say that he is to be hanged before nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I don't see how he can escape, do you? Judge Towles is to preside, and I'm told he's making up the jury. He won't have any faint-hearted men on that, you may be sure."

"It is n't likely, Colonel."

"I was a little afraid at one time that the Judge would put me on the jury, and I asked him not to. Not that I am at all mealy-mouthed about it, but you see I am rather peculiarly situated. I don't remember whether I once told you that my wife belongs to the anti capital punishment league and is rather interested in it, and expects me to be a little so also. Sooner or later the report of this may reach home. Not that it will get into the papers, but there may be other Vermonters here whom I don't know, and they may be writing home about it. And if my wife were to ask me what I had had to do with it, what should I say to her? And if I had to tell her I had been on the jury,—O good sakes! what would she say to me? So I gave the

Judge the wink not to use me unless it were absolutely necessary, and now I hear that everything is properly arranged without me. He is the judge, and will get a good tough-hearted jury with no nonsense about them; and I hear that a sheriff has already been appointed, and he is trying all the tent ropes that have been lent him to see which is best for the hanging; and the trial will take place at seven tomorrow morning, so that we can all sleep on it tonight and feel that we are not acting hastily;—and right after the trial will come the execution. It was such a clear case, you see. And I don't think that the fellow himself, if at the end he was asked about it and chose to tell the truth, would say anything other than that he had had a fair trial."

"Most likely, Colonel."

"Do you know, I wish it were all over. Tomorrow will be a dreadful day, and though I shall have no hand in it yet I can't help approving; and if ever at home I am obliged to own that I didn't even lift my finger to interfere, why then—Ah well! some things must at times be done, even though a little irregularly. Some thought that it would take place tonight; and it has gone abroad so in the next mines, and some of the boys have come in to look on. Ten or twelve came in on horseback an hour ago, and I don't think they will go back again, but will wait over. There they are, all collected in Bill Hasey's tent, and I expect they will make a night of it. And there, over yonder, comes another."

"The white-topped wagon, Colonel, on the slope of the road?"

"No, no; the fellow this side on the gray horse. Men scarcely go visiting from mine to mine in white-topped wagons, with oxen to draw them, do they?

That thing coming down towards us—perhaps, though, you have n't heard—"

"Have been away almost all day, Colonel, as you must be aware, and so—"

"Exactly—you could n't have heard, of course. Well, it is a train that left Fort Independence four months ago. Came through under an escort of troops going to Fort Yuma. This side of Fort Yuma it began to break up, each wagon going its own way. Some few have kept on the direct line, and find themselves passing through here on their way to Stockton, and so farther along. Two wagons came in about noon but didn't stop long, wishing to get to the next diggings before sundown. Guess this one will stop over for the night,—nothing else for it to do, in fact."

Yes, as the Colonel spoke, the wagon finished its descent of the slope and was brought to a stop before the nearest tent. The teamster with a tired air and the manner of one who considered his work done, began immediately to detach his oxen. From the other side now appeared one of the escort,—a small, gray-haired man on horseback.

Even in that rapidly increasing darkness and at the distance of over twenty feet, I seemed to see something familiar in the appearance of the man, and my blood grew cold as with the realization of a new terror. He climbed slowly down from his horse, rather than threw himself off. As I approached I could see how feebly the action was carried out,—the act of one who had little strength for it, and from the first should never have undertaken such a journey. And now drawing still closer, I felt all my doubts becoming resolved.

"Good heavens, Doctor Somers!" I cried. "Can this be really you? What does it all mean?"

Leonard Kip.

THE LARGEST ESTATE IN THE WORLD.

THE most diligent research has thrown but little light on the early history of the savage tribes that peopled the mountain region of New Mexico and Southern Colorado before its settlement by the whites. There is absolutely nothing to justify the statement made by some, that the warlike Aztecs, who had been so successful in subjugating all opposing races in Mexico, had at one time invaded New Mexico, and extended their sway as far north as the Las Animas. The Navajos, Utes, Pueblos, Apaches, Comanches, and a few other tribes of minor importance, inhabited this region, waging warfare upon one another, but unmolested by the whites, and in absolute possession until, in 1783, the Spanish General Anza, — whose government claimed all that vast extent of country called Spanish America, extending from Panama to the northern boundary of California, — utterly defeated the bloodthirsty Comanches in a pitched battle, killing twenty or thirty of their chiefs. Then for the first time can this territory be said to have been forced into at least nominal submission.

As at present in the United States each citizen has the right to homestead 160 acres of land, so formerly the citizen of Mexico who desired to locate in an unsettled district, was "granted" eleven square leagues, or 63,360 acres. The governors had the power to increase this amount, where it was the intention of the grantee to colonize his lands. This prerogative they exercised in a few isolated cases, one of these being the granting, in 1841, by the governor of New Mexico, of 1,714,765 acres, or nearly 2,680 square miles of land, to Charles Beaubien and Guadalupe Miranda, two Spanish gentlemen of education and refinement. Fortunately for these men,

the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, through which, in 1848, the United States obtained possession of what was then known as New Mexico and Alta California, contained a provision by which the United States agreed to respect the rights of all those who had acquired title through grants from the Mexican government. Had it not been the case, all these lands would have been thrown open to settlers. The Beaubien-Miranda grant embraces the entire western portion of Colfax County in northern New Mexico, and the southern part of Las Animas County, Colorado.

Two thousand, six hundred and eighty square miles : what a princely domain ! Can this have been the magnet that attracted Lucien B. Maxwell, or was it "esteem and regard," fanned into an undying, quenchless flame of love by the electrifying influence of Signorita Beaubien's coal black eyes ?

"*Quien sabe ?*" the Mexican would answer. Certain it is that the celebrated scout and trapper, Maxwell, whose vocation as guide had often brought him to Beaubien's rancho, wooed and wedded one of the latter's six bewitching daughters. No wonder she accepted him, for he is said to have been as fine a specimen of physical strength and manhood as one could desire to see, and withal frank, upright, and generous to a fault.

It was this Maxwell who, in 1846, together with Kit Carson, guided Colonel Frémont across the burning desert and rocky fastnesses to California. The wild nomadic existence he had been leading had lost its charm, so he settled himself down to enjoy the independent and, to him, fascinating life of a ranchero. He was reputed a shrewd man and a lucky one, for he made money hand over fist. But he could no more keep it than

hold water in a sieve. His princely establishment at Cimarron was open to all comers, who were welcomed and entertained in the most liberal, whole-souled manner.

In 1857 Maxwell bought Miranda's interest in the grant, and in the early part of the sixties, shortly after the death of old Beaubien, he also bought out the five heirs for sums ranging from three thousand to six thousand dollars, thus becoming the largest landed proprietor in the world, the sole owner of what was thereafter known as the Maxwell Grant. Little did he dream what an enormous value the estate he had thus acquired would in the near future represent; in fact, one of his most intimate friends assured me that as late as 1866 he thought seriously of selling out for \$75,000. But his luck did not desert him; he postponed a little longer, and in 1870 he bonded the property for \$650,000 to Senator Chaffee of Colorado and two others, who, in turn, and only six months later, sold to an English company for \$1,350,000. No doubt they thought this an excellent bargain. And why not? They surely could not suspect that during their lifetime this same property would be valued at ten times that amount.

Poor Maxwell! Before five years had elapsed, the \$650,000 had taken wings. He died in poverty, and was buried at the foot of a magnificent cottonwood tree, one which he himself had planted just behind his mansion at Cimarron.

The Grant did not prosper under English control, and soon passed into the hands of the Dutch. It is now managed by an American trusteeship, and is known as "The Maxwell Land Grant Company," the bonds and stocks being owned by American, English, and Dutch capitalists, though principally by the latter.

Here on this estate, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, I was to spend my summer vacation. The duties at the office had been very confining, and the

doctor recommended plenty of outdoor exercise. Mr. Pels, the genial manager of the Grant, whose acquaintance I had made in New York, had assured me that the climate was most exhilarating. A warm, dry atmosphere, without ever becoming oppressive, coupled with a high altitude, 5,000 to 8,000 feet, made it a very desirable locality for those suffering from lung troubles or asthma. A young friend about to return to California had promised to keep me company. What more could I desire?

And so it happened that one bright day in June we surprised Mr. Pels with a visit at Raton, a charming little town of two thousand inhabitants, the first station of importance on the Grant, and the headquarters of the company. Our reception was a most cordial one. We had arrived just in season, for Mr. Littrell, the cattle foreman, invited us to accompany him the next morning to Long's Cañon, where his cowboys were making preparations to "receive" some cattle lately purchased from one of the squatters.

Although we were good horsemen, the idea of a thirty-five mile ride for a starter appeared too much like an allopathic dose to be relished; the possible, nay probable, after consequences were not to be laughed at. However, the sooner the agony was over the better, so the next morning we presented ourselves at the hour fixed for departure. Top boots, spurs, flannel shirt, and old hunting suit were picturesquely set off with a sombrero of the most improved pattern, measuring forty-four inches in circumference. The ulsters and blankets were strapped on behind the Mexican saddles, and the rubber coats in front, while by way of a change each took along an extra handkerchief. Mr. Littrell had said, "Carry as little baggage as possible; there is plenty of water to wash your clothes with, and you can bask in the sun until they are dry."

After skirting the hills for about six

miles we turned into the cañon of the Upper Canadian River. The road was good, the weather fine, and as we proceeded at a jog trot, we plied Mr. Littrell with questions relating to the Grant and to the cattle business. It appears that some years ago quite a number of settlers located on the property, in anticipation that the Grant would not be confirmed. After much litigation the Supreme Court of the United States conclusively settled the matter in favor of the grant people, who are now making arrangements with the squatters. Instead of forcibly ejecting them, which they have a perfect right to do, they offered the squatters a fair price for their cattle and improvements, in most cases giving them the chance to purchase the land at a low figure and on the easiest terms. As a result of this mild and highly commendable policy, the settlers have almost all determined to accept the conditions and remain. Some few hot-headed ones are giving a little trouble in the neighborhood of Stonewall, but they will soon come to their senses, for if they don't, Uncle Sam will send some of his valiant troops to bring them there, putting the rightful owners in possession.

The Grant had purchased in all some 20,000 head of cattle, and part of these we were going to "receive," which, by the way, consists in the owners turning them over to the cowboys of the Grant, who count and brand them.

By noon we reached a small ranch, some twenty-four miles from Raton, where we were to meet one of Mr. Littrell's cowboys, who, we found, had arrived there before us. After partaking of some bacon, fried potatoes, and tea, we proceeded to cross the divide, a high ridge lying between the Upper Canadian River and Long's Cañon. We now entered a dense forest of pines, the largest of which measured three feet in diameter. When we had calculated that such a tree would furnish about 1,000 feet of lumber, my California friend disdainfully turned

up his nose, remarking that where he came from such trees would hardly be considered fit to cut. But when we heard that there were 500,000 acres of timber land in the Grant, and that the lumber men paid a royalty of \$2.50 for every thousand feet they cut, the surrounding country being for hundreds of miles almost destitute of trees, we came to the conclusion that locality had indeed much to do with value.

Our new *compagnon de voyage* was a very talkative fellow, and seemed to enjoy drawing the long bow before the city chaps. Encouraged by the intensity of our greenness regarding cattle, he overstepped the mark in a hail story, which put us on our guard. I had noticed that he carried a "slikker,"—a coat made of linen dipped in boiled linseed oil,—and asked whether he had much use for it.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "it's the rainy season now. But often it don't help, the water comes down so thick. The hail is the worst however! Now yesterday we was out hunting up some cattle, when it commenced to thunder like h—; the lightning was a-playing round uncommon close to us, and hailstones fell as big as —," here he looked at me out of the corner of his eye,—“as big as hens' eggs! Yes, sir, I even seed some as was as big as a billiard ball.”

"By gracious, that's pretty big," I exclaimed. "I've heard of such hailstones, but never had the pleasure of seeing any."

"Pleasure!" he repeated. "May I never! Why it was as much as your life was worth! I was just a-thinking it was about time to git under cover, when one of them blasted stones hit me a clip on the side of the head and just knocked the think all out of me. It raised a lump the size of my fist, almost lifting me clean out of the saddle. And when I looked round, I seed a stone a-rolling down the hillside,—well it was as big,—yes, without exaggeration, as big as a cro-

quet ball. Did you ever see a croquet ball?"

This was too much for us, and even Mr. Littrell joined in the laugh, when my friend remarked, "Your head must be pretty tough, young man, but it's not as tough as your story."

The account given us of the *Penitentes* or "Penitentials," as the cowboy called them, was very interesting. There are quite a number of Mexicans on the Grant, a most lazy, slovenly, ignorant class of beings. Some are atheists; those who are not hold the tenets of the Catholic Church. Of the latter class there are the mere formalists, and those whose emotional, highly susceptible, and superstitious nature has been so worked upon by the priests as to make perfect fanatics of them. During the forty days of Lent, the faithful followers of the Church, or, as Mr. Littrell called them, "the weak ones," daily parade through the village street, beating themselves all over the body with switches, or bunches of sword grass, until the blood runs, the chastisement being often severe enough to bring on a fainting spell. These enthusiasts are called "*Penitentes*." They are taught that by thus propitiating the Almighty their sins will be forgiven them. On Easter day the *Penitentes* turn out in full force, whipping themselves frightfully, some carrying heavy crosses, others, again, crawling on hands and knees over aloe and cactus leaves placed on the ground for that purpose. Whoever is thus penitent during Lent for seven consecutive years, can thereafter sin at pleasure, without fear of retributive justice. Some three years ago, during Lent, Mr. Littrell entered one of their little adobe churches, and found one of the corners all bespattered with blood, where, as he supposed, the *Penitentes* must have whipped themselves. On the same occasion he saw a man, who must have been particularly penitent, tied to a cross and scourged until his body was literally cov-

ered with blood. The poor sinner was then allowed to remain three quarters of an hour in the freezing cold; when taken down in an unconscious condition he was frozen so stiff that his arms remained extended, and he had to be carried edgewise through the door of his hovel.

This brings to mind the accounts one reads of the religious devotees of the Middle Ages. Who would have thought that in this enlightened age such barbarous customs were still practised?

We reached camp at six o'clock, and received a pleasant welcome from old Uncle Sam, the cook. Soon after, the rest of the "outfit," six cowboys, came straggling in. Now I began to realize for the first time how well founded the statement is that a cowboy lives on horseback. You hardly ever see them walk. And why should they? There are always three or four horses standing saddled and bridled ready for use, within thirty feet of the camp.

Uncle Sam wants some wood for the fire. "Kid," he calls, "just fetch me a log."

The individual addressed mounts his horse, proceeds a short distance down the cañon, fastens the noose of his lariat to a log, gives two or three turns of the rope around the pommel of his saddle, and comes galloping back, dragging the log behind him.

It is wonderful how dexterous they are. About the neatest little trick I saw was performed shortly after our arrival. The cook wanted water for the potatoes. Being requested to get some, Bill took a bucket, rode his horse into the creek, and leaning over on the up-stream side, filled it. He then turned back to camp at full speed, and making a graceful circle round the tent, deposited the bucket by the fire without spilling a drop. It was full to within two inches of the brim.

Supper consisted of boiled potatoes and beef with tea or coffee. Butter and milk are unheard of luxuries. The beef was said to be a great treat as a substi-

tute for bacon or ham, which is their usual fare. Its presence was thus accounted for: one of the men in lassoing a yearling steer had accidentally thrown him rather roughly, breaking his neck. I suppose such accidents will happen occasionally.

About nine o'clock we retired, I rolling myself up in my blankets under a tent between two of the cowboys. The next morning at five we had our breakfast, which by way of variation consisted of coffee with potatoes and beef,—for dinner we had beef and potatoes with coffee. We were somewhat stiff after our ride of the previous day, and were delighted to hear that the cattle would be branded in a little cañon within five minutes' walk of camp.

As the settlers who were selling had not yet put in an appearance, the boys occupied themselves with the training of their broncos. Until a mustang has been thoroughly broken-in it is called a bronco. Some had already been ridden several times, and gave but little trouble. Not so with the others, however. One of them was to be mounted by a young Dutchman, called "Van," who did not in the least relish the idea. It took two men all of fifteen minutes to put the saddle on. The "bucking-strap" had been attached to it, so that the rider could get a firm hold with his right hand, while the stirrups were tied together under the belly of the horse, thus giving "Van" an excellent opportunity to brace himself. When the saddle was well secured, the "bucking-cinch" having also been drawn tight, one of the boys gave a jerk at the end of a lariat, which had been fastened to the bronco's neck. This, together with a little shouting, was sufficient to open the circus. How that animal did jump, buck, rear, and kick! Now I understood why the boys had started him going without a rider on his back; having failed to get rid of the saddle, they thought he would not make such a violent effort to throw the man.

In about five minutes the bronco stopped his antics for want of breath. Now was Van's chance to mount. Poor fellow, how reluctantly he came up, and how pale he looked! Van, who had only been a cowboy for a year, was a good rider, but had never straddled a bucking bronco. Only a few days before he had seen a fellow bucked off, getting two ribs and his collar bone broken; no wonder he felt a little shaky. Two men were already in their saddles waiting to assist in guiding the bronco by riding on either side of him. Van now grasped the lariat and slowly, hand over hand, approached his horse, keeping a firm hold. When near enough he quietly clasped the fingers of his left hand over the bridle near the horse's cheekbone; for as long as Van had hold of his head the horse could not kick him. He now slowly and gently loosened the lariat and placed his left foot in the stirrup, holding the pommel and the lines in his right, while still retaining his grip on the horse's head. We were now all attention, for at any moment the potential energy in that mass of quivering horse-flesh might develop a most astounding amount of actual energy. Suddenly Van sat in the saddle, Mr. Bronco never moving, much to our surprise.

The boys knew this would not last long. "Bring him out some blankets to fall on!" some one shouted.

"Pick out a soft spot, old fellow," came from another quarter.

In the mean time Van had slightly inclined his heels to the rear. Away went the bronco with a rider on each side of him, jumping and bucking high in the air.

Now the boys broke loose: "Is your life insured?"—"Stick to him, old fellow!"—"Don't let go the bucking-strap."—"Keep your feet in the stirrups and he won't throw you!"—"Did you put enough glue on your saddle?" These and similar exclamations were heard on all sides.

But Van stuck to his horse nobly. After about ten minutes he was near camp again, having for the moment conquered the brute, and taking a favorable chance, he jumped to the ground for a rest.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"O like a stewed cat; as limp as a rag. If he had kept on much longer I believe he would have landed me in the dirt; my wind was almost gone," was the answer.

By this time the owners of the cattle had arrived and we all proceeded to the branding place. Here we found the cattle huddled together in an immense corral. Adjoining this, and having communication therewith by means of a gate, was a smaller enclosure, from which the cattle were driven into the slip, or "shoot," to be branded. When the small corral is empty it is filled from the larger one. The shoot is made of two parallel rows of heavy stakes let about two feet into the ground, converging so as to be V-shaped, that is to say, the rows are ten inches apart at the bottom and four feet apart at the top. By reason of this the cattle are forced to enter single file and cannot turn round.

At the end of the shoot is the "snapping turtle." This consists of two round timbers some eight or ten feet long. Timber No. 1 is set vertically into the ground, just inside of one of the parallel rows of stakes, some eight feet from the end of the shoot and very firmly braced. Directly opposite is timber No. 2, arranged so as to swing vertically on a horizontally placed bolt, which runs through the timber at the end near the ground. At the top of No. 2 a rope is fastened, which runs across the shoot over a pulley and down nearly to the ground, where it is attached to a lever. When the lever is pulled down No. 2 swings over against No. 1. As the cattle are driven through the shoot the foremost one reaches the "snapping turtle." There can be no turning round and no stopping either, for the cattle press on

behind, and a couple of men keep urging them on with pointed sticks. As the animal passes through the snapping turtle the lever is pulled down, and he is caught just in front of the hips and back of the ribs. Very little fuss is made when the branding iron is applied, for the animal cannot budge an inch. Not more than one minute is consumed by the whole proceeding, snapping, branding, and releasing. In this way six men can easily brand five hundred head in one day, while by the old method, which consisted in lassoing and throwing the cattle to the ground, it would have taken three times as many men and some thirty odd horses, besides being exceedingly wearing on all concerned.

When the day's work was over and supper finished, all gathered round the fire, and the whisky bottle was passed. Here a fresh surprise was in store for me. Many did not drink, and those that did took very little. According to the regulations, an outfit that is "rounding-up" or "receiving" is not allowed to touch whisky. A good provision, but surely not intended to include a treat by the seller, which was the case in this instance. There is another good rule which all the cattlemen in this section have agreed to observe, viz.: never to employ a cowboy who carries a revolver.

We remained a couple of days longer with the cowboys, and had a highly interesting and jolly time of it. They were very good-natured fellows; in fact, during all the time we were there we never heard an unpleasant word, nor was there any grumbling.

This Grant appears to be a most excellent cattle range. The mountainous portion is especially adapted to the raising of cattle. It abounds in vegi and gramma grass, both very nutritious feed, the latter somewhat resembling the buffalo grass of Colorado, but much superior. The soil is of such nature that cattle may be herded year in and year out over the same range, without its deteriorating

in the least, which is, I believe, exceptional, and must add greatly to the value of the property. This fall the Grant will have a herd of some 30,000 head. Suppose each animal requires twenty acres, which is a liberal estimate; in that case their herd will have to range over 600,000 acres. It may require twenty men to attend to these cattle during the summer months, while but half that number are needed during the winter. These twenty men will be divided into two "outfits" of say ten each, counting the foreman and the cook, who does all the work about camp. As each cowboy has from five to eight horses, an outfit will have in the neighborhood of sixty. These are of course supplied by the company, but the cowboy must furnish his own saddle and bridle.

During the summer months, their work consists in herding the cattle, rounding them up, branding the calves and breaking in their saddle horses. In winter there is not so much to be done. The outfit then goes into a permanent camp, living in a cabin made of logs, having the interstices filled with stones, plastered together with mud. From this camp they circle round through the country, bringing in the weak and sickly cattle, which they fear might otherwise not survive the winter storms, feeding them hay and alfalfa until they have recovered. Many cattlemen simply let their herds run the whole winter without care, but it pays to give them some little attention.

Whenever a round-up is held, all the cattlemen of the neighborhood are notified when and where it will take place, thus giving them a chance to send one or two representatives from among their cowboys to look after their interests. The outfit that is going to hold the round-up moves its camp to the open cañon where it is to be held. They then spend several days in collecting all the cattle they can find for miles around into one herd.

As early as four o'clock on the morning of the appointed day everything is in a bustle. The cook has rudely awakened you from a most refreshing slumber on the hard ground — there is nothing like it, when once certain spots have become a little callous — and you push aside the folds of your tent, with an eye to the morning ablution. What a charming scene gradually unfolds itself before you: the fantastic forms due to an uncertain morning light fading away before the ever increasing glow in the eastern horizon. You are surrounded by mountains: in the distance is the majestic Culebra range, its snow-capped peaks, nearly 14,000 feet high, towering up to the skies above; while at your feet the clear, sparkling water of a little creek, insignificant beginning of some mighty stream, rushes merrily along down its snake-like course to the plains below. A herd of several thousand cattle are grazing on the velvety cañon bottom. Here and there a cowboy is stationed, watching that none of the herd stray away, while the eight or more tents in which the outfit and the representatives have slept are grouped about the camp-fires on a slight eminence to one side. The lowing of cattle, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, and the shouting of the cowboys as they drive an unruly yearling back into the herd, heightens the effect.

While breakfast is being prepared, four or five cowboys round up the horses belonging to camp; — where there are thirty men, the horses will often number two hundred. They circle round to keep them bunched, and each man in camp selects one of his horses to ride that day, or perhaps only for that morning, if there is much rough work to be done. Not a single horse is permitted to stray away from the bunch. I remember wondering, the first morning we were in camp, why they were so particular, for I had noticed that the horses they so religiously drove back among the rest were often not wanted; besides, the smaller

the bunch, the easier to pick out the desired horse. Upon inquiring the reason, I received the reply: "O if we let any stray away, there will be a general stampede to follow the leader." How sheepish it made me feel!

When the horses have been secured, the cowboys proceed to saddle and bridle them, not always such an easy matter, especially if there are any broncos, when it becomes a very amusing exhibition. Such cursing and swearing I never heard before! Well, that's part and parcel of a cowboy's life.

Now all turn out to round up the cattle; a wild and exciting scene, they not being as easily managed as the horses. On all sides the cattle break away from the main herd, and go tearing back in the direction from whence they came, with the cowboys following in full chase! Up hill, down hill, across the cañon, through brush and water! And such dodging, especially if it be a yearling! Why, it's as bad as a flea hunt! There is an element of danger connected with it which materially adds to the excitement. The cowboy has to use discretion, for a two or three year old steer will stand only just so much chasing, and then without warning will face about and dash at his pursuer with lowered head. By a dexterous turn of his horse the charge is evaded, and before the steer has time to recover from his surprise at having butted the air, he receives a stroke from a heavy riding whip or a poke between the ribs from a pointed stick, which may make him change his mind.

When the cattle have been rounded-up a few men stand guard, while the rest proceed to "cutting-out." This consists in separating the different brands from the main brand, which is necessarily that of the outfit on whose range the round-up is being held. One now begins to appreciate why the neighboring cattlemen must send representatives. Mr. Littrell told me that the grant company often had three or four men at as many

round-ups on the adjacent cattle ranges. It is during the winter that the cattle wander the farthest. When the bleak winds begin to blow from the north, the cattle are driven south, ten, twenty, or thirty miles, according to the strength and duration of the storm. After it is over they commence to work back of their own accord, but this is a slow process. The next storm drives them still farther south, and so on, until when spring comes they have to be hunted from fifty to one hundred miles south of the range.

The barbed-wire fences along the railroads are a great bugbear to the cattlemen, for when the cattle come across one of these fences that is at right-angles to the course of the storm, they may have to follow it for miles before finding a crossing. When many wander along the fence the weak ones do not find enough feed to carry them through, and not being able to face the storm they succumb. This explains in part why one sees so many cattle on the north side along the railroads of Colorado and New Mexico, where their course is east and west through cattle ranges. Another reason why these fences are in such disfavor is that the lightning will travel along them for great distances, killing every living thing within reach. One rancher told me that he once had forty horses killed in this way at one stroke.

Next in order after the cutting-out comes the branding of the calves. As they always stay by their mothers, it is an easy matter to know to whom they belong. A big fire is built and the irons heated. The men lasso the calves round the neck, by a leg, or any other way, and come galloping up to the fire with the bellowing calf dragging on behind, sometimes on all fours, but quite as often on its back or side. No time is lost. One of the men appointed for this duty passes his hand along the rope until he reaches the calf's head; he then slips his other hand over its back, and taking

hold of the skin half way down the side, throws it with a jerk on the ground. The hot iron is now applied, and perhaps an ear cut off, and the calf, branded with the mark of its owner, is permitted to return to mother cow, who has been watching the operation with great anxiety. After all the calves have been thus treated, the cowboys depart and the cattle are again left to themselves.

Upon our return to Raton, we found a letter from Mr. Pels, informing us that he had met at Cimarron Professor —, an expert engaged to report upon the value of the coal and mineral deposits on the Grant, and that that gentleman would be pleased to have us join his party. Of course we jumped at the chance, leaving that same afternoon by rail for Springer, the county seat of Colfax County, a thriving little town, situated about forty miles in a direct line southerly from Raton, though still ten miles within the southern line of the Grant. This was the first step towards meeting the Professor, who was expected to reach Pat Lyons Rancho, forty miles northwest from Springer, the following evening.

A. J. Howell, one of the oldest American settlers in New Mexico, drove us the next morning in a light buggy drawn by an excellent span of horses across the prairie to the Van Bremmer cañon.

Howell had been storekeeper for Maxwell at Cimarron, and could tell us much that was highly interesting concerning that individual. His stories were related with such gusto that the time passed very rapidly. As we neared the ruins of what must have been an immense adobe building, the old Judge pointed to the thick walls that were still standing, and said:

"That used to be the stopping place for the stages on their way to Santa Fé. You fellows travel through here now in perfect safety, but I have seen the time when it would have been a foolhardy

undertaking. Do you observe those loopholes? Many an Apache shrieked his hideous death-cry in an attempt to take that place, but the boys were too much for them! Yes, I've seen great changes here, but expect soon to see still greater."

"Why, how do you mean?" we asked.

"I will tell you," he replied. "This prairie, the former home of the Apaches and the antelope, and now used only for cattle to graze on, will soon be an immense patchwork of grain fields and alfalfa meadows. The grant people have at last waked up to the fact that this prairie soil needs nothing but water to make it capable of producing almost anything under the sun. This whole belt along the railroad, some eighty thousand acres, will be irrigated, as the surveyors tell me, at comparatively very slight expense, the cañons in the mountains being remarkably well adapted to the construction of reservoirs. Land that is now worth two or three dollars an acre, will then sell at fifteen, or even twenty dollars."

We rested an hour at the mouth of the Van Bremmer, and started to drive up the cañon at two. The hotel people at Springer had warned us that the road would be very rough, as it was not used any more; but we had no alternative. The Professor was to reach Lyons that afternoon and proceed early the next morning, so we had to get there before sunset, or miss him altogether. The distance was only twelve miles. But what a road! It took us four hours to reach our destination, and we all declared it was, without exception, the roughest drive we had any of us ever taken. At some places one had to lead the horses, while the other two kept the wagon from slipping into the ravine. Many times we tied the wheels to prevent their turning. Once we were obliged to take the horses out of the buggy, let it down into the creek with a long rope attached to the rear axle, the

other end being wound round a convenient tree, and follow along in the bottom of the creek until we found a place where we could get out again.

Professor — was surprised and pleased to see us; he had heard, he said, that the cañon road was impassable.

“So it is,” we laughingly replied, “for ordinary mortals, but not for such a trio as we are. A New Mexican, a Californian, and a New Yorker! What one lacks in strength, the other makes up in shrewdness and pluck!”

It is needless to add that Howell went back to Springer by another road.

The party we had joined consisted of the Professor, who, without meaning anything disrespectful to his bald head, gray beard, and profound learning, was one of the jolliest fellows to camp with I ever met, a young son of Mr. Pels, “old man Boggs,” the guide, and Ygnacio, the Mexican, who drove the baggage wagon, or “prairie schooner,” as those canvas-covered wagons are called.

Long continued physical exercise is a good appetizer, and the announcement that supper was ready made our hearts glad. The Professor evidently did not believe in cowboy fare. Mock-turtle soup, with crackers, Boston beans, fried potatoes and ham, bread and *butter*, coffee or tea with *fresh milk* and *sugar*, and canned peaches, were served up in turn! After which a delicious glass of beer was much appreciated. Conversation was very brisk, for the next day’s itinerary had to be determined upon, and we were very averse to going back by way of Van Bremmer cañon, which the Professor wished to see. Good counsel prevailed, however, and a less dangerous route was selected.

Right glad we were when our places in the tent were assigned to us. Mine was next to the Professor’s, and I had just rolled myself comfortably in my blankets when that gentleman entered. He had been out, taken an observation of Jupiter’s right ascension, and would

now doubtless retire. But why did he bring that candle with him? Surely the light of the campfire was sufficient to disrobe by! I became interested as I saw him stick the point of a bayonet into the ground near where his head would lie, and insert the lighted candle in the other end. He next exchanged his boots for his slippers, took a book from out a small valise, and stretched himself in his blankets to read. Now I seem to have the unfortunate peculiarity of not being able to sleep when there is a candle burning within a foot of my head. I could not turn round, for then my face would come within a few inches of my neighbor’s. It would be very impolite to change my place even if there was room, which there was n’t, so I had to stick it out. Doubtless he was reading some scientific work and would soon drop to sleep, when I could blow out the candle.

But when half an hour had passed without even a change of position, I began to realize that my premises were false. It was foolish to suppose that a scientist would fall asleep over a scientific work. I next nearly twisted my neck out of joint trying to discover what he was reading. My efforts were rewarded; it was a French novel! I fell back in dismay, for I knew what this meant.

Just then the light flickered a little; it was not going out, however, there were still six inches of candle left. But hold! his cigar was nearly finished! There was a ray of hope! So I busied myself counting the bugs that were creeping on the walls of the tent — there were just eight varieties — and in sweeping away the ants that, attracted by the light, were running over my face and hands. These ants are of a dark red color, and fully three-quarters of an inch long. It suddenly occurred to me that their sting might be proportionately severe, and somehow it happened that many of those I brushed away found a

lodging on the Professor. Him we had to thank for their presence; "Give the Devil his due!" At this juncture he took his cigar out of his mouth, examined it, and replaced it for a few farewell puffs. "The night is long that never finds the day!" My troubles would soon be ended, and with a smile of satisfaction I beheld the Professor turn himself on his side, remove the stump from his mouth, reach out with his other hand to raise the wall of his tent, — as I fondly expected, — but no, his hand slid under his pillow and came forth with — it looked like a policeman's club, but it was a cigar!

It was after midnight before the book was closed and the light extinguished. The next day I learned from young Pels that the Professor had quite a library of French novels with him, and also a whole box of those tremendous cigars. Seen by daylight they proved to be only two-thirds of a foot long. "Make the best of a bad job," the old adage says, so I determined to use the time the Professor spent reading novels in writing an account of our trip. Whoever has worried through thus far now knows whom he has to blame.

The mouth of the Van Bremmer cañon was reached the following day at 2 P. M. by a circuitous route. Near here some of the settlers had taken out a little coal for their own use, and as the Professor wished to examine the vein we gave the horses a rest and started up the little side cañon on foot. We had proceeded perhaps a mile when my friend called our attention to the anthills which are often a foot and a half high, and all of which in this particular spot had an outer layer of black particles. These upon examination proved to be coal. How deep the ants run their passages I do not know, but their lowest were evidently in a coal bed. As no one had ever made mention of this deposit, the honor of having led to its discovery belongs to these little insects.

A somewhat similar incident occurred a few days later when we were in York cañon. We had failed to find an extensive coal deposit of which the settlers had told us, and were clambering over the hills on our way back to camp, when the Professor and myself simultaneously exclaimed, "There's coal!" Upon approaching nearer we found that a ground squirrel had worked a little mine of his own, having thrown up quite a lot of coal at the mouth of his domicile. After thus locating the vein we soon found where the settlers had excavated.

But to return to where I left off. A few hundred yards beyond the anthills there were two layers of the most excellent coal, both about four and a half feet thick. The twenty-five foot drift made by the neighboring farmers was duly examined and a few coal specimens taken for analysis. On the way back the Professor entertained us with an impromptu lecture on the coal resources of the Grant. One thousand square miles of coal area owned by one company sounds almost like a tale of the Arabian Nights. Indeed, it is only after one has traveled for days up and down the different cañons, and has seen the coal cropping out on all sides, sometimes only a few inches thick, but often in layers six or eight feet through, that one can form a slight conception of these enormous deposits. There are thirty-four distinct beds, named after the localities where they attain their maximum thickness, — the oldest being the Dillon, next the Vermejo, Trinidad, Caliente, etc. Their great economic value they owe to the ease with which they can be worked and the excellence of the coal, which belongs to the great bituminous class, and furnishes as much as sixty-five per cent of coke. In most places the beds lie nearly horizontal, while all that is necessary is to drive the wagon close to the cañon wall and shovel it down. How interesting it would be to bore vertically into the ground in one of the

cañons and investigate what lies below the surface.

In only one locality, that of Blosburg, is coal mining being carried on to any extent. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company, working on a royalty basis, are putting out some eight hundred tons a day at the above named place, and will soon double that amount. The rapid development of New Mexico and Arizona will before long necessitate the opening of many more such mines on the Grant.

Geologists maintain that during the Cretaceous period this portion of the American continent was covered by a deep inland sea, the death, through countless ages, of whose myriads of limestone-forming denizens, the mollusca and radiata, gave rise to enormous limestone deposits. Through the general upheaval of the land this sea became converted into a marsh, which is evidenced by the finding of fossil seaweeds and their impressions just above the limestone and below the Dillon bed. These swamps gradually became *terra firma*, and were covered with a dense growth of trees. When this state of things had lasted many ages great storms leveled the forests to the ground, and floods washed the sand from the neighboring hills and covered the trees. Thus was the foundation laid for coal bed No. 1. With the subsidence of the floods a new vegetation arose, only to be in turn covered up, forming what was to become coal bed No. 2, and so on, thirty-four beds in all. Through decomposition under pressure with exclusion of atmosphere these layers of vegetable matter were converted into lignite, bituminous and anthracite coal; in the case under consideration, however, the transformation ceased with the bituminous stage. If the periods between the floods were long, the coal seams would be thick, while if the floods occurred often they would be thin. Again, if the floods were violent, and repeated each other in rapid

succession, there would be much sand between the layers, while a mild flood would interpose but a few inches. It is impossible to calculate with any degree of accuracy the length of time that a coal bed has required for its formation. One careful observer estimates that a dense forest such as can now be seen in favored localities, with the present rate of growth, would require eight hundred years to produce sufficient vegetable matter for one inch of coal. True, the vegetation of the Cretaceous period was much more luxuriant than that of the present age. Suppose we assume it took only two hundred years; then a bed eight feet thick extending over a large area, and therefore precluding the possibility of its having been formed in a hollow through the piling up of trees, will have consumed the vegetable growth of 19,200 years.

There is considerable controversy among geologists as to during which period the coal fields of New Mexico were formed, some assigning them to the Upper Cretaceous, and others to the Lower Tertiary. The Professor was inclined to favor the latter theory.

Our examination of the coal deposits near the Van Bremmer cañon had delayed us to such an extent that we did not reach a suitable camp-ground near the mouth of the Vermejo canon until quite late. Seated round the camp-fire that evening, we heard much that was instructive and amusing. As a sample of what was to come, it was indeed encouraging. The Professor told us of his experiences in the Dutch Indies, where he had lived many years on the island Banka, the great tin district, while old man Boggs kept us laughing with his comic stories.

The latter had been a friend and companion of both Maxwell and Kit Carson, and was also with Fremont when he crossed into California. Many a wagon train had he guided over the prairie. Not to know who Tom Boggs was, was

to be set down as an ignoramus at once. From him we learned the derivation of the word "slikker." No one seemed to know how this expression had originated. My friend, who has a thorough knowledge of the Dutch language, suggested that it might come from the Dutch word *slyk*, pronounced "slik," which means "mud." But old Boggs was, as usual, ready with something better.

"In rainy weather," he said, "a coat comes in slick, but a waterproof coat is slikker."

I regret to say that my memory is very poor, and that I can recall but the following anecdote of the many related by Boggs.

His father, it appears, owned a good many slaves. It was about the time that the Millerites created such a stir, and many ignorant people believed that the millennium was near at hand. One night, "when there was an enormous downfall of stars," — to use Boggs' own language, — the darkeys became much excited, and crowded round the house, lamenting that the world was coming to an end, and praying for the salvation of their souls. Pater Boggs had just succeeded, after considerable trouble, in allaying their fears, when old Aunt Dinah, the ancient house servant, came rushing out, throwing her arms wildly about her, exclaiming, "Git down on yer knees, ebry one ob you; de day ob judgment am dah!"

"Pooh, pooh, Auntie, don't get so excited," broke in Boggs' elder brother, "the *day* of judgment won't come in the *night*!"

On our trip up the Vermejo cañon the following day we passed several beautiful farms, Mr. Dorson's especially attracting our attention. As the Professor had a letter of introduction to the owner, we stopped for an hour and were treated to the most delicious buttermilk. The old man said he knew no more delightful spot on earth. The climate was unsurpassed, never too warm and never too

cold; he and his family enjoyed the most perfect health, and as it was their intention to live and die there, he had done something towards making his home comfortable. And right comfortable it was! His roomy two-story house had thick adobe walls, and was, therefore, delightfully cool in summer, while in winter it retained the warmth much better than wooden or ordinary brick walls. Mrs. Dorson took great pride in her beautiful flower garden. But their weak spot was evidently the orchard. The trees were loaded down with fruit. Pears, apples, plums, figs, apricots, cherries, — in fact almost every kind of fruit, — seem to grow to perfection. His wheat and corn fields were in excellent condition, showing that even at this high altitude (6,500 feet) their cultivation is a success. Higher up on the Grant they do not do so well; but there the potatoes and oats give excellent crops, the latter as much as fifty bushels to the acre, and weighing the astonishing amount of forty-six pounds per bushel.

As we neared Elkins, a little Mexican village of some three hundred inhabitants, we passed quite a number of small heaps of stone on both sides of the road. We had noticed a small graveyard a short distance down the cañon, and Boggs explained that whenever the pall bearers of a Mexican funeral cortège were obliged to take a breathing spell, they, upon resuming the march, placed a stone upon the spot where the coffin had stood. Each mourner in passing adds a stone to the pile, and in this way often quite a little mound is built up, the size of which is probably a good criterion of the importance and social standing of the defunct.

That night we pitched our tent on a little knoll not more than two miles from what is known as the Vermejo Park. An altitude of eight thousand feet had now been reached, and we could see the Costillo park with its mantle of snow through the narrow gorge which forms the entrance to the park above. There

are some six or eight large cañons on the Grant, beginning on the west side of the valley of the Canadian at an altitude of six thousand feet, and ascending in a parallel northwesterly direction to the park lands above, which have an altitude of about eight thousand feet. These cañons are from twenty-five to thirty-five miles in length, thus making their ascent very gradual. The park lands are in my opinion the most beautiful part of the Grant. They extend all along the main range, have an average width of about four miles, and are most appropriately named. The gently undulating land, carpeted with the most beautiful green grass, studded here and there with groups of pines and plentifully watered by springs, makes a most lovely region for a summer resort. Add to this the clear blue sky and snow-covered peaks, which rise abruptly from the park to a height of 14,000 feet, and one could imagine one's self in Switzerland, were it not that the ubiquitous guide and the never failing Baedeker are wanting.

We were overjoyed to hear that the Professor intended remaining several days in this enchanting spot. There was considerable coal in that neighborhood, and while he was scrambling over the rocks, amusing himself in knocking sparks out of the stones with his little hammer, we proposed trying our hands at trout fishing. The very next day we tramped into the park, and returned with ten dozen speckled beauties, averaging perhaps nine inches in length. A heavy thunder-storm, accompanied by considerable rain, had driven us back to camp rather early in the afternoon. We found that Boggs and the Mexican had dug a trench round our tent, and that thanks to this precaution everything was quite dry. This was the opening of the rainy season, which ordinarily commences about the first of June, and lasts until the end of September. While we poor New Yorkers are melting

from the heat, the inhabitants of this favored clime enjoy a refreshing breeze and rain nearly every afternoon; the nights, too, are delightfully cool. The Grant is situated on the same parallel of latitude as San Francisco, and its high altitude seems to have about the same effect upon the climate, during the summer, that the sea breezes have in the latter place.

One morning we accompanied the Professor in his search for coal, and were assisted by a boy of thirteen years, whom we found herding cattle about a mile from camp. He was a bright little fellow, and entertained us much by his talk. When we came up to him, he was trying to mount a yearling steer, around whose nose he had wound a rope by way of a bridle. It was evidently not the first time he had ridden the animal, for after a little maneuvering it would permit him to approach from the left side. As soon, however, as the little fellow made a jump for his mount, the steer by a dexterous move to the left would cause his master to land on his back on the other side, much to our edification. After the same performance had been gone through with half a dozen times, the boy was firmly seated. I asked him how he liked herding cattle.

"Oh, very well," he replied, "but I would n't herd goats for a good deal."

"Why not?"

"O, I can lie down and go to sleep when I herd cattle, but goats run off in all directions. No, sir, I would n't herd goats, not for \$20 a year."

No doubt, that amount appeared quite a bonanza to the little urchin. I took such an interest in him that I suggested to the Professor to give him a quarter, which that kind-hearted person immediately did. It did my heart good to see his eyes glisten for joy, as he carefully tied the money in the corner of his torn pocket.

"Have you ever had any money of your own?" was the next question.

"O yes," came the answer, with a certain amount of pride, "I once had fifty cents, but I owed a debt of twenty cents, so that left only thirty. I always keep all the money I get, and when I grow up I shall have lots of cows of my own!" For the twenty cents he had bought a pair of moccasins from an old Mexican. I believe he said he had them made to order.

On a bright Sunday morning we crossed the divide into Long's cañon, a little higher up than where the cowboy camp had been. Here we had to examine an extensive basalt formation, which the railroad people were very anxious to secure from the Grant for building material. This occupied us a whole day, for it had to be thoroughly done. From a geological standpoint the investigation was very interesting. First we went all over the ground and discovered that the presence of the basalt was not due to an overflow, for on the side from whence the liquid mass should have come, had it been an overflow, the basalt terminated abruptly. Neither was it an upheaval, for the strata on both sides of the basalt lay almost horizontal and had the same dip, showing that it had not been disturbed. The Professor therefore concluded that it was a "dyke." It appeared to have a thickness of some two thousand feet, and a length of about a mile. These dykes are caused by internal convulsions in the earth forming great fissures in its surface, the molten mass within rushing into and filling the fissure. The dyke we found to be a hard basalt, and the strata through which it had made its appearance a sandstone.

And so the days slipped by until it was time for us to return to Raton. How I regretted to leave you can better imagine, kind reader, when I tell you

that my friend had decided to remain longer! There were the extensive gold quartz mines, the placer mines, the copper deposits, Iron Mountain, Burning Mountain, and many other wonders still to be seen.

Before closing I cannot help saying a word about the law, approved on the third of March, 1887, preventing non-resident foreigners from thereafter acquiring property in the territories of the United States. In some directions its passage may work prejudicially, as for instance, in Colorado, where the sudden withdrawal of foreign capital caused the rate of interest to advance from eight to eighteen per cent. But in all such cases the operation of the simple law of supply and demand will soon restore the equilibrium. A visit to such a princely estate as the Maxwell Grant, owned as it is almost entirely by foreign capitalists, should be sufficient to convince any one of the desirability of the alien law. And yet, were all the large possessions in the United States managed in the same manner as the Maxwell Grant, Americans would have little to complain of. This is not one of those cases where the property is allowed to lie idle and non-productive, being held simply as a nest egg for a future generation. On the contrary the Grant trustees are making every effort to open up the country. Within a short time three more railroads will traverse the estate, thereby greatly increasing its value. Settlers are to be brought over from the old country, and land is offered for sale at very reasonable rates. But all the money that is to be made out of this Grant will flow into foreign coffers. Perhaps it is envy and selfishness,—you may call it what you please,—but I say, hurrah for the alien law!

Leon Noel.

THE VIRGIN OF THE CAGE.

SOME three or four leagues from one of the larger Mexican cities, in a fertile valley, where the rank luxuriance of neglect was rapidly obliterating the traces of culture, stood the ruins of the great monastery of San Joaquinito.

As one entered the valley from the circle of hills that guards it, there rose before him a stretch of a mile or more of adobe wall, above which waved trees whose height denoted the growth of centuries. Of three such lengths of wall the grim exterior was unbroken, but on the fourth, by which the square was completed, rose the massive façade of a church, while its center was pierced by a wide gateway, guarded by ponderous valves of iron. Two square towers, half in ruins, served to add an air of desolation rather than to beautify the vast edifice; in which an aged priest daily ministered to the few dusky women who knelt where years ago three thousand monks had been used to raise their orisons.

It was a lovely day in June when I, — Anselmo Imarte, at your service, — first paused before the great gates and knocked for admittance. As I peered between the bars, the very paths seemed overgrown with vines and weeds, and the trees almost met above them, shutting out the sunlight and making almost invisible the lower stories of the vast building, which here and there rose above them in clear relief against the deep blue sky. It was not the hour for mass; the church doors were locked; and therefore with the more impatience, — for I knew the self-appointed warder must be at leisure, — I plied the knocker.

After standing in the sun a full half hour, gazed at curiously by a browsing donkey, and suspiciously by a bare-legged urchin that happened by, I saw with relief an old man, bent with years, whose

white head, emerging from the thrown-back hood of a monk's robe, appeared almost spectral in the gloom. He was slowly threading the undergrowth where a path must once have been; and approaching the gate he turned with difficulty the keys in the grating locks, and drawing the bars gave me welcome in the name of God.

"*Adentro, hermano,*" said he, though with some hesitation; but heated and impatient I entered without ceremony, and it was not until I had proceeded some distance in the grateful coolness that I noted the absolute desolation of the scene. It was when I came in full view of the half-ruined monastery, that an overwhelming sense of impotent grandeur and majesty discrowned yet undestroyed seized upon me.

The great square buildings crowned a terrace on which had once been grouped masses of flowers, of which solitary specimens still asserted themselves among the rank weeds that thrust themselves up among the ruins of the fountains, and the piles of bricks and stones that had fallen from the dismantled towers; — for the monks at the time of their dispersion had offered an unsaintly opposition, and the building had been devoted to destruction. The very cornice and sculptured heads of saints and angels that took the place of gargoyles were defaced and shattered. Along the imposing front gaped unglazed windows, and apertures where massive doors had been wrenched from their hinges.

Through one of these the aged guide led the way, and we entered a room which in the vivid sunshine seemed an endless waste of stone. It was indeed a hundred and eighty feet in length, and had been the refectory. Signs of its ancient use still remained in the shattered remnants

of an immense table, while the marks of fire against the painted walls indicated the fate of the benches and chairs that had once abundantly furnished it. At one end of the apartment — O irony of time and fate! — stood a decrepit mule, munching his scanty fodder where bishops and cardinals had dined!

"Here leave your horse, *amigo*," said my guide, in his thin, trembling voice. "This refectory has long served for beasts. God pardon the sacrilege! He knows an old man like me can do nothing to protect the house he has himself forsaken. *Ave Maria Sanctissima*, you wish to see the desolate buildings, and the *huertas* and gardens of San Joaquin? Ah well, I will show them to you; though," he added wistfully, "you will find it a dreary place. Ah, Señor, it is not possible that you can need so great a place. Ah, *Dios mio*, they say those who have seized upon them would sell the lands of the Church like maize, but surely they will not traffic here! O, I have lived here fifty years — not happy years — but I am rooted to the spot. Can it be they would tear away an old man like me? I have kept this God's house; I have read mass in the church, day by day; I have sounded aloud the holy names in these shades, — it cannot be that man will desecrate them to his own uses!"

The old man's speech was a soliloquy rather than an appeal, yet I murmured something reassuring, though faintly; I knew well that the fate of San Joaquin had only been delayed. Even its isolation and vastness would not save it long from some thrifty purchaser, now that a semblance of security prevailed in the land.

As we wandered through the long, narrow corridors, and looked into the cells that opened on either hand, not a sign of human occupation was to be seen, save in the niches in the walls, where skulls, and cross-bones, and the ends of candles were left undisturbed. These

mute reminders of the uncertain and quickly waning flame of life, and the certainty of death, were perhaps no more unwelcome to the gay and fearless soldiers than to the recluse, who night after night had added to the terrors of a morbid imagination by the sight of these ghastly memorials of brethren he had known and lost. At least they had remained untouched, their own ghostliness proving more efficacious than prayer or ban; for in the vast libraries, above the arch that separated the two, was inscribed a bitter curse upon any sinner who should remove manuscript or book, — yet of the thousands that had been gathered there not one remained.

The monk paused before the fire-place of an adjoining room. An immense canvas hung in strips above it. He raised them one by one, and showed an exquisite painting of the Lord's Supper.

"I thought it once," he said, "a masterpiece. With this I made my peace with the abbot."

He spoke more as if to himself than to me, and as he raised the canvas piece by piece, and looked at the faces of the disciples with his bleared eyes, his countenance rather than theirs, impressive though they were, attracted my gaze.

He must in his youth have been more beautiful than any face he had painted. The features, though pinched by time, were faultless as those of an Adonis. In imagination I saw those wrinkled cheeks rounded as in youth, and tinged with the clear olive hue that must have accompanied those large dark eyes, which in losing their fire and the ardent intelligence that had once kindled them, had perhaps gained in the pensive weirdness of their expression. In place of the long gray beard and hair, I pictured the soft shading of jet upon the lip and cheeks, and straightened the bent and crippled form. Yes, once this ancient monk had been a youth to admire, to fear, to love; a gallant, a soldier perhaps; surely an artist!

I should have been glad to rest and ask something of his history, but his manner though courteous did not invite confidence, even when we sat upon the wide balcony that opened from the library, and though half in ruins afforded a safe and lofty site from which to view the orchards of pear, peach, and plum, the groves of citron and *agua cate* that encircled the building. Among them were seen the marble porticoes overlooking the baths, whose pellucid water had tempted, perchance, to cleanliness, which religion in seclusion seems but too apt to ignore. Beyond the confines of the walls, the view of the valley being foreshortened by the trees and enclosures, the blue hills seemed to rise precipitously, shutting in this little world like a gem in enameled setting of soft greens, deep purple, and amethyst. The setting still retained its splendor; the gem was dimmed, its lustre gone forever.

It was high noon when, my survey completed, I turned with thanks to my guide to beg that he would lead the way to the ruined refectory, that I might find my horse and depart. The glare of sunshine without the walls was appalling, but I had no excuse for prolonging my visit; and besides I had brought with me neither food nor drink, and hoped in some *choya* hidden in the shade of a broad tree upon the plain or in some nook of the hills, to find at least a few tortillas and an egg, or some frijoles and a morsel of cheese, with which to satisfy an appetite that, after my long ride and ramble through the vast house, began to assert its claims most unmistakably.

"There is one spot you have not seen," said the old monk, yet with a curious air of hesitation as we began to descend the broad stairs, which led not to the refectory but to the principal entrance. "I know not why,—your voice and face seem dear to me; and yet you are young, very young; I can never have seen you before."

"Never," I said, "if for fifty years you have lived here. I have only been half that time in the world, and I have never been here before. And yet my home is not far away, and if you permit, *padre mio*, I will come again. It is sad that so old a man as you should live alone in yon great yawning wilderness of chambers." Involuntarily I glanced back and shuddered. At midnight did not the candle ends in their sconces of skulls burst into flame and light up the endless procession of dead monks, who, tradition said, left their graves in the monastery church and returned to their old home to bewail its departed glory?

The monk smiled. There was a shade of senile cunning on his face as he turned into a narrow path, which led into the depths of the wood. Presently to my astonishment he pointed to an exquisite little cottage, not a brick of which had fallen, though the woodwork of the porch that shaded it was falling into decay, and seemed ready to yield beneath the wealth of passion flowers and roses that encumbered rather than adorned it.

"This was the Retreat," he said, as he led the way. "It is placed within a mimic labyrinth, and though I have worn a straight path through these deep woods and the old one is grown over in many places, you would find it difficult to emerge should one wish to keep you prisoner. You see," he added, as we stood in the aperture left by the intrusive vines, "this cottage is so placed that although the monastery is so near, it is perfectly invisible, and even the tone of the deep-voiced bells seldom broke upon a stillness that the natural formation of the land and the density of the wood combined to make unassailable."

I gazed around me with admiration. This indeed was a fitting retreat for meditation or penitence, and here remorse might deepen to madness. Entering a tiny hall—at the end of which was set an image of the Mother of Sorrows, with five daggers in her breast, yet with an

expression of heavenly resignation upon the face, which the care of the monk had preserved from the ravages of time—I found on either hand a tiny chamber. They were scantily furnished, as doubtless they had always been, but scrupulously clean, forming no unfitting home for the gentle and refined recluse.

“I was in retreat,” the old man said, “when the mandate came for our disestablishment. The humble brother that brought my frugal meals from day to day and set them on the stone yonder where I could reach them broke the rule of silence, and told me in a few hurried words that the arch iconoclast had torn the jewels from the virgin on the high altar, and borne away the vessels of silver and gold, and sworn the horde of idlers who had fattened upon the gifts of dead men and by extortions of the living should be thrust out, that honest workers might live, and Mexico rise from beneath the oppression that made her an abject among nations.

“Ah, had I been the young soldier in whom this soul once burned, it would have glowed and leaped at such a tale. But in all these years soul and body had grown dull and fearful; and I thought no longer of the sword, or freedom, or glory, but came back into my cell and wept and prayed, and cast me down before the sorrowing Mother of God, and she—yes, she knew why I would not be thrust forth, why I cried out for the deep solitude which once had driven me to the verge of madness.”

The old man bowed before the image reverently and crossed himself. “*Sanc-tissima Maria*, thou didst hear my prayer,” he murmured. “There came a day when I heard even here the faint echo of cries and shouts and the thud of falling stones, and once or twice a shot, and at last the swell of the grand, sad chant of the *Dies Iræ*, and after that a silence, and I knew that I had been left to my solitude, forgotten by my brethren, undiscovered by the invaders.”

As he spoke, not in a continuous strain, but in broken sentences, as his failing breath would serve, my host had placed tortillas of maize and an olla of atole upon the table, with a small round of goat’s milk cheese, and with a courtly gesture invited me to this homely fare.

We ate together in silence, for the old man seemed after his unusual exercise of speech to fall into deep meditation. The food though so simple was welcome, and stretching out my arms through the vines I plucked ripe figs, which in their honeyed sweetness added a dainty zest to the meal.

As I peeled them, I ever and anon raised my eyes to the solid wall at the farther end of the piazza upon which we were seated, feeling a strange sensation of awe come over me as I caught tantalizing glimpses of an elfin face, where an instant later spread only the blank wall, once white, but now darkened, and in spots blistered and scaled by time.

Vexed and disquieted by the unreasoning dread that in spite of my manhood began to seize upon me, I forced myself to look upon the old man at my side, and to talk of matters of which he could not have heard for many a year. I repeated legends of the brief splendor of Iturbide, with its tragic end; the costly and dazzling career of the dictator, Santa Ana; the military fire and skill of Comonfort, nullified by the hesitating and unstable mind to which all lines of policy grew dim, and ended in entanglement as dangerous to liberty as treason itself; and lastly of Juarez, whose tireless craft and skill had set the warp on which patriotism might hope to weave the fabric of a strong and enduring nation.

The old man’s face from time to time kindled with enthusiasm or indignation, and my tremors were forgotten, when, lifting my eyes I saw through a blaze of sunshine that fair specter face. So strong was the impression that I sprang to my feet and seized the arm of the monk.

“Look! look!” I cried, “do you see

that lovely vision? Tell me, is it not, or do I dream?"

As I spoke, the sunlight vanished, and with it the vision; but even before I ceased to speak I realized that my eyes did not deceive me. Beneath the thin whitewash upon the wall remained the faint trace of a female form. A painting in glowing tints was surely spread upon the coarse adobe, and under peculiar effects of light started into strange vividness, ghostly, yet entrancingly fair.

Had I learned the monk's secret? Was it because of this ecstatic vision he remained in this far solitude? A glance at his face convinced me. It was lighted with a rapturous glow; his hands were clasped upon his breast, as if to check the wild beatings of his heart. At that moment it needed no force of the imagination to see him young, ardent, a lover, a martyr,—ay, what you would of admirable.

"Ah!" he said at last, sinking into his seat with a long drawn sigh. "You have seen it. It is not for my eyes alone that the sweet face comes forth and smiles upon this desolate world. And yet they called her a demon, a deluder of saints; they would not suffer priestly eyes to look upon her, lest she should wile unwary souls to hell,—she my angel, my heavenly Virgin of the Cage!"

I need not ask a question. The fountain of his memories was opened. Who knows but that day after day he repeated to the silence that tale to which I listened, careful by no word or motion to interrupt or distract the current of his thoughts.

"Fifty years ago or more,—yes more,—I met her at a ball, the first ball she had ever graced by her presence. And O how lovely she was in her robes of filmy white of costly laces fit for a princess. There were jewels upon her neck and arms, but they shone paler to me than her eyes,—wondrous eyes of blue; from heaven itself she must have brought them, that daughter of the haughty

Spaniard and the gentle Mexican mother, who breathed but by his will. Her golden hair made a glory around the head so modestly bent that only glimpses would be caught of the pure pale face, in which at a word a faint tinge of color rose, as fleeting as the flush of dawn. I was scarce a man, though for years I had led a soldier's life, not from necessity, for my father had left me rich, but because I had an ardent soul that loved the clash of battle and the stir of camp. I had been wont to laugh at tenderness, at fire-side ways, at thoughts of love, but from that night I laughed no more.

"Ah well! I wooed her. Night after night beneath her balcony I sang such songs as lovers choose, and after many nights a rose came fluttering from her window and touched my hand. I clasped it to my heart in ecstasy. I was not then despised!

"Each day I rode before her father's house, how dark, how grim, how unsailable it looked as my horse caracoled and curveted, and I glanced up from under my wide hat, bedecked with gold, and after many disappointments caught a glimpse of the sweet face I sought. The eyes shone soft and clear, the red lips smiled. It was enough: another hour found me before her father with my tale of love, pleading humbly for his daughter's hand.

"The haughty Don received me courteously. His daughter had reached the age when in his eyes it was fitting she should wed. A man well born, handsome, and rich, if it might be, but surely above suspicion in his birth, his valor, and his honor, was what he sought. Punctilious on every point, the suitor for Lorenza must disappoint no social requirement, fulfill each law of etiquette as of honor, and be in fact the embodiment of the ideal cavalier.

"I was not vain, but I would have defended with my sword my pretensions as a soldier and a gentleman, and Don Ricardo did not question them. He was

shrewd and keen, and I perhaps was not the utter stranger to him I thought. At least my probation was short ere I was led to be presented to Lorenza as her future husband; and in accordance with a custom merciful to lovers, who before wedlock might scarcely meet, and never exchange a word alone, the preparations for our marriage were at once begun.

"I lived in rapture the succeeding weeks. Although I spoke to her but once or twice as she leaned from her balcony, her gentle mother looking on the while, my passion grew from day to day, but love is no gross creation brought into being by reasoning and words and deeds, such as beget friendship and esteem, nor needs it material aids for its perfecting. It is an ecstasy, a subtle glow, a sensuous essence, which permeates the soul, and fills it with enchanting visions. While the soul lives it must endure. Yes, such is love! and this I knew for Lorencita, and she for me. Out upon the false passion that may grow cold,—that can be satisfied, that can grow weary where it once rejoiced! Love! Love is immortality, it cannot die, it cannot change!"

As the monk spoke, with an energy which seemed inspiration, and upon a theme which was but strangely chosen for an ascetic or an ancient, under some change of light the picture grew faintly into view beneath my eyes. As I gazed intently I could see the outlines of a girlish figure clothed in blue, the two fair arms upraised, the face turned archly from some object which she held, as if in the sight of a spectator from below, on whom she smiled. Yes, I could see in reality or in imagination the very smile, though the ruby of the lips, the azure eyes, the golden nimbus of her hair were but dimly traced beneath the envious whitewash.

I pressed the hand of the old man. He gazed at me abstractedly; but the presence of a human being had awakened the desire for human sympathy. He

shrank back for a moment, then continued in a feebler voice. "Ah! what is my tale in comparison to the thousands that might have been breathed within these walls, of disappointed ambitions, unrequited deeds of sacrifice, yet it is in my heart to utter it once more before I die!

"I have told you Lorenza's father was a wealthy man, a tyrant, who would load his captives with chains of gems. In marrying, Lorenza was not to escape him; he would give her to no bridegroom who would bear her away to lodge her where he pleased, however grandly. Beside his own house was built the home he destined for his child; it was a palace, and the furnishings were fit for princes. I was the envy of the town, and yet I secretly rebelled. I had enough and to spare, what was this splendor to me, what to Lorencita? We longed to live where we pleased and as we pleased. Such splendor was but dearly bought, when it was to be held beneath the cold inspection of those jealous eyes. Yet for Lorencita's sake all was possible, even the curtailment of liberty, which from my childhood had been boundless.

"It was the week before my marriage was to take place, as with a heart as light as love and hope might make it, I passed along the massive side wall of Don Ricardo's house. It was a still, warm afternoon, and a perfect quiet rested over the city, for it was the hour of the *siesta*. More than once at such a time as I had raised my eyes to her balcony I had caught a glimpse of Lorencita, and she had dropped a kiss from the tips of her white fingers, or even breathed a word so soft and low that none but a lover's ear could catch it. That day the *dones* had been sent to her, rich robes and laces, precious jewels, such as my wealth could buy, and her beauty and position warranted; and to pleasure her, far more than any ordinary thing could do, I sent in a cage as radiant as themselves a pair of sparkling wonders of

melody and beauty, brought from the jungles of the coast. Perhaps in her artless pleasure and excitement the dear girl might be sleepless; perhaps with love's prescience she would know I should pass by? Yes, in the dim interior of her room I saw her, peering forth with eager eyes. An instant, and she was on the shaded balcony. She stood under the white awning just removed from, yet lighted by, the sunshine around her, her golden hair loosened, the wing-like, open sleeves of her dress of some blue gauzy fabric falling back from her rounded arms, which now lightly clasped to her breast, now held up to my view, the jeweled cage and the lovely prisoners I had sent her a few hours before.

"‘They sing, Alberto,’ she murmured, softly, ‘they are glad, they are happy.’ She kissed her hand to me. That was her thanks.

"I gazed at her entranced. Oh, that vision of beauty soon to be mine, it lasted but a moment! With a warning finger upon her lip, she turned away. Had her mother called?—was the punctilious father awake?

"That night I went to a supper given in my honor by the young men who had been my chosen companions. It was to be the farewell banquet to my bachelorhood, and we were merry, they in sport, I in joy.

"As night advanced the toasts grew loud and frequent, yet in respect to Lorencita's name no direct allusion had been made to the cause of our assembling, until with maudlin sentiment a cousin of my destined bride bewailed their loss, which seemed inevitable, and another mockingly enquired if there was no escape.

"‘None,’ I answered jestingly, and as the vision of Lorencita as I had seen her that afternoon rose before me, I added laughingly, ‘No, no, the cage is almost ready for the bird.’

"The eyes of Rinaldo flashed, a sinister expression passed over his face, yet for the one mad hour I felt no shade

of evil, but when the morning broke, I remembered the one incautious speech, and cursed my folly. Would some traitor carry it to Don Ricardo?

"Even then I dreamed not but that a word would suffice to set all right, but I was proud and hated to speak but that word. I had but half resolved to go to Don Ricardo, when a note was brought from him.

"‘Your marriage with Lorenza is impossible,’ he said: ‘it is not endurable that any man should suppose that the daughter of Don Ricardo Salazar should set snares or offer gilded cages to entrap a lover.’

"Señor, I was mad with rage, with despair, and need I say, in vain? Lorenza was forever lost to me. In vain I humbled myself to the dust, in vain defied and thrust to the heart the traitor,—he too had dared to raise his eyes to Lorencita,—in vain the tears of the daughter, the entreaties of the mother! The father's pride was inexorable. At last, distracted, fleeing from a marriage with which her father would have healed her grief, Lorenza turned to the Church. I never saw her from the day she had stood on the balcony with the fatal cage clasped to her breast."

"Go on," I softly said, as the monk's chin sunk upon his breast, as if life had closed with the last sight of her he had loved. "What more befell you, and what of her?"

"Ah, yes!" the old man said, "I lived. There was maddening pleasure to be had, and the wild excitement of a soldier's life, and wine, wine, wine! People told me I was ruined,—that I should kill myself,—but what of that?"

"One day I had slept off a drunken carouse in the shadow of a convent wall, when the sun, beating down upon me, wakened, though it bewildered me. A priest stood beside me; he put a hand upon my shoulder. ‘Brother, come within!’ he said, and I staggered to my feet and followed him, I knew not where.

"He led me to the chapel; a long pro-

cession of veiled nuns came out as I went in; clouds of incense hung upon the air. I was in a sort of stupor, yet I felt that some great crisis of my life was near. The lights burned dimly upon the altar; lights burned around some black, grim object placed before it. My limbs trembled, my breath came and went in gasps, my temples throbbed to bursting, yet a mighty calm came over me. Before the priest drew down the black pall I knew what I had been brought to see.

"Yes, she lay dead, as beautiful, as fair as I had seen her last five years before. The color of the Virgin wrapped her, heavenly blue such as she had worn before; a line of golden lashes rested on each marble cheek, the eyes were closed forever. I gazed long and in silence, abashed before her purity, a stained and guilty nature. The priest stood at my side. Hours perhaps thus passed away, and then I fell before the altar in prayers and tears. I crept to the father's feet, I said, 'What would she have me do?'

"'Brother,' said the priest, 'thou knowest not how thou hast tempted her. Thou knowest women from without whisper tales in the ears of those who should hear no news but of God and heaven, and in this convent, to which she was removed by her mother's prayer, there is no harsh discipline, and there is more than one window hidden behind a buttress or some projection of the wall. From such an one she caught a glimpse of thee one day, she saw the ruin of the man she loved. A madness seized upon her. Long she wrestled with the tempter. At length in confession she made known her griefs; she longed for flight, she fain would break her vows. Son, she was dying then; no earthly means were hers to save thy soul, even at the sacrifice of her own. I whispered peace to her. "Die in the bosom of thy Church," I said, "and dead thou shalt reclaim him."

"'To love and death all things are possible! By my commands the grated

window ever was opened to her. She saw thee day by day, yet her despair was ended. "When I am dead," she said, "thou shalt bring him in to look upon my corpse, and bid him to seek a refuge from the temptations of the world." I have been shut in from sin, for him I would have sinned, but that is past. I have begun the prayers that will arise for him through all eternity."

"I listened, I obeyed,—I too was shut in from sin, but alas, death entered not with me. I have waited for him, lo, these many years! At first with rage, with passion, with a mad desire. How but through him should I look upon my loved and lost. I was the mad monk, they said. It mattered not whether to saint or devil I commended myself, no peace could be mine. But heaven is merciful. One day in a lumber room I had been sent to set in order,—for they humbled me with menial tasks,—I came upon some canvas and a few paints. Poor things they were, but I summoned back the skill that once was mine, and painted a Madonna,—as they who looked upon it called it,—but for me it was the image of my earthly love.

"After that they set me tasks which filled my soul with peace. My hand grew cunning, magic colors glowed upon my canvases, and while I worked on heads of saints and martyrs, ever in my thought bloomed into being the one great picture I would paint, the realization of the vision I had seen, 'The Virgin of the Cage.'

"Years passed, I was not suffered to begin my work, and yet though my soul fainted a mighty peace came over me. Well had she done to warn me from the world. At last I pleaded for more perfect solitude, for perfect isolation, not as I said for meditation, but for action, that I might create my masterpiece.

"To curb my vanity, a canvas was forbidden me. I might paint, but only upon the wall. If the Virgin willed, even on such a basis I might work my miracle.

No sneer could affect me, no difficulty discourage, and there upon the rude adobes my vision was fixed. Day by day it grew in beauty, day by day more perfect, until at length it seemed that Lorenza herself stood before me. One morning I uncovered my work, there was nothing to add, I fell before it in thankfulness and tears. I was about to cry, 'Mother of Heaven, I dedicate this image of purity to thee,' when a cold, forbidding voice fell on my ear. 'Arise,' it said, 'thou hast painted an angel of temptation. No man may look upon it undefiled.'

"In my entrancement I had not been conscious that the prior, with many of my brethren, had approached. In enraptured silence they had gazed upon that representation of perfect womanhood; another moment their plaudits would have rent the air. The prior recovering from his surprise, thrilling with an admiration he knew not how to discriminate from vile and mundane passion, commanded all eyes to be turned from her who would entrap the soul, and drew me away to stern reprehension, which awoke no penitence.

"The work was done, even though the wall should be torn down and every trace destroyed, Lorenza had seemed to stand before my eyes. It was when they told me the prior had partly relented, that a coating of whitewash only was to hide the too glowing beauties of my Virgin from eyes too weak to resist them, that I consented once more to work for a monastery unworthy the triumphs of art, and painted the immense canvas you saw in strips upon the wall. Its glories are departed, its ruins can raise but a pang of regret, while this even through its mask is potent still. I am an old man,—ay, an old, old man,—but would with these eyes of flesh I could see in its glory my peerless 'Virgin of the Cage.'"

A strange tale of the tyranny and pride of a bygone time, and of love which is

the same today as it ever has been, the most potent, the most unreasoning of passions, deathless yet lulled by a fancy! In the cool of the evening I left the aged recluse, whose life had been a tragedy, brightened by but a memory which asceticism had forbidden a shrine. I murmured but a word of farewell, he knew not, perhaps cared not, how deeply his tale had impressed me. Speech had perhaps afforded him a long denied surcease of pain. He smiled sweetly as we parted, and lifted his hand in blessing.

Day after day the great church was opened, day after day the old priest stood at the altar; his dim eyes saw me not as I stole through the church and found my way to the Retreat. There I worked in secret. Beneath my hand the dry lime crumbled; one by one the glorious colors started into life. As the work proceeded, and the arts I used to shade and darken the wall without attracting attention to the displacement of the shrubbery and vines grew more apparent, I trembled lest returning to his rest earlier than was his wont, or lingering longer than usual in the morning, the monk might discover too soon my pious toil; for a work of love I felt the restoration of the picture to be, and on the day the last trace of defilement had been removed and I threw back the vines that the sunlight might stream in, I felt a purer joy than ever before had been mine.

A trembling step sounded behind me; unexpectedly he had come. I led him in; the old man raised his head, with a glory of delight shining upon his face. He stood with his hands clasped upon my shoulder, and gazed, and gazed, and gazed, as though in ecstasy. My eyes followed his. Was it fancy, or was there a gleam of life in those wondrous eyes? Did the lover of a lifetime see their welcoming light, that ineffable smile? He would not turn away. Once he pressed his hand upon his heart, and raised his eyes to heaven; then he murmured faintly, "At last, at last!"

I felt his weight press heavier and heavier upon my shoulder, I clasped him in my arms and laid him gently down. His eyes still turned to the picture though the glaze of death came over them. There was none to call for help, and it was fitting that the ear which was opening to celestial voices should be unstartled by words of alarm or grief, and that thus in the realization of his last wish he should depart. A tremor passed over him, yet still he smiled. Death was merciful.

The old monk—I never learned his name—was buried in the shadow of the wall which his genius should have made a priceless monument. I was poor, and my entreaties could save no part of San Joaquinito from passing into hands which in the zeal of preparation for work-day purposes spared neither shrine nor saint. The iconoclast was busy throughout the land, and doubtless as upon countless reminders of the old days of fanatic pomp, destruction fell upon the unappreciated beauty of the Virgin of the Cage.

Louise Palmer Heaven.

TWILIGHT IN LIVERMORE VALLEY.

THE sun has set and evening skies
 Begin like rose-buds to unfold,
 While on the distant mountain top
 Still linger faint, stray gleams of gold,—
 Like kisses pressed by angel lips
 Or touches of God's finger tips.

Like wreaths of purple violets
 The hills around the valley lie,
 And Mount Diablo's lofty peak
 Towers high into the twilight sky,—
 A stately sentinel it seems,
 Guarding a land of dusk and dreams.

Up through the western mountain pass
 Night breezes wander from the bay
 And whisper tender dreamland tales
 From sandy beaches far away,
 Where drifting dream and beaming star
 Clasp hands across the harbor bar.

Hesper unveils her lovely face,
 I hear a star-voice downward fall
 From some dim, distant lattice height
 Above the far cerulean wall,—
 "Peace, Peace," it calls, and all is calm
 Beneath the night's o'er-shadowing palm.

Clarence Urmey.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

"You uns, say, is Gin'ral Jackson haint dead yet?"

The questioner was assured that Old Hickory had departed to the realm of shadows long ago.

"Wal ! hit may be so, stranger ; but if hit air, we uns jest don't keer fer ter know hit."

This rendition of an ancient absurdity was still current as a joke twenty-five years ago in the lowland valleys adjacent to the home of the Southern mountaineer. Its humorous exaggeration was a thrust at the insular perversity that, like a power behind the throne, still dominates many of his prominent traits and peculiarities. The present attitude of the native of that region which some gushing souls love to call the Switzerland of America towards the spirit of modern innovation is one of incomprehending distrust or indifference. There are indeed found localities where railroads and the summer visitor now penetrate, also where the new coal and iron industries are establishing themselves, in which friction and intercourse are modifying these Adamic crudities. Such contact usually puts money in the mountaineer's pocket, and when reason fails to convince, self-interest often wrings from him a reluctant acknowledgment and support.

But in the wilder and more secluded coves, and along the timbered slopes of the great central ranges, where the only intercourse with the world is through the weekly mail carrier and his nearly empty pouch, some antediluvian influences prevail that have elsewhere lain crushed beneath a half century of neglect. Here are living illustrations of a patriarchal simplicity that laughs at stock quotations and ignores the fashion plate. Here are old men who have never seen a railroad,

or a telegraph, or a steamboat, though living for years almost within sound of the steam whistle. Here are people to whom a newspaper is merely something to plaster upon their cabin walls, and the Revised Version only a piece of Scriptural speculation, "fixed up jest pintedly ter make money outer somebody yelse."

For one just from the telephone and a round of fashionable dissipation to drop suddenly upon a community like this, is not unlike interviewing Noah concerning the Flood. The imagination gasps over the infinite mental vacuity constituting the gulf between these two extremes.

One hears the realities of electricity, the rotundity of the earth, the phenomenon of the tides, and other kindred abstrusities, continually doubted and at times defiantly denied. Yet while so skeptical concerning scientific or religious truth beyond their immediate apprehension, a contradistinguishing faith in any form of local superstition, no matter how absurd or illogical, comes to them almost with their mother's milk. Here are a few instances :

During dog-days Satan is said to enter all snakes, and they go blind for that period. If one cuts himself then, the wound will not heal for a month. To walk over a grave is to invite sickness ; to repeat the trespass may render it fatal. Warts, moles, corns, distemper in dogs and horses, and certain kinds of crop failure, may be charmed away by certain specially gifted persons, generally old women. Each sign of the zodiac represents some occult influence over animal or vegetable life ; for instance, when the "sign is in the heart," stock should not be marked, nor any surgical operation undertaken, neither should trees, shrubs, or vegetables be transplanted. If the

sign is in the head, cattle or hogs should not be killed, as the meat is said to be crazy, and correspondingly hard to preserve.

The weather during each of the first twelve days of the year is, consecutively, a fair sample of the weather that will prevail during each month of that year. A wet winter will be followed by a dry summer, and vice versa. For a dog to howl three nights in succession signifies great disaster within the year to its owners. To move a cat brings bad luck to the mover. To cure fits, when the moon is full, repeat the formula uttered by Christ to the man possessed of devils. The moon, in slang parlance, is worked for all it is worth as regards its effect upon all terrestrial objects.

These are but a few of the myriad whims evolved from the rural imaginings of many generations. To every form of rational inquiry, these defenders of their faith take refuge in a general shifting of all personal responsibility by such replies as:

"Wal, I dunno how nur why, but everybody 'lows es hit air so, 'nd I reckon hit is."

And against this invulnerable irresponsibility reason batters in vain.

The value of money as an essential in every emergency of life was never less potent than among these mountaineers. The modern Utopia seems to be little more than an ideal exchange, wherein the comforts and luxuries of civilization shall be dealt out in maximum doses at minimum prices. Yet our gold-gauged splendor has no charm for the mountaineer; other than as it enables him to acquire his plain "hog and hominy" style of living as lazily as possible.

The young mountaineer seeking a wife labors under no pecuniary burden more than the outlay of a dollar and a half for his marriage license. He and his partner, returning on foot from the squire or parson, may find themselves literally with only the earth for a bed,

and the forest for a covering. Yet the sum of what they can accomplish without money and without price, except a leisurely bestowal of their own labor, seems somewhat satirical in the light of what is conventionally considered essential in such cases.

First, he can "squat" upon any piece of vacant land that suits him. Woe be to the man who would willfully disturb a squatter's right in the mountains. The forest supplies him with building and fencing material, with fuel, and ample pasturage for his stock. With ax and wedge he gets out his house logs, covering boards, and the puncheons for his floor. Poles form the rafters of his roof, while a few rocks and hickory withe binders render him independent of the price of nails. Wooden hinges, buttons, and latches adorn his doors and windows. A few sticks, mud-daubed, with an inside lining of rock, secure to him a genial fire and a place for cooking. Except a few tools and cooking utensils, there is nothing of iron or glass upon the premises.

A rude frame with split poles for slats forms his bedstead. With knife and hatchet he carves out chair frames, bottoming them with hickory splints or untanned cowhide. Hollow gum logs of various sizes, sawed into different lengths and rudely "headed up," furnish him with sundry receptacles such as ash hoppers, bee-gums, meal and molasses barrels. His crude pottery hails from a neighboring clay-bank, and with willows from the creek bottoms he makes his baskets, while a few gourd vines yield various liquid-holding utensils from dippers up.

With timber gotten out by himself he will erect a hand-loom of a pattern seen nowhere else in this generation, within which his wife sits, — imprisoned as it were by her own industry, — weaving the various homely kinds of cloth that go to make up the family wardrobe. A cotton patch and a few sheep furnish the raw material for this occupation.

Their bedding is also woven at home, and the geese whose feathers fill the beds that are the pride of the mountain wife feed upon the little meadow bottoms near the house.

If of a mechanical turn he has a rude forge from which emanate clumsy-looking plows, hoes, shovels, axes, pokers, horse-shoes, and so on. He will hammer at wagon tires, "sharp and pint" plows, and like his great prototype, Tubal Cain, exercise his rude inventiveness in whatever direction his needs require.

Wild bees supply him with honey, a sorghum patch yields molasses, while sugar is never seen and not wanted. Flour, corn, and meat, are likewise his, independent of the world's markets. By the sale of eggs, poultry, butter, tallow, beeswax, and feathers, he obtains the coffee, snuff, and a few other commodities that come within the category of "high livin'," to his unepicurean tastes.

Upon a brawling mountain rill he will place a small waterwheel, and with the Lilliputian power thus obtained grind up the grain of his fields at the rate perhaps of a peck an hour. To see one of these toy-like mills working away, with a bushel of corn in the hopper and no one near, — perhaps nothing but the wooded mountain sides visible anywhere, — impresses one strangely, as though nature had gone to work by herself in sheer disgust at the incapacity of her children.

Occasionally he will dig in the placer gold mines or search for ginseng through the wilder coves and hollows for an extra supply of pocket money, but not often. His tobacco is also raised at home, and his whisky home-made, despite a stringent revenue law.

Even his mode of public worship is an indigenous article, and consists largely of stentorian prayers, shoutings, and exhortation, during interminable seasons of what he calls the "big meetin's."

His very limited educational facilities are confined to a brief public school

term of from one to three months a year. The great *vade mecum* through the mysterious realm of knowledge is the old Webster's Speller of our grandfathers' day. A little arithmetic, a little grammar, a few pothooks in the way of writing, are among the luxuries of learning, and acquired only by the favored few. Geography is in many localities an unknown study, and classed by not a few with sundry occult delusions savoring of witchcraft.

Until within recent years a system of what was locally known as "blabschools" was much in vogue, wherein each pupil studied his lesson aloud. The teacher, perched on a high stool with a long hickory in hand, kept a watchful eye out for any one who for one moment suspended the nasal drawl required of all as the audible evidence that he or she "war a-gittin' of that thar lesson." This uproar would continue all during the hours of books. How a teacher could have intelligibly heard a recitation is now a standing puzzle to the younger generation, Gray heads however are still wagged sorrowfully over these departed glories, and many aver that the "young uns now haint nur es smart es we uns use ter be."

One consequence of this deficiency of schooling, added to the natural isolation of a retired mountain life, is that children grow up in a shy, unkempt, lank-limbed way, and are scarcely more amenable to rule and restraint than the "yearlin's" running wild upon the forest-clad heights.

A system of internal barter largely prevails among these people, whereby the actual use of money is reduced to a minimum, and it is mostly hoarded in old stocking legs or "hid out" in the woods. Lands, buildings, stock, house and farm implements, are exchanged in every conceivable way. A will swap places with B, receiving "to boot" a note of the latter on C, who settles it by trading a yoke of steers to D, to whom

A happens to be indebted in that amount. Transactions involving all of men's worldly possessions are often made and concluded without pen, paper, or the Squire being thought of. Suspicious as they are of the alien, the mountaineers exhibit an unworldly trust in each others' legal probity that would drive a pettifogging lawyer distracted. As a class they are sturdily honest and truthful after a narrow, bigoted fashion of their own, nor do the radical differences between their ways and the ways of the outer world trouble them at all.

Their dialect is full of idiomatic expressions, heard nowhere else throughout the South except in a modified degree down in the adjacent valleys. They do not hesitate to coin words, or to replace with local meanings of their own any well known Websterian definition when it suits their purposes. A philological examination of their idiosyncrasies of speech would doubtless be an entertaining and perhaps instructive study.

They cling to local forms of expression none the less for acknowledging the superior accuracy of Webster's Speller. It would not be unusual to hear a common school teacher say, "These hyur young uns haint, nary one of 'em, got ary bit o' sense. The las' one on 'em is stark rever'nt fools, they is." Then during study hours the same teacher would probably lecture his pupils in a perfunctory way on the necessity of a proper mode of expression.

The tenacity with which they cling to time-honored local forms is in striking contrast to that general homogeneousness of custom and taste that is one of the most pleasing results of our national life. But the Southern mountaineer seldom looks for guidance beyond the

wooded heights that bound his actual vision. Imprisoned within deep caves and hollows, his mental range coincides with the brief duration of his hours of daylight. The sun comes to him an hour later than to the dwellers on the plains and leaves him an hour earlier. His physical night is long, while mentally he moves contentedly in a perpetual twilight. Self-complacency he exalts into a virtue. Any implication of his inferiority forced upon him hardly ever inspires either regret or an active desire for self-improvement. He calmly shelters himself under the shield of patriarchal custom, and evinces in spirit, if not in words, that it is well with him still.

His life, though not modeled upon a Theocritan measure, is idyllic in its sublime indifference, and one dispassionately associating with him does not always find Thoreau disproved. The extraneous judgment of mankind troubles him not. He neither refutes nor acquiesces in it; he is simply indifferent. Alike unrefined and unsullied by all outward contact, he lives his brief span, unconscious of its Spartan protest against the enervating influences of our civilization,—of which he is, after all, a contradictory offshoot,—and lies down in his grave as contentedly ignorant of modern society as modern society is of him and his ways.

NOTE.—The territory of the Southern mountaineer stretches from Alabama to Virginia, and is here and there more and more intersected by railroads, or enlivened by the building up of towns and the development of new industries. These descriptions and strictures do not apply so much to districts thus more or less modernized, as to more secluded belts scattered irregularly over this broad mountain domain, where life still moves on in pretty much the same groove it occupied sixty years ago.

William Perry Brown.

MISSISSIPPI DAN.

I.

THE LITTLE LADY.

"THE LION'S DEN."—This the uncouthly lettered legend that confronted me from over the door of the one "hotel" in the camp; but my walk had been a long and dusty one, and although prudence counseled me to move on, fatigue and hunger joined in urging me to enter and chance my reception.

Then again, I had come hither expecting to meet with countless wild adventures, and even to pluck enjoyment if not profit therefrom,—having read sufficiently, I believed, concerning those much maligned nondescripts known as California miners, to prepare me for whatever might occur; and on this my first appearance before them, I would strive to make a favorable impression in the only way I imagined it could be done. I would exhibit a veneer of frontier bravado, a showing of courage that quite often passes muster in a crowd for the genuine article.

So I marched resolutely into the "Den," assuming what was intended for the air of a professional lion-tamer anxious for a job; and after tossing my roll of blankets upon the floor in a corner, and giving myself a leisurely shake of relief, I turned toward a roughly dressed man near the bar, and sharply put this leading question to him:

"Are you the Lion?"

Not till that moment did I fully realize how much music might be set free by a hearty, ringing laugh. My adventure was but the dear old helpful story re-enacted: the lion in my path was proven a myth; for here was this stranger—I seemed somehow to have always known him—taking my hand and ans-

wering as well as his merriment would permit:

"No, I'm only Daniel: the Lion's back there roaring at the Chinese cook."

Then making place for me on the rude bench he was occupying, he told me that misleading sign had just been hurriedly painted there as a practical joke upon the unsuspecting landlord, as also to commemorate the discovery some one had made that several Daniels met there nightly.

It was in this way I made the acquaintance of Mississippi Dan, and we took kindly to each other, as the phrase goes, from the start. I was soon comfortably housed in a cabin near his own, and I could never reasonably ask for a kinder, more neighborly neighbor than he proved himself to be. Probably I could most tersely give an idea of his character by a well worn backwoods metaphor: He was one of the kind that would always "stand without hitching."

What though we were from the opposite extremes of the Union, and no middle ground existed on which our sectional opinions and beliefs might meet in harmony; we yet found enough in common in our daily comings and goings to strike hands over. So that for no man in the camp did I come to feel more genuine interest than for this unlettered Southerner. For Dan's scholarly attainments were of a mild, incipient nature, and he showed to better advantage in most things he undertook than when trenching upon the domain of the types. But to effect this he had been a close and retentive student of the book of nature, and I listened night after night with ever increasing interest to his many stories of Southern life. The surprise that their new, strange witchery flashed upon me quite blinded me to the home-

spun garb in which they all came accoutred; though as Dan does not posture in my memory decked off with cap and bells, none of his odd tricks of expression, which were so apt to puzzle or amuse his unaccustomed listeners, will appear on exhibition.

He came hatless and without ceremony into my cabin one evening, and in his usual abrupt manner called out excitedly:

"It happened in this way, and don't lose sight of the fact that he deserved all he got; every one said killing was too good for him, for he was a contemptible — but he's dead, so enough of that."

Springing up hastily I closed the door, and warned him such words as those should only be spoken in whispers. He seemed dazed for a moment, and then replied laughingly:

"Why, I really believe you thought my hands had blood stains on them. But don't interrupt me again, for I'm in a hurry to get to it."

"Well," he resumed, "its suddenness was what upset me; just a gleam of steel, and 'Goodby John.' He got hold of a dangerous word, you understand, and it threw him, while I was the only witness to the killing. Then my neighbor, putting it on the score of a lifelong friendship, and that my staying there would at least jail him, said to me:

"The Julia will be along in a few minutes, Dan,—she connects with the Panama steamer at New Orleans,—you've often said you'd like to try your luck out there; what do you think about walking ashore in 'Frisco in three weeks or so with a good starter in your pocket?'"

"But he read 'It can't be done' in my face, and headed it off with:

"Trust me for that, Dan. Mrs. Leavitt shall have a home with us, and my wife will care for her as for a sister. She shall not want for anything."

"So the upshot of it was I came, and here I am; and now it's your turn to say something."

His face had by this time become an easy one to read, hence I promptly made answer:

"Hurry up and get to it, Dan; I'm not interrupting you."

Out rang his hearty laugh again, and he replied:

"You Yanks just beat the world; I can't understand it. I see you've guessed everything, so I'll not show you his letter. But sure enough they're coming, for he's decided they may now safely follow me. Why, if the steamer arrives on time they'll be here Saturday! Only to think of it! Mrs. and Miss Leavitt! my wife and daughter! The two ladies! Won't that old cabin be running over full of us!"

And ere I had time to express my congratulations he hurried away, his emotions fast assuming a phase he cared to have no witness to.

Happier than any child ever dreamed of being was he, when on the following morning I found him creating dire confusion in the interior of his cabin, though he called it "making preparations"; and when I told him I had come to offer my services, he promptly and with evident relief placed himself under my orders.

We soon thereafter had more helpers than room for them to work. The boys had quite generally heard the news, and each one supposing Dan was toiling there alone would decide to let his claim lie over a day, and catching up or borrowing such tools as might prove useful would hasten to his aid. We had a merry, boisterous time, and completed our task before sunset, great elaboration not being within the possibilities. Much harmless jesting was indulged in relative to Miss Leavitt's future, and the stability of the new floor just put in place was thoroughly tested by a rough and tumble scrimmage between two jolly young giants to decide the question as to which was to have the honor of escorting the young lady from the stage office to her new home.

Not until the previous evening had we been aware Dan was a family man, so quite naturally many questions had been asked concerning the new-comers, all of which he had put off by advising us to be patient, and we should soon see them for ourselves. But he now gave us a complete surprise, as well as turned the laugh on the victorious wrestler, by saying he had never yet seen Miss Leavitt, having left home a month too soon for that, and that the ensuing New Year's morn would usher in her third birthday.

On the instant she was rechristened by us "the little lady," and even at this late day it is difficult for me to write or even think of her by any other name.

II.

THE GOLDEN HEART.

"It's coming!"

A cry of murder or even of fire would not have emptied that saloon more quickly. A wild rush for the doors aggravated by good-natured struggling for precedence, and in a moment the crowd was in the street, hastily assuming some degree of order. For Dan had hosts of friends, and the feet of yon galloping horses were beating out the rarest of sweet music for him. "It's coming," had been the warning words; but with Dan it was, "They're coming, they're coming, they're here!"

Our favorite driver and George (who of us has forgotten that wonderful night leader?) fairly outshone themselves on this occasion. The team made near approach to the office at fullest speed, startling a recent arrival into exclaiming, "He can't stop them! They're running away!" At which we all jeered derisively, for the next instant they were at a standstill, and George's whinny of approval, after he had looked around critically and noticed that the opening coach door just grazed the tree-box instead of clearing it a full inch as on the

one or two previous nights when he was not attending closely to business, set his equine companions to pawing the ground and bumping their heads together gleefully,—it was all such a perfectly jolly success!

This we all knew must be Mrs. Leavitt; her instant and thorough appropriation of Dan sufficiently identified her. But every eye was asking the question, though no lip chanced to voice it: what the solution of this mystery?—the mother smiling through her tears, so very happy, and Rosa, the baby, nowhere to be seen!

Amasa had been put upon his mettle by being laughed at after fairly winning three throws out of four; so he had met the stage some miles away, made friends with the mother, talked her over to his scheme, and with my aid had slipped quite unobserved from the opposite side of the stage with the baby in his possession; and the half-alarmed father now heard him saying, at the instant he felt a tiny hand laid lovingly on his cheek:

"Here's a little lady I ran across down the road, Dan,—do you care to heft her?" Though the honest fellow's eyes were sparkling with something else than merriment when he essayed the laugh he assuredly had earned.

The cheering that now broke forth and followed Dan for some time on his homeward way had nothing of the artificial in its make-up; there were several present to whom our language was as yet an unsolved enigma, who applauded as long and earnestly as any. It must be that when Nature's universal interpreter whispers to the heart, small need has any child of Adam for spoken words.

For months thereafter happiness reigned supreme in that transplanted Mississippi home, some measure of which was reflected upon the lives of all Dan's neighbors, notwithstanding so many of us hailed from the "jumping-off place," that we were classed as "Maine-iacs," but no sectional lines had

at that time been established to interfere with our social communings. True the North and South were even then exchanging lively thrusts, but they were not of the bayonet. Side by side we were plying shovel and pick in friendly search for gold; a little later still digging both, but in opposing rifle pits.

Thus it was that when his first great bereavement came, its shadow darkened our lives more than we had imagined possible; and it was a day of general gloom in the camp when the doctor's visits to his cabin ceased, and we knew that upon the little lady must now perforce center his undivided love and care, and we all felt fierce tuggings at our heart-strings when we saw him day after day locking his cabin door and starting with Rosa in his arms towards his distant claim. Not but that more than one good home was ready to receive her, but all these offers he put aside with thanks, saying he could not work with her so far away. And until his suspicions were aroused by the regularity with which it occurred, he attributed to happy chance the fact that each morning found one or more children loitering near his claim, who had strayed out there with nothing to do all day, it seemed, but to join forces with his child in inventing lively games.

Thus the pet of the camp grew and thrived, and I found it difficult to believe all those months had really flown, when the two surprised me at my work one day, and Dan called out that it was to be a grand holiday with them, as somebody was five years old that morning.

Ours being the only hydraulic claim in the district, sight-seers seldom gave us the go-by; but to these two I would accord exceptional honors. So ordering the water shut off I invited them down, having in view a birthday surprise for Rosa.

There was a misty legend extant with us of a miner whose long-continued battling with hard luck had brought him

and his little blind girl to the very verge of starvation; his claim may have been, —no doubt it was,—on No Man's Gulch, Nowhere, but for all that, I'll tell the story.

The child, who always accompanied him, took his hand as usual one morning, but stopping suddenly while yet near their cabin, said there was no need to go so far, and urged her father to dig just beneath her feet; which doing, he quickly unearthed a fabulously rich deposit of virgin gold. This legend had its use, for on it was based a game we sometimes played, unique in this, that everyone taking part therein came out a winner.

A child to whose parents a trifle of assistance would not come amiss, would be entreated to bring luck to our claim by pointing out while blindfolded the exact spot from which a trial pan of dirt was to be taken, the gold found in the pan always reverting to the child for its services; and as our winnings consisted in noting the little one's newly-awakened feeling of self-importance, and in watching it hasten homeward with its treasure quite overcome with joy, the wise precaution was never neglected of properly enriching the selected gravel with gold dust from our purses: and it was in this way I proposed entertaining the little lady, with the exception that I would drop into the pan a golden trinket she had many times seen and admired.

The routine usual to these occasions was closely adhered to on this. The signal for silence was given by my blindfolding Rosa; I then led her slowly around, making many and abrupt turnings, that thorough confusion as to locality might be assured: then came the pause, and while pointing as fancy prompted, she enacted her part by saying, "Here is the very gold you seek, great store of shining gold," — the well-simulated eagerness of the men as to the result intensifying in her mind the air of mystery and hint of witchery that

made it all so charming. I had planned that her sharp eyes should be the first to see the rim of gold showing through the gravel I was manipulating: but when reaching down she jubilantly secured her prize, and held it aloft that all might go into wild raptures over it, my turn for being surprised had indeed come: for I was looking upon a remarkable gold specimen, which now first saw the light of day,—a human heart, as custom ordains to model it, but perfected in Nature's underground workshop with a fidelity to detail and a skill so wondrous that man's most practiced touch would have rather marred than added to its symmetry and finish.

There chanced to be one present, a collector of like marvels, who attempted its purchase by an offer in coin of its intrinsic value twice told. Rosa heard him, and her fears over the safety of her "precious golden heart," as she involuntarily christened it, were instantly aroused, so that it required our united efforts to coax the smiles back to her face, her father assuring her, with an earnestness we had occasion afterwards to recall, that it should never pass out of his possession, excepting by her orders.

Many came from the adjoining camps purposely to view this matchless specimen, its praises having been loudly trumpeted by our local press; but in less than a month thereafter there ensued a silence concerning it that seemed not likely ever to be broken. For poor Dan was walking the earth alone, and to exhibit the now sacred relic would have seemed to him much like wrenching off the lid of a certain little coffin, that idle curiosity might be gratified by gazing at the marble face within.

III.

THE OVERGROWN TRAIL.

ON the evening of the day on which Rosa was laid to rest, there alighted from the valley stage my dear life part-

ner, from whom I had long been separated. I have ever striven to believe it was only because Dan could not disassociate remembrances of these two events that he at once turned his back upon me and knew me no longer; though in truth he now withdrew almost completely from all human companionship, and passed his time alone, brooding constantly, no doubt, over his desolating losses. And it was while this mood was holding firm sway over him that the long-threatened blow descended upon our land. How like a terrible nightmare it now seems in the retrospect: the ground everywhere sounding hollow beneath our feet, and that stifling cloud formed in a moment as it were, and quite impervious to human vision, darkening our continent! Surely, never before had the firing of a few cannon so shaken the earth to its center, nor such dense, blinding smoke arisen from a burning fort.

At once two widely separated lines of travel were heading eastward from the Pacific. But Dan made no move, and in a short time became completely isolated from his kind; for the upper trail, which led by his cabin, preferable though it was in many ways to the lower, soon knew no footfall but his own, and became hidden by a rank growth of noxious weeds and vines. Even the children who once clustered around him so happily dared not venture near the cabin occupied by "Rebel Dan"; for the little lady's father no longer held place in their thoughts,—a dangerous, half savage creature having usurped his place.

It chanced that I now lost sight of him for a time, and care to repeat but little I heard concerning him. A wild animal at bay, my letters told me, hurling fierce defiance at and heaping countless curses upon our flag and cause on every opportunity; though seldom receiving in exchange aught but pitying glances; for many really believed poor Dan was crazed.

It was an event long to be remembered when the first army overcoat from which dangled an empty sleeve appeared in the camp, and a wondrously kind welcome did its owner receive, turn which way he might. It seemed so vastly different from reading thereof, his friends assured him : it brought a palpable breath of the conflict to their firesides to listen to the stories he had to tell ; and very prompt were the armory boys to resolve that Mrs. Harrison and her grandchild, Amy, should from that moment receive their especial care and protection, as they now first heard that one had lost a husband, the other a father, in the battle of Donelson.

The armory boys did something else. They had a vacancy created purposely that honor might be conferred upon that empty sleeve ; and its owner, sharing its promotion from the ranks, was spoken of thereafter as the home-guard Captain.

Unfamiliar he must have been with the new order of things ruling in the camp, for on the first morning after his arrival he strolled down the gulch and actually began working his way up the overgrown trail of which mention has been made. Several saw Dan watching the stranger's approach and then hastily shutting himself up in his cabin ; but one thing occurred that only the Captain saw. The latch-string was disappearing within as he drew near ; — on the frontier, a stinging blow on the cheek this, a wound quite beyond the healing of apologies. But the Captain would bide his time ; and as he resumed his walk his face may have been a shade paler than usual, possibly paler than the nurses in the army hospital had ever noticed it, — but that was all.

Late one dark night a startling summons sounded upon the door of Dan's cabin, for each rap was fairly bristling with menace. Ere he had time to take action toward assuming the defensive, the defensive was no longer possible : the messenger had come and gone, and

the dreaded notice had been served. Needless to open that folded paper just slipped beneath the door to learn its import : he knew it only too well. The mystic number whose weight of authority had not once been successfully disputed was already dancing before his eyes. An ignominious death (prompt flight its sole alternative) was close impending, for the words just called to him, "Before midnight, at your peril," made all things clear ; and knowing resistance to the order would be purest folly, mere madness, he began making hurried preparations for departure.

It was noticeably quiet in the armory that evening, for all so many were assembled there ; the light jest and merry talk, usually prevalent, had been stilled. It was evident a meeting of the vigilantes was in progress, equally evident that the organization was in its infancy, its members amateurs, for no secrecy of action had been observed. Dan's fate being quite generally known, not even a sentinel had been posted at the hall door, as Mrs. Harrison discovered, when pausing there a moment ere she stepped therein.

The room was but dimly lighted, but they were quick enough to recognize their visitor by her black dress, and her sudden, unexpected presence awed them into silence, which her voice was the first to break.

"Boys," she said, in a tone of gentle entreaty, which mothers know so well how to use to advantage upon their wayward loved ones, "boys, can this I hear be true, — that you have banded together to drive poor Dan away ? Have you forgotten that you are so very, very many, and he but one, — alone, heart-broken ? What harm can his empty words work ? Let him rail on unchecked if his speech yields him even partial oblivion to his grief. But it was not my intent to lecture you ; your kindness has been very precious to me. Let the story I am here to tell excuse my earnestness

if it has appeared to verge on harshness or ingratitude."

The Captain just then hastily entered the hall, and Mrs. Harrison realized the pleasant significance of his presence by his manner of coming to sudden pause close beside her. But before she could resume, one of the men made clear the situation, pleading their limited time as excuse for the interruption.

"Madam," he explained, "you have indeed heard right. Dan has been warned by us to leave, though it had no place in our plans to do him the least bodily injury. We were sure he would not linger for that. He knows it was not for what he has said—he might have raved on forever—that banishment has been decreed. It was for a wrong he committed no longer ago than last night, and you the sufferer. No wonder you start with surprise, Madam, but listen yet another moment. I, being alone, came upon him unobserved, busied in laying in his winter's supply of wood at your expense. I followed him cautiously to his cabin, and there had evidence of his having just made several like trips. My first intention was to have him arrested, and properly dealt with; but on consultation, and prompted by pity, we thought best to merely frighten him away. And now, dear Mrs. Harrison," concluded the speaker, "we should be proud to have you assume command over us: if you so order it, I will go instantly to him, and beg him to remain. If you can condone his offense, it will certainly be our pleasure to do so, for our sole aim in the matter has been to protect you."

It would be difficult to determine whether the sergeant's words or Mrs. Harrison's manner of receiving them most astonished the Captain; but the mystery deepened when with a look of triumph showing through her tears, she replied:

"O my friends, in this we have all had a life lesson to be carefully treasured;

I say *all*, for I, too, heard and was watching Dan last night, and my faith in his integrity dead, the hours of anxiety I passed brought me only this one unsatisfactory whisper of comfort—'No one else knows.' But after the night cometh the morning, and great light came to me at early dawn. I am glad the sergeant told his story first, for mine is but its sequel."

IV.

SKIRMISHING.

IN truth they appeared but little like a dangerous set of men, these would-be vigilantes, while listening to Mrs. Harrison's touchingly told story; and ere she had ceased speaking, the sergeant pale and trembling was imploring the Captain to go at once to Dan,—an embassy of peace he gladly undertook, and was soon nearing the rebel stronghold, sharply tracing to its source a vagrant ray of light that met him from within.

So entirely unprepared was he for the weird scene now spread before him, that the spell-bound Captain was rendered thoughtless for a moment of his presence being an intrusion. For poor Dan, helplessly bound in terror's thrall, was in the act, as he conceived, of holding communion with his child. He had erected a shrine, in imitation, doubtless, of some dearly remembered picture, but as sacred to him at the moment as any that pious devotee ever bowed before. Rosa's long-hidden treasure was there in place, on each side a candle burning, while he on his knees before it was sobbing out his soul in these words:

"O little lady of the golden heart, don't think I intend to desert you. I must appear to do so, else they would murder me; but each night I'll return and stay with you till morning, bringing you the flowers you love so dearly. Be sure I'll find your favorite wild rose, darling, and —"

But at this point consciousness whis-

pered sternly to the Captain, and he withdrew to some distance as noiselessly as he came.

It had just been made painfully apparent to him what sickening tortures this man had long been undergoing. Those taunts of cowardice so often hurled at him for keeping well out of harm's way, while ever upholding the justness of the Southern cause, were of themselves sufficient to have crazed him; for could any man have heart to keep step day after day with his comrades in their long-forced marches, or to double-quick into the deadly vortex of battle, dragging a little flower-decked grave beside him? And surely Dan was chained body and soul to one.

Now again the Captain made approach to the cabin, but this time noisily; so that when the door swung open in answer to his summons, the golden heart was not in sight and but one candle burned. And Dan, not giving his visitor time to speak, said to him tauntingly:

"I knew of course *you'd* come again, when you had a mob to back you. If it's not too grand a secret, tell me how many muskets are out there leveled at me for fear I might offer you harm. But the odds are too heavy, and I want no man's life. I intended to leave, but it seems have overstayed my time; so hurry and have done with it. Order in your men and to acut your pleasure on me."

To which the Captain: "My men? Why, Dan, I came alone. Intended to leave! What do you mean? Surely, surely you have not taken their boyish trick in earnest! It was a cruel, cowardly thing to do, and they all regret it and sent me here to apologize. Throw their bogus notice in the fire where it belongs, and no more talk of leaving. Shall I tell them they are forgiven?"

Dan was standing very erect by this time, but not caring to parley with the enemy, made no reply. So again the Captain:

"Being here, I'd like to tell you a short camp-fire story, Dan. I've heard many of them, but like this the best of all."

And without waiting for encouragement the Captain continued:

"It was of a man who was held in deservedly high esteem by all his neighbors, as they had had frequent proofs that his heart ever beat loyal to the right as he was enabled to see it; but as their views thereof were obtained from widely separated standpoints, it was not very strange that the day came when each insisted that what the other proclaimed to be the right was a transparent wrong. And when at last this happened, he chose to cast loose from and drift quite out of sight of former friendships, accounting them as valueless.

"It chanced, however, that not very far away there lived a lovely gray-haired dame—'t was she who told the story, Dan, and my poor words mar it sadly—whose husband and only son had died while battling with this man's friends. And yet it seems he had not classed her with his enemies; it was always in his mind, it may be, how devotedly she had stood by his dear ones, and how fondly they had loved each other to the last. What say you, Dan? Did you speak? Ah, my mistake.—Well, the man of whom she told us, when passing her house one evening, noticed her grandchild, a little lass of the same age, who had been great friends with the child he lost, very busy there; and not knowing she was merely toying with the axe she held, he in alarm for her safety called earnestly to her to desist. Then there came upon him the determination to do this widowed Union mother a kindness, though it was only possible for him to do it by stealth, or else it might be said he had lowered his flag and deserted to the enemy. And had she not seen him while thus employed, she might well have believed a miracle had been wrought in her behalf, so noiselessly had the unsightly logs of

the evening been transformed by early dawn into a neat pile of wood all ready for her use. But I fear I am tiring you, Dan, so I'll now say goodnight and wish you happy dreams."

And yet the Captain lingered; his expedition was not the complete success he had planned it should be, for his "friend the enemy" had shown no flag of truce, but stood with averted face as silent and immovable as a statue.

Then the Captain bethought him his ammunition was not quite exhausted; one more shot might be fired ere he began retreat. So hopefully he again made attack:

"Dan, you know my place on the hill, — Rose Bower, some call it: there are flowers there, hundreds, thousands, and more kinds than I know the names of; they're my wife's pets and she tends to all their needs. The gate opens on the road, and you'll find it's only latched; if when passing you care for flowers for any purpose, go in whether you see us or not and help yourself,—God knows you're welcome to them,—and the more you take and the oftener, the better for them, and the better you will please us."

Ah, gunner, you've obtained the range at last! A center shot that, truly, for see! He sinks reeling into a chair, and burying his face in his hands is —

Yes, yes, that's the proper thing to do. Reach within and draw the door to, gently; then away to the armory and tell the boys awaiting your return that you have undone as fully as might be their cruel, blundering work.

What the nature of his thoughts early on the following morning when, on opening his cabin door, he saw several men passing, and heard their cheery "Good-morning, Dan!" ring out in the old, familiar way, must be left to individual conjecture. But it is not conjecture as to his eyes brightening with pleasure when he found the children were again passing to and fro there constantly, and that their feet were fast grinding into

dust the rank growth of noxious weeds and vines that had long revealed by their disfigurement where the upper trail lay hidden.

Great enjoyment, too, came to the little ones from walking there, now that "Rebel Dan" had in turn faded from their minds; for had you met and questioned them as to who lived in that cabin, they would have answered earnestly, "Dan, — father of the little lady of the golden heart." And concerning what they were oft-times carrying, they would have explained that some one had recently remembered that the wild-rose had once been his child's favorite flower; so they made delightful picnic excursions to the river every Saturday in search of them, and always took to him every single one they found.

V.

A CRY FOR HELP.

IN his office on old Manhattan isle sat one of the grandest chieftains of any age or land, — the successful, since sainted commander of the army of Good Samaritans. Distressed, perplexed, he undoubtedly was, but yet quite undaunted. For not his the spirit to be borne down or overridden with difficulties, however formidable they seemed; rather it was his way to look upon them as nature's own wild coursers diligently working out their allotted mission by galloping to and fro over the whole earth, that they might be captured and broken by man to curb and bit, and then bear their captors onward and upward to more complete and worthier victory.

The cloud might lower around him never so threateningly, nor show any silver lining; in a single heart-beat he would deck it all about with the fringe of faith, and lo! it had become a divinely sustained canopy, beneath whose shelter all who chose to stand would find assured protection.

But at that hour it seemed very dark

even to him beneath that canopy, until a ray of light from the western horizon pierced the gloom, and dispelled all his doubts. For he felt confident if those distant people once fully understood the nature of his army's warfare and the urgency of its needs, his well drilled forces would not long remain in enforced idleness: the few thousand dollars,—fifty at the most,—essential to start them on their way in good marching order, would then be forthcoming, (the era of million dollar Sanitary Fairs had not then been dreamed of,) and who could tell the story so effectively as the Starr, of western stars the King, whose magnetic light was even then illuminating their beautiful Golden Gate?

So the trusting chieftain's lightning-winged messengers at once darted away toward the setting sun, bearing the memorable, soul-stirring, soul-uplifting cry for help.

In the weary hours of anxious waiting that now ensued, not for a single instant did his courage receive the slightest check. Around him at his desk there came fluttering down continually, like leaves from a tornado-shaken tree, countless telegrams, each an appeal for aid he was powerless to render; for a battle was even then raging and the carnage would without doubt be frightful. By the light of what we know concerning him we can readily imagine this belief was at that trying moment sustaining him: "'T is the daylight hour, O my soul! Does not such intense darkness proclaim it?"

"*California!*" rang out sharply through the room, bringing all there assembled to their feet. And thus in purport spoke the Occident: "Please consider the Pacific Coast your bankers; no draft you draw on us will meet dishonor. We have telegraphed you a hundred thousand for your instant use; its duplicate will follow ere many hours. Later will come systematized collections and returns from the mountains and other distant points."

Every gulch and cañon on the Coast was soon echoing with that cry, starting into being unnumbered little tinkling rills of comfort, all flowing Golden Gateward, their aggregate forming a stream destined to float many a battle-scarred wreck safely into the haven of friends and home.

In our camp all lent a hand, the children, girls and boys alike, vying with the men in speeding the cup of cold water on its way. The school was dismissed that the pupils might become gold-hunters for a few hours; for they were very often successful in spying out tiny crevices in which the gold had remained safely hidden from the first searcher's hurried scrutiny.

Of course our friend Amy was in the ranks of these earnest workers; but the pan she had been accustomed to use had disappeared, and this mishap seemed likely to prove fatal to her plans, until she chanced to think that possibly Dan was not using his that day. So off she went on the keen run toward his cabin.

He was at home and much pleased to render her this favor; but an instant change of manner came over him when he heard whither the gold she found was destined. "Go on your way, child, and take the pan with you if you like," he said to her scowlingly; then noting her frightened face he soothingly added: "Don't think I blame *you* or feel unkindly to you. It's not your fault you're linked with them; you don't know as I do that if those people who handle this money had found my old father in the hot sun dying in agony, they would have *helped* him by spurning him from them with their feet because of the color of his coat."

Amy was for a moment too horrified to answer, but upon finding her voice her indignant denial rang out bravely; and her cheeks were glistening with tears while telling him with child-like earnestness numerous incidents she had heard or read of in this connection. For a

time he scarcely seemed to be listening ; then he suddenly interrupted her by exclaiming incredulously :

"Child ! child ! Can this be as you say ? That the gray and the blue, the blue and the gray, as they find them suffering side by side, take turns in drinking from the very same cup ?"

His fiercest moods never brought more than momentary alarm to Amy, for he had uniformly been tenderly kind to her ; nor was she likely to forget how on one occasion her mere entrance into the room when he was wildly excited had instantly charmed him into silence. But the new, strange spell that now possessed him thrilled her uncomfortably, and she knew not how to meet it ; for he was holding her hand gently between both of his, and his face aglow with a look of joyous exaltation, was glancing skyward and softly whispering :

"Yes, darling, yes, I hear you ! It shall be as you wish."

He, however, quickly dispelled the troubled maiden's fears, and started her heart to fluttering with happiest anticipations, by saying gently :

"Little lass, you've heard many times, no doubt, of Coarse Gold Gulch. It was a wonderful place ; nuggets on all sides and where no one would have even looked for the color. They think they've found them all, but there's no telling ;—a little dirt can easily hide a handsome specimen ; and if you care to, I'll go there with you, for I feel pride in having you do as well as any, and I know where all the richest spots were found."

She needed no coaxing, but was only too happy to have him for guide to a locality of which she had heard many wondrous stories. On the way she expressed the wish that he would do no more than indicate the most likely place to prospect, as it was a point of honor agreed upon with her companions, she said, that each was to claim credit only for what he or she really found that day.

So when Coarse Gold Gulch was reached he humored her request by standing apart from her, his arms tightly folded across his chest,—excepting for an instant when he held the pan while at his suggestion she made some slight change at the edge of the pool to facilitate the panning ; and though too much excited at the time to give the matter second thought, she afterwards remembered how deathly pale he had then been and that he was trembling violently as if ague-stricken.

With how much eagerness the child pursued her task may readily be imagined. But presently some commotion on the hillside attracted her notice, and turning to question him concerning it she discovered that he had slipped away and was up there running wildly as if for life. Why he had left her in this mysterious manner was beyond her shrewdest imaginings, unless indeed he was really as crazy at times as some of her playmates considered him.

VI.

CAPITULATION.

OUR camp had like most others been the theater of many stirring events, in which tragedy and comedy had each in turn taken part ; but that night's happening, it was generally admitted, was *the* notable one in our local history, and to this day it holds the foremost place in the thoughts of all then present.

The door of the "Long Tom" would be opened so hastily that general attention would be attracted to the new arrival ; and the dealer would notice a something in the man's face that would startle him into forgetfulness of raking in the coin that the cards said he had just won, and instead he would call out eagerly, "What is it, Bill ?" And then would come the story. Quickly at its close his remark, "I reckon, boys, *our* game will have to wait," would be seconded by a general

movement for the street, and the bar-keeper would then have a rest for hours.

The wife watching her husband returning from his work, would be quick to divine from his manner that he was bringing her some important news; and when she had heard, and her suggestion that they should all go was instantly acquiesced in, but a hasty bite was taken ere wife and little ones were hurrying with him townward, all fearing they would not arrive in time.

The minister, busied over his sermon for the morrow, could not conceal the annoyance he felt at being interrupted; this only for a moment,—the next the manuscript was laid aside, and he and his family were soon nearing the point where was stationed the cannon that was incessantly calling the crowd together, its roar quite unable to drown a single note of the “Battle Cry of Freedom,” which the band was vigorously playing, again and again, as if oblivious of the fact that other tunes had been invented.

And this the story that had touched all hearts alike and caused this general turnout:

Dan, “Rebel Dan,” had in his own way sent in the famous heart of gold by Amy Harrison as a contribution to the Sanitary Fund, and the long hidden marvel was to be auctioned off in front of the bank that evening. The armory boys had made up a splendid purse, and had asserted they would first possess it, cost what it might; and although it would barely tip the banker’s scales at seventy dollars, the home-guard Captain had been heard to say their first bid on it as a starter would be five hundred.

Bidding proved more spirited than any had dared hope for, and the heart of gold had many owners within the hour; so that it came about that Dan’s offering yielded a sum several times in excess of the total amount otherwise contributed by our camp.

The throng remained almost intact long after the great event of the evening

had been fully consummated, the men seeming to have found an inexhaustible source of pleasure in conversing thereon. Fresh fuel was piled high upon the flames, and the remnants of the previous Independence Day’s explosives were resurrected from the stores, that the children might be enabled to round out the occasion properly; but through some misunderstanding—so it was rumored—the band had returned prematurely to the county seat. At all events neither it nor the home-guard Captain could any where be found.

But the secret was out when sweet strains of distant music came floating in upon our streets, its direction indicating that Dan was being serenaded,—though the little ones gave it up as a bad job after several times trying to come in on the chorus of “Rally round the Flag,” as they had been doing all the evening. It must be, they decided, the band was playing some other tune, or else ’t was the distance made it sound quite unfamiliar.

“The Captain’s got his war-paint on,” said some one a little later. Possibly the fact was thus correctly stated, for when a whisper of treason reached him from an unknown source on his return with the band, he promptly made his first and only public speech, defiantly proclaiming that the music was of his selection, and that he alone would take the blame therefor if any blame existed; and that he believed Dan had fully earned the right to hear that tune. Nor is it of record that the Union cause ever took the least harm through “Dixie” having that night been played by a loyal band while lovingly serenading a rebel.

And must it not have been altogether enjoyable to him, though very strange withal, to have heard that music sounding unannounced out there in the night, and through such pleasant medium to receive our friendly greetings? Assuredly,—if haply he ever heard it; and of that it is not permitted us to say.

His cabin door remained closed quite late on the following morning, and a knock thereon eliciting no response, a neighbor drew the latch-string and looked within,—then summoned help.

Before the doctor's arrival those gathered there knew quite well that with Dan the war was over. The condition he was found in proved he had passed at least the greater portion of the night in the open air; but whither he had wandered after leaving Amy was never known.

Pleased he assuredly was, though he showed no surprise at his surroundings when consciousness returned. He knew he was in his cabin, and that all there were friendly to him. He recognized the home-guard Captain; and the slight motion he made being rightly interpreted, the next instant their hands were clasped. He knew the eyes of the widowed Union mother were beaming in tearful sympathy upon him; that her hands were gently replacing with a white, downy pillow the rough bundle his head had been resting

upon, and that it was her voice tenderly saying, "There, Dan, is n't that better?"

She bent low to receive his answer and heard these words: "It's true, thank God, it's true! From the same cup, the same cup." And earth holding no further knowledge worthy of his gleanings, he closed his eyes upon it and soon there after passed peacefully on his way in quest of his loved ones.

It chanced that I stood there by him alone, not caring or it may be not thinking to disengage my hand from his. I suppose I had entirely lost sight of the years and the happenings that had since then intervened to separate us, for the scene seemed thrillingly real to me. The room was the "Lion's Den," and scarce knowing why I did so I was roughly questioning him. Once more I saw that smile, precursor of a ringing laugh, and then I plainly heard or thought I heard him saying cheerily,

"The Lion? There is no Lion,—and I'm only Daniel!"

William S. Hutchinson.

A FANCY.

I WONDER if 't will be as I have dreamed,—
If some day I shall wake and know thou'rt near,
Thou whom my soul has sought through all its doubting,
Whose face mine eyes have watched for many a year?

And when I can but follow all unheeding,
Led by the vision of thy hair's bright gold,
While myriad flowers in the winds are flaunting,
And living green o'erruns the silent wold,—

Till, breathless pausing, while I part the branches
That hide, yet half reveal thee, spirit fair,
Shall find—no flush of human face, no laughter,
But pallid Death alone to meet me there?

And then when I have known thy quiet presence,
If I shall feel that all will yet be so,—
The hopes of life, its happy vagrant fancies,
The peace of dreams,—and shall not fear to go?

Melville Upton.

THE ISLAND OF VATE.

ABOUT two days' sail to the westward of the Fijis is the group of islands known as the New Hebrides. To the south of them is New Caledonia (used by the French as a penal settlement), further to the west are the Solomon Isles, and still further away we come to the shores of New Guinea. These all lie in the tropics, and are all characterized by a luxuriance of vegetation rivaling that of the valley of the Amazon, the jungles of India, and the Javanese archipelago, while the savage races that inhabit them probably exceed all others in their habits of cannibalism, their treachery, and their hostility to Europeans.

But in spite of the danger to be apprehended from the poisoned arrows of the people and the scarcely less deadly miasma arising from the large area of swampy lands that are met with in the forests, these islands are annually visited by traders, and seekers after "labor" to be employed in sugar-growing localities, and on one such an expedition the writer visited the island of Vate, in the southern part of the chain composing the New Hebrides, and from the notes taken at the time the following brief sketch has been prepared.

Leaving the harbor of Levuka in the island of Ovalua of the Fiji group one fine morning, in a short time we had reached the New Hebrides and were off the south point of Vate. Rounding this point our vessel entered a narrow but deep channel, between a range of those small islands on the left and the flat-topped hills of Vate on the right. The somewhat precipitous sides of these hills were densely clothed with a profusion of vines and parasitic plants, overhanging a wonderful variety of shrubs and trees. Some of the trees were gigantic in size, and many of them were completely cov-

ered with huge creepers that climbed to the topmost boughs and then flung out long, flexible branches, tufted with brilliant blossoms of gold and crimson.

Above this sea of verdure rose high in the air splendid palms, whose creamy white trunks were crowned with tufts of glittering green. The steep slopes broke off now and then into perpendicular, milky cliffs, over which hung thousands of delicate vines woven into an undulating curtain of curious design and inimitable brightness of color. Beyond the forest-clad slopes were long stretches of table-lands, scored with numerous narrow gorges widening sometimes into valleys into whose cool depths the grassy uplands sank in softly rounded outlines, as our vessel glided swiftly on.

Fringing the shore line, clasping with their twisted roots the very rocks on which the surf is ever beating, were hundreds of the iron-wood tree, whose dark needle-like foliage of graceful, drooping habit, contrasted finely with the more massive broad-leaved trees behind. The feathery tops of clumps of giant bamboos, eighty or a hundred feet in height, swayed in the fresh breeze, and relieved the somber appearance of the forest about them. There was, too, the glow of color from the gorgeous blossoms of giant *Poinceana regia*, and the deep crimson flowers of the tree hibiscus, with here and there the sparkle and flash of a tiny waterfall, and a bit of bright color when a gaily vested paroquet dropped from some lofty branch into the shrubbery beneath.

As we glided along close to the shore we were obliged occasionally to sheer off a little to run clear of low, sandy points that have been formed at the mouths of valleys by the wash from the mountains, and it was after doubling the last of

these that we entered the beautiful sheet of water known as Havana Harbor, so named by the captain of the man-of-war Havana when he first entered it. The broad, nearly circular bay is enclosed between the curving shores of Vate on one side, and those of "Deception Island" on the other. Its waters are very deep, even close in shore, and are of a dark transparent blue. Deception Island was so named from its being taken, at first, for part of Vate, from which it is only separated at its upper end by a narrow boat passage.

The tongue of land we rounded upon entering the harbor runs out from a broad fertile plain, dotted with palms and other trees. This plain was covered near the shore line with nutritious Bermuda grass (which has been introduced by foreigners), while further inland there grows a coarse, bunchy, indigenous grass of but little value, and thickets of tall, slender reeds. Beyond this plain the hills rise abruptly to the grassy, treeless table-lands, beyond which could be traced the outlines of still higher ranges, the valleys of which were filled with a dense forest growth. Upon this point and the plain was established a missionary station. There was a neat dwelling, surrounded by a high, close palisade of reeds, which also enclosed a trim, portly garden. Behind the house was a cluster of native huts shaded by fine trees, and on the smooth beach were drawn up a number of canoes. In the doorway of one or two of the huts were standing a few native women, dressed in flowing white robes, and running about on the beach were a dozen or more little native children clad only in warm-looking, skin-tight suits of golden yellow, made by rubbing powdered turmeric over the dusky skin. This clothing, if so it can be called, is to say the least light and airy, and capable of being easily repaired when frayed or worn.

A portion of the plain we were passing was under cultivation, Indian corn being

the chief crop. There were, too, thousands of fine cocoanut trees; besides mangoes, papaias, guavas, bananas, oranges, avocado pears, and custard apples, with patches of pineapple plants, interspersed with flowering shrubs such as the hibiscus, pink and white oleanders, and other blossoms in white, gold, and purple.

Slowly tacking up the bay, our vessel finally arrived at a point near the head of the harbor, where were already a couple of "labor" vessels, one from Queensland with a few recruits on board, the other bound for Samoa, with a full complement.

Dropping anchor, and leaving the mate to make everything snug, the captain and the writer went ashore, where we were warmly welcomed by McLeod, a strong, limber, hard-headed, genial man, who for many years has had charge of a French trading station where he lives. Mac is a veteran trader in this group. Scotch by birth, he is a naturalized French subject, and we found him hospitable and shrewd, "unco' gleg and canny," well read, and up to all the tricks of the savages about him. He bears on his person the scars of many a cut from New Hebridean tomahawks.

"But, mon,"—he exclaimed, when we commiserated him upon the loss of several fingers and other disfigurements,—
"But, mon, I gie them a' as guid as they gave,—ablins a wheen bit better, gin that a pistol bullet's mair effective than a chop wi' a dull axie!"

We were made heartily welcome by him, introduced to some of the officers from the other vessels, and then invited to a hearty supper, during which arrangements were made for a tramp by the writer into the "bush" the next morning.

After supper, while strolling on the beach, we fell in with "Jimmy the Devil," who had been detailed to act as guide the next day. He promised to be on hand at an early hour, and to take care that his charge was not knocked on the head and eaten.

"No bloody feah," he exclaimed. "Bushman he sabe *me*. 'Pose he fool aroun' massa,—my word! me chop his head! All'e same, massa, moah bettah you cahry you 'volver, an' 'pose bushman he want to fight you, shoot five and six, mebbe!" giving the "massa" thus to understand that while we need not be afraid of the bushmen, it would be as well to go armed.

Returning to Mac's snug cottage (which, by the way, was anchored all around to the ground by wire cables stretched over the roof, to hold it down during the "hurricane season"), the writer was taken soundly to task for venturing out in the night air, and thus risking an attack of fever and ague, and strongly advised to swallow a good dose of quinine before going to bed, and another first thing in the morning, which advice—as well as the quinine—was duly taken.

Seated on some bags filled with dried "beche-la-mer" (a variety of sea-slug in much demand by the Chinese in making soup), we smoked for a time before going to our rooms.

As night came on, the outlines of Deception Island across the quiet bay grew dim. The high hulk of an old French frigate—that sailed the seas with men and guns a half century ago—loomed large at its moorings, a floating storehouse for dried cocoanut meat and sharks' fins, beche-la-mer, pearl shells, and other South Sea products. Its white figure-head, the life-size effigy of Marshal Scheubert,

"With his old three-cornered hat,
And his (pig-tail) and all that,"

gleamed stark upon the bluff black bows.

Still farther off the land a tracery of ropes and spars aloft, and two or three bright lights below, showed where lay a labor vessel from New Britain, filled with a crowd of savages, who thumped their log drums, blew rude Paris-pipes,

and chanted and stamped in unison about the deck.

Along the beach were scattered groups of natives, gathered around little fires, whose fitful flames lit up their dusky forms, shone on their gleaming teeth and eyeballs, and danced and glittered on the foaming ripples of the rising tide, whose soft, rhythmic ebb and flow filled the tropic night with restful sound.

Over the northern sky there spread a lurid glow, reflected from the volcanic fires on the island of Amboyn, one of the group, and across this luminous space there swept a "flying fox." Its flight was slow and noiseless, its black, bat-like wings beating the air with heavy, soundless strokes, and as it passed overhead—so close that we caught the glitter of its bead-like eyes—we could see, clinging to its breast, its young, and hear its quick, sharp cry of alarm as it vanished in the dense foliage of a chestnut tree near at hand. One of the loungers about the house loaded his gun with fine shot, and, knowing the fondness of the animal for fruit, kept watch under a *papaia* tree, and soon secured both mother and young for us to examine.

These curious creatures (the *Pteropus* of the naturalist) are quite abundant in the Fijis and New Hebrides. They are, to all appearances, merely large bats, and are good examples of how hideous some of the "small fry" in the animal kingdom become, simply by enlargement. As under the microscope the forms of animalculæ cause a shudder, so in the flying fox all that is impish and repulsive in the common bat becomes by enlargement devilish and fearful.

There is the intensely black, India-rubber-like, thin membrane, stretched in flight, between the immensely elongated forearm and the body and the much shorter hinder limbs, covering, without at all concealing, a wonderful arrangement of slender bones and cord-like muscles by which it is expanded and kept in motion.

There is the short, stout, horny hook projecting from each elbow joint, by which the creature suspends itself while sleeping in the darkling forest during the day, upside down; in which attitude, with the loose folds of its wings draped about it, it looks more like a withered mummy of an ideal imp of Satan than anything else we can imagine.

It has a weazened face, with the short upper lip drawn back so as to display the sharp, yellow teeth; small, black, beady eyes, quick, restless, and formed to see well at night, while in daylight they are dull and filmy.

It has a muscular, compact, rat-like body, covered with dense, dark-brown fur, patched on the head and throat with dirty yellow, and swarming with parasitic insects. Finally, it has a repulsive, musk-like odor about it that it shares in common with the Papuan natives, who eat its flesh as greedily as they do that of each other, — which is saying a good deal, for they are fearful cannibals.

It was in keeping with the scene before us, — the lonely bay, the worn-out hulk, the dreary beat of the uncouth drums, and melancholy chanting of the savages on board the labor vessel, and the groups of naked, chattering Vate people around their fires on the shore, — that this demoniac creature should come athwart the sulphurous light of the volcano, and it was with a feeling of relief that we left the veranda and entered the brightly lighted room where Mac and the Captain were chatting of other times and climes.

The next morning Jim was in waiting at an early hour, and together we set out for "the bush." Jim had got himself up in grand style for the trip. His stiff, wiry hair had been carefully drawn out so that it projected on all sides at least a foot from his head. In the upper part of this huge mop was stuck a bunch of cock's feathers, and hanging from several twisted locks were glittering human molars. Projecting on

one side above the ear was the handle of a wooden comb with teeth some twelve inches long. (This was to scratch with.) To balance this, on the other side was a white cowry shell about as big as an egg, which was kept in place by means of a bamboo skewer. Each ear was ornamented with a long, curled boar's tusk, passed through large holes in the lobes, which were dragged by the weights of these massive earrings nearly to the shoulders.

Jim's face was frightfully decorated. With a clay wash he had colored one-half of it a brick red, with the exception of the eye on that side, which had a circle of white around it. The other half was a dead black, made so with charcoal powder, the eye being relieved by a circle of red. Through the septum of the nose he had thrust a long, slender, white bone. He looked, as he said, "All 'e same Fiji mahn."

Around his waist Jim had wound a strip of scarlet cloth. Each arm was encircled by huge boars' tusks and bands of bead work; and thus attired, with his formidable, long-handled tomahawk swung over his shoulder, he looked his soubriquet of "Jimmy the Devil," every inch of him.

This gentle savage took charge of the writer, and was very solicitous regarding him. He had a curious, dudish way of drawling out his words, and of using the aspirate "h." Thus, his first question was:

"'Mawnin, mahsa. You's had youah bittah powdah this mawnin?"

Upon being assured that the dose of quinine had been duly swallowed, he caught up a little bundle of lunch that had been provided, and we started off.

At first the path wound over a broad plain that at one time had been planted with cotton plants. Then we struck into what had once been a fine avenue lined with orange trees. But everything had been abandoned years before, and the trees were now dead or dying. The

avenue itself was about washed out of existence by the rains of many seasons: the house near the beach from whence it once led was in ruins, and the once highly cultivated fields around us were covered with a rank, coarse grass, and ranker, coarser clumps of reeds.

These clumps gradually grew more frequent as we advanced, and finally covered the whole land bordering upon the forest. Our path led directly through this jungle for many rods, and we walked in a tunnel, as it were, of reeds not thicker than a lead pencil, but long enough to meet over our heads in a dense mass. It was very close and hot in there, and one of us at least was glad when we finally emerged and entered the forest.

As soon as we did so every sense was enlivened by the coolness of the shadowy woods and the varied and beautiful forms of vegetation about us. Giant trees with smooth, gray, broadly buttressed trunks rose on every side, holding orchids and ferns in the hollows of each outstretched limb. Noble specimens of the *Kami* pine were met with now and again, their rough, dark red bark exuding a clear aromatic gum, in which were entangled hundreds of insects. Superb *crotons*, in great variety of leaf and color, grew on every hand, and massive *princianas* flaunted their gorgeous blossoms high in the air. Parasitic plants twined around every tree trunk, and delicate vines clothed each bush and brake.

The variety of form and color was charming. Clumps of slender bamboos with polished yellow shafts pierced the heavy foliage overhead, while beside them were the smooth, dark green branches of the *crotons* decked with bunches of ribbon-like leaves, tinted in shades of red and brown, olive green and crimson, alternate stripes of gold and emerald, or flecked with dots and splashes of bright yellow. Jim broke off a branch covered with gaily tinted, curiously crimped leaves loaded with a musky odor, and put the finishing touch to his toilet by

sticking it upright in his waist-belt behind.

Now and again we walked beneath the shade of splendid specimens of the wild fig (*ficus religiosa*) distinguished by its wonderful aerial roots, each one a tree trunk in itself. The bodies of these trees are made up of a large number of trunks compacted together so as to form a massive Doric pillar twelve or fifteen feet in diameter and forty or fifty feet high. At that elevation there spring out great branches, which spread broadly on all sides, and from them drop aerial roots that soon reach the ground and form new points of support. Again and again do the branches let down these supplementary trunks, through which they draw new life and vigor, until the far-reaching limbs, supported on those stately columns and clothed with a dense foliage of polished dark green leaves, shade whole villages, and nourish a growth of parasitic plants,—orchids, *seginella*, and ferns,—whose variety and profusion would afford a long day's study to the botanist and artist.

Presently Jim and I came to a yam patch. Here quite a large area of land had been cleared, the larger trees having been destroyed by fire. While they were slowly consuming, the plot had been enclosed by a double row of stakes set close together, and filled in with sticks until thoroughly "pig proof." The stakes were of a soft, sappy wood, which took root readily, so that the fence had become in a short time a dense, thickly leaved hedge, calculated to last many years.

The ground inside had been cleared of all weeds and grasses, and by the time that was done the loose, friable, black soil was ready for planting. Small yams are always selected for seed, and planted whole in hills about six feet apart each way. Bundles of slender reeds are then cut, and kept ready until the tender shoot of the plant shows itself, when they are arranged as a light framework,

raised about two feet from the ground, and on this the delicate vine from the tuber is trained. Great care is taken of the young vines, for should they be broken off near the ground no new ones will shoot up, and the crop would be late.

Advantage is taken of this peculiarity in the growth of the yam by inhabitants of districts hostile to each other, one person being able to destroy the year's supply of food of a family in a few minutes.

A "year's supply," I say, for the yam takes that length of time to mature; hence a twelve-month is called a "yam," as one month is a "moon"; and as the natives save out of their store barely enough seed to plant once they generally have to go without this, to them, most important staple of food for a year if the one crop fails.

While passing one yam patch I picked and ate some small, round tomatoes which were growing wild. Jim watched me curiously and then inquired:

"That fellah-boy good?" (It may be remarked here that "fellah-boy" means a person, thing, or place, as the case may be.)

"Good? Yes. Don't you eat them?"

"'Pore woman cook um, me eat um; no cook um, he all sama bullimacow." (Bullimacow is raw beef.) "What name that fellah-thing?"

"Tomato."

"Tah-mah-to — bloody fine name."

Leaving the yam patch the path led along a beautiful stream, running rapidly in a broad channel worn in the soft soil, the bank being fringed with ferns and semi-aquatic plants. Near us on our right was a deep shady gorge, from which the deliciously cold water issued; and we climbed into it and sat for a while on a huge rock fallen from the cliff above.

Opposite us the noisy stream had worn away the steep bank until it threatened to drop into the hurrying waters. The

margin of this bank was fringed with the streaming tresses of a delicate bunch grass, and interposed with gracefully drooping ferns; while, standing in a quiet pool, just out of the eddying current, were clumps of a superb *achrostichum*, growing some ten feet high, each cluster of fronds terminating in a group of fruitful primæ clothed on one side with a golden-yellow velvety coating of spores.

Thickly carpeting the higher bank, an abundant growth of long coarse grass hid the dank soil, while every projecting rock was overlaid with mosses and lichens. Clinging to the slender shrubs that sprung from the numerous fissures in the ledge of rocks above, were thread-like vines, bearing on the end of each delicate, drooping filament a pendant of green seed vessels, which swung to and fro in the faintest breeze.

Standing upon the flat top of the ledge of rocks were many noble trees, whose crooked roots clasped the cliff or clung to each other; here undulating over the massive rocks and thrusting themselves into each crevice, there stretching far down straightway to the water, and then throwing out a mass of filaments that the current drew down stream, or tossed in tangled heaps upon the bank. Over-shadowing all was the thick foliage of larger forest trees growing on the summit of the ridge, their canopy of leaves mingling with those clothing the branches of others growing behind us.

Besides the infinite variety of gnarled trunks, gray, crooked branches, and many fantastic forms of exogenous growth, there were palms with smooth, white shafts, tree-ferns with slender trunks, deeply carved in patterns, dating back to a pre-carboniferous age, papaias whose fallen leaf stalks had left the trunks from which they had dropped marked with lozenge-shaped scars; and the banner-like leaves of bananas dipped and waved in the breeze that swung to and fro the great loops of a giant vine

bearing pods a yard in length, and stirred the variegated crotons, glistening bamboo streamers, fluttering tufts of mimosas, and masses of heavier foliage, into ever-changing combinations of form and color, light and shade.

There were some butterflies fluttering about. Jim pointed to them, and inquired, "You like him fellah-boy?" and upon my saying I would, he broke off a leafy branch, and dashed after the pretty insects. His quickness of eye and hand was very great, and how he managed to dodge in and out of the undergrowth without having his waist-cloth or tossing cock's-plume torn off was a mystery. But he did, and came back now and then bringing between finger and thumb some new specimen of lepidoptera. One had large, blue-black, velvet wings, spotted with royal purple. Another's wings were white, edged and veined delicately with blue, while a third quite small variety was all blue on the upper side and gray beneath. Jim captured them by beating them down with his bunch of leaves, and very soon I shouted to him to stop, as his rough hunting ruined the insects as specimens, and their life was too full of grace and beauty to be uselessly cut short.

Jim, — a true savage, — didn't care. They were "no good," he said, — that is, they could not be eaten, and their painted wings were too frail to make into ornaments. He would drop his tomahawk head upon the pretty creature opening and shutting its wings in the spot of sunlight that brightened the end of the mossy log on which he sat, without a thought.

Crossing the stream on Jim's broad back and climbing the bank, we came at once and altogether unexpectedly upon another yam patch, where were a dozen or more savages at work. About the same number of dogs started, yelling and baying, for us. The men each seized a musket or rifle, while the women and children dodged behind tree trunks and

brush heaps. Things looked squally for a moment, but Jim roared out some kind of a greeting that seemed to reassure everybody, and the next minute we were surrounded by the whole party, — dogs and all, — and shook hands with a half dozen wild-looking devils, who broadly hinted that a little "bacca" would be acceptable. No sooner had they secured some bits broken off a plug than every hand was thrust forward in supplication, and it was only by practicing the ruse of flinging a handful into the midst of the crowd that we got clear. Jim laughed boisterously at the sight of the struggling crowd, and remarked pleasantly, as we moved off, "Bymeby fellah-man club all fellah-woman, take *all* he 'bacca.'"

"The men won't kill the women, will they?" I asked.

"No bloody feah," he answered, "got plenty work fo' him" (the women). "'Pose yam all planted, maybe he chop he woman 'pose he too sassy." From which I inferred that the women would not be cut down with tomahawks, — even for the sake of the tobacco they had secured, — because the yam patch was not yet planted.

Presently the road led us to a village, and I was struck with its squalid, savage appearance. The huts were mere thatched roofs, with the eaves resting on the ground. One end was generally closed by mats and old thatch, the other being open to the weather. They were apparently dropped at random, and were in all stages of lop-sidedness. Rough stone walls about three feet high meandered in a vague manner about the village, and were broken down here and there to permit the residents to pass to and fro. A few old spears, a ragged scoop net or two, and some battered wooden spades or paddles, and pointed sticks for working the soil were thrust into the ragged thatch. Near the mouth of each hut was planted the stout limb of a tree with short branches, from

which were suspended cocoanut shells and clusters of the lower jaws of hogs, saved for the sake of their huge, curling tusks.

Inside the huts was nothing but the bare earth, the people seeming to be content to rest on the dusty ground without even a mat under them. The thatch inside was black with smoke, and stuck all about in it were numberless "charms" made of the bones of fish, the flying fox, human beings, dogs, and pigs, as well as bits of shell, tufts of feathers, and even lumps of clay. These, Jim said, were to "scare away devils," — but as they did not seem to frighten the dwellers out of the country, I concluded they had lost their power.

The village was for the time being deserted, we thought, but in wandering about we came to one hut in which was an aged couple huddled up near a fire, tended by a young woman watching the baking of some yams. The old man and woman might have been mummies for all the signs of life they gave, as we crawled under the roof, — which on one side was slightly raised from the ground, — and all the young woman did by way of recognizing our presence was to gather closer to her breast a naked baby, and at the same time sweep to the rear two or three little imps, who gazed at us curiously from over her shoulders and under her arms.

A man — presumably the father of the family — made his appearance fresh from the yam patch, and after a few minutes' talk with Jim went off, and we heard presently the thump of cocoanuts on the ground as he broke them off a tree growing hard by.

The yams were nearly cooked when we arrived, and the woman removed the pieces of matted grass that covered them, and breaking off the dark brown crust, mashed one or two of the tubers with a smooth pebble on a rudely carved wooden platter into a cake that she laid on some heated stones to toast.

"Mo' bettah you give old fellah-man some 'bacca," Jim remarked.

"What! give that old mummy tobacco?" I exclaimed. "Why, is n't he dead?"

"Dead," laughed Jim, "My word! No. 'Pose he all same as dead, he take 'bacca! — haw, haw!"

So I tossed a piece on the old fellow's shriveled knees, and was astonished to see with what quickness he clutched it, and with what startling earnestness his companion, the old woman, stretched out a horribly wrinkled, misshapen, and begrimed claw of a hand, screeching like the witch in Macbeth asking for chestnuts, "Give! give!"

Like the sailor's wife, I exclaimed, "Aroint thee, witch!" but complied with her demand, and then was quite fascinated by the appearance of the ancient couple as they mouthed and gibbered and whined over their prize. It was the first tobacco they had had in a long time probably, as the younger people would see them die — "die!" they would *kill* them! — rather than give them a single whiff of their pipes.

Presently the old man fumbled about a few dirty little bundles he had stowed under the ragged bit of mat he was seated on, and selecting one, more by touch than sight, drew from it an old clay pipe with a stem about an inch long. This dhudeen he managed to fill with crumbs of the tobacco picked off the plug with his sharp, hard nails, and then he handed it to the young woman to light. This she did in a very leisurely manner, finally passing it to its owner after inhaling as much smoke as her lungs would hold. This smoke she retained much longer than I should have thought it possible for any one to hold his breath, only permitting it to escape when partial asphyxia displayed itself; and even after she had begun to breathe naturally again, smoke occasionally oozed from her nostrils, and, I think, her eyes and ears!

Meanwhile the old man had lost him-

self in a delicious revery. He was as motionless as when we first entered the hut, the only change in his appearance being that produced by his having the pipe bowl glued, as it were, to the irregular depression between his grisly chin and the perforated septum of his ancient nose. Now and then a volume of smoke poured from his nostrils and floated over his skeleton shoulders, where it was eagerly inhaled by a pair of the young imps, who had left the shelter of their dam's back to get behind the old man, and enjoy a smoke at second hand. I had never before been privileged to see tobacco smoke thus economized!

About this time Jim called my attention to the cocoanuts ready opened for me, and I drank the rich juice with the same sort of satisfaction that one devours a fresh egg in a doubtful restaurant, knowing it to be clean.

The yam-cake that was next offered did not, it is true, look as though it possessed that redeeming quality. But its rather grimy appearance was due alone to lightly clinging ashes which were easily brushed off, and then there was spread on the hot, crisp surface a yellow, buttery-looking substance, which Jim called "Fiji cabbage," and which I knew to be the far-famed "cabbage palm," which when baked is fit to be called the ambrosia of the gods.

It is an expensive article of food, for to procure it a cabbage palm must be felled, and from the center of the crown a mass of undeveloped leaves, folded like a cabbage, is taken and baked.

Possessed of a most delicate and appetizing odor; melting in the mouth like rich cream; gliding down the throat without an effort, and resting in my grateful assimilator with a blandness indescribable, the rich morsels imparted a feeling of blissful content, that, without exactly glorifying the surroundings, caused me to look with a more compassionate feeling upon my entertainers for the moment.

But Jim soon declared that we must be moving homeward again, and so bartering more tobacco for a bow with its sheaf of poisoned arrows, we took our leave.

As we passed through the village again I paused on the "sing-sing"—i. e., dance-ground—to sketch a group of idols set up in its midst. They were made from the trunks of trees, and were from four to twelve feet in length, and from one to two feet in diameter. Each one was hollowed out to a thin shell, the upper end being left solid. Two or sometimes three holes had been made in the upper ends to represent eyes, and below them were long slits for noses, and others farther down for mouths. Each one had a hieroglyph of some kind carved on what might be called the cheek, and the whole of them, ten in number, were set in a close group in the center of the ground, while near them at one side was a post carved at its top into the semblance of a pair of birds facing each other in solemn consultation.

The grim, uncanny figures huddled together in the silent forest had a peculiar fascination for me. They seemed, as they stood there with their hollow eyes fixed upon me while they leaned towards each other, to be whispering of the white stranger. The tallest of all, in the center of the group, had a particularly savage look. His trunk was covered over with mysterious symbols, and his cavernous eyes seemed sentient, while his huge, slanting mouth was distorted by a diabolical grin.

They were all thoroughly cannibalistic and cruel. They were rotting where they stood, and from the heads of more than one sprang a dense growth of coarse grass, and from their mouths crept snaky looking vines.

Many a feast of human flesh had they witnessed. Many a time had they stood impassive while the solid, bare earth about them resounded with the stamp of naked feet, as their wild worshipers whirled in a frantic dance.

There they had stood through many years, alike insensible to the first, faint, fleeting cry of the new-born babe, and the rattling groan of dying age. Deaf to the melancholy sweet breathings of the lover's rude Pan's pipes, or the sullen roar of the trumpet-shell, and the thunder of the huge log drums sounding the signal for war. Gazing with stolid indifference upon the frantic mother, groveling at their feet begging the life of her sick child, insensible to the implor-

ing glance of the bound victim turned upon them as the sacrificial club swung above his head, not heeding even when one of their own number tottered in decay and fell in shattered fragments.

And still they looked as though they had been conscious of all that had taken place around them in the past, and that, if one could but discover how to compel them into speech, they could a tale unfold of savage life in those dim woods that would be wild and terrible!

F. L. Clarke.

SOLILOQUY OF MIDAS.

THESE gay Bohemians, minstrels and free knights,
The nameless rulers of the public thought,—
What melancholy clouds can hope to mar
The splendor of their bright and sunny lives?

The hidden springs that move this world's affairs
I touch with skill and garner countless gold.
The ships upon the stately sea are mine.
Ten thousand cars of precious commerce move
At my command. Sometimes I madly dream
The world was only made for men like me.
I can within my gorgeous palace muse,
And make a roaring whirlpool of the mart,
Engulfing fortunes, homes, and ruined men.
The Spanish chief who robbed the land Peru,
Bore off no spoils to overshadow mine.

And yet, oftentimes, dark thoughts possess my soul.
Some careless boy now carols in the wood,
Whose homely name the world will breathe in awe,
When all my pageantry is vanished far.
How vain the eminence by gold conferred!—
Today a king, with fawning slaves around;
Tomorrow, dead and by the world forgot.

I have not lived the lofty life I crave.
I have within me true poetic fire,—
The poet's longing for immortal fame,
The glow of thought that casts a glamor o'er
All mundane things; the instinct, undefined,
That bids high bards to pour majestic lays:—
But this is all,—I have no skill to voice
The stately, pent-up music of my soul.

Henry Clinton Parkhurst.

THE RAMABAI MOVEMENT.

LAST but not least among the great reform movements of this progressive age is one, the immediate object of which is the emancipation of the women of India from the bondage of ignorance and superstition in which they have been held for centuries, while its ultimate results will be much more far-reaching ; for in educated mothers will be found the power by which the regeneration of this ancient and wonderful nation will be accomplished. This movement was inaugurated by the Pandita Ramabai Sarasvati.

She is a Hindoo widow of Brahmanical birth, whose profound learning has astonished some of the world's greatest living scholars, and whose sympathetic love and unobtrusive gentleness, combined with earnestness of purpose and whole-souled consecration, have won the hearts of all with whom she has come in contact ; while her persuasive eloquence has swayed the multitudes who have listened to her plain unvarnished tale of wrongs, undreamed of by the fair ladies of this blessed land of liberty. The result has been the formation in this country of an association composed of earnest, intelligent, and practical philanthropists, and known as "The Ramabai Association," the object of which is to aid her in establishing and maintaining a school in or near Poona, in western India, for the benefit of high-caste child widows. This association has its headquarters in Boston, but a branch association, "The Ramabai Association of the Pacific Coast," has recently been organized with headquarters at San Francisco ; and throughout the land Ramabai circles, auxiliary to the association, are constantly springing up, lending their moral as well as financial support to this noble undertaking.

The selection of Poona as the location for building the school is a happy one. Situated at an elevation of about 2,000 feet above sea level, it is one of the healthiest spots in India, with a warm, dry, but equable climate, the mean annual temperature being 76 degrees, or four degrees lower than either at Bombay or Calcutta, and six degrees lower than at Madras. During the coldest month, January, the temperature is 70 degrees ; during the hottest, May, it is 83 degrees, the difference between the hottest and coldest months being only thirteen degrees ; while in Calcutta it is nineteen, — January 70 degrees, and May 89 degrees ; and at Peshawur, where the mean annual temperature is only two degrees lower than at Poona, viz. 74 degrees, the amplitude of fluctuation is thirty-nine degrees, from 52 degrees in January to 91 in June and July. The annual rainfall at Poona is 27 inches, while at Calcutta it is 57, at Madras 50, and at Bombay 73. The debilitating effect of continuous heat, especially upon students, makes the difference of a few degrees in selecting the location for a school a question worthy of careful consideration. Moreover, the neighboring hills offer pleasant camping grounds, where it would be of great advantage for both students and teachers to spend their vacation, communing with nature, filling their lungs with the pure mountain air, their bodies bathed in cool ocean breezes, tempered by genial sunshine. These are the strength-giving tonics for exhausted brains, shattered nerves, and enfeebled bodies.

Other advantages of Poona are cheaper lands and perhaps provisions than in or near larger cities.

There will also, I think, be less opposition and prejudice to overcome than

there would be, say, at Brahman-ruled Benares; for the inhabitants of Poona and surrounding districts have the name of being intelligent, brave, and independent; and this is certainly borne out by the manner in which Dr. Anandabai Joshee was received and her death universally mourned. In further proof of their liberal-mindedness, let it be remembered that it was at Poona that the first female school in India was established.

While I believe that female schools patterned after the Ramabai model will in the near future be established in various parts of India, it is of the greatest importance that the first should be organized under the most favorable conditions possible.

It may be asked why the benefit of the Ramabai school should be limited to *high-caste widows*. Such exclusiveness is certainly not in harmony with American ideas. Why should not the school be open to all women alike, irrespective of caste or condition?

To any one at all familiar with India, the answer is obvious. The wife, whose duty it is to obey her husband, mother-in-law, and all senior members of the household, besides that most despotic of all tyrants, custom, would not be permitted to leave her home under any circumstances; and were the school open to women of different castes, no one would be found willing to attend. High-caste widows, therefore, are the only accessible class that again can enter the homes of both high and low throughout the land, and as only a very limited number can be admitted at first, it is important to begin with those whose influence will be most far-reaching. Moreover, low-caste women are already freer, more independent, and in every way better off than those of high caste.

I mention this lest it be thought that the Pandita is making unjust discrimination in favor of those of her own caste. Indeed she has no caste, for though she was born a Brahmaní, she has committed

three acts, either of which alone would have deprived her of her caste, to wit: first, marrying the man of her own choice who happened to be a Sudra; second, crossing the ocean; and third, embracing Christianity.

Her daily life shows that Christ's words, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you," have taken root deep down in her heart. In fact it was by reading the Sermon on the Mount that her attention was first drawn to Christianity. The two commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," I know she strives to keep; but she still adheres to some of her ancestral doctrines, more particularly that which teaches us to "consider the life of every animal as precious as our own." In common with all orthodox Hindus she never eats flesh, nor would she eat an egg, as that contains a life germ.

And let me say right here that as long as Christian missionaries in India continue disregarding the feelings of their Hindu brethren, and persist in eating the flesh of animals, thus, by their personal habits making themselves obnoxious in the extreme, they cannot expect to gain any converts among refined and cultivated Brahmans. The cow is regarded by the Hindus as a sacred animal, and to kill a cow is considered the greatest of all crimes. A Brahman looks upon a beef-eater with the aversion and disgust that we should feel toward a cannibal.

I am aware that among the young men of the present generation there are some who have imbibed European ideas with European wines and brandies, and who boast of their fondness for beef. They are men who represent the worst qualities of both Hindus and Europeans, having outgrown the virtues of the former

and adopted the vices of the latter. They are also generally atheists, having renounced the gods of their forefathers and found no other. With these, then, are most of us Europeans classed by the orthodox Hindu, who alike abhors strong drink and animal food. Is it any wonder that our influence with them is almost *nil*? But speaking of flesh diet, it appears to me as if the majority of us in reading our Bible have skipped the 29th and 30th verses of the first chapter of Genesis. Here the Creator designates specifically the kind of food intended both for man and beast, but flesh is not mentioned. The practice of killing animals for the purpose of food is both selfish and cruel, and though by transmitted inheritance through long generations we have become such confirmed flesh-eaters that it seems almost impossible to rise above it, yet I believe that if we were to call up in our mind the scenes of the slaughter-house every time we sit down to dinner, the consumption of meat would be much less. Have not all living creatures, whether animals or plants, a right to life and the pursuit of happiness in their own way? It is true that there seems to be established throughout the realm of nature a right which is might: plants strangle each other in their struggle for existence, animals devour each other, and when we reach man, we find that with the exception of one-half of the southern division of the Aryan family he has but little respect for life left in him. Some of the Brahmans of Bengal eat fish, but not those of Western India, and the Pandita knows not the taste of flesh, fish or eggs. Fishing she regards as wicked and dishonest, and I certainly agree with her. When we put out the baited hook, is it not virtually offering the inoffensive and unsuspecting fish a luxurious repast? and if he accepts the invitation he is first wounded, then forcibly dragged from his home and friends, and finally murdered. When a boy I caught fish occasionally,

but to this day their writhing with agony — both physical and mental no doubt — as they struggled to free themselves haunts me. The Hindu has shown that man may not only live without eating flesh, but thrive and grow strong, both intellectually and physically. Is it not then probable that our craving for a flesh diet is an inherited curse, and our digestive apparatus as well as that of other carnivora an anomaly, wholly abnormal, which has gradually been evolved as the result of vicious habits practiced by our ancestors for ages?

I have dwelt upon this subject so long because it has an important bearing on the success of the school. On account of her tender regard for all that has life, the Pandita will be respected by her own people, and her influence will be infinitely greater than if, in renouncing the religion of her ancestors she had also laid aside their virtues.

The first and main object of the school is to make that most helpless and dependent of all classes, the high-caste widow, independent and capable of taking care of herself. The school, therefore, will be largely an industrial one. The sciences will be taught; in fact, the pupils are to be brought into immediate relation with nature, and taught to read her wonderful book as soon as they enter the institution. They will have their own plot of ground to cultivate and care for, and this, as well as the jungle, will furnish a broad field for botanical study. In connection with this, attention will also be paid to agricultural chemistry. The profusion of animal life in India will furnish abundant material for the study of zoölogy, while nowhere can astronomy be studied to better advantage than under the star-lit Eastern skies. It was thus in the wild jungle, with the birds singing in the trees and all nature proclaiming the Creator's praise, that Ramabai received her early education, and it is my opinion that had she been educated in one of our modern fashion-

able boarding schools, we should never have heard of the Ramabai movement.

The school will, of necessity, be secular in character, and, strange enough, this has been frowned at by many who would most seriously object to sectarianism being introduced into our own public schools. The fact is, were this school to be founded on a sectarian basis, its influence would not reach those whom it is intended to benefit, and all but the most bigoted must agree with the Pandita that it is in perfect harmony with the spirit of Christianity "to carry to those who need it help in any shape, even though we may not be able to carry our creed with it." "The orthodox high-caste women of India," says Ramabai, "cannot be helped by missionary societies. An agency which is neither identical with nor antagonistic to these societies must be employed, in order to draw these women out of their secluded homes. Purely secular institutions are the necessity of the hour in India, institutions which will be like homes to the little widows, where their material wants will be supplied, and their physical pain alleviated. The education afforded in these homes must prepare them to face the world, and must put within their reach the power which will be the means of their independence, leaving them free at length to think and choose for themselves. The missionaries in India look after the spiritual well-being of the multitudes, but do not give them secular instruction unless they are willing to study the Christian religion; therefore many of our poor sisters, who would by no means accept any worldly advantage at the expense of their own consciences, are left to suffer the agonies and degradation of orthodox high-caste widowhood."

Who can better understand the needs of her countrywomen than Ramabai herself, who "was born and reared in an orthodox Brahmanical household." "And though my parents approved of women

being educated, they would," she tells us, "have been the last persons to allow their daughters under the instruction of missionaries."

It was not, she informs us, until after the death of her parents, and when she had attained her legal age, there being no male relative to control her, while her education had made her independent, that she had any chance of seeing the missionaries and other people not of her own caste, and of reading the books that were antagonistic to her ancestral religion; and then, coming out into the world to study for herself, she "heard the good tidings and was glad to accept the gospel invitation"; and she believes that other child widows would do the same. It is her idea that, by pointing out all the truth that the Hindu religion has in common with Christianity, the enlightened Hindu may be gradually led to accept Christ. In her school the Bible will be placed in the hands of every pupil, who will be asked to read and ponder. The ever present example of the daily lives of Christian teachers, most of them American ladies, will also have its influence, and the result may safely be left with "Him by whom the geese were formed white, parrots stained green, and peacocks painted of various hues."

To prepare herself for this work the Pandita has studied carefully the educational systems both of England and America, and she has given special attention to our kindergartens, in order to fully acquaint herself with which she took a complete course in a kindergarten training school in Philadelphia. She has also prepared the necessary text books, which will be printed as soon as she arrives in India.

Much has been written by missionaries and others concerning the social customs of the Hindus, and those peculiar conditions, iron-bound caste rule, child marriage, and cheerless widowhood, that called forth the Ramabai movement. It

must, however, be remembered that nowhere is sociology studied under greater difficulties than in India. The house of a Hindu is an impenetrable fortress, his home life a sealed book. He receives and entertains his guests in an ante-room; but about his household affairs he is extremely reticent, and no outsider knows what is going on in the zenana. Europeans that have lived in India half a life-time know the natives only as they happen to have dealings with them in the bazars, or meet them in court. They may keep a servant or a clerk in their employ for a quarter of a century or more—a thing not unusual in India—without knowing whether he is married or single, (though most men are married,) or how many children he has, or anything about his household affairs.

The writer, who during his residence in India aimed at learning all he could of the languages and social customs of the people, had the opportunity as a physician to visit a few times the wives and daughters of both Brahmans and Vaishyas (merchants), who in Bengal at least also seclude their women. Before I was allowed to enter, the zenana had to be especially prepared for my reception, and after I departed everything had to undergo purification. If I touched a drinking cup, it had to be destroyed. Once I unintentionally defiled a medicine bottle by holding it up and looking at it; it also had to be thrown away.

The ladies, however, received me cordially, invited me to sit down beside them on mats spread over the floor, and chatted pleasantly, regarding me with no small degree of curiosity. Then they would exhibit their jewelry, which is usually very massive, of the finest gold, and richly set with precious stones. A beautiful little girl about twelve years of age, the daughter of a merchant whose wife, a hopeless invalid, was under my care, one day brought out her primer, and with great pride showed me that she could read. Her father had employed one of the ladies of the American mis-

sion home to teach her, on condition that no proselytism be attempted; but as he found that the missionary lady did not adhere strictly to her agreement, he would not allow his daughter to be instructed by her any longer.

The last time I visited this house the girl had moved to her husband's home; and unless he was as liberal-minded as her father, she was henceforth shut out from the world forever. Indeed, her father would not under any circumstances have allowed her to appear in public; but by employing a male physician to treat his wife, he showed himself a man of advanced ideas, who had overcome much of his native prejudice; for while some of the more enlightened natives, both Hindus and Mohammedans, are now quite willing to call in European physicians in case of sickness, the majority would rather let their wives and daughters suffer and die than allow a man to enter the zenana; and nowhere is there a wider field of usefulness for lady physicians than in India.

In one house that I frequently visited I saw two little girls about six years of age playing together. Some of you will no doubt be surprised when I tell you that one of them was the step-mother of the other, one being the second wife, the other a daughter, by former marriage, of the oldest son, a young man about twenty-three years of age. As girls must be married before they are ten years old, or the family will be disgraced, and as widowers usually marry again, while widows must remain such through life, a widower of sixty must of necessity marry a child or remain single.

Is it any wonder that there are 21,000,000 widows in India, 79,000 of whom are under nine years of age, 208,000 under fourteen, and 383,000 under nineteen? Until suttee was abolished, the number was kept down by burning them alive on the funeral pile of their husbands; and indeed that was a happier fate than that which now awaits most of them. With shaven head, her body clothed in

a coarse garment, and unadorned by jewelry or other ornaments, the widow must go through life uncomplaining, though continually abused and ill-treated by her mother-in-law and other relations, shunned by everybody as if she were an unclean being, and constantly employed at the most severe household drudgery. Verily, "gay young widows" are not found in India.

Suttee, which according to the best authorities on Indian mythology, law, and literature, was not practiced in ancient India, but is a comparatively modern invention, was virtually abolished by a prohibitory law enacted in 1829, and rigidly enforced in Bengal by Lord William Bentinck, and in 1847 it was extended to all the allied native states. That isolated cases have occurred since in out of the way places, is, however, certain. I have heard that it was practiced in Orissa less than thirty years ago, and in 1878, during my stay in India, three widows of a native prince on the border of Nepaul were burned alive with their husband. The fearful extent to which it was practiced in the early part of this century is evident, when we read that over seven thousand cases of suttee occurred in Bengal alone between 1815 and 1826.

I will also mention here that human sacrifices to avert famine and so forth were practiced in Bengal as recently as 1868 (Hunter's "Rural Bengal.") This would seem inconsistent with the extreme regard for life in all its forms so usually displayed by Hindus; but inconsistency, at least from a Western point of view, is a characteristic of Hindu nature.

A Brahman, for instance, who would throw away his food if the shadow of one of lower caste falls on his cooking-place, and would die of thirst sooner than drink out of the vessel of a man inferior to him, may be seen any day bathing and drinking in a tank in which the cattle stand for hours to escape the broiling sun, their noses barely out of water, and

the banks of which are covered with filth washed by every shower into the water, which, though inconceivably foul and of ammoniacal odor, he does not hesitate to use for all domestic purposes. At Benares I was told that it was not uncommon for pious people to send a servant every morning to the house of their priest with a pitcher of water which was brought back for the family to drink after the priest had, by washing his feet, imparted to it some of his holiness. Of course holy water for drinking purposes is an expensive luxury, for the priest must be paid.

But to return to the conditions that have called forth the Ramabai movement. Married (that is, irrevocably betrothed) in infancy or early childhood, as the girls usually are, it often happens that on having attained the age when she is to assume the duties of wifehood, the young bride finds her husband so repulsive that she cannot live with him. She may be beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished, and he may be ignorant and base, physically infirm and morally corrupt, yet if he insist on his "rights" she has no means of redress, no remedy left her but to submit or go to prison. This was the decision rendered by a British judge in the case of Rukhmabai *versus* Dadaji. The case, as briefly stated by Max Müller in the *London Times*, stands thus:

An Indian lady, having been betrothed as a child, refused, when she came to years of discretion, to marry the boy who had been chosen for her. Thereupon the young man, or his relatives, brought an action for what they called, in English legal language, restitution of conjugal rights, a phrase utterly unknown in Hindu law, and quite inapplicable in cases where no real marriage has as yet taken place. The English judge, Mr. Justice Pinhey, declined to interfere. An appeal, however, was made, and another English judge ordered Rukhmabai to join her intended husband, or to go to gaol for six months.

In a letter to her friend Ramabai Rukhmabai writes as follows:

The learned and civilized judges of the full bench are determined to enforce, in this enlightened age, the inhuman laws enacted in barbarous times four thousand years ago. They have not only commanded

me to go and live with the man, but have also obliged me to pay the costs of the dispute. Just think of the extraordinary decision ! Are we not living under the impartial British government, which boasts of giving equal justice to all, and are we not ruled by the Queen-Empress Victoria, herself a woman ? My dear friend, I shall have been cast into the state prison when this letter reaches you ; this is because I do not and cannot obey the order of Mr. Justice Farran. There is no hope for women in India, whether they be under Hindu or British rule ; some are of the opinion that my case, so cruelly decided, may bring about a better condition for women by turning public opinion in their favor, but I fear it will be otherwise. The hard-hearted mothers-in-law will now be greatly strengthened, and will induce their sons, who have for some reason or other been slow to enforce the conjugal rights, to sue their wives in British courts, since they are now fully assured that under no circumstances can the British Government act adversely to the Hindu law.

In a most interesting book, and one that depicts Hindu life with strict accuracy, "The High-Caste Hindu Woman" by Ramabai, we find on page 62 the record of a case even sadder than that of Rukhmabai. Death by cholera, however, came to the speedy release of this unfortunate woman, who in a British court of justice had been condemned to live with a man whom she could neither love nor respect. And such cases are not rare. Max Müller, commenting upon this state of affairs, says :

It should be clearly understood that, whereas formerly the condition of a woman who declined to fulfill the marriage contract made for her by her relations when she was a mere child was miserable enough, it has been rendered far more miserable by the English law. Formerly a woman who committed this so-called breach of contract was under the ban of society. She was *patita*, fallen, but she was not exposed to violence, and the idea of sending her to prison, like a common criminal, never entered the mind of native law-givers. Some native lawyers have indeed denied this, as if ashamed that the law of Manu should be more humane than English law. But they have clearly misunderstood the passage to which they appeal. Manu (IX., 83) says that "a wife who, on being superseded by another wife, departs in anger from her husband's house must either be instantly restrained, or cast off in the presence of her family." But this, first of all, refers to a woman who has actually been married ; secondly, whatever native and European scholars may say to the contrary, it does not mean that she is to be thrown into prison, but that she is to be kept back in her own

house till her anger is cooled ; or, if that is in vain, that she is then to be left with her own relations.

No Indian lawyer ever thought of forcing a woman to marry against her will by the threat of imprisonment, and this anomaly and aggravation caused by a mixture of Indian and English law has only to be pointed out to be removed from the Indian Code.

Another class of unfortunates for whom, under present conditions, there seems to be no help, are the virgin wives, married to men whom they never see again after the ceremony. It is not always easy for fathers to find suitable husbands for their daughters, as they must be of the same caste and of equal or superior clan. In order to observe this rule the Brahmans of eastern India have taken the advantage of the custom of polygamy. A Brahman of a high clan will sometimes marry as many as a hundred and fifty girls. He makes a regular business of going up and down the country marrying girls, receiving presents from their parents, and immediately afterwards taking leave of the brides whom he never sees again. The father, having thus fulfilled his duty towards his daughter, escapes public ridicule and caste excommunication in this world and endless punishment in the hereafter.

Polygamy is, however, not common among the Hindus in other parts of India. "Perhaps one in four or five thousand has more than one wife," says the Reverend Ishuree Dass of the American Presbyterian Mission, Northern India ; and he does not by any means handle his countrymen with soft gloves. Those who have more than one wife, he says, are usually not respected by their neighbors. When the first wife is barren the husband, however, often takes a second, and this he does not only with the consent but even at the earnest solicitation of his first wife.

Sometimes it happens that the husband on having attained maturity refuses to live with the wife his parents chose for him when a child. One such case came to my notice while in India, the

young girl, a wife only in name, being doomed to perpetual slavery in the house of her mother-in-law, whose abuse, for not being attractive, she would have to endure until the death of one of them. The only enviable position for woman in India is that of mother-in-law.

Unhappy as is the lot of Hindu women in general and widows in particular, their life is not always so dark and gloomy. Ramabai in her book, "The High-Caste Hindu Woman," which I have already alluded to and which I cannot too strongly recommend to those who wish to see the sunny as well as the shady side of the picture, tells us that while girl babies are usually unwelcome guests in the household, especially if they come first, or follow closely upon the death of a son, when the parents often blame her for having crowded him out, yet after the birth of one or more sons a daughter is often welcome, and the parents, whose natural affection, though modified and blunted by cruel custom is still strong, will lavish love and tenderness upon her.

Female infanticide, though not sanctioned by religion or looked upon as right by conscientious people, is still common, and Ramabai tells us that "even the wild animals are so intelligent and of such refined taste that they mock at British law and almost always steal girls to satisfy their hunger." Three hundred children, all girls, were stolen by wolves in one year within the city of Amritsar and under the very nose of the British government.

On the whole, however, a girl's life is a happy one until she is married, nor is it always unhappy afterwards. Ramabai says. "There is in India many a happy, loving couple that would be an honor to any nation," and that "where the conjugal relation is brightened by mutual love, the happy wife has nothing to complain of except the absence of freedom of thought and action." Of the mother-in-law she says that many are kind and affectionate, and "treat the

young brides of their sons as their own children."

Ramabai points out that the principal needs of high-caste Hindu women are self-reliance and education, and these can never be obtained without native women teachers. Hence her appeal for help to start a school for high-caste child widows, for it is her belief that "this hated and despised class of women, educated and enlightened, are by God's grace to redeem India." As her school, however, is to be one where the pupils will be supported as well as educated, it is not safe to enforce the study of any religion, for it would prove an irresistible temptation to those who seek wordly advantages and not truth.

That this is so I can fully testify. I have known beggars in India give as a reason why they should receive alms, that they were Christians and attended church regularly. I knew one family (Eurasians) that were church members only because they received financial aid through the church, and on one occasion when some natives declared their intention of becoming Christians, on being asked their reason for making this request, they answered, "*Hamare peth ke waste*,"—for the sake of our stomachs. This is not the class of people that will redeem India. But Ramabai says, and truly, that "No woman of any religion in which she firmly believes, whether it appear to others to be true or false, would violate her conscience simply for food and shelter." Such a woman, however, after having found the truth and accepted it, has strength to conquer nations.

The Hindus are eminently a religious people. Their ancestors were originally monotheists. In the early dawn of civilization before the Aryan race had separated, they worshiped the sky, *Diaus*, as the visible manifestation of the unknown power which made the rain fall and the grass grow. Soon they discerned something beyond, a creator, whom they addressed as the father of

the sky, *Diaus pitar* (Jupiter); thus whosoever says "by Jove" swears by the Father of the sky. But as they began to recognize the many attributes of the deity, they would address him in their prayers under various names, according to their special needs.

Thus in severe droughts their supplications were addressed to the "rain-giver," in sickness to the "healer," in war to the "destroyer of the enemy," etc. Again, when thunder and lightning or earthquakes filled them with terror, they no doubt offered sacrifices to the "thunderer," or the "strong God who shakes the earth," in order to appease his wrath. And thus in a confusion of names we may, I think, seek the origin of polytheism. And let me remind the Christian missionary in heathen lands that by addressing God as Father, Lord, Jehovah, or as the Merciful, the Forgiver of Sins, etc., he lays himself open to the charge of being a polytheist.

Max Müller, in his preface to "*Chips from a German Workshop*," says most people who have lived in India would maintain that the Indian religion, as believed in and practiced at present by the mass of the people, is idol worship and nothing else. But let us hear one of the mass of the people, a Hindu of Benares, who, in a lecture before an English and native audience, defends his faith and the faith of his forefathers against such sweeping accusations.

"If by idolatry," he says, "is meant a system of worship which confines our ideas of the Deity to a mere image of clay or stone, which prevents our hearts from being expanded and elevated with lofty notions of the attributes of God; if this is what is meant by idolatry, we disclaim idolatry, we abhor idolatry, and deplore the ignorance and uncharitableness of those that charge us with this groveling system of worship . . . But if, firmly believing, as we do, in the omnipresence of God, we behold, by the aid of our imagination, in the form of an image any of his glorious manifestations, ought we to be charged with identifying them with the matter of the image, whilst during those moments of sincere and fervent devotion we do not even think of matter? If at the sight of a portrait of a beloved and

venerated friend no longer existing in this world, our heart is filled with sentiments of love and reverence; if we fancy him present in the picture, still looking upon us with his wonted tenderness and affection, and then indulge our feelings of love and gratitude, should we be charged with offering the grossest insult to him,—that of fancying him to be no other than a piece of painted paper? . . . We really lament the ignorance or uncharitableness of those who confound our representative worship with the Phœnician, Grecian, or Roman idolatry, as represented by European writers, and then charge us with polytheism, in the teeth of thousands of texts in the Purānas, declaring in clear and unmistakable terms that there is but one God, who manifests himself as Brahma, Vishnu, and Rudra (Shiva), in his functions of creation, preservation, and destruction."

In the Hindu character we find many notable traits. When uncorrupted by foreign influence they are truthful, honest, and brave. Their truthful character is made the subject of a whole chapter in Max Müller's "*India—What can it teach Us?*" and Arrian, a distinguished Greek historian who lived in the early part of the second century of the Christian era, says in his "*Indica*," "Indeed no Indian is accused of lying." In the *Mahābhārata* we also read, "Let a thousand sacrifices (of a horse) and truth be weighed in a balance, truth will exceed the thousand sacrifices." When we remember that the sacrifice of a horse was considered an exceedingly meritorious act and one only to be undertaken by a great king, we can understand how highly they valued truth. Hospitality is also one of their strong traits, for, say they, "As the tree does not withdraw its shade from the wood cutter, so should we show hospitality even to our enemies."

This nation, oppressed for centuries by different conquerors, has, I believe, great future possibilities before it. And when Ananta Shastri, the learned and liberal priest, began to instruct his wife, who in turn instructed her daughter, Ramabai, a seed was planted which has germinated and will grow into a mighty tree that shall be the salvation of India.

John C. Sundberg.

LUMBER, SALT, AND WOOL.—II.

IN the first portion of this paper the writer suggested in a general way some reasons in favor of removing the entire import duty from lumber, salt, and wool, as is contemplated by the Mills Bill. The present portion, omitting all further reference to the two less important articles, will be confined to a consideration of the wool question. There is little use in more fully discussing lumber and salt; a mere statement of the case ought to convince the common sense of the ordinary voter that these articles should be admitted free of all duty, in order that they may be furnished to the people as cheaply as possible. No one would be injured by such a course, while the great mass of the people would receive substantial benefit.

I shall consider the question under the same general heads as in the last discussion. These divisions are:—1, The Wool Grower; 2, The Manufacturer; 3, The Consumer.

I.—THE WOOL GROWER.

The arguments of the opponents of the clause in the Mills Bill placing wool on the free list is that such a course will destroy the wool-growing industry. And in support of this, they claim that the increase in the number of sheep after the high tariff act of 1867, and the decrease in numbers and lowering in prices after the tariff reduction of 1883, conclusively demonstrated such position.

For the past five years in this State the wool men in party convention and otherwise have continually clamored for the restoration of the duties of 1867. And over the entire country wool-growers and politicians have insisted that the return to those rates is the only salvation of this industry. In the pres-

ent tariff debate, speaker after speaker has praised this act of 1867. Our Pacific Coast senators and representatives have not been behind the rest in falsifying the facts and figures to support their position. Here is what John H. Mitchell, Senator from Oregon, said concerning that tariff in a speech before the United States Senate :

“ How different and beneficial [comparing the Act of 1867 with that of 1883] was the effect of the tariff of March 2, 1867 ! Under the stimulating influence of the protection afforded by that tariff, the number of sheep in the United States rapidly increased, the yield of wool increased. . . . The decade from 1860 to 1870 had in it three years of protection under the act of March 2, 1867, and the result was an increase in that decade in the number of sheep of 6,606,675, or an increase of 27 per cent, . . . while in the next ten years from 1870 to 1880, during the whole of which time the tariff of March 2, 1867, was in operation, the increase in the number of sheep was 12,287,949 or 44 per cent.”

I would call attention to the statistics of the number of sheep in the United from 1860 to 1887, so that each reader may examine the truth of this argument.

NUMBER OF SHEEP IN UNITED STATES FROM 1860 TO 1887 IN THOUSANDS.¹

Year.	Number.	Year.	Number.
1860.....	22,471	1876.....	35,935
1865.....	28,647	1877....	35,804
1866.....	32,695	1878.....	35,740
1867.....	39,385	1879.....	38,123
1868.....	38,991	1880.....	40,765
1869.....	37,724	1881.....	43,576
1870.....	40,853	1882....	45,016
1871.....	31,851	1883.....	49,237
1872.....	31,679	1884.....	50,626
1873.....	33,002	1885.....	50,360
1874.....	33,938	1886.....	48,322
1875.....	33,783	1887.....	44,759

We notice, in the first place, a rapid increase in the number of sheep from

¹ Statistical abstract of the United States Census, 1887, p. 251.

1860 to 1867: the reason is easily seen outside of any tariff influence. The war had cut off the cotton supply; this, with the demands of the army in clothing, enormously increased the consumption of wool. As a result, the price rose, the wool industry was correspondingly encouraged, and the number of sheep went rapidly from twenty-two millions in 1860 to thirty-nine millions in 1867.

In 1865 business became dull in the wool trade. Prices went down; the woolen manufacturers and wool growers met and demanded higher duties. The Act of 1867 was the result.

Instead of the prosperity that is claimed to have taken place under the workings of this Act, we find that the sheep in the country decreased in a single year from 40,853,000 in 1870 to 31,851,000 in 1871; and it was not until more than seven years afterwards that the wool business began to pick up. It was in these years, too, that the Franco-German war took place; this war increased the demand for wool.

If there be aught for or against the tariff system in this decrease of sheep, there is surely an argument against high protection. And from the nature of things it must be. The tariff undoubtedly greatly increased the cost of raw wool to the manufacturer, and the latter used far less goods. In consequence, the price of wool fell, and there came about the great demoralization of the industry that led to so extensive a slaughtering of sheep.

The tariff of 1867 was the highest ever imposed on raw wool in this country, and to carry out the wool men's claims, the wool business after that Act should have become prosperous. But the figures of the census conclusively show it had a directly contrary effect; and that the worst blow the business ever received immediately followed the enactment of that high protective tariff. With the exception of the single year of 1870, the number of sheep in the country

was not so large as in 1867 until thirteen years afterward, or in 1880.

Let us turn for a moment to the falling off in sheep since 1883. The number in the country increased from 1883 to 1884, and remained the same in 1885 as in the latter year. Since 1885 there has been a drop to and including 1887 of about six million of sheep, or from 50,360,000 to 44,759,000. The number during the past year remained about the same as in 1887. This drop, however, is nothing like the one after the high tariff of 1867. In that there was a falling off of ten in a total of forty millions; after 1883 only of seven in a total of fifty millions; in the one case twenty-five per cent, in the other only fourteen.

The wool men assert that the tariff reduction brought about a great increase of importation of raw and finished material, and thus the industry languished. The statistics of imports show that this is not so. The tariff of 1867 was practically prohibitory on the kinds of wool mostly grown in this country; and the tariff of 1883 still remained so.

On page 543 are the tables both of raw material and of manufactured goods imported since 1882, the year before the reduction.

From these tables we see that the principal increase has been in the amount of carpet wools imported, rising from 52,761,000 pounds in 1884, to 85,352,000 in 1887. Outside of this the increase has not been noticeable. This importation of carpet wools, however, could not have injured our wool trade, as there is no carpet wool produced in the United States, and the carpet wool industry must be carried on wholly with imported wool. In clothing wools the amount imported in 1884 was 21,175,000 pounds; in 1887, 17,963,000 pounds, so that there has been no increase here. It is the same thing in respect to dress goods among the manufactured articles; there were imported in 1882 65,007,453 square yards; in 1883, 84,254,827 square yards;

RAW WOOL.

	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.
Clothing Wools.....lbs.	67,861,000*	70,575,000*	21,175,000	11,475,000	40,968,000	17,963,000
Combing Woolslbs.			4,414,000	2,780,000	7,198,000	10,721,000
Carpet Woolslbs.			52,761,000	56,339,000	80,917,000	85,352,000
TOTALS.....	67,861,000	70,575,000	78,350,000	70,594,000	129,083,000	114,036,000

MANUFACTURED GOODS.

Carpets and Carpetings, sq. yds.	715,583	834,959	953,675	799,617	947,597	960,775
Dress Goods, Women's and Children's.....sq. yds.	65,007,453	84,254,827	59,432,436	59,598,880	68,657,750	78,042,186
Cloths	a	a	10,340,622	8,045,656	8,242,470	9,060,132
Rags, Shoddy, Waste.....lbs.	1,097,641	974,963	1,316,083	700,231	3,059,214	4,834,636

* There was no division in the reports of the amount in each class until 1884.
a No report.

in 1885, 59,598,880 square yards ; in 1887, 78,042,186 square yards.

From the entire list quoted it is apparent that there is nothing whatsoever in the cry that the reductions of 1883 have caused the country to be flooded with imports.

Again, the importation of wool per capita is about the same during the three last decades; in the first we had seven years before the tariff of 1867 was passed; in the second we had, during the entire period, the high tariff of 1867; in the last seven years we have had a small reduction in duties.

NET IMPORTATION OF RAW WOOL.— 1851–1887.

Periods.	Aggregate Pounds.	Annual Average Pounds.	Annual Imports per capita.
1851-60	230,106,287	23,010,629	0.9
1861-70	501,611,132	50,161,113	1.4
1871-80	640,916,638	64,091,664	1.5
1881-87	554,439,096	79,205,585	1.4

The highest average importation of wool per capita was 1.5 pounds during the purely high tariff period between 1871-80.

But there are influences at work outside the United States that have brought down the price of wool. They are the enormous increase of production in the last ten or fifteen years and the great fall of prices. Tariff or no tariff, the supply and demand of staple commodities in the markets of the world are bound to control the price of those commodities. If there be a great lowering

of the price on the outside, it is bound to lower the price in the country, in spite of high tariffs. We find that the wool product of the Argentine Republic has increased from 185,000,000 pounds in 1877 to 215,000,000 last year; in Australia the increase has been from 600,000,000 pounds in 1877 to 866,000,000. The same increase has taken place in South Africa. While the product of the world has been steadily increasing, the price has kept steadily declining. A report from our consul at Sydney calls attention to the fact that the average value of British colonial wool per bale last year was \$68.13, as compared with \$128.95 in 1872. For 743,000 bales of wool in 1872 the colonies realized \$958,000,000, and for 1,444,000 bales in 1887 only \$984,000,000.

It was stated in the last paper that the center of the wool growing in the United States was shifting from the East and the States of the Ohio to the Southwestern, and the Pacific States. This is bound to be so. The old States as they increase in population, and as land becomes more valuable, have found it impossible to make sheep-raising on a large scale pay. It is only on the great sheep ranges of Texas, New Mexico, California, and Oregon, where land is cheap, where, in fact, most of the grazing is on government lands, that the wool industry can flourish. The struggle of the Ohio and Pennsylvania farmer to main-

tain this industry on the large scale is vain. No matter how high a tariff is imposed, it will be impossible for his wools to meet on anything like an equal footing the wools of the La Plata, of Australia, of South Africa, or even of our Western and Southern States. The following quotation from Mr. Edward Atkinson is to the point :

The Kaffir of South Africa was formerly a savage warrior ; he is now a peaceable shepherd, in whom some of the desires of civilized life have been developed. How has this come about ? By the desire of the civilized men of Europe and America for the kind of wool which the climate and soil of South Africa will produce. . . . Europe and America took their wool, and gave them the wheat.

But now the United States says, or rather, Ohio says, "We can raise all this wool." True ; but instead of expending only the labor of a Kaffir, who can do nothing else, we must build great barns to protect our sheep in our cold winter, we must employ farmers to raise hay and roots to feed them, and we must expend two days' labor of a civilized man, when the half-civilized Kaffir need expend but one. . . . Twenty cents' worth of wheat will buy of the Kaffir a pound of wool. The Ohio farmer can furnish twenty cents' worth of wheat, we will say, by half an hour's labor ; but a pound of wool will cost him a whole hour's labor, or forty cents.

The present tariff rates can not make wool-raising on a great scale pay in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and such States. At the same time, free wool would not destroy the industry there ; but it would still be kept up as it is in the New England, Middle, Atlantic, and Southern States, in France and in England, on farms by flocks of twenty-five or fifty sheep. In our own country we have had in 1850 a low, merely nominal tariff, and in 1867 a high tariff, with various degrees of duty between. In certain of our more thickly populated and older States these various tariff changes have cut no figure in fixing the number of sheep within their borders. These numbers have remained about the same under both high and low tariff duties. It is to be presumed that the same state of affairs will continue to exist with or without a tariff. We have the statistics here :

SHEEP IN MIDDLE AND SOUTHERN STATES FROM 1850 TO 1868, IN THOUSANDS.

	1850	1860	1870	1880	1886
Alabama.....	371	370	241	347	337
Arkansas.....	91	202	161	246	234
Delaware.....	27	18	22	21	22
Florida.....	23	30	26	56	91
Georgia.....	560	512	419	527	500
Kentucky.....	1102	938	936	1000	906
Louisiana.....	110	181	118	135	116
Mississippi.....	304	352	232	287	276
Maryland.....	177	155	129	171	168
New York*.....	3453	2617	2181	1715	1695
New Jersey.....	160	135	120	117	118
North Carolina.....	595	546	463	461	468
Pennsylvania.....	1822	1631	1794	1776	1396
Tennessee.....	811	773	826	672	603
West Virginia.....	552	674	623
Virginia.....	1310	1043	470	497	463
Total.....	9313	8746	8379	8867	8207

* Omitted in totals.

We see from this table that, with the exception of New York, the number of sheep has remained about the same in every one of these States for the past forty years. It is on the same lines as the figures in the previous paper, which showed that the number of sheep in Great Britain had remained about the same of late years with free wool, and in the face of the great reduction in the price of that commodity. The reason, of course, is pointed out above, that a certain small number of sheep are necessary to the economy of good farming, and can be made profitable because of the mutton demand, the manure from them, and for like reasons.

II.—THE MANUFACTURER.

It is evident that the duty on wool, (and it is for that purpose it was laid) must normally cause the price of all wool that is imported to rise by the full extent of the duty. The home article is presumed to rise in price to the full extent of the tax. It is clear that if foreign wool continues to be imported the domestic wool must so rise, since wool will not be imported unless the price here is higher by the amount of the duty than the price abroad. It was on this basis

that the wool-growers and woollen manufacturers in 1865 framed the rates of duty that were made law in 1867. The fact that the duty was made so nearly prohibitory then prevented the full working of this law; but the fact remains that the price of wool was kept up to a certain extent. This being so, it is evident that the American manufacturer, whether using foreign or domestic wool, is compelled to pay more for his raw material than his competitor abroad. As a result, there is no American export trade in woollens of any kind. By the statistical reports of 1887 we find that the exports from the United States in manufactured articles were :

Carpets and carpeting, 2,000 sq. yds. ; cloths, 55,000 pounds ; dress goods, women's and children's, 391,000 pounds. These exports are merely nominal in amount. And there is no prospect of a change. If anything, the amount of our exports is on the decline.

Is it good business policy to support a system that works such results ? In private business a man would never be so blind. I cannot understand how there can be any difference between that and national affairs. The woollen manufacturers simply represent a collection of private business men. Each man for himself strives to buy where he can get his goods cheapest, and to sell for as much and in as large a quantity as possible. In national trade the same principle ought to be followed. It is well enough to have the home market, but it is better still to have that and the foreign markets, too.

Our trade with Australia and South America languishes ; it is practically nothing. Why ? Because we cannot sell them our goods as cheap as the English, and because we cannot buy from them. The great export of both these countries is wool. National trade is conducted, to almost its entire extent, by barter. We must buy from a country if we expect to sell to it. Now, if we had free wool we

could buy their wool, and in payment we could give them our manufactured woollen goods cheaper than could the English traders.

But it is sometimes objected that even with free wool we could not undersell our foreign rivals. Great Britain is the greatest exporter of woollen goods in the world. There has recently been published a very valuable report by United States Consul Schoenhof on the relative cost of woollen manufacture in the two countries. The comparison is on the basis of the cost of manufacture of a pound of woollen cloth. He has separated the cost of the raw material from the other costs of production :

	American Mill Cents.	English Mill Cents.
Cost of the wool.....	70.00	32.00
All other items.....	32.31	37.90
	<hr/> 102.31	<hr/> 69.90

These figures are the actual results in two industrial factories. From this it would appear that the American manufacturer has the advantage in the aggregate, except in the cost of materials. Omitting cost of materials, it takes .38 cents to make a pound of the goods in England and only 32.31 cents in America. With free wool and the consequent buying of the raw materials at the same price, the American cloth would cost only 64.13 cents as against a cost of 69.90 cents for the English cloth.

These figures explain not only why we are unable to compete in the markets of the world, but also why our manufacturers are hard pressed by imports in our home markets.

By a table given previously, the full amount of our foreign importations is seen. The utter recklessness and the illogical and unbusiness-like nature of our wool tariff are shown by the duty on wool of the third class, or carpet wool. We imported in 1887 more than 85,252,000 pounds to be manufactured into carpets. And on this our manufacturers were compelled to pay duty at the rate

of $2\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 cents a pound. It is a pure tax of that amount to go to inflate still further an overflowing national treasury, and is taken from the pockets of every householder in our land, for there is practically none of this class of wool produced in the United States.

Even the Secretary of the National Wool Growers' Association in his examination before the Tariff Commission said: "We do not grow these wools, not because we cannot produce them, but because it is unprofitable. . . . The grower is all the time doing his best to breed away from carpet wools; as a consequence he wants no duty to encourage him to grow these wools. He knows that under no amount of protection would the cultivation of these wools be profitable."

Mr. William Whitman, also representing the Wool Growers' Association before the Commission, used these words: "We request that carpet wools be put on the free list. We believe that this will be in the interest of all parties, wool growers, manufacturers, and consumers, and that it is for the general interests of the whole country that at least all raw materials that do not compete with home products, and which enter into important established industries, should be admitted free, in order that such industries may receive the fullest practicable development."

The most remarkable fact in the history of this tariff legislation is its failure to secure the objects that its supporters had in mind. The production of woollen goods has proved one of the most unsatisfactory and unprofitable of manufacturing occupations. From 1867 the manufacturers have been steadily complaining. And one of the principal causes of this has been the high duty on wool; and the consequent hampering of the manufacturer in the choice of his materials has tended to make him devote himself exclusively to making the cheaper and commoner grade of goods.

III.—THE CONSUMER.

It necessarily follows that if the cost of making the manufactured goods be lessened, the buyer of those goods will get them at cheaper prices. There seems to be no question whatever that the removal of the wool tariff will result in cheapening the price of wool, and will at the same time not destroy the wool industry. The history of the present tariff, and the reasons given for its proposal to Congress in 1867, show that the entire scheme was to raise the price of wool, and consequently make woollen manufactures dearer. It is the most striking example of the cool assumption of a class in the community, that they must receive congressional protection and support without any regard for the rights of the mass of the people. During the war the woollen industry flourished. But at its close the great demand for woollens was cut off. As a result, a depression of trade was imminent, and the first thing done was to turn for aid to Congress.

A convention of wool growers and woollen manufacturers was held in 1865, and the latter agreed to let the wool producers advance the duty on the raw material to any point they wished; they, of course, undertook by a high tariff on the manufactured product to recoup themselves for the high duty on the wool they used.

The tariff schedule that was the result of this combination became law in 1867. There was no thought of the consumer; he did not enter into the calculations. The producers of the article, openly and avowedly with the intention of giving themselves aid, prepared this tariff schedule. And the Congress of the United States accepted and made it law without any question whatsoever as to its effect on the people at large.

The duty on clothing and combing wools as fixed by this tariff was, on the average, more than fifty per cent of the

value abroad. The duty was nearly prohibitory. The tariff reduction of 1883 was merely nominal so far as the ordinary grades of wool raised in this country are concerned.

This import duty being a tax on raw materials tends to bear with heavier weight than would be the case with the same duty on a finished product, since it is advanced again and again by the wool dealer, the manufacturer, the cloth dealer, the tailor, each of whom must have a greater profit in proportion to the greater amount of capital that the wool duty and the higher price of the wool makes it necessary for him to employ.

I have shown that by placing wool on

the free list the wool industry will not be destroyed. That although it may lower the price somewhat and change the manner and place of its production, still large quantities of wool are certain to be produced in our country. At the same time, with that free raw material, our woolen manufacturers would be enabled to manufacture cheaper than they do now, and cheaper than Great Britain does, and would thus extend our woolen trade into foreign markets. It seems to me from such a state of facts it goes without further argument that the consumer of woolen goods is bound to secure the benefit of cheaper woolen material.

W. A. Beatty.

WOMEN ON SCHOOL BOARDS.

ANY reader of the *OVERLAND* who chances to remember an article by the present writer in the issue of December, 1886, upon essentially the same topic, will find in what follows a good deal of repetition. The immediate timeliness of the subject seemed to excuse this repetition, since in two years a magazine article has passed out of sight in the files of libraries and garrets, and its contents have grown dim in readers' memories.

In the former article was reviewed the progress, so far, of the practice of admitting women to a share in educational supervision. The precise lines of what women may and may not do are drawn a good deal by the merest accident of custom. Harvard, for instance, allows a woman to pursue in informal connection with the university the same course, under the same professors, as her brothers, but thinks it would be a violation of the eternal distinctions of sex to give her a degree when she has finished that course. Princeton, on the contrary, thinks it would be against nature to let

her take its courses, but not at all to confer its degree upon her if she has succeeded in picking up the requisite knowledge by herself. The Cambridge decision, that it was proper and permissible to grant a woman an honor degree, but not an ordinary degree, is still fresh in people's minds, with the quaint explanation offered that only extraordinary girls would try for these higher degrees, and an extraordinary girl could not be hurt by the extraordinary work; while ordinary work might injure the less able girls who would naturally try for the ordinary degrees. And accordingly, it will be remembered, Miss Ramsay actually did take a double first from a university that would not have given her a plain A. B.! Nebraska gives women full suffrage in all school matters, but does not allow them to hold the smallest school office save that of teacher; while California makes women eligible to all school offices and has for many years elected them to county superintendencies, but shows no disposition to allow them to vote in the smallest local school

election. And doubtless they all feel, as Paul did about long hair, that Nature herself has implanted an instinct in favor of the particular discrimination observed in each case.

One is disposed to smile at the entirely whimsical distinctions (and I could go on with a long list of them) that custom makes in defining what restrictions may or may not be removed from the activities of women. But, in fact, it is only one instance of the oldest phenomenon in human society,—the appearance of natural necessity and inherent instinct that custom takes on in people's minds. Any one may note this in children, and Spencer shows its potency in shaping all early institutions. Thus the restrictions laid upon women are only in part outgrowth of natural sex conditions, and in part mere product of accidental custom: so when some new need breaks in upon these walls, they give way here or there as the case may be in the most inconsistent manner,—which gives rise to some remarkable feats of logic and some distinctions as to what "comes by nature" that are as good as Dogberry's.

Thus it would seem to be the merest accident that in this country it chanced to grow early into custom that women might be teachers and principals, even in boys' schools, but not supervisors, even of girls' schools: while in England they were, as a matter of course, put on school boards from the first.

The Elementary Education Act, under which the first London board was organized, passed in 1870. These boards are chosen by local triennial elections, and it seems never to have come into any one's head to confine them to one sex. Women were at once elected (Doctor Elizabeth Garrett, by 20,000 votes more than anyone else) and always have been. I have searched every report that I could find, without finding a trace of any discussion or question about the matter. No one seems to have thought of anything else. There are many things in English

life which seem to indicate that while women there are under many social and legal disadvantages as compared with American women, they are more ready than we to share in matters of public spirit, and are made more welcome to do so. Not to speak of their open canvassing and public speaking in election times, which look very strange to American women, they seem to be far more frequently active in public and semi-public boards and committees of all sorts,—charitable, educational, and the like,—administering large funds and taking charge of large enterprises, without any one's appearing to think it in the least unusual. Women do not seem to be considered as helpless in England as in America.

Gentlewomen of the highest social rank went on the London school boards. I find Miss Helen Taylor, John Stuart Mill's step-daughter,—who, it will be remembered, succeeded her mother as his co-worker in his later books, and is gratefully mentioned in the *Autobiography*,—spoken of as the one to whom the London schools owe more than to any other person. Doctor Garrett and Mrs. Cowell are also spoken of highly. Doctor Garrett, now Mrs. Anderson, is, I believe, a sister of Mrs. Millicent Fawcett, the wife who made success in scholarship and statecraft possible to the blind Professor Henry Fawcett. Professor Huxley was for a time a member of the board with these ladies, and when he resigned,—perhaps it is permissible to quote once more, though it has been often quoted,—he gave as a reason that he had found a woman could fill the place much better than he. And as a companion to Professor Huxley's evidence, I venture to repeat that of more than one worthy mechanic, whom I and others chanced to speak to on the subject two years ago, when women were first candidates for the school board in San Francisco. When we chanced to meet such a man who was from London, he

always kindled at once on the subject, "because he knew the work the ladies had done there." An English correspondent of the *New York Nation* said in 1883, "So highly are their services appreciated and so judiciously have women candidates been chosen, that few fail of election, while their re-election is practically certain."

Three years later, in 1873, Boston first elected women to the school board. For five years before Massachusetts had been gradually, cautiously, against much opposition, introducing them upon the board of the State Reform School for Girls, and other such boards, first to advisory, then to administrative positions. The matter by no means went through as quietly in Boston as in London. The election of the four women in 1873 was disputed on the ground of ineligibility, and after a year's litigation decision was given against them by the Supreme Court. The legislature at once passed a law opening all school boards in Massachusetts to women, and the law was promptly taken advantage of. For about thirteen years, therefore, women have served as school directors in Boston.

At the time of their first election there was no lack of comment in the papers, nor of foreboding, nor of such adjectives as "revolutionary and unsexing." It is very instructive to find that now, thirteen years later, I have searched the files of Boston educational journals, and of other papers, to find any comment on the result of the "experiment,"—and have searched in vain, except when the two occasions of conferring the school suffrage on women, and of Miss Lucretia Crocker's death, brought up the subject. This silence impressed me profoundly, as I looked through paper after paper. It was more significant than eulogy could have been. The people of Boston had forgotten their obsolete discrimination between the sexes in educational work; and no longer remembered to

comment on the presence of both in the school board, any more than on the presence of both in the schoolroom. The "innovation" had simply fallen into its place as the most natural thing in the world. The board by dividing into subcommittees had easily distributed to each sex that part of the work of supervision to which it was best adapted; but I can find no trace of any differences or disputes that divided the board on sex lines. Thus in a Boston report I find eighteen standing committees, on eight of which,—viz., Rules and Regulations, Drawing, Music, Kindergartens, Sewing, Examinations, Normal Schools, and High Schools,—were women. There were, besides, committees for the divisions into which the schools were districted; the directors were appointed to these by locality of residence, without reference to sex.

In 1879, however, when the question of giving the school suffrage to women came up, the excellent service of women on the boards in Boston and elsewhere came forward as an argument. I find Miss Crocker, Miss Peabody, and Mrs. Abby May especially cited as instances of their value as directors. The experiment was then five years old, and there seems to have been no difference of opinion as to its success. The venerable Doctor A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, in the course of an earnest address on the school suffrage question, said:

We want and need women on our school committees. We as yet have had very few; but those few have rendered important service. In one instance, a woman at the head of a school committee was acknowledged by all her townspeople to have done more for the schools in a single year than had been effected by committees of men for twenty years before. It is admitted, I believe, in Boston, that the schools have never had more able and efficient servants than the women on the school board. . . . But if women are to be elected for this service in any considerable numbers, it must be mainly through the influence of women. They best know who among themselves are fitted for the work; and they, in general, are far more solicitous than men to have the work well done. Every mother worthy of the

name is an educator. Men bear comparatively a small part in the training of their children. The child's first lessons are at his mother's knee. She understands child nature; is conversant with the avenues to the child's mind and heart. What men who are not professional teachers know about education is, for the most part, from theory, tradition, authority, — not from experience. A system wins their favorable regard, not so much by its intrinsic merits, as by its completeness in the externals of organization, precision, drill, and statistics. They are apt to be satisfied with methods that look or sound well, even though they weary the pupil's body, or starve his mind, or substitute amusement for instruction, or mechanical performance for intellectual achievement. It is no uncommon thing for a mother to express distrust, even dislike, of the kind of puppet movement, machine work, and parrot utterance, which on a review day is sure to make a profoundly favorable impression on an average committee of men. There are many fathers who scarcely see their children except on Sunday. Meanwhile, the mother has the child's confidence, asks him about his school experiences, hears from him whatever has interested him at school, tests his knowledge of letters and their powers, of words and their meanings, of numbers and their combinations, keeps herself *au courant* with his school life.

I am sure that I am not expressing this opinion as to the comparative intelligence and interest of men and women in school matters on *a priori* grounds. During a large part of my life I have been on school boards, and am now in my eighth or ninth year of continuous service in the city of my present residence. Parents come to me very frequently on school business, but ten mothers come, to one father.

It must not be forgotten that there are in our schools more girls than boys; sons of working men and business men being removed from school at an earlier age than daughters, for labor, apprenticeships, or clerkships. The management of girls constitutes therefore a preponderant portion of the school work. A stronger reason why women should be directly and influentially concerned in the management of schools is that so large a proportion of teachers are women, — at least six times as many as men, and the proportion is still increasing. The delicate matters of school regime can be discussed with women school directors.

School should be regarded, not as a separate institution from the home worthy of the name, but as the extension and complement of the home. We must look to woman to make our schools more homelike.

On the occasion of Miss Crocker's death in 1886 the highest praise of her services appeared in all the Boston papers, and even those who had ridiculed the idea of a woman as director

agreed that no man could or should take her place. The chief educational journal commented especially on her popularity with the women teachers, and her "quiet, modest, and retiring" disposition. The Boston school committee adopted the following resolutions by a rising vote:

"The death of Miss Crocker is regarded by the School Committee as a severe loss to our schools and all connected with them. As supervisor¹ from the very institution of the office, she has served for ten and a half active years. The best of herself morally and intellectually has been freely given to her duties, and her success in fulfilling them is all but universally and cordially acknowledged. Her work is done, and yet it is not over. It will go on for many a year to come as she is remembered by those associated with her on the Board of Supervisors, and yet more deeply and tenderly by the teachers and pupils among whom she has gone in and out as a welcome counsellor and friend. She has set a noble example as a supervisor, and its influence can never wholly pass away."

Other committees in Massachusetts followed the example of Boston. In 1881 ninety-eight women were on the boards of seventy-two towns, — probably nearly half of the membership, as three is the usual number of a town board.

Just now a new phase of school matters has called attention to the action of women therein in Boston. It is, however, a question of their vote outside and not of their influence within the board. I speak of the very unfortunate religious controversy now in progress there. This controversy has nothing whatever to do with the women on the board, neither originated with them, nor has been, so far as any journals have informed us, fostered by them. It has been breeding for a year, as any one may see by glancing through a file of Boston journals, educational or religious. Just now it is about to come up as an issue in an election, which has led to many thousands of women, both Catholic and Protestant, registering to vote. This, of course, has brought up some fresh com-

¹ The most important office within the School Board by the Boston system.

ment on the school vote. The present board appears to be Protestant by a considerable majority, but disposed to adjust differences and avoid actual breach with the Catholics. The struggle at the polls between the two creeds, for the decisive control of the board, has been precipitated by the extreme elements of both sides, against the efforts of the more moderate, who are now represented by the school board and by the majority of the league of women who have from the first been backing up the women of the board. This, at least, is the situation as I gather it from newspaper reports; we shall understand it better after there has been time for fuller accounts.

In our own State, women were made eligible to all educational offices at the same time as in Massachusetts. But, unlike Boston, our cities took no steps to elect them; and indeed, up to this very year many San Franciscans—intelligent men and women interested in the schools—were unaware of the existence of this fourteen year old act making them eligible. But its passage was followed at the very first election (in 1875) by the election of Mrs. Coleman as superintendent of Shasta County; and at the same time Mrs. L. P. Fisher, now of the Oakland High School, was a candidate for the office in Alameda County on an independent ticket, and received a very heavy vote. There was no foreboding or hostility at all about either of these candidacies. The uniform satisfaction of people in Shasta County over having made Mrs. Coleman superintendent was immediate and noticeable; and she was kept in the office for twelve years, and then succeeded by Miss Welsh, who now holds it. At present seven women are county superintendents in this State,—in Alpine, Del Norte, Lassen, Mariposa, Modoc, Shasta, and Sonoma counties. I have never heard them spoken of except with commendation.

In districts it is even more common to elect women trustees. In our own State I learn that about a thousand are serving in that capacity, out of a total of perhaps four times as many. Several are city superintendents in cities of from 5,000 to 21,000 inhabitants, in Pennsylvania and Vermont.

In Philadelphia they have been from time to time appointed to the city educational offices. I am sorry not to be able to find enough Philadelphia reports to say how often. In the report of 1883 Lydia A. Kirby and May Haggengotham appear as assistant superintendents, and their work is especially mentioned as admirable, and very popular with the teachers.

Women are now eligible to all school offices in California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont, and Washington and Wyoming Territories. In eight of these fourteen States and Territories they have full school suffrage also, in Michigan limited suffrage, and in the other five,—California, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, and Maine,—they do not vote at all in school matters. In five more,—New Hampshire, Colorado, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Oregon, they are eligible under more or less limitation: of these, New Hampshire gives them full school suffrage; Colorado, Oregon, and New Jersey, partial; Nebraska and Dakota, without any eligibility to office, give the one full, the other partial suffrage. Thus fifteen States and Territories in all give full school eligibility, and ten full school suffrage; seven limited eligibility, and four limited suffrage. Twenty-one in one or the other form, partially or fully, admit women to participation in educational management. Some States give the school suffrage more readily than eligibility to office; but on the whole the reverse is the case. Some have opened all offices, or given the full suffrage at once, by a simple act of Legislature;

others by slow degrees and with a good deal of contention. Oregon marks the extreme of caution by limiting both eligibility and suffrage to "widows with children to educate, and taxable property in the district." It is noticeable that the more populous and conservative States in the North go farthest — Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. In no case do I find, whatever the reluctance and foreboding with which the restrictions were removed, any unfavorable comment whatever on the effects. There must have been some such, one would suppose, but I have looked through many files of papers, and examined everything the periodical indexes could refer me to, without finding them. As soon as the talk over the removal of the discrimination is once over, it becomes forgotten and obsolete.

Four years ago the first attempt was made to elect women to a city board in California, under the law of 1874, though it can hardly be called an "attempt to elect," for it was made with no possibility or expectation of success. The Prohibition ticket placed women in nomination, and polled a few hundred votes for them.

Two years ago, at the instance of a body of women, several independent conventions nominated women to the board, four in one convention, and six in others.

The political situation in San Francisco was curious. The city was full of a restless discontent with both party machines, but the discontent was without leadership, either of men or papers. The papers were, as they still are, ready enough to protest against boss government, but not to organize any definite revolt. An inordinate number of tickets were in the field, backed by some men of marked honesty and good sense, and some who were obviously self-interested. Discouraged by the multiplicity and confusion of these movements, the voters dropped discontentedly back into their regular party lines, and none of the

numerous tickets received any considerable vote, except in the single item of the women's names. These, as the political phrase is, "developed surprising strength at the polls," running ahead by fully five thousand.

This disclosure of the public mind in the matter was undoubtedly a very impressive surprise to the politicians, and has not been forgotten. Moreover, in the strength of it, a committee of women at once went before the board of freeholders who had been chosen at the same election to draft a new charter for the city, and obtained a provision therein making the appointment of women on the board compulsory. The charter was not accepted at the polls, however, and the whole matter remained as before.

This year the names of six suitable women were again secured by a committee of women, and were presented to all the nominating conventions. The Democratic convention, against the earnest desire and efforts of some of its members, declined them. The Republican convention and the several independent conventions accepted them. The proposal doubtless struck the regular party managers as startling; but the longer it was considered, the more it grew upon the mind of the convention as a wise move. The striking vote received by the ladies at the previous election could not be overlooked. W. A. Merry, who introduced the motion, pointed to the motto above the platform, "For Harrison, Morton, and Protection," and said the Republican party of San Francisco would read it "For Harrison, Morton, and the protection of our public schools." The assembly cheered, the ladies in the gallery waved their handkerchiefs, and the nomination, once decided on, was made with enthusiasm. This is San Francisco: if the alteration in the composition of the board now proposed is carried, it will be done with a free hand and much of chivalry, without the hesitating, and grudging, and talk of "unsex-

ing" that accompanied the first steps in Boston.

In the principal independent convention, — a coalition of Republicans, Democrats, "Americans," and "Citizen's League," — a determined opposition was made by one or two persons, but on a ballot the nominations received from eighty-one to ninety-six votes out of one hundred and eighteen. The press treated the whole matter with courtesy; and one Republican daily made so strong a fight for the movement as to have been largely influential in deciding the action of the convention. Democratic, no less than Republican papers, have up to the present writing been altogether friendly to it. It has been opposed only by a single weekly.

Thus much historically. To make this paper complete as a record, it should see print a month later, and be able to add here the result of the vote. I have deprived it of this important item, in order to put before readers in San Francisco before election the facts herein contained.

There are instructive things already to be learned from the canvass, however, without regard to its result.

The first of these is as to the matter of securing nominations. This is the point on which the most difficulty and question turns. In most cities the nominating conventions are pretty thoroughly controlled by the party machines, and pervaded by all sorts of questionable influences. The primaries, and the caucuses and ward meetings in which their action is largely determined, are objectionable to the better class even of men. In Boston the "boss" has never had as much control as in New York and San Francisco; moreover, the vote is kept on a somewhat higher level by the educational qualification required in Massachusetts and by the vote of the few thousand women who have registered from the first to vote in school matters; in New York the board is appointed by the mayor; in Philadelphia by the

Superior Court. In London there is a property qualification, and women vote in all municipal matters. In San Francisco, therefore, the obstacle of getting through the nominating convention may be said to have been for the first time fully encountered.

In the present instance, this "wading through the mud of politics" has amounted to simply this: that women called on various members of the conventions, all respectable gentlemen, and simply and modestly placed the case before them. In no case did they meet discourtesy; in a number of cases they met really cordial response. To some of these gentlemen it was only necessary to state the reasons that moved these women themselves in desiring women on the board; to others the political advantage of the nomination in lending strength to the ticket was urged. It would be foolish to pretend to believe that the purely political element in a straight party convention, a municipal convention at that, made such nominations as these because they desired the reform. Some members of the convention did; others consented to it because they had reason to believe the thing was popular, and in a somewhat sharp election struggle, where the body of the people were known to be already discontented with municipal politics, they were glad to avail themselves of the element of popularity. And herein is a most instructive lesson on the way in which nominating conventions can be made to bend to the will of good citizens. The five or six thousand voters who scratched their straight Democratic and Republican ballots two years ago for women on the school board made it possible this year for women, without any political intriguing or undignified action, to secure a nomination in a party convention. And in this lies a great part of the solution of the difficult convention question. A dignified, straightforward request for reform action has more than once been granted by politicians without any of

the means technically known as "political," when a public demand is obviously behind it. The Civil Service Reform Law passed Congress in just this manner. The women of San Francisco are fast organizing an effective league for future use, with a Committee of One Hundred, of known and representative women of all creeds and parties, to watch the matter of women on the school board in future, and the prospect seems good that they will be able to cope with all difficulties that may arise, until the office may be made appointive by the adoption of a good charter.

Another instructive experience is that in San Francisco, just now, at least, the opposition to be feared is not open, from press or from honest conservatives, nor on the ground of its being anything improper or unfeminine for women to go upon a school board. Of course there are such conservatives, and they are occasionally heard from; but the California public seems to catch with quick practicality the essential idea of the thing,—viz, that where girls and boys are being educated together in the schools, and women far more than men are teaching, and holding principalships, natural fitness calls for woman's sharing in the supervision, the mapping out of methods of study, and exercise, and discipline, the employment of teachers, the consulting and advising with them. Moreover, there has been so much discontent about the San Francisco schools, so much complaint of the disadvantage under which the teacher without "influence" labors, and of the extent to which teachers are forced into politics in their own protection at every change in the board, that any move that promises reform meets a public wish already emphatically expressed. But entrenched about the department are the politicians that have no such wish; the ones in whose interest the present system of management exists. Just how or to what extent this interest comes in, just what business

profit or political ambition is forwarded for these people through the department, no one disconnected with it can say exactly; but certain it is that from this knot of persons comes a steady, systematic, and quiet opposition of the most active and determined kind. While every paper in the city speaks in the friendliest manner of the movement, some one goes in secret to every Hebrew who can be reached, telling him with shrewdness, and surprising as it may seem, some effect, that this is all a crusade against the Hebrews in the schools; some one else performs the same service for the Catholics; while a third sees to it that all intense Protestants are informed that it is a Jesuit intrigue to obtain control of the schools for the Church of Rome. Some one takes pains that all the teachers who can be reached are privately assured of hostile and offensive sentiments entertained toward them by the nominees or their backers. There are many teachers in the department who have so long been accustomed to tremble before the tyrannical and unjust discrimination which politics forces even well-disposed employing boards into toward their employees, that they are quite easily frightened by these fictions, and convinced that terrible dangers to them lurk in the substitution of six gentle and conscientious women for six men in their supervising body, and are worked into demoralizing conditions of alarm. In every case, these panics, when traced back, prove to originate with a few people, all interested, all entrenched in the present method of managing the schools, all strong and skillful "school politicians."

The last chapter of this most interesting bit of educational and municipal history the reader will learn from the daily papers, a very few days after these pages are in print. Whichever way the present vote turns, the campaign is full of instruction to the student of educational methods and city government.

M. W. Shinn.

ETC.

As we write, the national campaign draws toward its last days, and we believe no political prophet in the country is shrewd enough to foretell its result. That there have been extensive changes from party to party is evident, but probably no one can form any accurate conjecture as to which has lost most. It is pleasant that this last stage of the campaign has been reached without any real bitterness of feeling, and that nobody really thinks the country will be ruined, whichever way the election goes. It would have been a very respectable and even admirable campaign in every way, had there not been a gross and unusual amount of falsification and forgery. As it has not been ugly or personal forgery, it has not excited as much indignation as might have been expected; and, indeed, in a campaign that has had to deal mainly with figures and complicated financial data, it has not been so easy to fix a lie as a lie at once as in the case of the Garfield forgery, for instance. A vast amount of real investigation has been done, and hundreds of young college graduates all over the country have doubtless had very good jobs in collecting, and assorting, and applying volumes of statistics from consular reports, and British blue books, and Congressional Globes, and sources innumerable, to compile into newspaper articles. Some of the newspaper writing has been of the most superficial sort; but there has been some of permanent economic value, and the files of journals for the summer of '88 will be drawn upon for material in campaigns a half century from now.

NEXT to the presidential election, the State election in New York will excite the most interest throughout the world, because, in general, the nomination of Governor Hill has brought to a crisis the struggle between the reactionary and the progressive elements in the Democratic party, — a crisis of immeasurable importance to the future of the country; and in particular because two of the most important reform measures ever introduced into a State legislature depend upon Mr. Miller's election, — the High License Bill, and the Ballot Reform Bill, vetoed by Governor Hill. We have already expressed our impression of the very great importance of this Ballot Reform Bill, which seems to hold more promise of meeting the problem of city government than anything that has ever been proposed. The experiment in these reforms by the Empire State is of national value. Next, perhaps, in importance stands the New York city election. It is of the greatest interest to every one, even at this distance, to see whether in a presidential year a citizens' movement like that for Mr. Hewitt can be carried in the teeth of the two

great parties. Mayor Grace was elected under similar conditions, but the situation is more complicated now, since the Independent vote has not this year taken the field in campaigning order, and the anti-Hill and pro-Hewitt movements, though proceeding from the same spirit and the same persons, may confuse each other.

IN Boston another conflict of national interest is to take place, — a struggle between the Catholics and Protestants for the control of the school board. This seems to us a very unfortunate affair, and at this distance it appears to have been precipitated by extreme sectarians, against the judgment of wise people on both sides. But it has long been brewing, — the religious and educational journals have been full of it for a year, — and it could only have been postponed. In the immediate controversy that brought it on, the Protestants seem to have been in error. It arose over a sentence in the history in use in the schools, which — by admission of the committee of Protestants and Catholics who examined the matter — misstated the Catholic doctrine of indulgences. Protestants say that it was only a slight misstatement, practically correct enough, and that the Catholic correction of it is a mere matter of theological hair-splitting; but to all religionists their own nice theological distinctions are matters to live or die for, and Calvinists would contend hotly to be exactly stated as to their doctrines of election or reprobation. The attention of the board, we understand, was drawn to the offending sentence by a Protestant, and in the end the book was thrown out by decision of the Protestant majority; but not until a good many people outside the board had protested so strongly against this entirely just concession as to have roused a very hostile spirit in the Catholics. As the school board seems to have behaved with moderation and impartiality, the Catholics have no ground of offense against it; but the discussion has brought deeper and less reconcilable differences to the front.

FINALLY, in our own city, the most important local matter before the people is the candidacy of women for the school board. The OVERLAND has before now strongly advocated this, as an important step toward taking the schools out of politics, and a necessity in a system where both girls and boys are being taught by both women and men. The movement is quite fully treated in a signed article in the present number, and we will not here dwell on it. The sixth of next November will see this most interesting group of questions answered with yea or nay by the people; and they make it an election day of more than usually complex interest.

Yobel.

AH, the sad and patient grace
 Of thy drooping form and face!
 Little reck who use thee now
 Harnessed to that humble plow,
 What thou wast when young and strong.
 Smallest 'mongst the bronco throng,
 Still in those old stirring days
 All vaqueros sang thy praise;
 Envied him who thee could ride,
 Coiled riata by his side.
 Swift thy foot and sure thy eye, —
 Vainly did the cattle fly;
 Well thou knew'st which way to go,
 When was made the skillful throw;
 Running, whirling, stiffening next,
 Till the wearied brutes, perplexed,
 Yielded them to practiced hand,
 Prone, received their master's brand.
 Santa Ana's pleasant vale
 Oft has heard the thrilling tale
 Of thy journey up to town,
 When the rancher's child was sick,
 Gray-eyed, winsome little Dick,
 For his kinsman, Dr. Brown.
 Thro' that weary summer's day,
 All the long, hot, dusty way, —
 Not a falter, not a break, —
 Thou didst gallop for his sake.
 Sixty miles it was to town;
 Short the stop for Doctor Brown;
 Then, a fresh horse by thy side,
 Back the rancher starts to ride.
 "I will hurry on to Dick,"
 Cries the Doctor, speaking quick,
 "Don't urge Yobel on so fast,
 Or this ride 'll be his last."
 Not a word the rancher said,
 Merely patted thy proud head,
 Lightly sat with loosened rein;
 Yet no whit the Doctor's gain;
 'Till, just at the fall of night,
 As the rancho came in sight,
 With a whinny and a start
 Thou from at his side didst dart,
 Leading by six lengths or more
 As thou gaid'st thy master's door.

But ere this thou wast the boast
 All along the southern coast;
 For thy master on a time,
 Long before thou 'dst reached thy prime,
 Pitted thee against a steed
 Famous 'mongst a famous breed.
 In those pioneering days
 He 'd a neighbor whose rude ways
 Made him trouble without end.
 Scarce could he himself defend
 As each day some fresh attack
 Put his patience to the rack.

Oft he came at early morn
 Forth to find 'mid grain or corn
 A marauder fierce and fleet,
 Yorba's stallion, Mazzareet.
 Naught his master would explain;
 Naught but laugh in great disdain;
 Say "O, Señor, catch my steed
 If you can: try his speed.
 Thrash him, — I'll not say thee nay;
 'Tis his wont too oft to stray."

But the cool and wily man
 Thought while saying "if you can,"
 "None can match my coal-black steed
 Naught of his hath half the speed."

Made the rancher no reply,
 His a nature more discreet;
 Yet his careful, practiced eye
 Noted well the Mazzareet;
 Then with long and measured stride,
 Hands in pockets by his side,
 Home he went, and there averred
 As he with his house conferred,
 "If a racer I can tell,
 Yorba's steed can't beat Yobel."

Lo! again the coming morn
 Yorba's stallion in his corn
 Greedy feeding, yet with eye
 All alert his foe to spy.
 From corral forth comes Yobel
 With his rider loved so well;
 Firmly in that rider's grip
 Shines the glossy stock of whip,
 Lash full twenty feet in length,
 Pliable, of wondrous strength.
 Skilled with such e'en when a child
 Oft he chased the cattle wild.

Scornfully the Mazzareet
 Marked the beat of Yobel's feet; —
 Confident of power to fly
 Let his foe approach full nigh —
 Then away with gallant dash.
 Fatal waiting! Like a flash
 All its twenty feet along
 Came the rancher's stinging thong,
 Writhing, hissing through the air
 O'er his sides so sleek and fair.
 Faster than the Mazzareet,
 But as quickly came the beat
 Of the Yobel's glancing feet,
 Ever o'er him, swift and sure,
 (How could dainty flesh endure?)
 From the rancher's strong right arm
 Upraised, skilled to do him harm,
 Did the cruel blows descend.
 Nor could he himself defend, —
 Naught but fly, could Yorba's steed,
 Fly and show his boasted speed.

Ah! the frantic Mazareet!
 Ever in his ears the beat
 Of the Yobel's unshod feet,
 Ever round him lithe and long
 Curled the rancher's murderous thong :
 Till his sides were welted o'er—
 Till his flanks all dripped with gore—
 Till the robber worn with pain
 Scarce his master's door could gain!

And the Yorba, what of him?
 As he viewed each quivering limb,
 Baffled pride and rage each chased,
 'Cross him, swarthy, grimly faced.
 Sullen eye and quivering chin
 Showed what passions burned within,
 As the rancher sitting there
 On Yobel, still fresh and fair,
 Said, "O Señor, I've obeyed,
 Thrashed thy steed whene'er he strayed."

To the rancher came next morn,
 Slowly, 'tween his rows of corn,
 Yorba's trusted vaquero,
 Saying, as he bowed full low,
 "Señor, these my master's words;
 He would have thee from his herds
 Choose four horses of his best;
 Choose twelve cows of worth attest;
 And a half a hundred sheep;
 These he prays for thee to keep,
 And, for value thus received—"
 (Can the offer be believed?)
 "Señor give to him Yobel."
 "So you think that he's for sale?"
 Cries the rancher in disdain.
 "Go: to Yorba this explain,
 All his cattle, horses, sheep,
 At such price he's like to keep.
 Not for all his herds I'd sell
 One loose hair from my Yobel!"

Ah! I marvel at the grace
 Of thy aged form and face!
 Say, how haps it that oft now
 Thou art yoked to dragging plow,
 Made a drudge of, O Yobel,
 Thou who erst wast loved so well?
 True, along the southern coast
 Once thy equal none could boast;
 None so faithful, fearless, fleet,
 Victor o'er the Mazzareet;
 True, proud Yorba could not buy
 One quick glance of thy bright eye;
 Yet what money might not take
 Went to pay a gambler's stake.

'Tween the rancher and Yobel,
 Of that parting who can tell?

Sleeps thy master in his shroud;
 Broken now thy spirit proud,
 Far away from thy loved band,
 Unknown, ruled by unkind hand.
 And tho' oft thy feats are told
 By vaqueros gaunt and old,
 Of thy flight so swift and sure,
 Of thy power to endure,
 Even-tempered and quick-willed,
 At the round-ups none so skilled,
 Still, those happy days of yore
 And thy youth naught can restore.
 Thou art but a mem'ry now,
 Only fit for this small plow;
 Gone are all who felt thy spell;
 Why still lingerest thou, Yobel?

Augusta E. Towner.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY:

In reading Mr. Shinn's delightful article in the *OVERLAND* for October, I find one or two inaccuracies. For instance, on page 339 I find "F. C. Ewer, afterwards editor of the *Pioneer* and of *Hutchings' Magazine*." Let me say that Mr. F. C. Ewer, a warm friend of mine, never was editor of my old magazine, and to my knowledge never wrote a line for it. Then on page 340 occur these words: "It began publication in January, 1854, and with June, 1856, merged into *Hutchings' Magazine*." Here let me say there was no "merging," my old magazine having been founded upon an entirely independent basis, and without consultation even with the publishers of the dear old *Pioneer*. At that time I felt that an *illustrated* periodical, even of less scientific and literary pretension, was the especial want of the time. The immense success of the "Miners' Ten Commandments" (of which no less than 97,000 were sold in a little over a year) and other lettersheets, seemed to broaden the scope of subjects; and there being then no monthly publication in existence on this coast (the *Pioneer* having ceased) suggested the establishment of such a magazine, and I immediately began gathering the materials. In this I spent some two years and four months of time, and over \$6,000 in money, before a single line was published or engraving was made. In 1858 I went with the late A. J. Grayson to Northern Mexico for the purpose of making a collection of the birds of that section, and during my absence Mr. Mantz had editorial charge. This was the only time that I was absent from the editorial charge of *Hutchings' California Magazine*.

In the interest of correct historical data, I make this correction, which I know that you will readily excuse when considering the motive that prompts it.

With best and most cordial of good wishes,

I remain

Very sincerely yours,

J. M. HUTCHINGS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Two Books of Essays by Stevenson.¹

IN the "Author's Edition" of Stevenson's works issued by the Scribner's the reading world is given a very satisfactory set of volumes. The books are convenient, simple, and tasteful, pleasant to hold, and pleasant to read. In the issues for present consideration, *Virginibus Puerisque* and *Memories and Portraits*, two widely different groups of striking essays have been gathered. The first busies itself in its four leading papers with the consideration of the question of marriage addressed to those who are yet in a condition to choose. To assist in a wise choice, and to warn against many sources of error, Mr. Stevenson sets his protean pen. Now he offers a grave argument or a solemn exhortation that will bring the frown of earnest thought to young faces; and again he is off and away after some humorous vagary that requires a nimble wit to follow. These essays should be read aloud to an appreciative listener, — not more than one, — for he is a selfish fellow that can get the full enjoyment of them alone. And there is more than enjoyment in them, there is food for after reflection that will leave an impress on young minds, and give them clearer knowledge of their own hearts. Not that the reader will always agree with the writer, — it is a stupid and unprofitable essay that always commands agreement, — but there is always that power of suggestiveness that is the mark of the born teacher.

The remaining essays in the book are quite miscellaneous, ranging from a sentimental depreciation of electric lights, in "A Plea for Gas Lamps," to thoughts of the last bitter hour in "Ordered South," and "*Aes Triplex*;" but even in the last the tricky, gentle spirit of Mr. Stevenson is not abashed.

In *Memories and Portraits* there is a marked thread of autobiography, which binds together the several essays, yielding at the last to discussions regarding literary art, in which he makes bold to dispute with James and Howells. There are many charming glimpses of boyhood, of the old dominie, his grandfather, in the Scotch manse, of the dashing waves amid which his father, the beacon builder, worked, of college days in Edinburgh, and of many a place and person that will linger pleasantly in the reader's view. But more than all these there is the insight given into Mr. Stevenson's own character, its shaping forces, its growth, and its relation to the stories and essays with which he has charmed his generation.

¹ *Virginibus Puerisque*, and *Other Papers*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

² *Memories and Portraits*. *Ibid.*

Perhaps the most striking point in it is the intense Scotchness of his mind, ranging though it does from John Knox to Tam O'Shanter. Luckily for us the douce and canny side is in the ascendant, and these essays, even more than his romances, will strengthen the affection in which Mr. Stevenson is held. There is a world of encouragement, too, to the more earnest of young writers, in the accounts of the methods he used to attain to his remarkable literary style, proving over again the time-honored adages about genius and work, which young people are ever slow to understand.

One point of regret there may be, and that is that not a word is said by Mr. Stevenson about his verse, and from these books no one would learn that the writer also wrote the lyrics in "Underwoods."

The Shah Nameh.³

The filial care of Rev. J. A. Atkinson has been given to the editing of a new issue of his father's prose and verse translation of the great Persian epic, *Sháh Náme*h. The translation is also an abridgment, but it is hardly to be feared that the general reader will find that an objection, for the poem is not a dramatic unity at all, but rather a book of chronicles in which the fortunes of many kings and heroes are successively related. For this reason the name sometimes given it, "Iliad of the East," is not justified; though there are many passages that resemble the Homer of Pope, — for the translation was made early in the present century when Pope still set the fashion in heroics. As a fair sample of the combat scenes, rightfully to be chosen as in the key most prevalent, take the following:

Astonished, Ushkabús cried, "Who art thou?
What kindred hast thou to lament thy fall?"

Rustem replied: "Why madly seek to know
That which can never yield thee benefit?"

My name is death to thee, thy hour is come!"

"Indeed! and thou on foot, mid mounted warriors,
To talk so bravely!" — "Yes," the champion said;

"And hast thou never heard of men on foot,
Who conquered horsemen? I am sent by Tús,
To take for him the horse of Ushkabús."

"What! and unarmed?" inquired the Tartar chief;
"No!" cried the champion, "Mark my bow and
arrow!"

Mark, too, with what effect they may be used!"
So saying, Rustem drew the string, and straight
The arrow flew, and faithful to its aim,

³ The *Sháh Náme*h of the Persian Poet Firdausí. Translated by James Atkinson. Chandos Classics. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1886.

Struck dead the foeman's horse. This done, he
 laughed,
 But Ushkabús was wroth, and showered upon
 His bold antagonist his quivered store—
 Then Rustem raised his bow, with eager eye
 Choosing a dart, and placed it on the string,
 A thong of elk-skin; to his ear he drew
 The feathered notch, and when the point had touched
 The other hand, the bended horn recoiled,
 And twang the arrow sped, piercing the breast
 Of Ushkabús, who fell a lifeless corse,
 As if he never had been born! Erect,
 And firm, the champion stood upon the plain,
 Towering like mount Alberz, immoveable,
 The gaze and wonder of the adverse host!

But the Persian mind, delighting though it does in
 exploits against men, beasts, griffins, sorcerers, and
 demons, performed by heroes of great size and
 strength, living sometimes to be seven hundred years
 old, has yet many another side, and the moral re-
 flections of Firdausí on human vicissitudes are not
 ancient even yet.

Such are, since time began, the ways of Heaven;
 Such the decrees of fate! Sometimes raised up,
 And sometimes hunted down by enemies,
 Men, struggling, pass through this precarious life,
 Exalted now to sovereign power; and now
 Steeped in the gulf of poverty and sorrow.
 To one is given the affluence of Karún;
 Another dies in want. How little know we
 What hue our future fortune may assume!
 The world is all deceit, deception all!

Towards women the tone is subject to violent
 changes,—now all is peace, and woman is man's
 greatest blessing:

The glance of beauty, and the charm
 Of heavenly sounds, so soft and thrilling,
 And ruby wine, must ever warm
 The heart, with love and rapture filling.
 Can aught more sweet, more genial prove,
 Than melting music, wine, and love?

and again the mood changes on rather slight provo-
 cation:

"A daughter, even from a royal stock,
 Is ever a misfortune—hast thou one?
 The grave will be thy fittest son-in-law!
 Rejoice not in the wisdom of a daughter;
 Who ever finds a daughter good and virtuous?
 Who ever looks on womankind for aught
 Save wickedness and folly? Hence how few
 Ever enjoy the bliss of Paradise:
 Such the sad destiny of erring woman!"

There are many pretty episodes in the course of
 the narrative, as where Rúdábeh winds her musky
 tresses round a ring on her balcony rail and lets them
 hang over for Zál, her lover, to mount by. The

child set afloat in his cradle on the river, to be res-
 cued and made a mighty king, also figures. In re-
 ligion the early part of the narrative tells of a pure
 monotheism, of which the introduction of the Zend-
 Avesta and fire worship is recognized as a degrada-
 tion. But underlying all thought of religion the
 Oriental fatalism appears here as strongly as Greek
 fatalism in the Prometheus or Œdipus,—what is
 spoken is to be:

"But what are prayers, opposed by destiny."

The extracts given will show the quality of the
 translator's verse, which is mingled with his prose,
 sometimes in single couplets and sometimes in long
 narratives; his prose averages better than the verse.
 The editor has done his work well, and the book will
 find a place on the tables of lovers of the old and
 the marvelous.

Briefer Notice.

AMERICANS have almost ceased to indulge them-
 selves in the inflated style of talk,—*"spread eagleism."*
 Now that the United States leads the nations of the
 world in wealth, has a sure prospect of leading to-
 morrow in population, and the old *"manifest des-
 tiny"* is largely accomplished fact, they are content
 to hold their peace and let others talk for them. But
 Doctor Barrows does not altogether believe in this
 course; he sees many dangers that come from a lack
 of apprehension on the part of the people of the
 older States of the true condition and degree of
 development in the new commonwealths. He there-
 fore devotes his book¹ to an effort to show to
 Americans their greatness as a nation, their magnifi-
 cent opportunity in the fellowship of peoples, and
 the grave duties and responsibilities that rest upon
 them. This he does in a readable style, with abun-
 dant figures and illustrative comparisons. The
 points he chooses to touch upon are sufficiently indi-
 cated by the titles of some of the chapters: *"How
 Large is the West?" "Ancient Chicago," "The
 Great American Desert," "Lynch Law," "East-
 ern Jealousy," "The Empire of the Future."*—
 Pithy quotations have always formed a part of the
 teacher's stock in trade. The juvenile mind absorbs
 unconsciously great truths and excellent morals when
 obliged to hear and to memorize day after day brief
 statements of them as set out in the best thoughts of
 the best people. And they do not forget them, for
 though the meaning may be for the time read out, the
 formula remains, and in later life returns with surpris-
 ing force and freshness. A new collection, if judi-
 ciously made, is always welcome. This one of Mrs.
 Hoitt's² is really above the average. It is well

¹ The United States of Yesterday and of Tomorrow.
 By William Barrows, D.D. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson &
 Co.

² Excellent Quotations for Home and School. By Julia
 B. Hoitt. Boston: Lee & Shephard. 1889. For sale
 in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

planned, and the quotations are surprisingly free from triteness or triviality. As the selections vary in length from a few words to poems of several stanzas, it is adapted for use in almost every grade of school. Although firmly and neatly bound in cloth, its price, seventy-five cents, is much below that of any similar collection in the market. It will readily make a place for itself on the schoolroom desk, and no doubt be widely popular and useful.—The Reverend Leighton Parks, Rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, holds the idea that all religions contain something of divine revelation, and foreshadow to a greater or less degree the religion of Jesus Christ. In support of this idea he examines in the book ³ now to be noticed the early Aryan religions, to point out their excellences, and to show how each contains many truths that are developed and intensified in Christian doctrine. Vedaism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Hinduism, and Zoroastrianism are successively discussed. The author makes no claim to a learning sufficient to go to original sources for his information, using Müller, Arnold, and other students of orientalism, as authorities; but he has traveled in the East, and knows the life of the people of whom he talks. The Brahmo Somaj he considers “one of the most remarkable religious movements in any age,” and predicts that by its agency, and by the better understanding of the East through the modern spirit of sympathetic study,

³ *His Star in the East*. By Leighton Parks. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

will come the victory of the cross in Asia, not destroying the ancient faiths, but using the truth in them, purified from corruption, as the foundation of the new belief.—In their series of Popular Handbooks Messrs. Lee & Shepard have published much valuable work in small compass. Most of them are for the use of the teacher, but some have a much wider usefulness : as, for instance, Bigelow’s *Punctuation*, which is regarded in many an editorial and printing office as the highest authority on the subject. *Mistakes in Writing English* ⁴ is by the same competent hand. *Educational Psychology* ⁵ is an earnest attempt to induce teachers to study the material they have to work with. *Improvement of the Senses* ⁶ and *Hints on Language* ⁷ are helps for the teachers of the very youngest children, of so practical a character that many a teacher will say, “I wish I had had it before.” *Forgotten Meanings* ⁸ is the result of much research, some of it valuable, and some merely curious.

Popular Handbooks. Boston : Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pier-son, and by Samuel Carson & Co. :—

⁴ *Mistakes in Writing English*. By Marshall T. Bigelow.

⁵ *Educational Psychology*. By Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

⁶ *Improvement of the Senses*. By Horace Grant.

⁷ *Hints on Language*. By S. Arthur Bent.

⁸ *Forgotten Meanings*. By Alfred Waites.

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DECEMBER, 1888.



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FROM KLAMATH TO RIO GRANDE.

YEARS ago I traveled over California on horseback, wandering far from the highways of travel, and among the ancient mining camps of the heart of the Sierras. I taught school in the hills of San Luis, and in the mountains of Trinity and Shasta, and on the sand dunes of Monterey. Later I traveled by

rail and stage over most of the Pacific Coast region and the Territories of the Southwest. And I have had the local newspapers of the whole region from Puget Sound to Mexico at my hand for years past. Here and there, also, I have maintained a more or less desultory correspondence with men whose acquaintanceship was made on some one or other of these journeys, or during my teaching. Through all these ways I find that my love for the picturesque beauty of the Pacific Coast has been kept strong even through my later life as a city dweller. I know the juniper-clad plateaus of Northern Arizona, the ruined pueblos of New Mexico, the desert expanses, the orange groves, the wave-worn sculptures and shell-strewn caves from Santa Monica to Noyo, the deep woods with their birds and flowers, the prosperous colonies, the islands and the mountains.



ROCK SCULPTURE.

And I have tried to understand, month by month, year by year, the swift, vast growth of this empire of the New West, —there a mine discovered, a roadway hewn, a town built suddenly, as it were, in the night, —here a river turned over a sandy plain, and hundreds of homemakers planting vineyards, orchards, and gardens along its fertilizing rills.

Late autumn gives the sandhills of

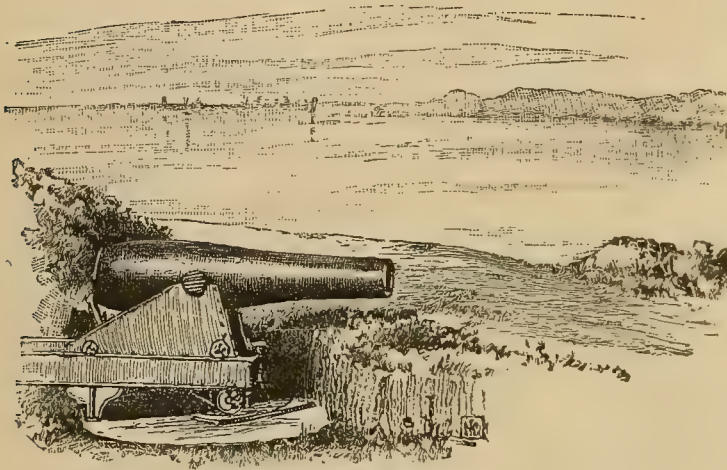
itself is worth pages of later impressions, and I am quoting from a ten-year-old note-book.

"I have sought all summer long for the quiet homes, the sunny islands, the shy rivers, the mountain villages, the relics of forgotten mining camps, the legends of a turbulent past in fair California, whose wide valleys melt into beautiful hills, and whose mountains blossom at last into heights of eternal snow. I have found all for which I sought, and far more; I have seen the gardens of children, the farms and mines of men, from the borders of San Francisco Bay to the fringes of snow and the homes of the pine and the eagle. As I write I quicken with vivid remembrance of the blue dome of Monte Diablo, the great Sacramento Valley melting into gray mist, the green islands in the sea-like lower San Joaquin, the sunny valleys of Solano where the grape

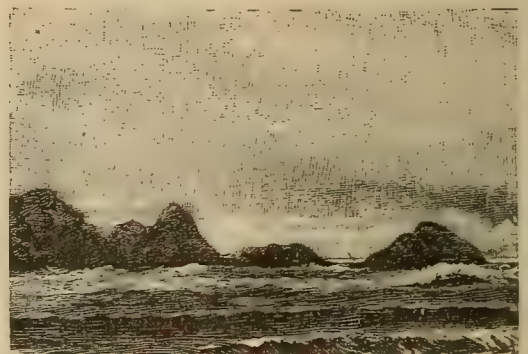
San Francisco peninsula purple and brown colors from the wild verbena and asters. No other city of my knowledge has such wildness of nature so near to its heart as San Francisco. Along the ocean shore, miles south, those who love new walks can find abundant recompense. And all about the heights, from the Cliff House to the ancient cannon of the Presidio, spring brings masses of lupine, and whole acres of pale blue iris and purple of the giant California thistle. Late autumn in Klamath, however, means the end of mining on the rivers, means wild rain storms and safe shelters in pioneer homes. In the South it is still summer; in the Upper Sierras it is already winter.

I cannot but review in memory my wanderings on a Mexican bronco, while I sit on a rocky slope that overlooks the Pacific, and write these out-door notes, —for since I am trying to give glimpses, crude perhaps, but certainly truthful, of this great Western region, the first impression of closeness to the thing

and orange thrive, the wheat fields of Sutter in the shadows of the Buttes, the quartz and hydraulic mines of Upper Placer, Nevada, and Sierra, the rivers of Shasta, the mountain valleys of far-off Trinity. I remember fishermen dragging their seines in sluggish streams; farmers sowing wheat broadcast on smoking fields of brown, moist earth when I rode out in spring, reaping with joy their abundant sheaves in autumn when I returned; miners waist-deep in foaming torrents, or holding quivering streams of water against cliffs of yellow gravel; hunters



OLD PRESIDIO GUN.



GLIMPSE OF SEAL ROCKS.

and loggers in the far-off recesses of the Coast Range."

Turning back over the leaves of this old note-book, I come upon the following bit of emigrant life:

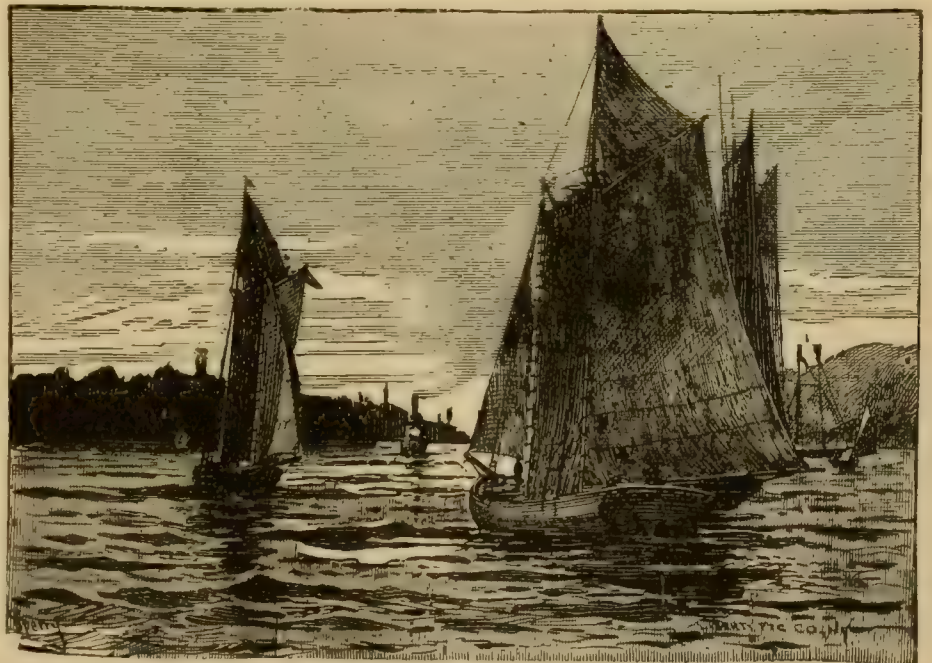
"In a wider part of the ravine was a marshy pool with tall grasses about it, and there a family of emigrants with their canvas-covered wagons, dangling buckets, old coffee pots, and tattered garments, had camped. Three sallow and wild-looking children peered out of the wagon, a black-haired, fierce woman sat on a log, watching the fire and smoking her short pipe. A tall, Amazonian-featured girl of sixteen leaned against a sycamore tree near the bed of the stream, watching with indifferent look the two men of the party driving their scrawny cattle and lean mustangs to water. These are of the frontier. Observe them well, for another generation will know them not. They draw their restless, migratory impulses from a prehistoric past; one season they toil southward, another season north. That mother, so she tells me, was born in an emigrant wagon somewhere in Missouri; that daughter's birthplace is "on the plains" of Northern Texas; that young man was "brought up in Eastern Oregon."

"Clur from Arizony this trip," said one of the men, "an' agoin' ter Warshington Ter'rory. Good ways? Yaas, we knows that. But Arizony haint suited us perzactly. What kind of a place is it? 'Taint a jubilee, ye may reckon on that. Sage-bresh, an' more sage-bresh, sand, an' more sand; mines fur them as gits them, an' water an' rich land fur some. Don't think I'm run-

nin' it down, though, fur like as not I'll be thar agin in less'n a year."

The black-eyed woman nodded affirmatively. "That's so," she said, "Silas is a master hand at travel. We hev owned three or four purty pieces of guv'-ment land in our time, but here we be, 'a truckin' over the country. Well, it's a healthy life, anyway."

The central Coast Range region of California is much neglected by visitors to the Pacific Coast. They go to old Monterey, and see the ruins of the famous old Carmel Mission, which Keith has painted and Edith Loring Pierce has etched,—the church within whose walls Padre Junipero Serra preached. They see the old cypresses and pines on Cypress Point, and the wave-worn, fantastic sculptures by Santa Cruz. They go to Calistoga, and visit the petrified forest, with its fallen trees of stone, some half buried, with shrubs and trees growing through the crevices of the broken

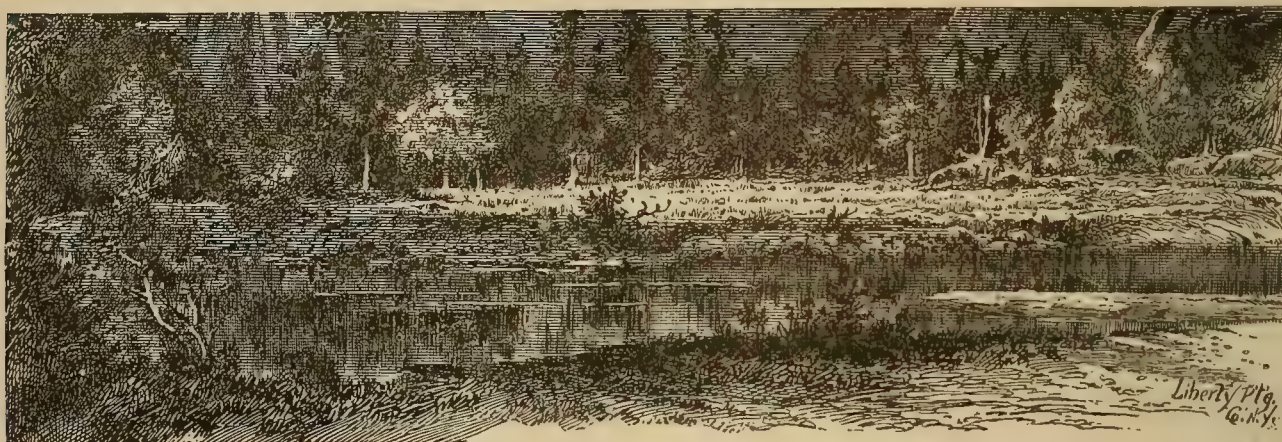


THE BAY, LOOKING WEST.

trunks. All these things are well worth doing: these are truly characteristic California scenes. But besides such scenes, there is much that is comparatively unknown to the tourist or health-seeker in the central counties of Ala-

meda, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Contra Costa, Napa, and Sonoma. In this region the most enchanting combination of hill and bay, of cultivated lowland and wild upland, of city, meadow, marsh, orchard, vineyard, pasture, and forest, has never received sufficient praise. Far towards the south are the bleak Calaveras hills, the shouldered Mission peak, the green-circled mountain vales of Suñol and Vallecitos, the Livermore ranges folded about that broad and pleas-

read, and this in Russian means "Liberty." Here an old Russian exile after many wanderings determined to close his days. He came from the Ukraine, was a student, a teacher, an agitator, hence, before long a wanderer. At one time he taught Russian to the Honorable Eugene Schuyler, Minister to Russia, translator of Russian books, and author of an important life of Peter the Great. An eccentric, kindly iconoclast, this old man, after years of war with the



TWILIGHT ON THE GUALALA.

ant valley. To the east is Brushy Peak, dark as if robed in midnight; to the north the mystic and demon-haunted Monte Diablo, with its bewitching valleys and orchard-bosomed towns; to the west, beyond the lowlands, the white salt fields, the green tules, the gray bay, with its rocky islands, lies that royal mountain promontory, serene Tamalpais, purple as wine at the baptismal hour of sunset.

In the Central Coast Range realm of hills—this irregular region extending from San Pablo Bay southward and northward twenty-five or fifty miles, as you choose, there is no more interesting spot than the Russian colony, a hilltop in Alameda where a number of persons of that nationality have made their homes. As one rides up the mountain, through the scrub-oak thickets, he sees a cottage over whose gables strange letters are gleaming. SVBODA,—thus the signs

world, settled down on this rocky height to enjoy that for which he had fought so long,—SVBODA. Here the famous plants of Greece and Russia thrive in the mountain soil, and their quaint folklore is fondly cherished; here old customs, legends, and superstitions still exist in this new land; here you may rest under the grouping trees and drink such mead as the warrior hearts of Europe loved in the days when the Huns rode their Cossack horses across Volga, when Alaric the Balthi worsted Aguileia, and advanced on Rome, when the hunger of invasion possessed the hearts of the tribes of Teutonic kindred. Yes, and you may have such wine as they brew, even now, in Attica, or in Samos. Meanwhile you shall have stories of the Grecian Isles, and of the City of the Golden Horn, once the Christian metropolis, from whose walls Leo the Isaurian beat back the Saracen, perhaps



EL CARMELO MISSION.

in some supreme moment to become the capital, so this old enthusiast will tell you, of a Pan-Slavic federation, more democratic than America, more socialistic in its land system than any other country of the world. And as you turn to go, the parting salute is "May *SVBODA* be yours forever."

At the head of the ravine, a hundred yards from the house over whose portals this *svboda* legend is graven, there is a cave in the limestone. A precipice hangs over it, and another precipice is beneath. The old exile has cut steps down to the cave, and herein, when the outlook from its mouth is westward through the Golden Gate and upon the blue Pacific, he wishes his bones to be laid in a crypt carved like that of the monks of the Thebaid, with symbols of hope and resurrection, and over it the motto of his long and restless life—"svboda."

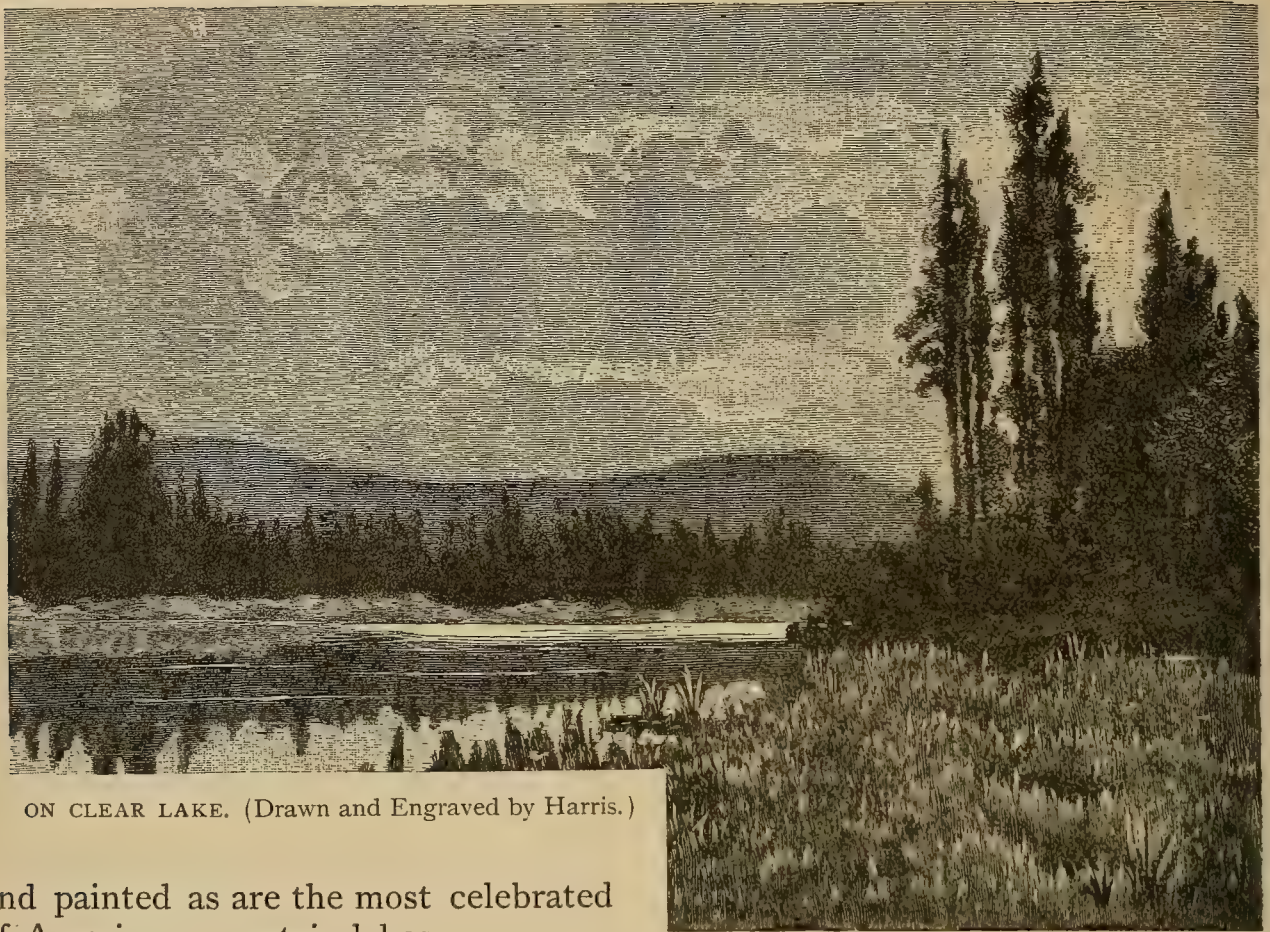
California has nothing more beautiful than the mountain lakes,—not only great Tahoe, that volcanic abyss filled to the brim with azure Alpine water, nor Clear Lake, that best-known of the northern Coast Range lakes,—but also Donner, Webber, Independence, Cascade, Echo, the Shot Gun Lakes, Fallen Leaf, and a thousand others of lesser fame written of as yet in no book, known to no tourist, but certain in some near future to become the shrines of many a pilgrim. I have stood in the California Alps, and counted lake after lake glistening in the sunlight,—lakes of a few hundred feet in circumference, chains of lakes made by land slides choking the mountain streams, lakes fed by the drip from snow piles and glaciers, and bordered with grass and Alpine flowers. Donner Lake is two hundred and seven-

ty-one miles from San Francisco, is three miles long, and a mile and a half wide. Independence is eighteen miles from Donner, and six thousand feet above the sea-level. Webber Lake is a thousand feet higher than Independence, and seven miles distant. The beautiful Cascade Lake is in the Mount Tallac region, and is some three hundred feet higher than Lake Tahoe. Tahoe is twenty-five miles long and twelve or fifteen miles wide. Its depth is one thousand seven hundred feet; and the mountains rise above it from two thousand to five thousand feet. It is the Lake Geneva of the Pacific Coast. In the heart of Yosemite is Mirror Lake under the great rock dome. Sheltered under



AN ANCIENT PINE.

Whitney, Lassen, and all the more famous mountains of California are lakes of greater or less extent of only local fame, yet as worthy to be seen and sung



ON CLEAR LAKE. (Drawn and Engraved by Harris.)

and painted as are the most celebrated of American mountain lakes.

The high sage-brush plateaus of Modoc, Lassen, and Southern Oregon have lakes of another sort, shallow and alkaline many of them, but still adding a charm to the landscape, especially when, as is often the case, heavily timbered hills surround them.

The wild game is fast disappearing from even the deepest fastnesses of the Sierras, but it is not long since one could see, in broad daylight, deer crossing the highways, through the woods, as the old Shasta stage turned some sudden curve. It is not long since elk were shot on the upper Klamath, and by the lakes of the Siskiyou mountains. Old hunter Adams, a man in his way quite as shrewd and plucky as "hunter Quartermain," was once able to shoot elk on the San Joaquin plains, and around the Sutter Buttes, but those days are now gone forever. It was only this summer, so I am told, that a party of hunters in the upper Coast Range averaged a deer a day for each member. But they were professionals, and dried the venison for

the San Francisco market. It is professionals who have driven the deer to the wilder mountains, and have almost destroyed the noble elk.

As for grizzlies, there are plenty of them left, and they can hold their own pretty well for a while yet. Adams



A FRAGMENT OF DONNER.

used to say that the grizzly of the Sierras was a far fiercer and stronger creature than the grizzly of the Rockies; but

an old San Luis trapper I once knew told me that an Alaskan grizzly was far the most terrible variety of bear on the continent, and the Sierra grizzly an apostle of peace in comparison.

The mountain districts of California, it must not be forgotten, are immense in extent, sparsely settled, and overflowing with natural resources, but are difficult of access, because pierced at only a few points by railroads. The old stage-lines with the thorough-brace coaches still "hold the road" over a large part of the State, and they will probably remain longest in the northern Coast Range. Populous and thriving towns in the mountains still welcome their daily stage as the only medium of communication with the rest of the world. The main lines of transportation are hewn through, either in whole or in part, but years must elapse before the stage coach era has entirely gone from California.

To my notion there is nothing more beautiful in all California than the "hollow lands" at the union of its two great valleys. The tourist who goes by rail to Sacramento, either by Benicia or by Stockton, sees nothing of it, except a green waste. But if you wish to have a new experience, you will borrow some duck-hunter's rude punt, and press your way into the narrow channels of this sea-like expanse, the future agricultural empire of California, rich and moist as Holland. At last you will come to a series of marsh-lakes, lonely and lovely, grass-bordered, and circled by glorious blossoms of purple and orange, and kept from the onset of the river-floods by ancient Indian mounds, which coming antiquarians will visit and quarrel over. On the shore of



IN THE SONOMA WOODS. (Engraved by Harris.)

one of the fairest of these lowland lakes is a crumbling and moss-gray hut, where some one lived thirty or forty years ago, when all California throbbed with the gold-fever, from Yerba Buena's sleepy embarcadero to the bright cliffs of quartz-ribbed Tuolumne. What is the story of the place? No one knows exactly. But boys once tore up the floor of the cabin, and found flakes of Table Mountain gold, easily recognized by experts. Rusted to a narrow ribbon of steel, the horn-handled blade of a Spanish *machete* was



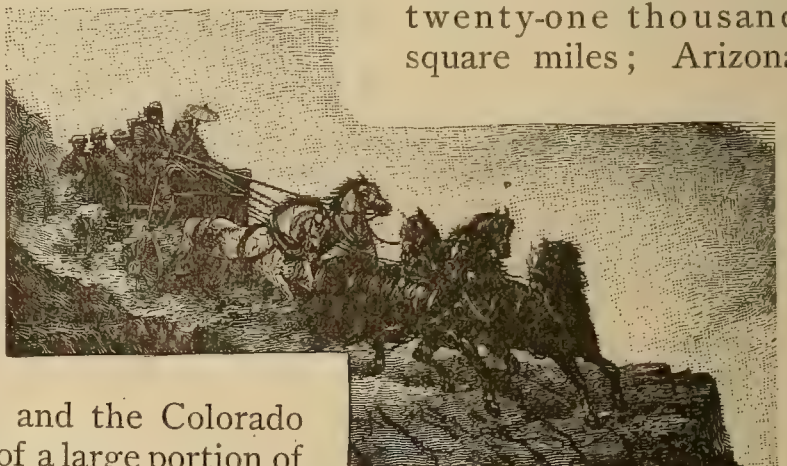
ON CASCADE LAKE.

found by the door. The legend of the pioneers of the region is that in the early days of the mines a young Spaniard and his wife came to one of the thriving camps, that she left him, and ran away with a famous gambler, that for weeks the wronged man followed him, till one morning the gambler was found dead, stabbed to the heart; and lastly, that this cup of rest in the heart of the California fen country was the murderer's refuge, where he lived unknown for years, until the increase of population on the river banks some miles distant led him to desert his rude cabin.

But there is another California than this of the central and northern counties, and still another than that semi-tropic region of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego. There is a California of the desert, as well as a California of the garden of Eden. Some of it, watered by hidden springs or by costly irrigation systems, will some day be reclaimed; some of it will ever remain sand, sage-brush, lava, silence, and desolation. Yet even in the dreary land of the south-west, of the Mojave and the Colorado deserts, and the unfertile wastes of a large portion of Arizona and New Mexico, there are rivers as all the

world knows, strange, fluctuating rivers, inconstant and dangerous, with their quicksands and their currents, but nevertheless great rivers, fed by snows, and by vast mountain masses, that few besides the herder and the prospector have yet explored. Such rivers are the Rio Colorado, which interested the late B. B. Redding so much, that he once said to the writer, "I want to spend six months along the course of that river." Yuma is the point where California and Arizona touch, commercially, and no one who has ever crossed at that point can forget the yellow Nile-like river, the miles upon miles of half-overflowed willow-bottoms, the high bluffs with their desert vegetation, the far-off blue peaks. As a traveler once told me: "It is like the Nile as it flows through Nubia; it is the Nubian sky and mountains."

Once fairly across the California line and in the Southwest of the geographies, one is in a land that is interesting to the botanist and the antiquarian, as well as to the cattle-raiser and the miner; but it unfortunately presents its worst features to the tourist. Arizona has Alps, and so has New Mexico. Both have fertile mountain valleys; both have great agricultural possibilities; both belong to the realm of the unexplored and unillustrated; both are being more closely linked commercially with California, buying California products, and selling in California markets. New Mexico contains over one hundred and twenty-one thousand square miles; Arizona



"STAGING IT."

has an area of over one hundred and thirteen thousand square miles. Each is in itself an empire, far more diversified in its possible industries than even the inhabitants of these Territories know.

The famous ruin of Casa Grande is described by Patrick Hamilton, in his work on Arizona. He says :

It is situated in the valley of the Gila, about five miles south of the river, and six miles below the town of Florence. The ruins were first discovered by Cabeza de Vaca, in his journey across the continent, and were thoroughly explored by Coronado, when he led his expedition northward, two years later. It was then (1540) four stories high, with walls six feet in thickness. Around it were many other ruins, with portions of their walls yet standing, which would go to prove that a city of no inconsiderable dimensions once existed here. As showing its great antiquity, it is mentioned that the Pima Indians, who then, as now, were living in the immediate vicinity, had no knowledge of the origin or history of the structure, or of the people who built it. It had been a ruin as long as tradition existed in the tribe, and when or by whom erected was as much of a mystery to the Pimas as to their European visitors. Fathers Kino and Mange visited the Casa Grande in 1694, and gave a detailed description of the ruins as they then appeared.

Some day a bright explorer and adventurer will take a canoe and a camera and trace the "Colorado of the West," taking photographs and writing most fascinating notes of his journey down the great river; he will paddle in like manner down the Rio Grande, from its springs to the Gulf. If he is wise he will also launch his canoe on the Sacramento and the Trinity, the Klamath and the Columbia. Long before these voyages are done he will have the materials for a book, and a very successful one it ought to be. Even Arizona and New Mexico, it seems to me, have a side that can only be studied from the surface of their turbulent and yellow rivers.

As for the New Mexico land, thousands of tourists cross it each year, whirling west to the orange groves, alfalfa fields, and orchards of California, whirling east, again to seek their homes by the

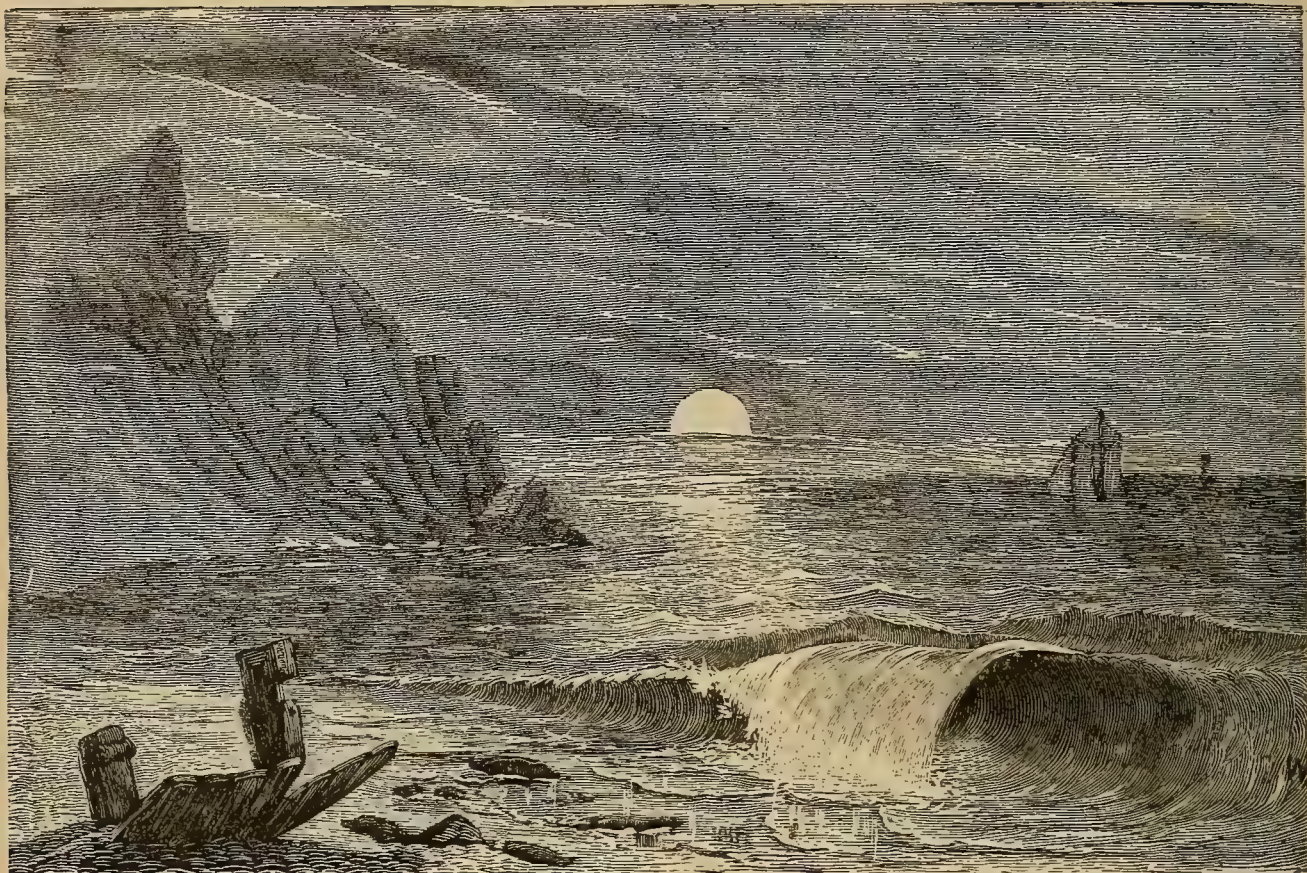
Atlantic. They reach the Rio Grande's great valley in the dead of night, and pass in darkness from mountain wall to mesa. They grow weary of the long journey and look upon it all as a dreadful bore, a "weird, wild waste," the drop-curtain of desert before the semi-tropic scenes of California. These thousands of tourists — good souls — know nothing whatever about it. To them New Mexico is a place where trains run provokingly slow, and eating stations are dreadfully far apart, and walls of yellow rock loom vast against the horizon, and placid Pueblo Indians peddle red and black



ON THE KLAMATH.

pottery. These things it is — and much more besides.

First, it is a high table land, very remarkable in its physical features; peopled by native races worth study in a thousand particulars, and fairly overflowing with unsuspected resources. It has a romantic history; early battles, conquests, colonies, traders' caravans from St. Louis, Spanish armies from Mexico, city-builders of races that dwelt here before the proud Aztec reared his first teocalis. It is perhaps the most unexplored literary field left in the United States. Except a few stories of the Southwest,—stories of Mexican villages and border desperadoes,—nothing



SUNSET OFF THE SAN MATEO COAST. (Drawn and Engraved by Harris.)

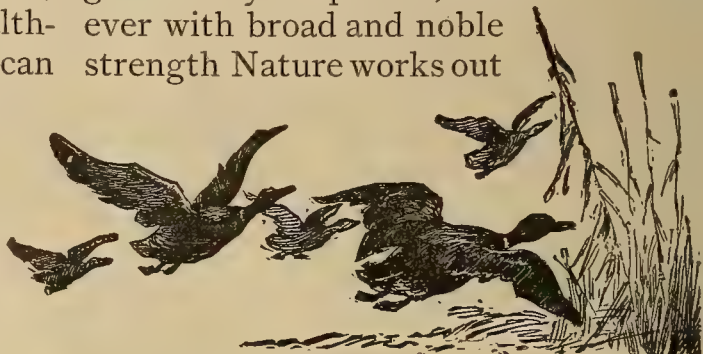
has been as yet written that is entitled to serious consideration.

Under great mountains, where the grass grows green, fed by cool springs, and where, in high "parks," are cedar and pine forests, the plains of New Mexico stretch for miles, in dark, lava-scored folds. Deep channels of rivers are hewn across; high, flat "buttes," shapen by ancient seas, rise above the vast levels; deserts, great as California counties, alternate with superb natural pastures; in the dark ravines nestle mining camps, with quartz-crushers and smelters. New Mexico is not a territory; it is an empire.

Let us leave the miner, the speculator, the real estate owner, and the health-fanatic, to dispute over New Mexican climate and resources. The Southwest and the Pacific Coast has climate and to spare, from El Paso to Puget Sound. Let "Picturesque New Mexico" and its Indian Pueblos be our present study.

It was July when I was last in New Mexico, and as yet the spring

flowers were just beginning to bloom on the high mesas west of the Rio Grande Valley, the rains had only begun to waken the green waves of the mesas east. Down in the broad valley, the river, yellow with flood, surged past clover field and marsh, and Mexican vineyards, green and luxuriant, walled in by white adobés. Overhead was a sky like the sky of upper Egypt,—lucid depths of color, amethysts for sunset, and lapis-lazuli for noon, and rubies for sunrise. Clouds there are none for days, then suddenly they come in beautiful armies. Thunder storms sweep down from the high mountains, rain storms follow the great valley's expanses, and ever with broad and noble strength Nature works out



IN THE TULE.

her results in this land of gray and sunshine, this land of sphinx-like silence.

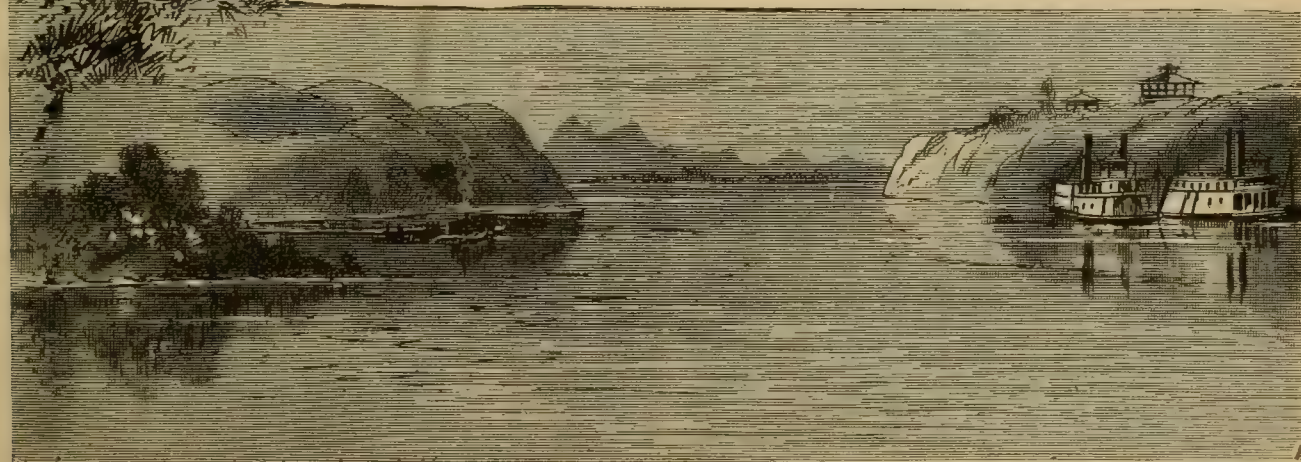
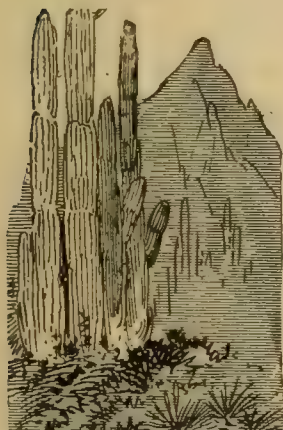
The railroad crossing New Mexico in a wavering course from the border of Arizona at Allantown to the Colorado borders at Raton and Antonito pass reasonably near many famous spots. South from Manuelito station near the western borders are the Zuñi mountains and plateau, and the often-described Zuñi town. North from Grants are the Navajos, and northwest are lava beds, the old ruins of Fort Wingate, and curious volcanic craters. The wonderful Indian fortress of Acoma is reached from McCarty station. Laguna, another noted pueblo, is near the line of the railroad. Santa Fé, however, is the historic heart of the Territory, with its old ruins, its churches, and forts, and traces of pueblos that Espejo visited three centuries ago.

Two of the famous "Pueblos" are Laguna and Acoma. In New Mexico "pueblo" does not merely mean a town. It means a communal city, — fort, — occupied by that sedate, brave, and interesting race, the Pueblo Indians. They are as superior to the California In-

dians as the Japanese are to the Ainos. They own live-stock and lands, which they cultivate. They are intelligent, industrious, and honest.

Laguna is a fortress on a rocky hill, three hundred feet or more above the Rio San José. A snow-clad mountain, Mt. Taylor, eighteen miles north, rises 12,000 feet above the sea. The hard, yellow sandstone rock is covered with a great group of houses of stone. No streets; a mass of broken walls, towers, and battlements, where the Pueblans fought their Navajo foes a century and more ago. Worn deep by the feet of the inhabitants, a channel eight inches or so in depth winds up the rocky cliff. In 1689 this pueblo was founded by the removal of the tribe from some less secure site. The pueblo elects its officers annually, only married men being allowed to vote. The nine officers of the pueblo form a monthly court, and decide all matters of importance, but in case of disagreement the "Old Men of the Pueblo" hold powers of impeachment, trial, and punishment.

Acoma is so poised on a wild cliff that the ascent is very difficult. It is five hundred feet above the valley, walled in like an ancient hill-fort, and generations of Indians have worn furrows in the rock, as they climbed the almost perpendicular crags. Eight hundred or a thousand people live here, making pot-



ON THE RIO COLORADO.

tery, tending their cattle in the valley below, or tilling their communal farm of wheat, beans, corn, and melons.

In all pueblos alike the roofs of the houses are covered with drying vegetables; red garments of the women flutter in the morning air; the pueblo maidens file in Moorish-like procession to the springs or wells; the men go forth to their allotted toil. In all, the survival of ancient and curious customs is remarkable. The Pueblo Indians speak Spanish and their own language, and often English besides. They listen with grave respect to sermon and lecture, but the philosophy of their ancestors is sufficient. The Zuñi harvest feast, the Moqui snake dances, are examples of customs of which each pueblo possesses its peculiar types.

The group of pueblos that center about Santa Fé, Apoga, Analco, Tegua, and others are probably the oldest in the Territory. There is a tradition that Montezuma said: "This province, the first of Aztlan, the pueblo of Teguayo, commands one hundred and two pueblos. Near Teguayo there is a great mine, in which they cut with stone hatchets the

ton and deer skins." They "tilled great gardens," and were "a people given to labor." In what is now Bernalillo County was the province of "Tiguez," where sixteen towns were situated. "Quirez," now the Santa Domingo pu-



IN NEW MEXICO.

eblo, contained 14,000 inhabitants. "Cia," now Zia, had "eight market places and 20,000 people." Jemez, then Ameies, contained 30,000 inhabitants, so Espejo thought, and Acoma, of which we have spoken, some six thousand. He also visited Zuñi and other large towns.

If these early accounts are to be trusted, and certainly the vast extent of the pueblo ruins seems to warrant some credence, the population of New Mexico three centuries ago was far greater than it is now.

The modern Pueblo villages, interesting as they are, prove less attractive to the archæologist than the ruins of elder communal buildings, and of still more ancient cliff-dwellers. The traditions of the Pueblos relate that their ancestors once lived in scattered houses, but were forced into close communities by the inroads of savage tribes from the north. Along the Mancos and San Juan rivers and on the western slope of the Zuñi range there are dozens of ruins of fortified houses, with a continuous outer wall, portholes, and observation towers. One near Zuñi is on a narrow peninsula



A LITTLE INDIAN.

gold of my crown." Espejo, the first Spanish explorer of New Mexico, writes in 1553 of "ten towns situated on both sides of the river (the Rio Grande), wherein there were above ten thousand persons." Their garments were "of cot-

of stone, joining a small mesa to the main table-land, admirably chosen and commanding the valley on both sides. It contains about two hundred and fifty rooms. The walls are of stone dressed to a uniform surface. The fortress was probably three stories high, and stone outworks still further protected it. Fifteen miles distant is the famous Inscription Rock, on whose sides are hundreds of names of explorers, frontiersmen, and army officers. The earliest legible date is 1606 and the names are of Spanish explorers. Near the Inscription Rock are cliffs in whose sides are clusters of cliff dwellers. Detached family houses are found near Lamy and at old Fort Marcy. Beyond the Rio Grande, in Santa Fé county, are many ancient cave habitations hewn out of the volcanic tufa. The cave-dwellings along the cañon of the Colorado have been described in many publications, but hundreds of ruins in New Mexico are equally worthy of study.

Throughout New Mexico the modern Pueblo dwellers are liked and respected by their white neighbors. They still number about ten thousand, the remnants of war, slavery, and the cruelties of Spanish conquerors; and there is no reason why they should not greatly increase, and again re-people many deserted towns. Honest, self-supporting, law-abiding, the Pueblo Indian is a type of man worth better education and ultimate citizenship.

New Mexican scenery has as its especial feature the wild rock masses, highly colored, and marvelously shapen by titanic natural forces; the deep gorges, such as Cañon Diablo, hewn in solid



ARIZONA DESERT SCENE.

rock; the rivers of lava and basalt; and the towers and flat-topped island-like mountains that lie in the sea-like sands. But nothing in New England is stranger or more weird than the Navajo church, with its twin masses of weather-worn stone, great as a cathedral, and clothed with a thousand Indian legends.

The missions of the lower Rio Grande region, founded between 1716 and 1791 in and around San Antonio, on the Texan side, by the Franciscan fathers, have seldom been illustrated or described. They are by far the most interesting remains of the Spanish era on the soil of the United States. The San Antonio Valero Mission Church became the famous Alamo, the "Thermopylæ of the Texan republic." Mission Concepcion is two miles from the city, and two miles below is the Mission San José de Aguayo, with its wonderful carvings. The principal doorway is about thirty-five feet high. Fronting the semi-circular dome are sculptured fruits and leaves. Above the keystone of the arch is a statue representing the Virgin; above this, again, are sacred carvings, a statue of St. Joseph, and friars in the Franciscan habit. These were the work of a celebrated Spanish artist, Huica, who was sent from



A RIO GRANDE CLIFF.

Spain to carve them.

There are in all seven missions, distant from one to fifty leagues from San Antonio, all worth visiting and all in ruins, but far more impressive ruins than any others in the Southwest. Father Antonio, who led nine Franciscan friars to the Rio Grande in 1716, was the Junipero Serra of Texas, but Catholic priests labored among the Indians of the region as early as 1554. By Indian labor the padres built the missions, dug miles of "acequias," or water ditches, through the broad Rio Grande Valley, and planted their vineyards and gardens. But Co-

manches and Apaches united to drive out the Spanish colonists in the days of Governor Cavallos and of Sandoval, the soldier of the frontier. Every dwelling on the Rio Grande became a fortress, and every town a refuge in times of raids. Hale's "Philip Nolan" gives a realistic and accurate description of the Spanish rule on the Rio Grande in that most important district where the Texas and the Old and New Mexico frontiers meet.

Along the frontiersmen's "Old San Antonio Road" from northern Mexico

to Texas, for a hundred and fifty years, trapper, merchant, adventurer, peon, and grandee went to and fro, and Comanches lay in wait, and tragedy and comedy alternated in that strange, Oriental past no more to be seen on the continent. Spain and France were both here two centuries ago struggling for victory. Slowly the men of Tennessee, Kentucky, and the earlier Southwest, with leaders like Bent, Houston, and Kit Carson, came into the valley, and climbed its great gray bluffs and took possession while Astoria was being planted by the foresight of the founder of the Astor family, and while Oregon was slowly passing from the domination of the Hudson Bay Company.

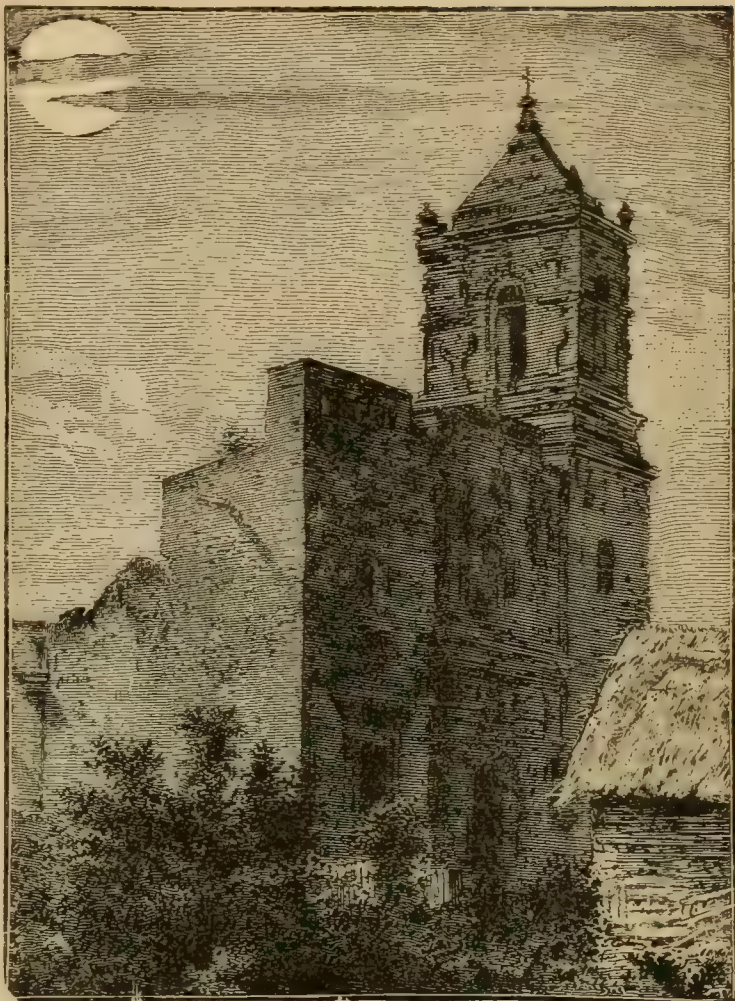


AN ARIZONA PUEBLO.—CASA GRANDE.

Years passed away, and California gold peopled the Pacific Coast, and created a State; the gold miners of California, leaving the exhausted "surface diggings" of the old Sierra camps, began to prospect the vaster areas of the Southwest. In 1847, when the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty was made, there was not a single white man in the Territory from the Gila to the boundaries of Utah and New Mexico. The Gadsden Purchase of 1854 added forty thousand square miles to our national domain. In 1856 the Poston expedition from San

Antonio entered the Southern region to search for legendary silver mines. Forts were established, mining companies organized, and the development of the Southwest was fairly begun. Then came the Civil War, the withdrawal of troops, stoppage of mail routes, and the fierce descent of the Apaches upon every miner's cabin, from the Rio Grande to the Rio Colorado, until every business enterprise was destroyed. In May, 1862, the "California Volunteers," marching overland, drove out Hunter's Texans, and reconquered the Territory, which then included both Arizona and New Mexico. Indian raids and the white men's reprisals and pursuits, rich mineral discoveries, and the founding of hundreds of "camps," lastly the railroad era, and now, with more stable industries a great and very interesting horticultural development, — these are salient features of New Mexican and Arizona history since 1862. Americans are gaining control there. The border ruffian is being civilized out of existence. Fifty years from now, though there will still be deserts and miles of cacti, and wildernesses of lava, as now, there will be large and prosperous farming communities. Careful use of rainfall and river supply will restore the Southwest of the pre-historic agriculturists, who dug the great ditches that now lie dry in the tropic sun. The Colorado will become the Nile of the Southwest; the Rio Grande will be its Euphrates.

Last of all, the important problem is: Which way does the Southwest lean? Is it of the current that drifts to Chicago and New York, or do its interests draw it towards San Francisco? A few years ago, when the Southern Pacific had just built through to San Antonio and on to New Orleans, it



OLD SAN ANTONIO CHURCH.

looked as if the social and business tides were all running towards New York. But now the drift is different; Western Texans, New Mexicans, and Arizonians like to deal with Californians and Oregonians. They "come inside" now and then, by which they mean coming to the Pacific Coast. I met a Rio Grande man lately at Los Angeles, and he said: "Had to come inside to get a breath of sea air; when I sell my mine I'll settle down in California." The region west of the Texan frontier looks to San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco as its natural outlet on the sea, not to the Gulf at Galveston, nor to the Lakes at Chicago. And the commerce of the great Southwest, with its mines, its forests, its pastures, and its valleys, is worth much to the Pacific Coast, and will be worth much more.

Charles H. Shinn.

HYDRAULIC MINING ILLUSTRATED.—I.

THE hydraulic mines of California have attracted the attention of all writers upon mining subjects. The handling of large masses of gold-bearing gravel was never in any other country carried to such perfection, and the history of the development of this industry from the rude appliances of early days cannot fail to prove interesting to the general reader.

The problems of engineering and mechanics involved in hydraulic mining are numerous and important. The miners of the Sierras have dealt with immense natural forces, and have accomplished gigantic results. But although writers who have visited the gold regions of California have perhaps sufficiently described the appearance of the mines and the salient features of the hydraulic system, little or nothing respecting the practical side of hydraulic work has appeared in print. For this reason there seems to be room for a plain and accurate description of the methods and machinery used in this system of mining, illustrated as minutely as possible, from working drawings made to scale.

The historians of mining trace the essential ideas involved in hydraulic mining to a very ancient date. Pliny, for instance, writes about quartz mining and placer mining. Then he speaks of conducting water in trenches from the highest mountains in order to wash out the gold, and adds :

New trenches must be dug in the plain at the foot of the mine, which form several beds for the falling of the torrent from height to height, until it discharges itself into the sea. . . . But to prevent the gold from being carried off with the current, they lay at proper distances good dams of ilex, a sort of shrub, which catches the gold. . . . The branches used on this occasion are dried and then burned. After this the ashes are washed, and the gold is gathered.

The primary principle involved in securing gold by the modern hydraulic process is that of gravitation. It proceeds upon the supposition that gold being of a specific gravity greater than that of any other substance with which it may be mingled, will be precipitated upon the bottom of the flumes used, and there coming into contact with quicksilver, will be coated with it. One particle thus coated adheres to others similarly coated, and an agglomerated mass of particles called "amalgam" is thus formed, presenting a less area of surface to the action of the water, as compared with its weight. The quicksilver is thus said to gather up or "save" the small flakes of gold which would otherwise be swept away by the current.

The famous placer mines of California were worked from the early days of '48 and '49; first, for a very brief period by "pick, pan, and shovel"; next by rockers; and afterwards by small sluices. Until the hydraulic system was introduced, no claim or mine used more than forty or fifty inches of water, — miners' inches, which will be described at length in a later paragraph. In working the small pioneer sluices where the banks were low, the bottom was first worked out by pick and shovel, and the top allowed to cave, or fall in. A small stream of water was then turned on to wash the dirt off through the sluice boxes. These boxes contained "riffles," or small strips of wood fastened across the bottom of the box, and two or three inches apart; between the riffles quicksilver was placed for saving the gold. After some years the practice of using powder for breaking down and pulverizing the banks before throwing the earth into the sluice became general, and is still efficiently used in hydraulic work.

The modern California hydraulic system as applied to mining is peculiarly American in the way it deals successfully with great forces. It consists in moving auriferous earths by heavy streams of water under great pressure. The entire face of a high bank down to bed-rock can be torn down and swept away by water applied through the system of pipes, nozzles, sluices, etc., as described in the course of this article.

In some parts of California the hydraulic system has been applied to "seam diggings," which consist of decomposed shales and slates, trending as belts in the country rock. In some cases the slates and shales have become so soft that water under high pressure will remove them. When hard streaks occur, blasting powder is used. In this kind of hydraulic mining, the sluice boxes used have unusually steep grades, say fifteen or eighteen inches in twelve feet, when from four to ten inches is the ordinary grade. In bank-washing, the usual form of hydraulic work, the water dislodges and disintegrates the material against which it is thrown, and removes it through channels natural or artificial.

The most extensive hydraulic mining done has been along the gold-bearing channels of the old Pliocene rivers of California,—dead streams that once flowed nearly from north to south at an inclination of from seventy-five to one hundred feet a mile. The Pliocene sea, also, has left traces of its former existence on the hills below the gravel ridges at points several hundred miles inland, and several hundred feet above the Pacific Ocean. Portions of California are crossed in various directions by the ancient river system known as the "Great Blue Lead." Its channels have been profitably mined and worked for gold for many years. The modern rivers have cut gorges or cañons from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred feet in depth, crossing the ancient ones east and west, and

so portions of the ancient river channels have been exposed, permitting the great system of hydraulic mining for which California is celebrated.

The beds of the channels of the ancient rivers are situated from one thousand to one thousand five hundred feet higher than the beds of the present living rivers, and they are from several hundred to several thousand feet in width. Gold is disseminated through this entire deposit, the gravel being richest in gold near the bottom or "bed rock." The gravel strata will yield from two cents to five dollars per cubic yard, and large nuggets weighing several pounds are occasionally found. The general average is of course lower; from carefully kept records and numerous calculations from many mines the average is given as from three to twenty-five cents per cubic yard. The cases are rare when the results on a large scale have exceeded these amounts from the surface to the bed rock. As for the amount of gravel moved, the material washed down by a number of claims through several seasons was 77,500,000 cubic yards, and the gross yield was \$10,000,000, the gravel hence paying about thirteen cents per cubic yard.

The color of the ground in the upper part of the deposit is generally red and white, and near the bottom or bed rock is of a deep blue and sometimes even green. The gravel is often cemented together, and when such is the case it requires blasting before it can be worked. The depth of gravel, as demonstrated by prospect shafts and practical workings along the course of the channel, is usually from 25 to 350 feet, the lower stratum being commonly known as "blue gravel."

The material, after being dislodged and disintegrated by the action of water, is washed into sluices, and the gold there retained by amalgamation with quicksilver, in connection with riffles, blocks, and other appliances to be described.

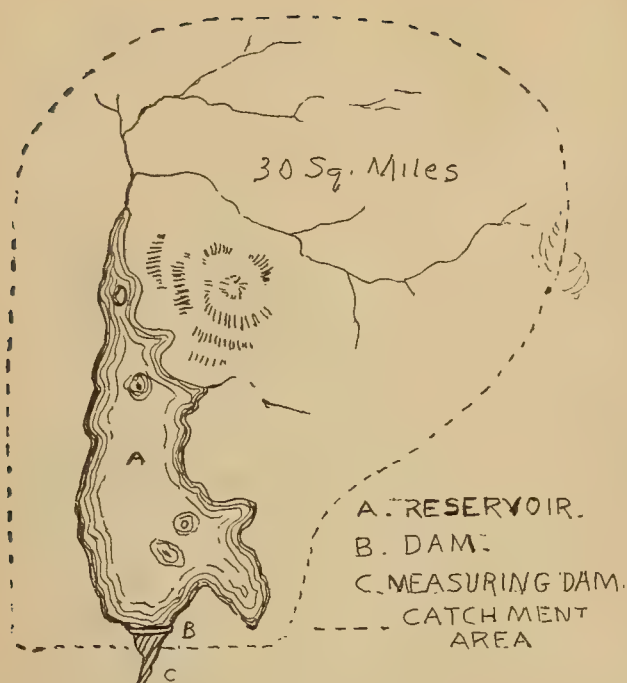


PLATE I.

There are four pre-requisites in connection with paying hydraulic mining :

1. Good "pay-gravel."
2. Sufficient fall to run off the material on lower ground or into a ravine.
3. Water in sufficient quantity and with sufficient head, or pressure, to work advantageously.
4. Sufficient space in which to lodge or safely dispose of the detritus or "debris."

The water sheds are all brought into use by so uniting them that their entire yield of water may be utilized and properly concentrated at the mine. This is done by selecting some deep gorge or valley of a sufficient elevation above the mining claims for storage, into which the water shed, must pour its drainage, forming reservoirs, some of immense capacity.

The illustration shows a reservoir formed by the dam B, and the catchment area represented by the dotted lines is intended to

enclose about thirty square miles of country that pours its drainage directly into the reservoir.

When a location has been selected, the storage capacity of the same is made available by erecting a bulkhead or dam at its outlet, of sufficient height and strength to retain a given quantity of water.

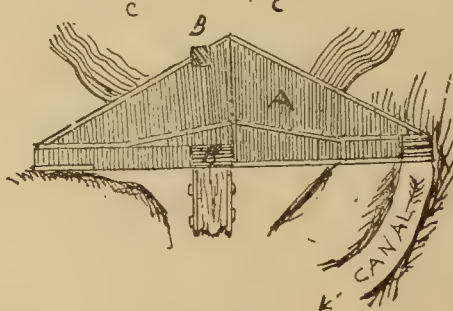
These dams vary in form, and the plans in use are as numerous as the engineers who are engaged to plan them.

One kind of structure is shown in plate 2, forming a reservoir 90 feet high, and represented as holding in place 900,000 cubic feet, or nearly 7,000,000 gallons of water, and to resist when full a pressure of about 12,000 tons against the dam.

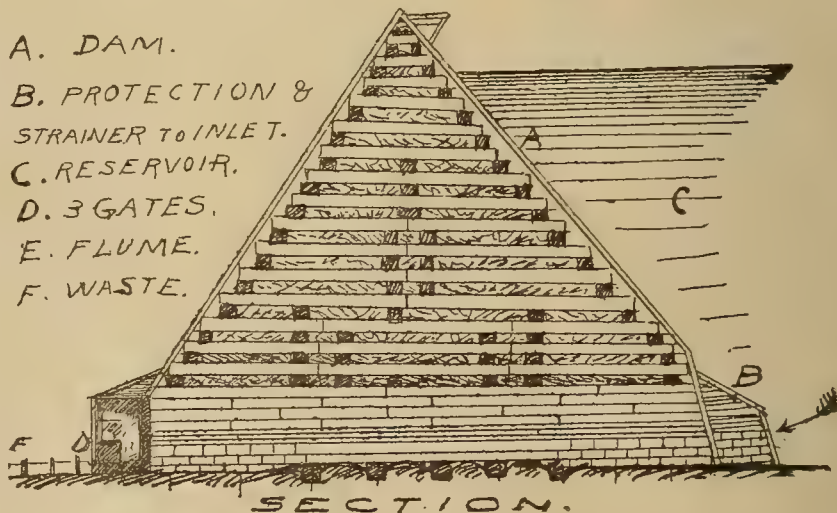
At the bottom of this dam, at point D, in plate 3, are located the head-gates; which admit of the water being discharged from the reservoirs in such quantities as may be required for the carrying capacity of the flumes below.

These head gates are placed near the base of the dam, and are of various

RESERVOIR PLAN.



- A. DAM.
B. PROTECTION & STRAINER TO INLET.
C. RESERVOIR.
D. 3 GATES.
E. FLUME.
F. WASTE.



SECTION.

PLATES 2 AND 3.

devices. The following is a sketch of one that has given satisfaction.

A, A, A, are 16-inch pipes. B is a cast iron box 6x2x2. There are gates with screw lifts. The water leaving these head gates may be discharged directly into the flume or into a reservoir, out of which it can be measured by a measuring box or over a weir.

In hydraulic mining the amount of water is calculated in "miners' inches." There is, however, no generally recognized standard of a miner's inch of water in California. The only legal reference to the inch of water in California is contained in Section 1415 of the Civil Code, and this applies only to the appropriation of water. It reads, "He claims the

and standard of pressure or height of water above the slot is six inches, the slot being cut in a one and a half inch plank.

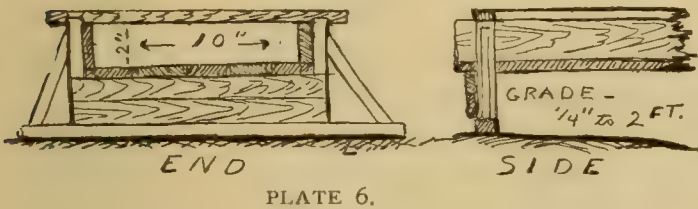
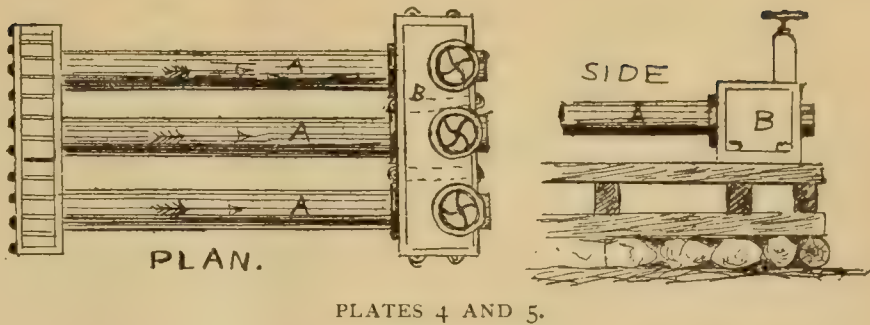
For measuring small quantities of water the following plan is adopted:

The water is introduced into a measuring box. This box is simply a level platform of plank (A) made water-tight, and of any desired dimensions, say ten feet by ten feet, with the side (B) of plank fourteen inches high. (Plate 7.)

Instead of cutting slots or apertures in these sides, the bottom edges (BB) do not touch the platform by one inch between the platform and the bottom edge of the side plank, through which the water passes outward, and is thus measured. The bottoms of the sides are thus divided

into spaces of one inch high by twenty inches or more in length, separated only by the posts (C) that support the sides.

It is evident that these apertures can be closed at will. If one hundred inches of water be required, five of these apertures are left open and the others closed. Water is admitted to the box through a gate in the center of the bottom of the



water to the extent of [giving the number] inches, measured under a four-inch pressure." The inch of water, however, is based upon the quantity that will pass through an aperture one inch square, with any given head or pressure above the top of the aperture. Through an aperture one inch high and ten inches long would be a measure of ten inches of water. The quantity of water that will pass through this slot, is dependent upon two conditions: one, the height of the water, or the pressure above the top of the aperture; and second, the thickness of the plank through which the slot or aperture is cut. The more generally accepted mode of measurement

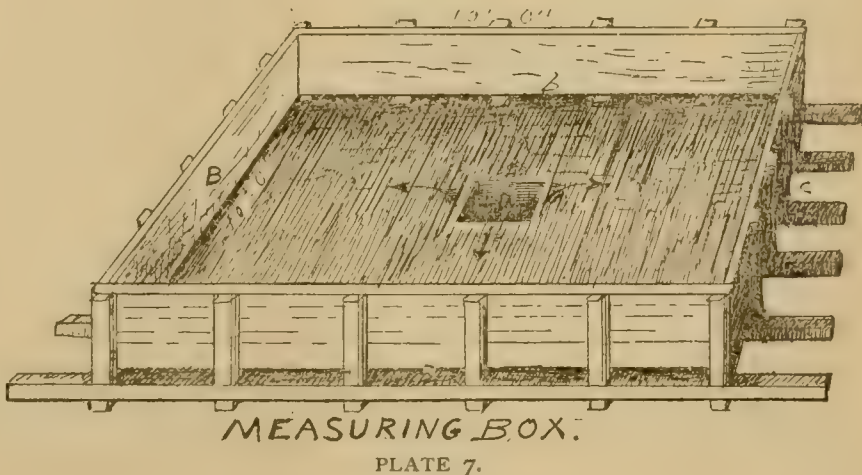




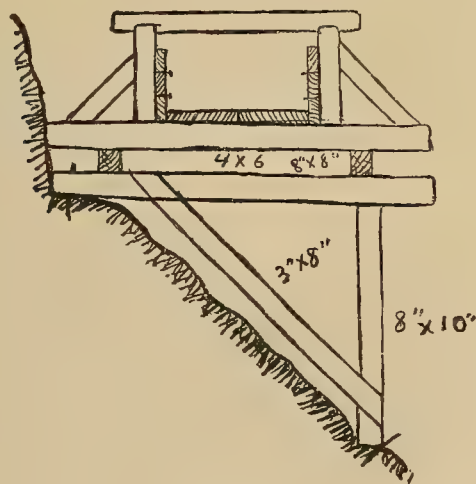
PLATE 8.

platform (D) until it maintains a constant height or pressure above the top of the apertures of six inches. The quantity of water that will pass through the five 20-inch openings will be called one hundred inches, "miner's measurement." This is the standard of the South Yuba Canal Company, and is perhaps more generally recognized than any other.

The North Bloomfield Gravel Mining Company's method and standard is as follows: An aperture $12 \times 12\frac{3}{4}$ inches, with a head or pressure of six inches above the top of aperture, will discharge two hundred inches of water; viz, one inch equals 2,230 cubic feet.

The standard and method of the Eureka Lake Company is a six-inch pressure or head over a two-inch aperture. This will discharge 2,267 cubic feet per square inch of aperture every twenty-four hours.

Under the above conditions the inch of water will equal very nearly 2,000 cubic feet in twenty-four hours.



PTATE 9.

The above description is intended simply to illustrate the method by which the inch of water is established. If the

pass through it than through the one-inch aperture.

But no matter what the size or form of the opening or the pressure, the quantity of water passing through it, in miner's inches, is referred to the base or standard measure of six inches head over a one-inch aperture.

Thus, if the aperture be 2×20 inches, that is 40 square inches, it would probably pass more than 45 inches of water. It must be remembered that different water companies adopt different standards, and that the above applies only to those who adopt the standard of a six-inch pressure over an inch aperture.

Some companies adopt for a standard a six-inch pressure over a two-inch aperture. In this instance, of course, the inch of water would be more than if measured by the standard of the South Yuba Canal Company. In other instances as low as a four-and-one-half-inch pressure over a one-inch aperture is adopted. In such instances the inch of water would be less. In general terms the inch of water varies in different parts of the State from 1,800 to 2,230 cubic feet in twenty-four hours.

From the measuring box the water flows through flumes and ditches to its point of final use. These flumes and ditches vary in length from ten to one

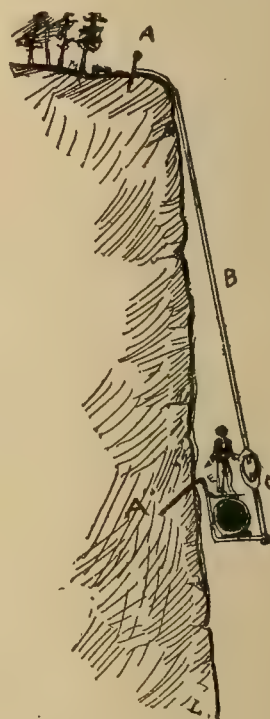


PLATE 10.

aperture be two inches high with the same pressure above the top, more than double the quantity of water will

hundred miles. Of course one system of ditches may, and usually does, supply a number of different mines.

The aggregate length of the main canals and ditches in California, mainly built for hydraulic mining, is nearly six thousand miles, exclusive of nearly one thousand miles of subsidiary ditches. At least twenty-five million dollars are invested in these improvements alone. Large sums have also been spent in opening and fitting out mining claims and bringing them into condition to work. One hundred million dollars would be an approximate estimate of the value of the hydraulic mines with their ditches and improvements.

The flumes, which form part of these canals, when excavation is not advisable, are of wood, as shown in cut 8.

The grade of the flume is about ten feet per mile, and where steep side-hills or rocky slopes are met with, are often constructed as shown in cut 9.

The size of the flume varies with the amount of water to be conveyed, and with the grade on which they may be laid. When perpendicular cliffs are met with for short distances, pipes and sometimes flumes are suspended from their sides, as shown in plate 10.

Iron pins are set in the solid rock at the top of the cliff. Iron brackets are suspended from two-inch holes drilled at an angle of 50 degrees in solid rock 2 feet deep. A suspension rod, (B) with a turn-buckle at (C) is used. There is a runway (E) on top of the pipe. This is again shown on an enlarged scale in 11.

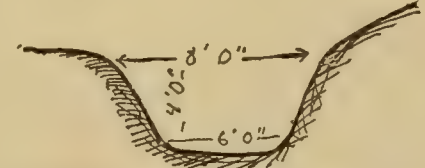
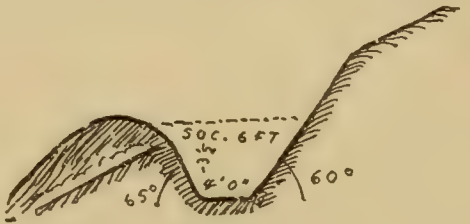
For the purpose of an outlet to waste water, or to cut off the supply at the

mine, in case of necessary repairs below, waste gates are introduced along the line of the conduit, as shown in figure 12.

When ditches can be built at a less cost than the wooden flumes, they are usually made as shown in plates 13 and 14. The grade is twelve or fifteen feet per mile. The ditch is graded in



PLATE 12.



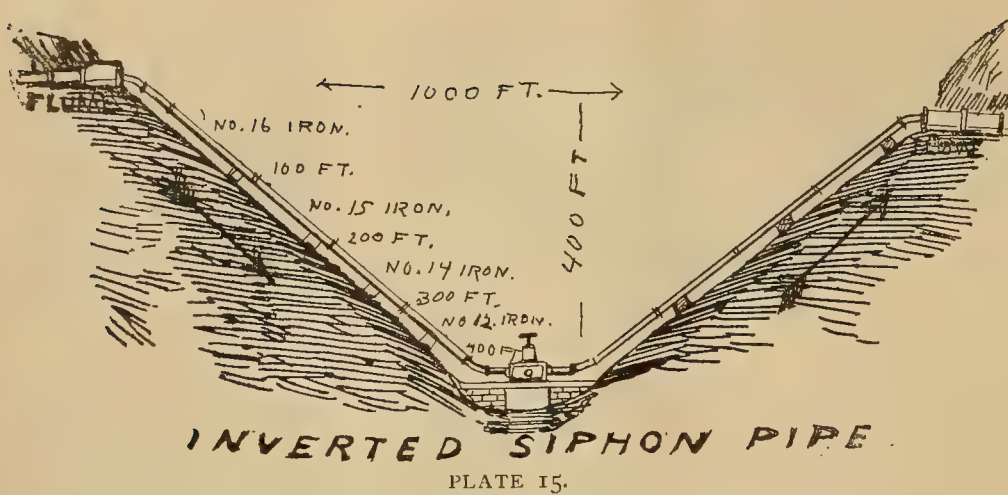
PLATES 13 AND 14.

from the slope pegs 6 inches to 36 inches.

Ditches are built of the following dimensions and grades in various parts of California:

Top	Bottom	Depth	Grade.	Capacity inches
8½ ft.	5 ft.	3½ ft.	12 in. to 16 ft.	3,200
6 "	4 "	3½ "	12 " 25 "	3,000
8 "	5 "	4 "	9 " 25 "	1,700
8 "	4 "	3 "	13 " 25 "	2,500
9 "	6 "	4 "	7 " 8 "	3,000

All trees within fifteen or twenty feet of the upper edge of the bank are cut down; logs and brush are removed from the lower bank.



The pipe has a diameter of thirty inches, is over two miles in length, and is constructed of the best boiler iron, the heaviest size being three-eighths of an inch thick.

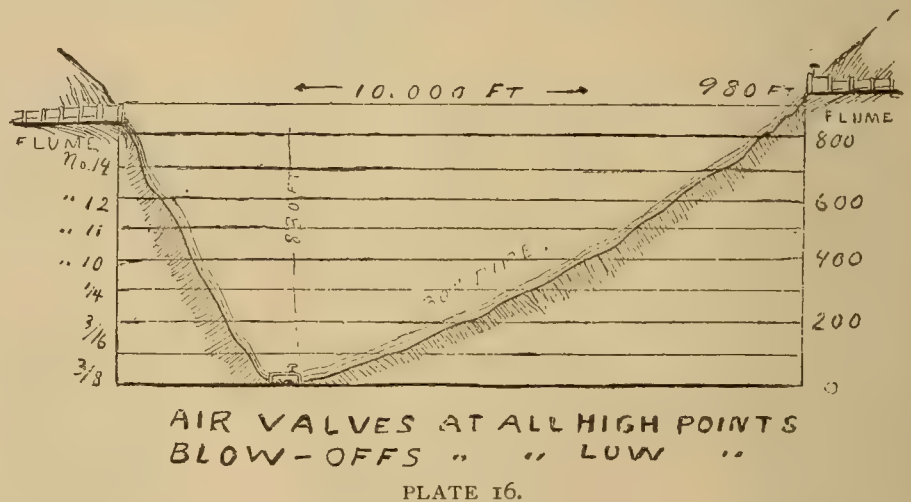
As plate 16 will show, the pipe on

When valleys or great depressions of the country are to be crossed, and it is impossible to follow around on the necessary grade, piping is often resorted to, as shown in plate 15.

One hydraulic mining company "The Cherokee Flat," of Yuba County, overcame a depression of between 800 and 1,000 feet with piping. The water is carried in a ditch or flume to a point on one side of the depression nine hundred and eighty vertical feet higher than the lowest point where the crossing is made.

one side is one hundred and fifty vertical feet higher than the pipe on the other side, where the water is discharged, so that there is a head of one hundred and fifty feet.

The water, however, during its great-



A sheet-iron pipe receives the water, carrying it down the slope of the mountains to the bottom, thence up the opposite side to a vertical height of eight hundred and thirty feet, whence the water is discharged again into a ditch or flume and carried to the miners for use.

est supply and heaviest discharge, never rose more than fifty feet on the one side over the point of its discharge on the other side, and was there estimated equal to 1500 inches, miners' measure. This pipe was sustaining the greatest pressure of any in the world up to 1872, when a project for conveying water across a valley in the State of Nevada was inaugurated.

The above illustration will give an idea of the country over which this undertaking was carried out, as it shows a profile of the pipe.

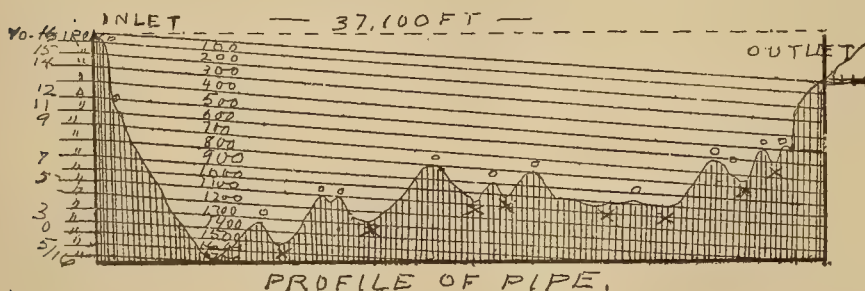


PLATE 17.

The *x* marks indicate the location of blow-offs. The *o* marks represent the air valves. The figures on the side of same show the number of iron used under various pressures.

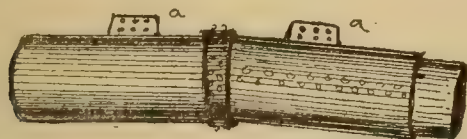


LEAD JOINT.

PLATE 13.

The perpendicular column of figures from 100 to 1,700 indicates the pressure on the pipe at the point where the parallel lines strike the profile. The inlet has an elevation above the outlet of four hundred and sixty-five feet, only three hundred feet of which are used. This head carries two million gallons or about one hundred miners' inches of water through the pipe every twenty-four hours, its fullest capacity being about 2,300,000 gallons or 120 miners' inches. When the water is running with its present supply it has a pressure of 1,720 feet perpendicular or 700 pounds to the square inch. Under a test the pressure was brought up to 800 pounds to the square inch without injuring the pipe. Before shipment from the foundry the pipe stood a pressure of 1,400 pounds to the square inch.

The great difficulty in bringing the water over the proposed route was the necessity of crossing a valley several miles in width, with steep and precipitous sides, where the pipe in the shape of an inverted syphon would have to sustain a pressure of over 1,700 feet perpendicular. The work was entered to by Mr. Herman Schussler, who feel-



ELBOW FOR SHORT CURVE.

PLATE 19.

ing assured of the practicability of the plans, commenced operations in the spring of 1872. The requisitions for iron and rivets consisted of ten different numbers of the Birmingham gauge, graduated from No. 16 to No. 0.

During the first month that the water was turned through the pipes, great difficulty was experienced with the lead joints in the pipe, on account of expansion and contraction, but by the application of proper apparatus hereinafter described the pipe was made perfectly tight and safe.

Plate 18 shows one of these lead joints which is made between pipes of 26 feet, 2 inches in length. *A* is a wrought iron collar always one-sixteenth of an inch thicker than the thickness of the iron in the pipe connected.

The collar is five inches wide. There

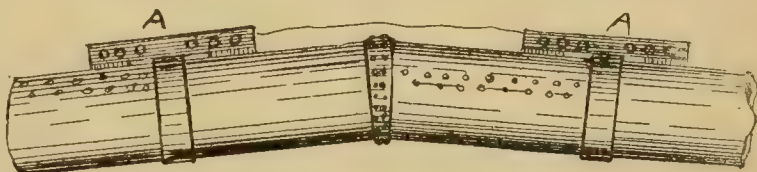


PLATE 20.

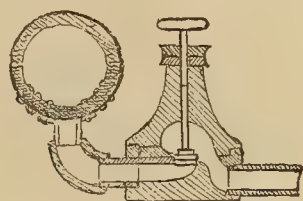
is a play of three-eighths of an inch between the inside of the collar and the outside of the pipe. *B* is the lead which runs in and is then corked up tight from both sides, the thickness being three-eighths of an inch. *C* is a nipple of No. 9 iron riveted in one end of each pipe by means of six three-eighths inch rivets.

The above plate (19) shows the elbow used for the purpose of making short curves in the line of the pipe around rocky bluffs, through sharp cañons, etc. *A*, *a* are angle irons riveted on the pipe on the outside of the curves, which by means of iron straps are connected with the corresponding angle iron on the next pipe.

Plate 20 shows the manner in which the pipes and elbows are strapped together whenever the curve is sufficiently short to require this precaution against

an outward movement. The strap *A* is put on the outside of the curve to strengthen the pipe.

Plate 21 shows the blow-off that is



BLOW-OFF.

PLATE 21.

used in every low place, indicated in the profile by an *x*.

Plate 22 shows the self-acting air valve used at every high point on the line of pipe. When the water is on, the valve *a* is kept wide open, the small valve *c* is shut, while the valve *b* is shut by the pressure. If any air accumulates in the pipe on the elevation where this air-cock is placed, it is occasionally blown off by opening the cock *c*. Should a break occur in the main pipe line at a point lower than the air-cock and within its district, the valve *b* falls down and admits the air into main pipe, so as to prevent a vacuum and consequent collapse of the pipe. Should the valve *b* get out of order, the valve *a* is shut, and the valve *b* taken off and repaired. After a break in the main line is repaired and the water let on again, the valve *b* being

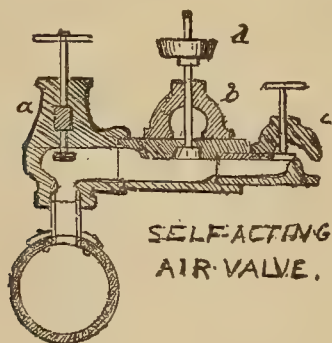
SELF-ACTING
AIR-VALVE.

PLATE 22.

down or open, the air rushes out, the stem being weighted down by the weight *d* so as only to close when the solid water begins to rush out.

Plate 23 shows the method of tighten-

ing leaky lead joints. *A* shows the clasp and its application for forcing back the lead where it may have worked out on account of the longitudinal working of the pipe by expansion and contraction. This is shown both in perspective and in cross section. The clamp *d* is used to keep the lead in place after it has been forced back by clamp *a*. *C* and *b* show a side view and elevation of clamp *a*.

All the iron pipe used is coated inside and out with a mixture of asphaltum and coal tar thoroughly boiled together, each separate piece being plunged and rolled about in a bath of this mixture for from seven to ten seconds. The average diameter of the pipe is 11½ inches, and its entire weight about seven hundred

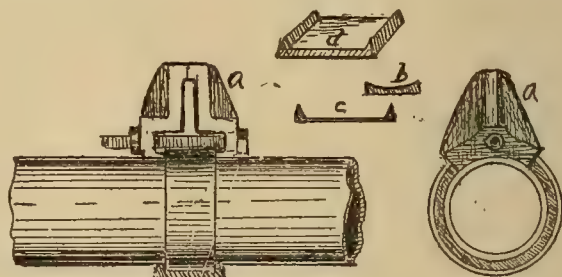


PLATE 23.

tons. Nearly one million rivets were used to manufacture it, and thirty-five tons of lead were required in making the joints.

At the point of heaviest pressure the iron is No. 0, (five-sixteenths of an inch thick), and is hot riveted with five-eighths inch rivets, there being a double row on the straight seam, and a similar row on the round seam. The pressure gradually decreases as the ground rises to the east and west, and the iron decreases in thickness from five-sixteenths to one-sixteenth of an inch toward both inlet and outlet. But in its course to the outlet, it having to cross a great many spurs and sags, the iron varies continually according to the pressure.

We have thus traced the water from its gathering in the mountains over most of its trip to the mine. The remaining problems of the journey and the

methods of using the water to wash out the gold will be explained at another time. These articles are written with the hope that this simple record may be of service to some, and place on record what the hydraulic miners have done.

The writer claims nothing original, and acknowledges valuable assistance and information from the many engineers of hydraulic mines, and more especially the Messrs. Robinson, of North Bloomfield, and Mr. Herman Schussler.

Irving M. Scott.



BLESSED RAIN.

DUST and ashes,—desolation
 Long has lain upon my field:
 What the hope of any yield?—
 How could sad imagination
 Picture what the free oblation
 Of the showers has revealed,—
 This upspringing new creation?

S. W. Eldredge.

THE STORY OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

ONE evening as I was busily reading at the Public Library, I was recalled to the unities of time and place by a touch and the announcement that it was time to leave. My informant was an old, spectacled gentleman with a scholarly look, whom I had noticed half reading, half dreaming, at the further end of the table. As I left the building, the old gentleman fell into step with me and walked down Broadway toward the train.

He was a stranger to the Coast, he

said, traveling for his health, which had been ruined by close application to business and study. Finding that my reading for the evening had been in the line of his specialty, he entered into a eulogy of chemistry, followed by a series of prophecies of the future development of that science.

From hints that he let fall I suspected that he had spent years in endeavoring to discover some chemical fact or law of which he had an inkling. My questions were framed to draw him

out and were soon successful, for when we reached Ninth Street my companion said:

"Let us turn off Broadway, and if you will listen I will tell you the history of my life and chemical researches."

It had begun to rain, so we took shelter in a deep doorway, where the old gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Ross, began his story.

"When I was a junior in the New York School of Mines, the lecturer on chemistry was old Professor Reinhart. One day in the 'lab' he told the class that years before he had made a wonderful discovery. It was a process of treating combustible material so that it would burst into flames at any future time agreed upon, the time to depend upon the proportions of the composition used.

"We had great respect for the Professor's knowledge, but any such 'spontaneous combustion' nonsense as that was too much. Well, but the Professor wished to perform the experiment before the class, that we might be convinced. We were willing, of course, so he took a piece of tow, the time was appointed at the middle of the lecture hour on the following day, and he retired to his private lab.

"The men talked it over and decided that it was a trick either to enforce something that the Professor would tell us, or to teach us to look out for circumstances that might invalidate the results of original work. We appointed Alec McDowell, my chum, to have charge of the tow after it was prepared. Alec was a keen young Scotchman and a match for any trickster, off the stage or on. In fact, he had completely spoiled several spiritual seances only a few weeks before. Professor Reinhart was a plodding old German chemist, so we had no fear of his being too much for Alec. We'd learn what was intended, but if any 'funny business,' as you youngsters call it, was attempted, we'd have a laugh at its failure.

"In perhaps fifteen minutes the Professor returned, bringing the tow in a drying dish. It had slightly changed its color, and under a glass appeared to carry minute crystals between its fibres. An almost imperceptible vapor rose from the dish, showing that a solution had been evaporated from it. This vapor had an odor different from that of any reagent known to us.

"The Professor said the tow should be sealed, but not hermetically, in a jar. Alec selected a large graduated cylinder with pouring lip, into which the tow was dropped. An evaporating dish was inverted over the cylinder, a piece of heavy paper stretched over the whole top, perforated, to allow free passage for air, and sealed with wax bearing the impress of Alec's sleeve button. The cylinder was then locked in the gas chimney, and with great ceremony the door was sealed from top to bottom with numerous sleeve buttons and watch charms.

"The next day when we assembled the Professor was calm and confident, we were anxious and excited. The gas chimney had not been opened, the seals on the jar were intact. The jar was placed on the laboratory table in plain sight of all, and the regular lecture began.

"Two minutes before the appointed time every watch was out, every eye on the jar; the room became perfectly quiet; the Professor leaned forward, his eyes intent on the tow with a wild look in his face, which we all remembered afterward. A wreath of smoke, a tiny tongue of flame on the extreme edge of the tow, and then the jar was filled with fire."

Mr. Ross stopped and took off his hat. His face was flushed; he had been speaking excitedly the last few moments.

"Do you wonder why I grow excited when I tell that part of my story?" he said. "I have given forty years of my life and a large fortune to see that thing again. But that is the rest of my story.

"We all stepped down from our raised seats to examine the queer, variegated

flames that filled the jar, and to congratulate the Professor. All but Alec: he remained in his seat, his fingers in his hair, his head bowed, and *think* written all over him.

"When we had returned to our seats, the Professor unrolled several diplomas from societies certifying to the genuineness of the discovery. There was one from the Deutsche Chemischen Gesellschaft, one from the Société Chimique, one from the Royal Society, and others. All contained clauses warning the discoverer against making his secret public property, for fear of the direful consequences of its use by unscrupulous persons. 'Just think,' said the Professor, 'I might distribute a thousand piles of tow in this city, all arranged to blaze at midnight a week from tonight. The tow might be tucked in cracks between boards, or any other place, and who could avert entire destruction of the city when the appointed time came?'

"He would tell us nothing more of it, except that it was very simple, and might be re-discovered by any of us.

"He pushed aside the jar and resumed his lecture, when the college bell gave that hurried clank that warns even dumb beasts of danger.

"The building was on fire. Two hundred men, many of them crowded in lecture rooms, others surrounded by powerful chemicals, corrosive and explosive, in that high old college, the stairs narrow and winding.

"In a moment we were in the corridor, fully aware of the danger, knowing that already, perhaps, escape was cut off, for we were in the third story, and there were two more above us.

"Through the windows at one end of the corridor we could see smoke. Three members of the college fire-brigade laid a hose from the plug in the middle of the corridor to the stairs, where they were met by the brigade men from below. 'Professor Reinhart's lab,' yelled one of them.

"In an instant we saw it all. The Professor had spilled a drop of the solution on the floor; it had ignited simultaneously with the tow in the jar, and the fire had just been discovered.

"The Professor was the first to reach the door, through which he bolted without waiting to see what was beyond. As he disappeared in the stifling smoke, we heard him mutter something in German, but we caught only '*mein Formul.*'

"The fire had made but little headway, and was soon subdued enough to allow a man with a wet sponge tied over his face to enter in search of Professor Reinhart. He was lying on his face beside the charred fragments of his writing desk, unconscious and injured. The contents of the laboratory were ruined, the Professor's valuable books and papers destroyed.

"He lay unconscious for a week, and then became delirious, though improving in body. As his physical condition improved, it became evident that his mind would never mend. The loss of his papers and the fumes of the heated chemicals had entirely unsettled his intellect.

"His speech was disconnected and wild. He spoke English no more, but rambled on in the Bavarian dialect of his youth, sometimes of his university life with its duels, sometimes of his early days in America, and the young wife whose days of happiness were so short.

"Alec and I, who were with him whenever it was possible, found our old respect for Professor Reinhart, the chemist, changing to a deep pity for Reinhart, the man, for his old life of sorrow and loneliness, which we had never suspected, and for his new maniac life, which he did not realize.

"At times he was violent, and then Alec and I were sent for if not already present, for it required two strong men to manage him, and he was sooner quieted by us than by any one else.

"One thing that made us endeavor to

be with him as much as possible was his tendency on some occasions to drop into technical talk. At such times he would seem to be nearing an explanation of the great secret. Once he had, in a violent fit, changed from his usual incoherent ravings to a demand that he might go to his laboratory to get the formula for his discovery.

"One evening, as we were sitting by him reading, he said with his old instructor's manner and in English, for the first and last time after the fire:

" 'Mr. Ross, what is the atomic weight of phosphorus?'

" 'Thirty-one,' I answered.

" 'And Mr. McDowell, what is the atomic weight of sulphur?'

" 'Thirty-two.'

" 'Well, what element has an atomic weight of thirty-one and five-tenths?'

" 'There is none known,' we both answered, wondering what was to come next, for the Professor seemed perfectly sane.

" 'To you,' he replied; 'but there is one, and it enters into that combustible compound.'

" 'What are the other ingredients?' Alec asked excitedly, anxious not to allow this opportunity to slip by unimproved.

"A malicious twinkle came in the Professor's eye as he answered in the words of the witches' incantation.

" 'Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing.'

"That night he nearly overpowered us in his ravings.

"Just before graduating I inherited a large fortune, and as the Professor's earnings were nearly gone and the asylums for the insane were not then what they are now, I decided to take upon myself, with Alec's help, the care of the poor old man.

"About this time I discovered that Alec was at work on the sly, trying to

solve the Professor's problem, and several times I had passed the night in my chair speculating on the same subject. At last, at graduation, came the necessity of deciding a question that had been put off from time to time. Alec admitted that with that secret unknown he should be utterly useless in the world, and I too began to feel the fascination of it; so instead of going, one to Australia, the other to Chili, as we had formerly contemplated, we decided to retire to my father's old house near Philadelphia, taking the Professor with us, there to work out the problem before separating for our life work.

"I placed the management of my property in the hands of a firm of shrewd lawyers, and then with my friends began a long term of steady work.

"Professor Reinhart took new life from us, and although a maniac in other things, he worked beside us intelligently in search of the solution to which he had lost both the written and the remembered key.

"Fourteen years of this life in almost complete seclusion,—then with the advice of my friends, I went abroad to visit foreign chemists. Two years in Berlin, one in Paris, and I was on my way back towards Munich, when in a *Gasthaus* my eye fell on this item in a Berlin paper."

Mr. Ross drew from his pocket an old leather-bound note-book, in which was pasted a clipping from a German newspaper. The item I translate as follows:

Strange Death of an Old Chemist.

Prof. H. Reinhart, a native of Garmisch, Upper Bavaria, a graduate of Munich, was killed under odd circumstances recently in America.

Eighteen years ago he was injured in a fire in an institution of which he was lecturer, causing him to become crazy. Since this accident he has been kindly cared for by friends, and has been allowed the use of a chemical laboratory in which to amuse himself. A few days ago he was sitting at a table mixing some compound of his own make, which exploded, killing him outright, seriously injuring his friend, and ruining the laboratory.

"Of course I hurried home as quickly as possible," continued Mr. Ross. "I found Alec recovering. He told me that poor Professor Reinhart had been at work for forty-eight hours without food or sleep, believing that at last he had re-discovered his lost art. I believe that he was right, but had accidentally inverted the proportions of some of the ingredients.

"After Alec's recovery we plodded on together in the old way, sadly missing the Professor, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing ground, till again, when we were near the solution, Alec fell sick of a disease induced by his old injuries. Eight months ago he passed to the other side, leaving me an old man without friends or home,—for the old house where they lived and died shall never see me again. I shall have need of a house but little longer. I've now, for the first time in forty years, realized that I'm growing older."

After a short pause Mr. Ross said:

"I've kept you a long time, young man, to listen to my woes, but I was very lonesome tonight, and the sight of your burly frame and the work you were doing this evening inspired me to confide in you. * I thank you for your interest; and now will you walk with me to

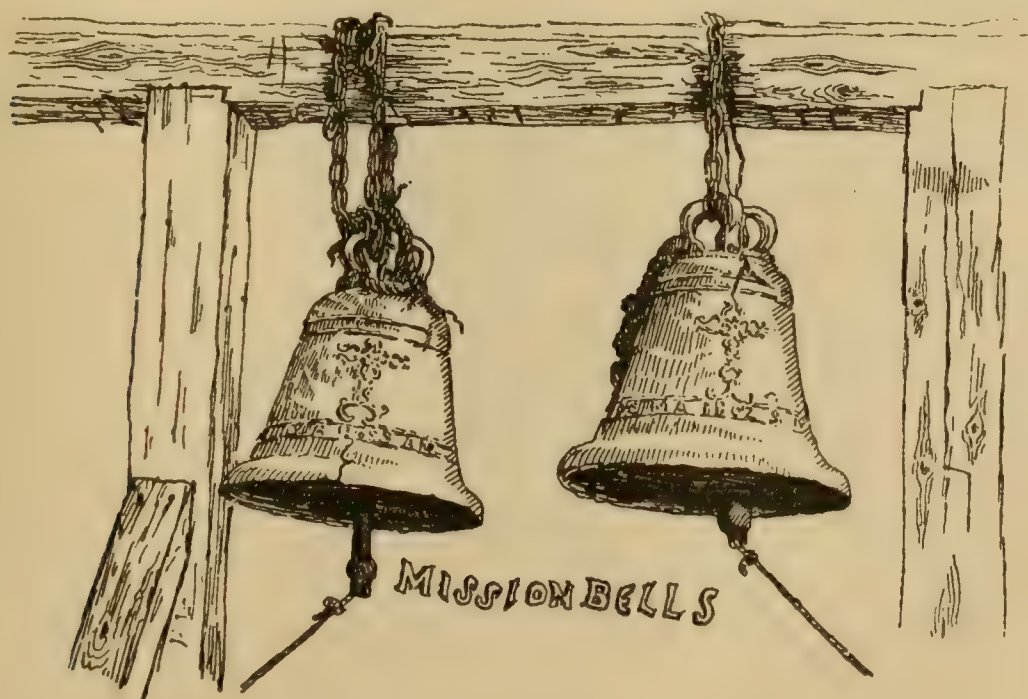
my hotel? I do not feel as though I ought to trust myself alone tonight."

We stepped out into the rain, the old man leaning heavily on my arm. At the hotel I left him with the promise to call the following evening, when I expected to find him very sick. But I was happily disappointed, for he was hearty and cheerful as in the early part of the previous evening. He showed me a large manuscript volume, which he called his "Transactions," containing the record of those forty years of research.

Just before I left he offered me this book, provided I would carry on the work. This I was only too glad to do; so now I possess all the literature extant upon the subject, and am at work day and night. I sometimes gain and sometimes lose ground, but I believe that Mr. Ross and his friend were nearer the solution than they knew.

I pray for success for my labors, that Mr. Ross may know before he dies that his own work was not in vain. He looks in on me occasionally when he comes up from his Pasadena cottage with a word of encouragement. He grows old rapidly now, and says that soon the Professor and Alec will welcome him where their problem and greater ones will lie ready solved.

W. T. Eastman.





A MOUNTAIN STORM.

WE had left afar behind
 The moors where the bracken grew ;
 About us the freshening wind
 In gusts from the gray heights blew,
 And the lamb's low plaint
 Came sweetly faint
 From the pastures damp with dew.

Below lay the lake asleep,
 By the mountain breeze unstirred ;
 And high o'er its bosom deep,
 Wooded and scarred and spurred,
 Wild peaks uprose
 In supreme repose
 By the racing clouds unblurred.

And sudden, or ever we dreamed,
 As we gained the grandest height,
 While the far steeps glowed and gleamed
 With slanting amber light,
 Above outspread,
 With omen dread,
 A storm-wrack dark as night.

'Neath a boulder seared and gray,
 While the tempest raved around,
 And blackened the brow of day,
 And shouted with angry sound,
 We crouched and saw,
 In breathless awe,
 The rain-drops leap and bound.

With a shriek like a soul in pain
 The pitiless wind rushed by,
 And sweeping the slopes amain,
 Re-echoed its wrathful cry :
 Far, far below,
 As if in woe,
 The valleys made reply.

But at last a lull there came,
And the white rain ceased to fall;
One peak was flushed with flame,
Then the mighty mountain wall
From east to west
Flared, crest on crest,
Till the splendor gloried all.

And a bow of promise spanned
Its brilliant arc in air,
That led from the lake and land
Like a heavenward-reaching stair;
The loud winds died,
And o'er us wide
The dome of the sky grew fair.

Clinton Scollard.



AT THE GOLDEN HORN AND THE GOLDEN GATE.

I.

THE sunrise cry from many minarets
Floats down the Maytime morning clear and cool,
From Asian shores a bland breeze westward sets
And stirs the almond trees of Istamboul.

As on the mosques the first rays slantwise shine,
And golden glory floods the gloomy gray,
The city of imperial Constantine
Uplifts her weary lids to greet the day.

The torpor of decay upon her lies;
Her heart is palsied though her face be fair,
Though still majestic to the changeless skies
Aya Sofia rears its dome in air.

Soon through her streets a motley concourse pours,
With turbaned head and sullen eye and brow;
While to and fro between the swarming shores
Dart noiseless, narrow boats with double prow.

What though the fitful glow of life seem warm,
There broods a fatal apathy o'er all:—
It is the hush that bodes the rising storm,
The calm that comes before the final fall.

II.

Far from the shrines where paynim Moslems kneel,
Their shaven crowns in prayer towards Mecca bent,
Serene she sits in ever-growing weal,
The youthful empress of the Occident.

Hers is no record of dark years of crime,
Of savage plunder, and of fire and sword;
Time has not touched her with his whitening rime,
Nor loosed upon her a devouring horde.

Her heart is as the heart of some young maïd,
Untrammelled by all bonds, and fresh and free;
And joying in her birthright, unafraid,
She bares her bosom to the western sea.

She is beloved by all — a mighty land —
The flag of freedom o'er her is unfurled;
And she might hold within her regal hand
The gathered navies of the whole wide world.

Deepen the shadows of the night of fate,
And darkness closes round the Golden Horn:
But radiantly above the Golden Gate
Breaks the resplendence of a glorious morn.

Clinton Scollard.



AT DON IGNACIO'S.

I.

A FEW summers ago I spent a week or two on the ranch of a friend, situated a few miles below Santa Bárbara. I think, everything considered, it is the most beautiful spot I ever beheld. It has a frontage of several miles upon the ocean, and it reaches well back to a spur of that most magnificent and picturesque range, the San Bernardino mountains. Nothing can be more delightful than the climate, or more exquisitely beautiful than the scenery of these semi-tropical valleys. Toward sunset some of the effects are utterly indescribable, as the rich, warm shadows gradually lengthen, and the gorgeous lights fluctuate from point to point, tinting peak after peak with colors of imperial splendor. I knew that my friend's beautiful wife was a native Californian, and that the property was a Spanish grant which she had inherited from her people, but I knew nothing more than the merest skeleton of their story, until I learned it during my visit from an old and privileged friend, who seemed to consider himself, and to be considered, almost as a member of the family.

You see, sir, I've been with Ned or his brother Will upwards of twenty years. His brother owns a ranch in Calaveras county, and a splendid ranch it is, too, in its way, although of a different character from this. I'd known the family in Virginia. The boys were sons of old Squire Heathcote of Fredericksburg, and our families were well acquainted, and had been for generations. So when I got sick of mining, and felt that I must get to somewhere where it was green or die, I just made tracks over to Ned Heathcote's and told him I was going to ranch it for a while.

Well, I struck them just at haying time, and right glad they were to see me, for likely young fellows did n't tramp around the country looking for work in those days,—leastways not about the ranches. Ned would have been glad enough to see me, of course, if I'd only gone up to loaf it for a while, but he knew very well there was no loaf about me. So I pitched in within half an hour of my arrival, and I've been with either Will or Ned ever since, from that day to this.

Ned knew all about a farm. I guess no better farmer ever went into that county. But it was a great big place, a splendid valley in the table land, several miles across in any direction, nearly round, and quite shut in by the bluffs, except at the two or three passes, which seemed as though they had been cut just for the roads to go through.

Farming in the mountains in those days meant pretty much raising hay and grain. There was n't a great deal of money in hay, even at the prices which ruled then, but when Ned first bought the place there was a cute young fellow, a Yankee boy from Maine, named Jake Mitchell, burning a kiln of lime in a corner of the ranch, from a ledge which he had found just where the land started up from the valley to the bluff. Ned, he allowed there was more money in lime burning than there was in ranching. Anyhow, he talked it over with Jake, and finding that the Yankee boy had a little money, they struck up a trade, Jake buying into the ranch, and putting in the lime kiln and the business as so much cash.

Well, whether it was the lime, or what it was, from that time they throve mighty fast. You see, there was always something coming in. It was n't nine months spend and three months' harvest,

but something was running and making money every day, — night and day, too, for the matter of that, for we never let the fire out of those lime kilns. Well, sir, those two men seemed to have been born for partners. You see, Ned was all go, and Jake was all thrift. Ned was one of the best farmers that ever handled a plow, and the Yankee boy could do anything and make anything, from a barn door to a Concord wagon. The first thing he went for was a hay press, which made the bales half the size that they used to make them those days. Then it was a new barn; then he built new wagons, and then made new harness; for the first thing we knew he had traded and dickered around so that we had three fine teams on the road, and nobody but Jake himself knew exactly where they came from, or how he got them together.

Well, Ned and his men they kept hauling all the time, lime or hay, or barley or bricks, — for Jake hired a lot of Indians to make brick, and the way he hustled them around was a caution. And then, you see, it was double action, for the teams always came down loaded with lumber, either for the ranch or for the miners on the river. Then, almost before we knew it, we had a good blacksmith shop, a carpenter shop, the finest barn in that part of the country, choked full of hay and grain, the whole place well fenced, and they had chickens, and hogs, and cattle by the score.

I had been with them two or three years, when I could see they were getting rich fast, and the boys, they allowed in a laughing sort of a way that it was too fine a place altogether for a couple of lone bach's. They deviled one another a good deal about it, and made bets as to who'd make the first plunge, and all that sort of thing, but with Ned I knew it was all talk. Jake, he was a sly sort of a fellow, and did n't believe in talking, even, for nothing.

So the first thing we knew, one fine morning he said, "Ned, I'm going down

to Stockton tonight to get married, and when I come back I shall bring my wife along. You can let me have this house, I suppose, and make a shake-down for yourself up in Don Ignacio's old shanty."

At first we thought he was joking, but when we came to think of it we saw he was n't. He'd been fixing up the house for some time, but as he was always dickering around, that had n't struck us as anything particular. Then he'd been building a pretty little light wagon with a cover, and that we'd deviled him a good deal about, asking him if it was to drive his sweetheart around, but he said no, it was for his wife, and then Ned could have it for his wife after he'd showed him the way.

Now if you want to mislead a man when he's deviling you, the best way is to tell him the exact truth, and he's sure to believe it's something else. Well, that was the way with us. Jake told us square out that it was for his wife, and we did not believe him, of course. But it turned out that it was; for not long after he wheeled out his buggy, — and a mighty pretty little thing it was for those times, — put in a couple of fine bays that he traded for up in Murphy's Camp, rigged himself out in a white shirt and full suit of broadcloth, and started down to Stockton.

Well, sure enough, we found that Jake had done the deed; for a few days afterwards towards evening as we were looking down the road, half expecting half dreading what was to happen, there was Jake, with the buggy and the pair of bays, and there inside, snuggling up to him mighty close, was a young woman who could be no other than his wife.

Ned looked at me, and I looked at Ned. First we were inclined to laugh, but we both felt nervous, — I know I did, and I could see that he did.

"Your nose is out of joint, old fellow," says I. "Jake'll be the cock of the dunghill from now out."

"It begins to look that way, does n't

it?" said he. "But let us go down and show her that she's welcome."

So across the field we went, two or three of the men following, and just as we got up to the fence by the road, Ned off hat and begun to cheer, we all following suit.

Ned jumped the fence like a boy, and running up alongside the buggy, pulled off his hat again, and says, "Welcome home, old fellow, and welcome to your bride." And then lifting her out of the buggy with his strong arms, he said in his finest manner:

"Madame, you cannot imagine how much pleasure it gives me to welcome you to your new home. I trust that you may spend many, many happy years in it, and I am sure that it will be infinitely pleasanter for us all, now you have done us the honor to come among us. Jake, I congratulate you."

Jake, who at first looked sheepish and awkward, seemed very much pleased at this, but his wife was just delighted. She held out her little hand in the prettiest possible way, blushed with pleasure, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Heathcote. I will certainly try to make it pleasant for you all, in return for your very cordial welcome."

So we could see they were going to be friends from the start, which was lucky, because, you know it might have turned out the other way, which would have made it unpleasant for everybody, more particularly for Ned himself.

We soon decided that Jake had secured a jewel. She was not exactly pretty, but bright, fresh, and wholesome looking,—a little too plump, perhaps, for grace, in fact, bordering on the roly-poly, dumpling figure, but lightfooted and spry for all that. She had a serious, conscientious look about her, as though considering just what ought to be done, and resolving to do it, which we found to be the fact, and a mighty pleasant fact for us.

The first morning after her arrival

any one could have told that there was a woman about by the look of the breakfast table. We had had a pretty fair cook, and there was nothing to complain of about the grub, but it was a bach's layout, and if you've ever lived in the mines, or on a ranch where there are no women around, you'll know what that means.

Well, she remodeled our cook, and then gilded him. I don't mean that she made him put on any particular frills,—anything in the Delmonico style,—but I tell you we felt like new men, and we jumped the fences as spry as squirrels as we walked across the fields to work. There's nothing like a good solid breakfast to prepare a man for a long day's work.

It was n't long before every man about the place blessed Jake for having had the sense to get married. That serious, conscientious look meant a good deal, we found. She had been raised East, and on a farm, where the men are well lodged and well cared for, and she would n't have any "shake down" of a blanket on a bale of hay, such as used to be the custom with the tramp hands,—and is still in many places, for the matter of that,—but she had Jake run up a good, comfortable house, under some shade trees by the spring, and saw herself that every man was well housed, as well as well fed. Then she would have no Sunday work, except just enough to keep the fire in the kilns. She got a Chinaman to help in the kitchen, and do the washing for all hands. I've heard say the Chinamen would n't be bossed by a woman, but she knew how to make them move around mighty lively, I can tell you.

It was some time before we could make out how Jake had happened on such a prize, but we found after a while that she was some sort of a relative of his,—a distant cousin, or something of that sort,—and the sly dog had sent for her, having an understanding about it before he left home. So that all the

time while he was bantering Ned about getting married he had a sure thing of it, all ready to his hand, only waiting the word. All I can say about it is, he showed as good judgment in choosing a wife as he did about everything else, and perhaps even a little better.

Mrs. Mitchell took mightily to Ned, and cared for him as though she'd been his sister. Jake kept deviling him about getting married, but his wife said, "Leave Ned alone; what does he want to get married for? Is n't he a great deal better without a woman hanging around his neck like a millstone, to drown him if he ever gets into deep water?"

"Why, you don't expect ever to drown me, do you?" says Jake.

"Not if I can help it," she said, "but who knows? Lots of women do drown their husbands. Let him alone, he might marry some one who would not like us as well as we like him."

Whether she was really afraid of something of the sort I don't know, but she certainly tried to make it so that he should want for nothing, and I used to think in hopes that he would not hanker after getting married. But somehow it all worked the other way. You see, Jake being married set him up a good deal. He was an uppish sort of a fellow anyway, and though his wife kept him in his place, Ned felt that he was a sort of playing second fiddle. He and I camped in Don Ignacio's old cabin, which had been made very snug and comfortable for us, but Ned felt that he wanted a wife of his own, and I could see that he was bound to have one before he got any gray hairs to warn him that he was getting on.

Jake had two fine, sturdy little boys, however, before Ned gave any signs, and I'd begun to think that he would n't make the ruffle after all, when he began to absent himself from the ranch more than usual, and we heard that he was paying attention to some widow over at Murphy's. We did n't think much

about this report at first, but after a while the butcher brought positive news that he was engaged, and I heard him tell Mrs. Mitchell that she was a divorced woman, and that her husband was alive. Mrs. Mitchell looked very much shocked, I noticed, and Jake swore that he would n't marry any woman whose husband was alive, if she was ten times divorced, not even if she was Queen of England.

"Hush, hush, Jake," said his wife. "What do you know about it? But if it is true, I hope he won't bring her here."

"Of course he'll bring her here," said Jake. "Where else would he bring her?"

"Something of that kind is what I've been afraid of all along, Jake," said she. "Oh dear, what are we going to do? What shall we do?"

"Do!" said Jake. "What *can* we do? He's a right to marry whom he likes, and it's none of our business, that I can see, so long as he is satisfied."

But he said it mighty bitterly, and I could see from the way Mrs. Mitchell looked that she felt very much cut up, and hardly knew what to say or to think about it.

Ned, he kept mighty quiet, but he soon saw that we had all heard about it, and was quick enough to see that the Mitchells had heard something which was n't very favorable to the widow. From that moment you'd have thought we were sitting down to a funeral at every meal. Mrs. Mitchell, she tried to be as nice as ever, and Ned, he tried to look easy and unconcerned; but even a stranger could have seen that something was the matter. Jake, who had a bad, awkward manner, looked glum and didn't try to hide it. Ned, he'd catch them looking at one another, and being mighty high strung would turn first red and then white, then look as though he wanted to say something which was on his mind, but he could n't bring himself to do it, and that made the embarrassment worse all

round. So that you see the trouble began even before Ned's wedding, and a child could have seen that no good was likely to come of it, to anybody on the ranch, anyway. But soon Ned began to fix up the old Don Ignacio house, and fill it with nice furniture. Then I knew the event was at hand.

One day Ned says to me, "Gus, I'm going down to Stockton in the morning to get married. Tell Jake that I'll want the team, and have it all ready for me, and I wish you'd tell Mrs. Mitchell that we will be back on Sunday."

"Why don't you tell her yourself?" said I.

"Why should I?" said he. "Jake did n't tell me when he went down to get married."

I knew what was the matter, that he did n't want to answer any questions,— anyway, that he was afraid some questions would be asked which he would rather were not asked,—so I said no more, though I thought it would have been better and wiser for him to have gone right then and there, and have made a confidant of Mrs. Mitchell, and have explained everything to her. I am sure now that if he had all trouble might have been avoided, but his pride kept his mouth shut, and instead of keeping his frank, hearty manner he had grown gloomy and dumb.

When I told Jake about the horses he just gave a surly nod, and when I told Mrs. Mitchell about half an hour after Ned had left that he had gone to get married and expected to be back Sunday, I saw that she felt hurt that he had not told her himself, but she only colored and said, "I hope she may make him a good wife, and that they may be happy."

But I could see that she had no expectations of either, and by this time there had been so much talk about it all over the country, that I began to feel doubtful about it myself. You see, people will talk so much about anything of that

kind, especially in a country place, and everybody allowed that poor Ned had been taken in and done for.

The day after Ned left, a team drew up to the old Ignacio house, and Jake called a couple of us boys up to help unload. He came himself to lend a hand but more to see what was going on than anything else, I guess. We unloaded a piano-forte and a lot of Frenchy-looking fixings. Pianos weren't common in those days, and we all stared a little, not knowing what was coming next. The teamster says, "I guess you're going to have a concert here from the looks of things." And by the way he said it we could see that he wanted to talk. There's more long tongue and gossip among teamsters than there is about any school-marm. That's the way I set them up, anyway.

"Yes," says Jake, in an encouraging way, "looks like it, does n't it? Have you seen her? Is she good-looking?"

"Good-looking enough," says he, "but if he don't have a time with that loafing lying husband of hers it's a pity. Guess if I got married I'd want to run the concern myself, and not have another man sneaking around as soon as my back was turned."

At this I got mad, and did n't want to hear anything more the fellow had to say; but Jake, he cornered him, and they had a confab there for an hour or more, none to the advantage of anybody concerned, I would stake my pile on it. Of course Jake, he filtered it all back to his wife, and did n't mend matters any, you may swear.

Well, Sunday evening just a little before dark, along comes Ned, driving mighty slow, as though he'd like it to get a little darker first. The Ignacio house lies back on the knoll,—or used to, for it's torn down long ago,—and Ned, instead of driving by the Mitchell house, took the road where it forks, and drove up to the knoll direct.

Jake, he was nowhere round — at least not to be seen — and I could n't help rec-

ollecting how Ned had received *his* bride. I hurried up to take the team, and Mrs. Mitchell, who had been standing at the door with her hat on, as soon as she saw that they were going to take the upper road, she walked over pretty fast, so as to be there when Ned's wife alighted, and as soon as he lifted her down she walked up to her and kissed her, and said, "Mrs. Heathcote, I am glad to see you. Welcome to the valley." But I could see that she was mighty white and trembling a little, and I knew it had cost her a great effort to overcome her prejudice and do her duty.

Jake ought to have been there to help her, but that was n't his way. He would sneak out of anything he didn't like, and perhaps if he had n't talked to the teamster so much he could have mustered courage to do his duty as bravely as his little wife had done hers.

Whether Mrs. Heathcote was offended that he had n't, and resented it on his wife, I don't know, but she seemed mighty stiff and cold, and in two minutes I could see that the women were never going to be friends. I think Mrs. Mitchell would have conquered herself if the other would have helped her to, but when Ned asked her to step inside, and his wife walked in without repeating the invitation, Mrs. Mitchell walked back to the house, and I could see she had tears in her eyes but with a mighty resolute look too.

There were no tears about Mrs. Heathcote. She was not of the crying kind, anybody could see that. I suppose the fact is Ned had told her that the news of their marriage had not appeared very welcome. A man can't keep anything from a woman anyway,—least of all a woman he has just married, although it would be a great deal better sometimes if he could.

I was around the house a good deal that first evening, and I was n't surprised that Ned had fallen in love with her, or that nothing could 'make him

draw back after she had once accepted his attentions. I thought they were a splendid looking pair, and well mated ; she tall and stately, fair as a lily, with a profusion of rich yellow hair ; he dark, bronzed, and stalwart, standing like a lion alongside of his mate, but as tender and gentle to her as a woman. I thought that she seemed to be very fond of him, but I could n't express the sort of feeling that he showed for her, though he tried to subdue it and not make it too apparent. That is the way lions love when they do love, I suppose, and he was a lion, every inch of him ; but it made me tremble when I thought what the general feeling about the country was, and how it would gall his proud spirit if any slight was put upon her. I would n't want to be in the shoes of the man who would slight her, anyway, although no man worth calling a man would slight a woman who had offered him no personal affront. Still it looked like a slight that Jake had n't been on hand with his wife to welcome her. I don't think he meant any affront, it was just his awkward, slinky way. He came sidling up long after dark ; I suppose his wife had made him. At first Mrs. Heathcote seemed inclined to take no notice of him, but Ned said, kindly :

"Kate, this is my partner, Jake Mitchell. We've been very good friends for many years, and Mrs. Mitchell has made it very nice and pleasant for me. I hope you will like one another, and that you will be to him what she has always been to me."

I saw that he had to exercise a great effort to subdue himself to say this, but he did say it, and the more impressively, too, perhaps, because of the restraint, and that his voice trembled a little with emotion.

Mrs. Heathcote turned at this and gave him a very gracious reception, but Jake was at his worst ; a more awkward, hang-dog sort of manner I never saw about a man. He did n't mean anything,

I am sure, but he had no breeding, and did n't have the art of concealing the unfortunate prejudice which he had permitted himself to feel. He shuffled off again just as soon as he decently could and a child could have seen that there was going to be no love between Ned's partner and his wife.

Well, they tried pretty hard all round to patch things up, at least at first, but they could n't make it. The trouble was, everybody would talk about what didn't concern them. Everybody wanted to know about the "Husband No. 1," as I heard one fellow express it, and about the divorce, and not being able to get at the facts, they invented lies, and then stretched and twisted even them, until there was more infernal scandal about that poor woman than any decent man or woman would care to listen to. It all came to Ned's ears, of course, as such things will, and I could see that he was burning to bring them home to somebody, and make an example of him.

He suspected Jake, I could see, though Jake was mighty shrewd, and kept his mouth pretty close. This being the feeling between the men, they quarreled and spit fire over trifles. Sometimes they would get to jawing absolutely about nothing, until I dreaded mischief between them; the more so that I saw Jake had armed himself, which was something I had never known him to do before. Jake was no match for Ned, who could have broken every bone in his body, but he was a very stubborn-tempered fellow, and would take no threat from any man, much less a blow, which I dreaded from Ned's hasty temper. At last things got so bad that they talked about dividing the ranch. But the ranch wouldn't divide; at any rate they could n't break it into anything like two equal parts. The Lord had made it for one ranch, and one ranch he intended it should remain.

Just about this time an incident happened that set the whole county to talk-

ing again. Ned, who had been over to Murphy's with the teams, returned just after dark one night, and found his wife in hysterics. She had been very much depressed lately. We had all noticed it, and Ned knew that something out of the common run must have occurred. He suspected what was the matter, and by close questioning confirmed his suspicions. The divorced husband was prowling around and threatening her, partly out of jealousy and spite, no doubt, partly to extort money. He was a ruined gambler of desperate character, not at all the sort of man to stand quietly by and see another man happy with the woman he had not known how to appreciate when he possessed her. He soon had Mrs. Heathcote in a state of mind bordering on insanity; for in addition to the agitation inevitable upon such a meeting, was the dread that the two men would meet, and that bloodshed would ensue. She had given the scoundrel all the little money she possessed, and even her most valuable jewelry, on condition that he would not molest her again; but he had fallen too low to heed any such promise. His soul was filled with hatred and jealousy, and a desperate, fiendish determination to destroy the happiness of his rival. It galled him to see the beautiful child which had been born to them, who seemed to have an instinctive dislike and dread of him, and who would not be coaxed by any persuasion or endearments to go near him.

So soon as Ned was in possession of all the facts, he armed himself and me, and together we quietly laid for my gentleman.

It was not long before we cornered him, stealing up to the house in the night, like the wild beast he was. He had another ruffianly bully along with him, but before they could draw we had them covered, and Ned says to his man, "Hold up your hands now, and see that you keep them there till I get through;

or, by God, I'll blow the top of your head off here and now."

I put my man through the same performance, but I could see that either would have drawn like a flash if we had n't been too quick for them.

"Well, what are you here for?" says Ned, looking mighty dangerous.

"Money," said the fellow, showing his teeth with a snarl, "You've got my wife, and I guess you can afford to pay a little something for her."

"How much," says Ned, mighty short, and biting his lips.

"Well, five hundred will do this time," says he, as cool as though he was selling a horse.

"This time! Just make up your mind that this is the first and last time; for, as God made me, if I ever set eyes on you again inside the walls of this ranch, I'll kill you on sight; so make a note of it."

"Maybe you won't get the drop on me next time," says the fellow with a savage scowl.

"I don't want the drop on you," says Ned. "Just step off ten paces, and I'll give you a fair show right now."

"Well, Captain," says the wretch, "I'm not on the shoot tonight. I'm hard up, and I came over to get a little money."

"Well," says Ned, "I'll give you a thousand dollars on condition that you never attempt to see my wife again."

"Enough said," says the fellow, "I'll take it."

"Understand, now," said Ned, "if you ever attempt to see her again, here or anywhere else, or if you ever put foot on this ranch again, I'll kill you."

"That's all right," says the fellow, "a bargain's a bargain. Hand over your thousand dollars, and it's a whack."

Ned then says to me, "You entertain these gentlemen a minute, while I go into the house and write a check."

At this, both the fellows burst out laughing, feeling good-natured, I sup-

pose, that they were going to get their money, but I kept a pretty sharp eye on them, you may be sure, until Ned came out again, and handed the fellow a check for a thousand dollars, when they both left, apparently in high feather.

I studied over this affair a good deal afterward. If it had been me, I don't think I'd have given any thousand dollars; but no doubt it was better than to have shot the fellow anyway. They had come to a distinct agreement, and I could see it was perfectly well understood that if the bully didn't keep his part of it, there was n't the shadow of a doubt but that Ned would keep his.

II.

"BUT I guess I'm tiring you, sir," said the narrator at length, "it's rather a long-winded story."

"Not at all," I replied, "I am very much interested; pray proceed."

"Well," he said, "it's getting pretty hot here, and my throat is getting a little dry. Suppose we walk over to my cabin, and finish the story over a glass of punch."

So over we went to a snug little place like a hunting lodge, built in a handsome grove of eucalyptus trees, and prettily decorated after the Southern fashion with rifles, shotguns, antlers of deer and elk, powder horns, skins of panther and wild cat, — altogether a very snug and charming little place, all kept exquisitely neat and clean. After brewing a light punch, which he served in a pair of dainty silver goblets, he resumed as follows:

Two or three years went by without any particular change, except that Mrs. Heathcote's little girl grew up to be the most beautiful child you ever laid your eyes on, and her manner was more taking even than her looks, lovely as they were. You looked at her and felt that you could never feast your eyes enough upon the

beautiful little witch. If the angels are more beautiful, no wonder we all want to go to heaven. But though Mrs. Mitchell was very kind and attentive while Mrs. Heathcote was confined, the ill feeling hadn't mended any, but rather grew from bad to worse.

One evening I was looking up some stock along the ravine, through the pass leading towards Don Ignacio's old place, when I saw a young fellow alight from his horse and walk towards me, shotgun in hand, evidently intending to bag some quail which were running among the rocks. As he neared me they rose. Quick as a wink he dropped one with each barrel, and they both fell not very far away from me. I picked them up, and as he approached to take them, something familiar in his face, style, and gait flashed upon me, and I said, "If you're not one of old Squire Heathcote's boys, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, then I'm a sinner."

"That's me, my man," he said. "I'm Will Heathcote, and who may you be?"

"You won't know me," said I. "I left home a little before your time. My name is Gus Wyley. I knew your father before you were born."

"Why, Gus," said he, taking me by the hand and wringing it so that I would have known him by the Heathcote grip if nothing else; "Why, my folks talk of you every day in the week. How strange. I came here to hunt up my brother Ned, who has got a ranch up here somewhere."

"Right here," says I. "You're not a quarter of a mile from the place. I'll walk up with you. It's just about sundown, and Ned will be up at the house. You know he's married?"

"So I've heard," he said, looking a little grave. "A very fine woman, too; divorced from a blackguard husband who is still alive, and making threats, I hear."

"Ah, well, then you know all about it. That's lucky," said I. "Did you hear about her child?"

"Yes, little Florence; very beautiful they tell me."

"Well, wait till you see her," said I. "There are some beauties you can't describe."

Well, sir, the arrival of Will Heathcote changed everything like magic. Ned and his wife had felt a sort of out in the cold, you know. Though they heard nothing, of course they knew that everybody was talking about them, and that there were plenty of lies afloat. But here was a stanch, warm-hearted, gallant champion, the more powerful, because in less than a month he was a universal favorite. He took to Ned's wife at once, appreciated her, and loved her for his brother's sake with a brother's affection. But what was better yet, he determined that everybody else should appreciate her and love her, and he was bright enough and genial enough to know just how to go about it.

It was Will and little Florence who finally conquered everybody. All good men are fond of little children, especially girls, but Will took the most remarkable attachment to that little one. He did not seem to be happy when she was out of his sight, and she was quite as devoted on her part. Florence was the most fascinating child I ever saw. People would travel out of their way just to look at her and get a word from her. Perhaps you have seen such. There seemed to be a winning grace about every movement, and a subtle charm of speech which fascinated everybody, and caused her, child as she was, to be known far and wide.

Well, cunning Will was determined to make everybody as happy as he saw they deserved to be. He began with Jake's oldest boy, a fine, handsome, well-grown youngster of six, with rich dark curly hair and snapping black eyes. Will coaxed him up to the house, made him a wagon and a wonderful windmill, and sent him home in a cap made of gray squirrels' skins, with a long tail hanging

down on one side, which the artful fellow had asked Mrs. Heathcote to make for him. The gray of the squirrel skin against the boy's curly black hair was very becoming. As soon as Mrs. Mitchell saw her darling boy returning proud and elated, she darted to him. The child was all absorbed in his wagon and windmill, but the mother feasted her eyes on the dainty and becoming cap. It was very tasteful and jaunty and richly lined with purple silk.

It soon came about that little Georgie Mitchell became specially devoted to Will Heathcote. Nobody could make such wonderful things, nobody could draw on a slate like him, or spin a top, or fly a kite, or was in any way to be compared with him in any respect. And as Will was always with Florence it soon happened that Florence and Georgie were marching around together hand in hand, and in this affectionate manner they walked into Mrs. Mitchell's. Florence somehow soon had her completely enthralled. So much so, that Georgie was sent up to Mrs. Heathcote's every day, with a request that she would let Florence come down to the house a while; for surly Jake, he too had taken a wonderful fancy to the child and the child to him.

Well, sir, when people get to loving one another's children, they're on the high road to loving one another, though they may n't know it or feel it; but an accident that occurred about this time made the change of feeling all round apparent to everybody.

I must explain to you that suddenly there rose a great excitement in the county against the Mexicans. Several daring highway robberies and atrocious murders had been committed by them, and threats were freely made by the Americans that if there was any more of that sort of thing, they would drive every Mexican out of the county. Now, we had an old Mexican living near us, our next neighbor, in fact, although his

place was a mile or more from us. This was old Don Ignacio, who had once owned the valley ranch, and several of the best ranches in the vicinity, for the matter of that. But, Mexican-like, he had sold them all, one after another, and was now as poor as a church mouse. He was said to have spent all his money, and nobody knew how he made a living, for on the bit of land that he could still claim, and which was called a ranch by courtesy, I suppose, they didn't raise a thing.

It was a queer, straggling old shanty they had on it, though it had been once considerable of a place. The old Don could be seen riding around the country at any time, after his cattle, I suppose, mounted on an old yellow horse, all skin and bone, which the boys called "Rosinante." You'd have thought the poor old beast was on his last legs, to look at him, but it took a mighty good horse to keep pace with him. I found that out, for the moment you would ride up alongside, the old brute would fire up, paw around, and begin to spit fire; and for an all-day horse they said he could beat the best animals in the county. The Don himself was a jolly looking old fellow, with a very dark face and a white beard, looking more like an old Moor or a Turk than a Mexican, but always very polite, a model of dignity and courtesy.

Well, the old chap, like everybody else, had taken a wonderful liking to little Florence, and when he was passing would always leave the road and ride up to the knoll to see her and talk to her. Sometimes he would coax her to take a little ride with him in front of the saddle, and during these excursions he had even taught her to lisp a few words of Spanish. I suppose the child was so much beloved because she was so ready to love everybody. One would have thought now that the dainty little thing would have shunned the gray, gaunt old Don, but no, not a bit of it. She would nestle in his lap in the saddle, throw her

dimpled arms around his neck, and kiss his grizzled bit of parchment, as though he was her grandfather. It was very curious to see them ride off together in that way, — old Rosinante firing up and going through the paces of his youth, to her great delight.

One evening the little darling was missing. She had been seen just before dark with young Georgie down by the fence near the main road. Georgie, on being interrogated, said that a man had jumped the fence, picked her up, wrapped her in a shawl, and carried her off on a horse, but he could give no description of the man, nor could any one imagine who it could be. At first they thought it might be Don Ignacio, but Georgie said positively it was not, and while they were still debating, their doubts were set at rest by the appearance of the old Don himself, riding from the opposite direction.

He came up as usual by the knoll, and seemed very much alarmed when he heard what had happened.

"Kidnaped," he said significantly. "Saddle, all of you, and ride in every direction."

His son was with him, a likely young fellow of about seventeen or eighteen. And putting spurs to their horses they started off full tilt, old Rosinante cutting up like a colt. It was n't long before we were all off, — Jake, Will, Ned, and I. Don Ignacio and his boy were out of the valley by the time we got off. We all took different roads. Georgie told us the man had ridden up the main road, but as he could easily turn off in order to mislead us, we separated, and each took a different road leading out of the valley, agreeing to meet again the following day. The child was so well known that she would certainly be recognized by any one who passed the scoundrel, and this made me think that, whoever he was, he would soon leave the main road and make for some unfrequented trail.

In the absence of any definite suspicion we had been inclined to fix upon it as a Mexican job; but little Georgie was positive that the abductor was not a Mexican, but further than that we could get no description of him. We were all perfectly at a loss therefore when we started out in pursuit. I kept the main road for a while in order to interrogate those I met, hoping to find some one who had seen the fellow leave the road, and so get on his track, but it soon got dark, and getting no clue, I made across the country for the nearest Mexican camp, where, however, I could find no trace of the child whatever. I rode all night, and then crossed over towards the ranch by a different trail, and returned more puzzled than I had been in setting out. The women were distracted, of course, and I found a number of the neighbors, who had ridden over to aid me in the search, aroused by the inquiry already made in every direction. Jake and Ned soon returned, unsuccessful, wearied, and despondent. Will and the Mexican were still out. The following morning Will returned, completely done up and as unsuccessful as the rest of us. He had taken the precaution to publish the child's disappearance and to offer a reward.

It was the evening of the third day after the abduction when we saw Don Ignacio and his son riding up the road. Rosinante a little droopy, but evidently still game. They rode at a very slow pace, and when they reached the fork of the road took the trail for the house on the knoll. Don Ignacio seemed to be closely wrapped up, but that is the way with Mexicans. They will tie a great big shawl around their necks with the thermometer at ninety degrees. As the old gentleman rode up to the house, we all clustered around in silence and anxiety to receive him. He rode right into the midst, then without saying a word opened his coat, and there was the little darling, safe and fast asleep.

So soon as the first emotions of joy and surprise were over, everybody questioned the old Don at once, to know the particulars, but the old fellow couldn't speak a word of English, and our Spanish was mighty thin; but the boy spoke English fairly well, and we questioned him.

"Where did you find her?" said Ned, passing the little darling tenderly over to her mother.

"Over at Salvador."

"Salvador, Tuolumne County!"

"*Si, Senor.*"

"Why, how did she get there?"

"Mrs. Heathcote's first husband kidnap her, and carry her over there."

Here Ned swore a terrible oath, turned pale, clenched his teeth, and looked around as though about to start in pursuit of his enemy.

"My father, he suspect all-along," said the boy. "You know Salvador is the place where all bad Mexicans go when they kill anybody, because Salvador, that break right down to Wood Creek through the brush, where they can get away. Well, my father, he think Steve kidnap the baby and take her there; so we strike the trail to Salvador the other side of the river, and then we meet a man who see Steve with her. Then my father, he send me to Sonora for the sheriff, and he follow Steve to Salvador. Just before we get to Salvador we meet my father, and he tell the sheriff Steve there with the baby, for he see him. The sheriff and two constables, and father and me go to the house, — some to the back door, some to the front door. When the sheriff knock at the front door, Steve open it. He been drinking hard, and when sheriff say, 'Steve, you my prisoner,' Steve shoot him, and break for the back door. Then the constable shoot Steve."

"Is he dead?" we all asked.

"Yes, Steve dead and the sheriff dead."

"Well, that's an end of the scoun-

drel, anyhow," said Ned. "Thank God, Kate will have no further trouble with him."

Of course we all wanted to make much of the old Don, but he just stepped off his horse a minute, took off his spurs, — no Mexican will enter a house with his spurs on, — said, with a flourish, "*Con permiso de Ustedes, Senores,*" walked in, and kissed the baby.

She was half asleep, but she put her little arms around his neck, and kissed him in her pretty, loving way. Then the old Don mounted his horse again, made us all a stately salute, and rode off with his boy.

Well, after that everything went smooth. The papers all came out about the man Steve, — how he had wronged and abused Kate, — how patient and forbearing she had been with him, — how he had gambled and wasted her last dollar, and even taken her jewels and sold them, and then had brutally maltreated her, until at last she was forced to leave him and get a divorce; and then when she had finally married a good and true man, how he had still continued to persecute her and had even stolen her child. This made a strong feeling in favor of Kate, of course, and the Mitchells, feeling that they had been too stiff and cold, and perhaps too ready to believe that Kate had been to blame, they didn't know how to be nice enough. We all felt mighty grateful to the old Don, particularly the women folks, and none of us knew what to do to get even with him, but the chance came sooner than we expected, and led to the third wedding in rather a queer sort of a way.

I think I told you that there was a good deal of excitement in the camp about the Mexicans. That place over there in Tuolumne County, Salvador, was a terrible hole, and there were others around nearly as bad. Well, it wasn't all Mexican devilment by any means, though everything was shunted on to them. Many a Mexican was strung

up in those days for a white man's deeds, — though I don't mean to say but what the Mexicans were almost as bad as they well could be. But it shows how the thing worked, when I tell you that for a time the Mexicans got the credit of that kidnaping scrape, and even of killing the sheriff.

Well, not long after this there was a terrible killing scrape at San Andreas, and another, a perfect butchery, at Carsons, and the deputy sheriff and two of the constables were killed in making arrests. That started the whole county, and the people armed themselves everywhere, and broke up into squads to drive every Mexican out of the county. There were no threats and very little talk; it was leave or hang, and sometimes they'd hang one to hurry up the rest.

Well, one morning old Don Ignacio's boy came up to the ranch riding old Rosinante like as though the Devil was after him, and told us that a vigilance committee was marching down to their place to clear them all out. The boy was badly scared, — most out of his wits, in fact. It did not take us long to arm ourselves, mount, and ride down to their place. We got there just in time, as luck would have it; for the old Don was game, — would n't budge an inch, — and they were just about to string him up in front of his own shanty. In fact, they had the rope around his neck, and he would have been a goner, only that a mighty pretty girl, they said was his niece, who had just arrived from Los Angeles to visit him, flung herself upon him, and impeded the ceremony. They all thought at first that we'd come to help the proceedings, for they set up a loud shout, but Will was off his horse like a flash, and jerking the rope off the old man's neck, he pulled his six shooter, and said, "Gentlemen, you have got to get away with me first before you hurt a hair of that old man's head."

The leader of the vigilance crowd was Mike McLarren, a notorious politician,

bully, and shoulder striker. He seemed a good deal taken aback, for Will had the drop on him, and the rest of us had drawn our weapons.

"We're not here to hang white men," said he, looking mighty ugly and black. "We're after these Mexicans, and, by God, they shall leave, or we'll string 'em all up."

"There are no Mexicans here," said Will. "These people are native Californians. They have a better right to be here than the best of us, for the matter of that. And we don't want any white-washed Irish rowdies to tell us who has a right to live in America, or who has n't."

Will had put up his pistol as soon as he began to talk, and McLarren seeing this and watching his opportunity, drew on him all of a sudden; but the hammer of his pistol caught in the sheath, and Will was too quick for him. He struck him a terrific blow in the face, and in a minute had him down, with both hands at his throat.

There was an excited hush for a moment, but our party stood with their pistols drawn, and Ned said, as cool as you please, "Hands off, gentlemen; let them settle it between themselves. The next man that wants to fight can tackle me."

But the fate of their captain did n't give them any encouragement, for Will throttled him till he was insensible, and they had to pack him down to the spring to bring him to.

Well, sir, it was the prettiest thing anybody ever saw, to see that girl go up to Will to thank him, after it was all over. She was all afire, and seemed to *grow* as she walked. She was a lovely girl anyway, and though Spanish to the back-bone, was fairer than any of our women, — fairer even than Mary; but she looked positively glorious, her eyes flashing, her hair waving, and her bosom heaving, as she stepped up to him. At first I thought she was going to throw

her arms around him and kiss him, but she only stooped and pinned a piece of Cape jasmine to his buttonhole, but I saw the look she gave him out of those glorious eyes, and I knew in a minute that he was gone and done for. Then she snatched his hand, covered it with kisses, and pressed it with both of hers to her bosom.

"*Valiente, noble, de Corazon simpatico;*" she said fervently. "*Ofesco las gracias en nombre del pobre Viejo y de la humanidad.*"

And then with a certain emphatic dignity and grace she turned to us and said in perfect English, "Gentlemen, I thank you one and all. You have prevented an atrocity, a barbarism. I trust you will not leave us until yonder *canaille* have taken their departure," at the same time casting a look of withering scorn upon them.

It was not difficult to prevail upon them to leave. McLarren seemed to have had all the fight taken out of him; and I don't think there ever was much in the rest of the party. At any rate they seemed glad to slink off, and even made some excuses on going. McLarren didn't come up to the house again at all, but was led over to the road, where he mounted his horse.

Will did n't lose any time making love to that girl. It was fire and tow anyway, for he had her up to the ranch the very next day and introduced her as his promised bride. Quick work, was n't it?—but if you'd only seen that pair ride up horseback,—the grace and carriage of them both,—you'd have sworn they'd been made for each other from the day of their birth. Will would have married her right then and there, and have lived at his brother's ranch until he could have got one of his own, but she said no. The wedding should be in Los Angeles, among her friends. She had a little ranch of her own down there, which would serve them till they could get better. We all knew what Mexican

ranches are, even if we had not the pattern before our eyes in old Don Ignacio's place, but Will was so far gone he would have married in a brush shanty and farmed it on a cactus ranch.

So they agreed upon the day for him to be in Los Angeles, and then she started for home. Everybody who had n't seen the girl, when they heard of the engagement thought that Will was throwing himself away, of course; but we who had seen her knew that she was a prize without a dollar, even if he had to serve seven years for her.

Well, sir, Will chose me for his best man, and we went down to Los Angeles, where we walked over to the hotel and inquired for the address she had given us. The proprietor looked at Will rather curiously, I thought, and inquired if he was Mr. Will Heathcote.

"That's my name, sir," said Will.

"Well then, there's a carriage here for you," was the reply. "Wait a moment and I'll have the horses put in."

In five minutes a superb team drove up, and a servant with his hat off held open the door of the carriage for us and then mounted beside the driver. In a few minutes Will asked him how far it was over to Miss Covarrubia's place.

"You're on it now, sir," he said, "but it is two or three miles yet to the house."

At this Will looked at me and I looked at Will, but neither of us said a word. In about twenty minutes we drove up through a magnificent grove of orange trees to an elegant mansion surrounded by a spacious piazza, around which a profusion of lovely vines were trained, and before we could alight, Miss Covarrubia in a white muslin dress, looking like an angel, stepped out to receive us. Two or three young ladies whom she introduced as her cousins and an elderly lady whom she presented as her aunt also received us on the piazza, and we soon learned that this was the little ranch, or rather one of the little ranches,

which Don Ignacio's niece had spoken of. In short, Will found that he was engaged to one of the greatest heiresses in California. This Santa Barbara place also belongs to them, and it is because Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, and Don Ignacio and

his son are all expected to arrive this afternoon, that Ned was so anxious for you to remain a week or two longer, for there's to be a betrothal of young Mitchell and Florence Heathcote, and we thought perhaps you'd like to stay and see the fun.

Henry S. Brooks.

A DAY'S FISHING ON THE COOS.

MEASURED by miles, the Coos River has a brief career in southwestern Oregon. Its twin forks are born under, and their infancy is sheltered by, a dense growth of tall firs, whose branching tops shut off the sun's rays, forbidding evaporation from a soil saturated by the proverbial rains of the Webfoot State. The forest is virgin where these streams have their birth, and few white persons have traced them from their sources. I have seen them only when they have made their descent from the hills, and have come under the influence of the tides; not that the salt of ocean invades their precincts, but the flow of tide reverses the current of the streams until their waterways are filled to high water mark, and what were rivers, with steady flow, become placid lakes. Like nearly all the water courses on the Pacific Coast, these streams flow through cañons more or less pronounced. Sometimes there is a bit of bottom land on one shore, made the most of as a small farm, but one bank is always, and sometimes both are, the base of an abrupt hill, rising to the dignity of a mountain.

Profuse vegetation grows to the very brink, while the pure waters, unstained by silt or sediment, reflect the heights above with their masses of shrubbery, — myrtle trees, with dark green, lustrous foliage, soft maples with large leaves, ranging in color from the beautiful yellowish green to purple and pink on the

more tender shoots, the random cedars lacking the sense of order, the trunk showing distortion somewhere, and the branches putting forth in a vague, irregular manner, the solemn firs graceful, orderly, finished, the emblems of dignity, and crowning all, the ever-shifting clouds and the clear blue of the sky. For miles and miles the vast altitude, in all its variety of hue and color, its wealth of vegetation, with now and then a stern rock to enhance its grandeur, is mirrored in the depths below.

There are mirror views found elsewhere. Some of them show higher mountains and more startling landscape features, but few can boast the extent, the infinite variety, or the beauty akin to a sunset or a rainbow presented by the beautiful Coos. But the beautiful in new countries must subserve the useful, and the Coos is chiefly valued by the Oregonian as a stream replete with trout. From all the small towns dotting the shores of Coos Bay, and from even greater distances, the angler here seeks his favorite haunt, here pitches his tent for his summer vacation. Once on enchanted ground, the theme of conversation seldom changes; marvelous tales of skill and luck, tales of off years, when the Coos had not yielded her accustomed number of fish, tales strange and fascinating, which hold the listeners as in the evening they gather about the camp fire.

Night after night the same subject, yet with a few salient points remaining, never really the same, each man exploiting it after the manner of his own mental constitution. I came at last, after much listening and much observation, to feel that fishing does for some natures what religion, music, poetry, does for others; it takes them out of themselves and transforms them; and I came to believe that the fisherman must be possessed — known or latent — of all the fine qualities necessary to success in any high calling, this particular high calling demanding absolute, unquestionable belief in two points, — that a fish caught with a fly is an infinitely precious fish, and that a man who uses a bait is a coarse-grained villain, brutal in instinct, and incapable of those deeper, finer emotions common to the expert, whose mind is supposed to figure largely in place of bait. The more I heard, the more was my fancy enchained, and the time soon came when I also determined to taste this bliss, this allurements, that by its unnamed seduction can draw the good man from the bosom of his family, and transport his mind beyond the dull, bare facts of history.

I determined to see for myself, to feel, to broaden my experience, in a word, to go fishing, and try to know what it was all about. I will prelude the forthcoming narrative by saying that my next voyage of discovery will be with a strange man, under full pay, who though surcharged with the fisherman's instinct will yet feel compelled to keep it moderately within bounds. Claude, who from the tropical richness of his imagination might be a lineal descendant of him of the immemorial castle by the lake, was to be my guide and friend, promising to ignore my imperfections, and encourage and appreciate my maiden efforts. Perhaps his attitude towards me, absolute toleration, notwithstanding the damaging circumstance of my sex, and the still greater one, lack of skill in the accom-

plishment Waltonian, might, considering the disparity in our years, have weighed less lightly, had I not been moved upon by the high spirit of research, and necessarily deaf and dumb to trifles.

As I look back upon that scene I cannot but feel that on rare occasions in one's life all things do combine in harmony. Certainly, on that morning on that river — more beautiful than the rivers of our dreams — a freckled-faced, sensible, responsible, decently-clad boy would not have corresponded, — not fitted in to the picture. Claude, out at the knees, his brown toes untrammelled, each making history on its own account, belonged to it. His wise, deep eyes, darkly fringed, knew no shadow of turning: the most improbable of that day's lies left no imprint on their soulful depths, and the candor of their glance will forever stand between me and utter condemnation of liars.

Claude was to conduct us to the mouth of a small stream running from the south, and emptying into the Coos, where was always to be found good fishing, — so runs the legend. The other two male members of the party leaned off in an æsthetic, ornamental way, — a sort of middle-man way. They were there ostensibly to see justice done, to see that I fished first, last, in all the best places, and to my heart's content.

The object of the excursion not being serious, they toyed and trifled; and seemingly just a little bored, talked in tolerant tones down to my level, and in language quite intelligible, of reels, hooks, flies, rods, and many other things pertaining to the craft.

Nothing in a small way could have been more complete. A good boat, three fancy rods, with all manner of hooks, leaders, and flies galore, besides — let it be spoken in a whisper — some live grasshoppers in a tin can, and to round out things into perfection, a delicious lunch, with three devoted beings each ready to compel the other two to

do their duty toward me. And thus we moved down that lovely stream.

The day was warm, and we rested now and again in the shady turns of the river to examine the luxuriant growth of ferns and other plants, as they drooped to the water's edge. At one point we moored the boat, and the boys went prowling into the woods, presently returning with a young wild pigeon. It was none too beautiful with its stubbed purple pin-feathers, and it dispelled the poetic glamor, which, beguiling our senses, had well-nigh deceived us into a belief in an earthly paradise.

In our boat once more we still floated on. The surface of the water, as smooth as glass, was occasionally broken by a curious trout as he darted up and away, leaving a dimpled circle and a mocking suggestion, "Catch me if you can," in the last flip of his tail as he scurried off. And thus we loitered, trolling, but not fishing seriously, till lo, we struck our appointed place and the hour of noon together.

We went ashore, and laid our lunch underneath the spreading branches of a fine old maple. The melodious silence of the deep forest, whose Arcadian beauty no man's hand had yet profaned, joined to the music made by the soft lapping of the river flowing deeply at our feet, cast over us a spell of enchantment, and the dreamy delight born of this happy conjunction of nature's best, produced upon me a languor akin to laziness: I almost forgot I had come out to kill something.

Claude, up to the present moment, had shown a degree of elegant moderation in all his movements, — a *Vere de Vere* on an off day could not have thrown over a common canoe a more gondolier-like effect as he stood, at times moving forward to the stroke with one hand dipping true, while with the other pointing leisurely to the myrtles, firs, and hemlocks, he slowly discoursed thereon in language picturesque and

forcible, — but now he showed an alacrity in stowing away in one heterogeneous mass plums, cold tongue, cake, and pickles, all quite inconsistent with the manifestations of his nature as observed during the morning. His conversational powers flagged perceptibly, the glow of his fancy had abated, it cost him an effort to respond to questions even in monosyllables, a strange, preoccupied unrest was but too apparent, when suddenly his eyes fell upon a tin cup; a light broke over his countenance, he sprang from the ground and announced his intention of going for water.

The small cloud over Claude's spirit though perceptible had not affected the happiness of the rest of the party, still, when we believed he had been suffering from thirst our attention converged upon the fact for an instant, and in the momentary excitement of this small episode none noticed that he took with him his rod and the can of bait. The country boy's opportunities for developing from the simple into the complex may be comparatively few, but observation leads me to believe that a natural double trend towards the higher levels of complexity can only account for the ease and naturalness with which he takes in and circumvents his city cousin.

The elder male — he of the gray beard — had that most perfect high-bred calm which only a born gentleman discharging an agreeable duty under favorable auspices can have. He lit his cigar, puffed and lolled in the grass; he sought and found a four-leaved clover, and through his half-closed lids caressingly measured the landscape; he calculated the number of feet of lumber to be gotten out of a giant tree near us; then feeling the commercial instinct to be unworthy of the spot and its incomparable charm he fell into verse, — perhaps not his own, but who cared? — finally he arose and went stooping about underneath the trees, gazing upward in search of a branch suitable for a fishpole, doubtless to be used

by himself,—when suddenly a sharp shout broke upon the air, “They’re bitin’; come on.”

Another five or ten minutes passed in cutting and trimming the pole, then another shout, “I’ve caught six, come on.”

There was then a terrible rustle, as of an animal tearing his way through underbrush. I looked about me; there was n’t a living mortal in sight; the only thing remaining to console me was a hook and long line attached to the crooked branch of a tree, as sinuous in its curves as the Coos itself. I sadly shouldered this memento of the chivalry of man, and went forward to the place whence issued the sound of voices. There on the highest point, spread out to the four winds of heaven,—for he seemed to have grown,—his face lit up with an unearthly ecstasy was Claude, taking in one trout after another. In the boat just below were the other two, so deeply absorbed that they apparently had become one with the universe, and had entered into that peace that knows no shame.

The emotions of that moment are counted amongst the most vivid of my life, and the sharp sentiment of the poignant reality cut me to the quick: certainly in the hunt for sensation I had been more than fortunate.

In a conciliatory voice I begged a fly or some bait. The bait had all been used, and on my word of honor I was compelled to go on all fours and catch a grasshopper before I threw a line, and I only threw it once, for the bowing, bending, twirling, twisting disposition of my rod led me to believe that I might never know a bite from a bend, and that to discontinue, scorn the business, and become a martyr, would be more satisfactory.

Just as I was settling against a tree studying an attitude to correspond with, and convey an idea of, injustice done and to convey the impression of a deep and incurable sorrow, a voice

arrested my attention. I advanced a step; there unchanged were my three fishermen with illuminated countenances,—they seemed to float above the influences of ideas belonging to common life, dead to any fear of consequences following broken promises, dead to all sense of ridicule, dead to aught save the hot pursuit of harmless, fangless, bloodless fish. Ye gods! and they cheerfully, unaffectedly, undauntedly asked me to continue catching grasshoppers—for them.

Hebe passing nectar on Mount Olympus, no doubt, moved with the same proud humility as did I, when with a grasshopper between my thumb and forefinger I loftily furnished it forth to the triumphant trio,—my superiors in sex, skill, and shamelessness. Catching grasshoppers, although attended with some discomfort and considerable exercise, is only a degree less exciting than fishing, presumably. I sought the green slope of a hill where the sun lay the hottest. Grasshoppers of all ages and conditions were out. The patriarch in brown coat and not quite up to a home run, indolently inclined to hide under a leaf rather than risk a leap in the sun; the small green babies, little more than liquid leaves as I sometimes found to my disgust, slipped in and out and finally let themselves be caught.

After a certain length of time they apparently knew what it was about, for on my return from the boat, where I was obliged to carry each one after I had captured him, step as quietly as I might, there was a whirr, and then for quite a space neither sound nor movement could be detected. But I was not to be balked. I tracked them to their dens and hustled them to the open field, where my alacrity in the chase astonished me. As I gained experience in the new enterprise it became a pleasure, and like all pleasures it had its refined and gross side. To corral a grasshopper on its first jump created a mild but still perceptible thrill,

but to catch one on its and my fourth jump in a thistle bed — O joy exultant ! — O moment supreme !

I even began to remark the maneuver of each as it expressed its degree of intelligence, imprisoned in the palm of my hand. The old fat ones were the easiest caught, but showed decided skill in getting away, — they gave no unnecessary thumps, but stoically awaited a favorable opportunity, and then gave one bound for life and frequently got away with it. The younger ones, when they did not make a mash in the beginning, were generally unable to do more than give a few kicks during the final act of being hooked.

My mind during the grasshopper hunt had become wholly detached from its pessimistic view, engendered by a too free exhibition of the predominant and deep-seated characteristic of the male of my species. I speculated upon the wonderful versatility of the human being in his various walks of life, — his comparative cheerfulness in giving up the greater for the lesser good, — his adaptability when debarred the pleasure of catching and killing a superior kind of creature in turning to another sufficiently attractive to satisfy the determined call of his nature.

As these idle thoughts floated through my brain, the Major came in sight. It is said that in simple justice a man should be judged, not by what he has done, but by what he has not done. The Major had not promised to see that I should fish. After anchoring his boat with a flat-iron, he arose and began eagerly to switch the stream. In my judgment he appeared a man of no common mold, and therefore in strong contrast to those nearer me. Alas ! distance does lend enchantment to the view. Accepting the challenge to draw nearer, the Major's total lack of surprise at the composition of the tableau vivant before him rent the veil, — I saw him as he was.

The catch, including that of the

Major, was fifty beautiful trout, the larger ones weighing about three and a half pounds. The row home was more delightful, if possible, than that of the morning. The heat had passed, the trees and mountains were shadowed deep in the bosom of the stream. Mirror Lake, at Yosemite, pales its beauties before these in the unfamed waters of the Coos. We lingered, and while the dying day painted its glories in a thousand shimmering tints at each stroke of our oars, we talked softly, and forgave each other. The things seen by the eye of fancy in the vague depths of the increasing shadows in the river, the voices of the small creatures singing, deepening the silence, enchanted us, and yet with the enchantment mingled a pale presentiment that once ashore we should confront the sorrow which sometimes darkens the close of happy days.

That night as I lay in my bed several things came to me, — that though defrauded of a practical knowledge of fishing, which I longed for, I had acquired a new respect for it as a fine art. I felt there were depths, distances, shades, technique, motif, and all the rest of it, whose border line I had not even touched, and which like other fine arts gives to its devotee, has he but the true temperament, the privilege of making laws for himself, these laws changing to suit his vice of the hour.

As my eyes were closing under the drowsy influence of the night, a voice on the veranda beneath my window brought me back from dreamland. It was Claude's in reply to a question, "How many fish did she ketch? — nary one, — I shan't waste no more time on women ; they can't learn to fish. Pooh ! women can't fish ; it ain't in 'em."

Later a heavier voice reached me, "Well, well, — sneaked off, did he, and got thirty before he gave you a chance ? — who would have thought it of Claude, and he so innocent looking ?"

Really there is a great deal to fishing.

Laura Lyon White.

THREE PINES.

IX.

"You here, Philip? Well, I am surprised —"

"Not so much as I must be, Doctor. When one sets out to see the world, as you seem to have been doing, he must expect to meet a few old friends here and there. And why should you not come across me as well as anybody else? But that you whom I left settled down in your quiet home four years ago —"

"I'll tell you all about that, Philip. But you must first help me get Clare down from the wagon."

"Surely you do not mean — Clare here, too?"

I looked around and saw Clare sitting motionless upon one side in front. Her dark dress, thrown against the almost equally dark cover of the wagon and mingled with the shawls and other appurtenances that had been employed to make her seat more comfortable, had prevented me at the first from seeing any one there at all. Now, at her father's call, she moved and allowed herself to be lifted to the ground, one of us assisting at each side. Did she recognize me as turning her head she looked into my face to thank me for the attention? Perhaps not; her demeanor was so quiet, her expression so calm and immovable. It might well be that in this strange place and through the fast waning light, she would fail to recall in the bearded miner who held up his arm for her support the smooth-faced boy, from whom she had parted so long ago. And yet I felt that I should have recognized her anywhere, and under any condition. The girlish smile had left her, indeed, and perhaps never to return. The sunny, careless expression, the laugh that seemed to lurk in every feature ready at the

slightest temptation to break forth, — all these were no longer there. Instead, there was a quiet gravity evidently not assumed for the moment, but rather something that had been growing upon her for months past as her settled expression, — it seemed as though I should have noted that distinction even in a less familiar face, — the difference between what might be transitory and what was habitual appearing so well defined. Her face too, was thinner; that must have come from much trouble of the mind, though possibly the long, weary journey across the plains might have a large share in accounting for it. Yes, with all these changes, certainly I must have known her again in any garb or condition.

It had happened that through all that day of trial and up to that very moment I had thought little about her. There came a thrill of thankfulness into my heart as suddenly I realized that fact. However often, during the past few days, errant reflections had from time to time been forced upon me respecting the changed relations with her that might ensue were Rush Brackley out of the way, yet from the moment the man's doom was sealed no thought had come to me in connection with it of anything except vengeance to be exacted for Howard Silsby's murder. But now again at the sight of her, the old familiar feeling began to flow back into my soul with the force of a torrent. She was with me once more, — brought back to me by a kindly assisting fate, — doubtless unchanged in feeling towards me, and perhaps even bringing to me again as restitution for the past the olden, fresh first affections of her heart. Was the moment actually at hand when I could take her once more to my breast, and teach her that all the troubles of the past four

years had been merely a series of ugly dreams to be swept aside and forgotten?

Then that reassuring thought — unworthy as I deemed it, and to be put aside and forgotten as a tempter's poison — passed off; and instead of it, the terror of the immediate situation took full possession of me. Whatever happiness might be reserved for me in the future, I knew that there must be much danger of trouble and misery to be first encountered. Why had she come back to me in the midst of that terrible crisis? Could it have been mere chance? And yet such strange chances seldom happen of themselves. Was it through the agency of some malignant fate? If so, what bitter experiences might not be destined still to grow out of it? Could it be possible that the full horror of the situation had now been reached, and that the converging lines of the lives of husband and wife had already approached as closely as they ever could, and thenceforth would diverge in parabolic curves and never draw as near together again? That issue was certainly to be hoped for, and even if possible to be so contrived. And yet the Fates seldom work out their purposes in this incomplete manner; and as I gazed across the plain towards where the prisoner sat bound, awaiting his just doom, I thought how impossible it must be that Clare could have been led to journey over those many thousand miles and not at the last be drawn across those few hundred feet between. And yet no one knew the dreadful secret but myself. Rush Brackley had always cautiously refrained from telling his name, — possibly he had been keeping it unrevealed against the time when he might be so fortunate as to be able to re-assume it in some higher condition of life. Among the miners he was only known as the faro dealer. Howard Silsby, who alone could have betrayed him, was dead; and Doctor Somers and Clare would probably leave the mine early the next morning. Evidently this place to them was merely a resting place

for the night. What, therefore, was to prevent that all danger of discovery should pass quietly away, and even the most malignant efforts of fate remain thwarted at the last?

"We journeyed across —" the Doctor began.

"Wait a moment," I said. Anxious as I was to hear everything, I could imagine a little of it, and the rest could wait for a more convenient season. At present, I must look out for their repose and comfort, since they both must be fairly tired out with the long day's journey, not to speak of the many months of the same toilsome monotonous experience. And I rushed headlong into a neighboring tent, whose owner was a stranger to me.

"An old gentleman and his daughter have just come in. They will go away tomorrow morning. They have no place to sleep in. Will you give up your tent to them for just this night?"

The man complied; not very willingly, perhaps, for no one relishes being turned out of his quarters for strangers, but the circumstances were certainly peculiar, and so he made little objection. In a few minutes I had worked up some approach to comfort inside the tent, and also made a fire outside, at which I soon had a pot of coffee awaiting its time to boil. Then I led Clare within, and told her that this, by courtesy of the miner, was their place for the night. Pleasant dreams to her. By this time I was sure that she had recognized me; it could not be otherwise. Even if my beard had changed the expression of my face, there was my voice, that tell-tale witness, to betray me. But she did not speak, except in a low tone to thank me for my care, and as she would have thanked a stranger. I had hoped that she would call me by name, but she did not. Perhaps after all that had happened, she thought the open recognition should come from me; and apart from all that, she was always somewhat reticent in her manner, little prone to make advances,

and generally waiting for any one to speak, rather than herself.

Then I passed outside again, and joined the Doctor, who had remained standing by the wagon, not seeming to know exactly what to do with himself;—a little dazed, perhaps, at this startling encounter with an old friend. I took him by the arm, and leading him to where he could rest himself, sat down beside him.

"There will be a few minutes yet before supper, Doctor," I said. "Now tell me all about this;—how you have come here, and why?"

"I scarcely know, Philip, indeed,—I scarcely know." He spoke in a low, indistinct tone, with a little hesitation and quaver,—the tone, indeed, of a man well advanced in life who has become weary of the world and all that is in it,—weary of conversation, of his own thoughts, and more especially of being led into any expression of them. "I think I was brought into it gradually, Philip; it did not exactly come upon me suddenly. It all began, of course, through Clare's marriage."

"A very unfortunate marriage I have heard."

"Yes, though we did not think so at first. For a while, all went so well that —"

"And did she love him, Doctor?—Was there—that is to say—did you never have any suspicion about anybody else who, that is—whom she may have preferred—some one whom she might at a former time have learned to —"

"I don't exactly know what you mean, Philip. Why should she have married this man if she did not care for him?"

"Of course not, I didn't mean that. I don't exactly know what I did mean, Doctor. Pray go on and don't mind me. We get into queer ways of expressing ourselves out here, and sometimes I scarcely realize what I am thinking about."

Gone from me at that moment the theory which I had so closely hugged

to my soul that Clare might have loved me all along, and only at the last been tempted from fidelity to me through persuasion and perhaps compulsion by others. Could it be that I had deceived myself in other respects, and that this was merely the first of a series of impending disillusion?

"Yes, Philip, certainly she must have loved him, or else she would not have married him. And for a while, I must say that he treated her very kindly and that they seemed quite happy together. But then things began to change. It was so gradual that for a while I did not see it myself. I think that half the village was remarking it before I did. You see, Clare was not at all communicative with me,—was too proud, I suppose, to complain,—and Rush Brackley was a little cautious for a time, about abusing her before me. But all the while he was speaking cruelly to her before other people, and there's many a time the poor child was made miserable and came home to cry in her own room, and I was never the wiser for it. And so it went on from bad to worse, and his business affairs began to fall into confusion, and it is my opinion that they never were quite right from the beginning. I don't believe, Philip, that there was an honest hair in the man's head. Not paying his debts was a very little thing, comparatively,—little swindlings made it worse, of course,—and people began at last to talk about forgeries. There must have been forgeries,—I know it to my cost,—but I could not very well have taken any action against him to protect myself. But others could; and so there came the day when he was found to have disappeared without letting any one, not even his wife, know when he went or where he was going."

"After all, it must have been something of a relief to you."

"I don't suppose that can be denied, Philip, between ourselves. In fact, it saved the family a great disgrace. I am

told that if Rush Brackley had remained a day longer, he would have been arrested, and on some criminal charge, — misappropriation of funds or the like. He took everything with him that he could, and almost impoverished me. But that last, perhaps, I should not speak about. Anyhow, there was the relief that he had gone, and I think that even Clare began after a while to feel it so. Of course, I did not question her upon the subject, and naturally she was awfully cut down and mortified about the disgrace of it. But after a while it seemed as though she began to pick up a little, and her flesh and color to come back, and I should have felt tolerably contented, having her with me all the rest of her life at peace, but that —”

“But what, Doctor?”

“Well the fact is, that I was all the while apprehensive that Brackley would come back again and claim his wife. It might be, you see, that he could arrange his matters, by a compromise or something of that kind, and be able to return without further fear of arrest. And he would surely do so, if he thought that there was anything more to be got out of us, — anything that had slipped through his fingers before. And then again, he might come back simply to torture poor Clare. Some men are so constituted. I suppose he must have cared for her a little at the first, but it really appeared afterwards as though he hated her. And if so, he would be mean and dastardly enough not to let her alone, but to keep her under his control, so as to abuse her more and enjoy watching her sufferings. I declare to you, Philip, I had scarcely an hour’s peace for months together, thinking about it. Never a letter came but I opened it with fear of hearing something about him, and when a strange knock came on the door, I would find my heart leaping up into my throat with the dread that it might be he again. And Clare seemed to feel the same way, for I could see her start and

the color come into her face, and I knew just what she, too, was dreading. And at last I could endure it no longer. There was little left to keep me in the place. My practice was all gone, and I had been obliged to sell my house. There was a position offered me in one of the St. Louis hospitals, and it seemed to me that there we could keep more out of the way. So we broke up and went to St. Louis.”

“And there?”

“Well, for a time we had a little peace. And yet all the while I could not but realize that it was illusive. There had been no secret about where we had gone. If Rush Brackley was to return, he could follow us to St. Louis as well. And so the old disturbings came over us, and it seemed as though we did not know where to turn. But one day, Philip, I received a letter from my brother in San Francisco. If he did not know all, he knew at least that I was not altogether pleasantly situated. He is well established there as a prominent shipping merchant, and he told me that if I would come out he would soon see that I had plenty to do in my profession. For a while I resisted the temptation. It seemed so far for a man of my age to travel across a continent, to begin life again.”

“True, Doctor. And yet —”

“Yes, — and yet it might have its recompenses, too, you were about to say. In that way and only that could I get away from Rush Brackley. And there came a day when it was announced that a train would start from Fort Independence for California, and under escort of a company of United States troops detailed for Fort Yuma. Here would be safety from Indians, and some better chance of comfort than emigrant trains usually met with, and probably a reasonably speedy transit. There were two officers of the detachment, too, who had become acquainted with Clare, and were very urgent that we should go; and I felt

that their kind courtesies and attentions would be very valuable."

"Naturally, Doctor Somers."

"Well, in the end, as you may see, we started. I bought my team and horse, and every comfort I could think of; and apart from the fact that I am an old man for such a long journey, and of course am now very wearied with it, I have no cause to complain. We have been only four months on the route, and Clare has had every attention that kind hearts can lavish. Ah, they are gentlemen, are they not, these army officers! At Yuma they left us; but from there it has been easy to come in by ourselves. Some fifty miles back we began to break up. Some went to the upper mines, as they call them, and some to the lower, and the rest of us, bound for San Francisco, have loosely straggled along. I am very, very tired of it all, Philip, but am quite happy in the thought that we have given the goodby forever to Rush Brackley. When we left St. Louis we had not made sufficient acquaintance for any one to care about remembering in which direction we had gone. And I took care not to write back home about any of our plans. Do you know, I heard it stated that some one had seen Rush Brackley in Europe, at one of the gambling centers where adventurers most do congregate. Very likely it was true, and if so, he may stay there for all the rest of his worthless life. But if he comes back to our old home he will not find us, and if he traces us to St. Louis, he will not find us there, either; and after that, the trail will be lost to him. O, Philip, after all, it is worth tenfold the toil we have endured to arrive at that pleasant consummation of escape from such a man."

"Decidedly, Doctor. And now, of course, your trouble is really over. It is only a few miles to where the settlements begin to grow larger and the comforts of them greater, and where you can rest on the way as long as you please. Then

will be Stockton, and from there a pleasant sail down the river and bay, and you will be at home with your brother. But now—you must not think to rest here for any time. You must be off early tomorrow,—before sunrise, if possible."

"And why so, Philip?"

"There is great disturbance here at present,—there may be danger. Can't you see, as you look across the plain, that there is great excitement in the settlement? A group around every fire, and every man gesticulating? All armed, too, as you would notice, if it were a little lighter. It has been an anxious day here, Doctor. This afternoon there was brought in a noted train-robber for whom they have been in search all summer. He was taken yesterday after a terrible struggle. Tomorrow he is to be hanged,—his many crimes will admit of no other or less punishment. And it is feared—it is fully expected, indeed—that his band are now lurking near, and organizing for his rescue, and will make an attempt at it tomorrow. They will probably mingle in the crowd at the time of the execution, and there try what they can do. Of course, they will be beaten back and overcome. Two hundred such men as we have here cannot be held at naught by a robber band of less than fifty. But all the same there may be a terrible battle, and I fear lest the loss of life and the bloodshed will be something fearful. You might not mind it, Doctor; but you must see that it is not a scene to be spread out for Clare to look at."

"Surely not, Philip."

"So be ready for an early start,—before sunrise if possible, as I have said. I will tell your man now to have the wagon ready betimes. And now good-night. Let me lead you back to the tent,—you will need all the little sleep you can get before early daylight."

I gave my arm to the Doctor, who unresisting let himself be conducted back to the tent. I saw him enter, and

with another goodnight was turning away, when the flap of the tent in front was again lifted aside, and Clare came forth.

"May I speak with you a little while, Philip?" she said.

X.

I TURNED, and side by side we slowly sauntered on, past the tent and even the line of the nearest tents, until we had gained a point where we could talk without being overheard. I glanced stealthily towards her, thinking that from her expression I might comprehend her present tone of thought and perhaps why she was wishing to speak with me. But it was already too dark for me to decipher any especial lines of expression; all I could see was the sweet, sad face of old,—differing now that its thoughtful serenity was no longer underlaid with those half-hidden springs of gaiety once ever so ready to break forth at an instant's notice, and cover the whole face with a ripple of merriment. Merely sadness and evidences of past trouble now: would these ever lift and pass away?—or had they become fixed and immovable screens between the former life and the new? But there was still something of the olden beauty remaining, and perhaps it might yet be my privilege to reassert my influence, and from the abounding power of my love to bring back upon her face the happy impress of the days of yore.

We passed the place where her father had just been sitting, yet she gave no heed to my invitation to rest. There are times, perhaps, when one can speak with better effect while walking than while remaining still. When the thoughts are troubled, the lips cannot always frame themselves for uninterrupted utterance, and it may be that the measured fall of the foot then comes in with a welcome cadence and breaks the necessity for continued conversation, so

much more exacting when at rest than when in motion. Meanwhile, from time to time I still glanced at her, and in silence waited for her to begin.

"I did not recognize you at first when you helped me down," she said. "A moment after, and I did. But as you had not spoken my name, I thought that I must still wait a little. Were you angry with me, Philip, when I wrote you that letter four years ago?"

"It certainly was not a pleasant thing for me to read, Clare."

"No, Philip? And so it really made you angry? But I had hoped not. I had even thought that perhaps you would hail it as a release from a troublesome bondage, and so would bless me for it. For if we found out that we had been mistaken,—as in such cases must sooner or later surely happen,—why then of course it must be for me first to speak."

"What do you mean when you speak about such cases?" I asked.

"Such as ours," she said. "The unreflecting, inconsiderate, half imagined affections of the very young. We were both so immature, I scarcely eighteen, and you only a little over twenty. Do such things ever last, as at first intended? And could it be possible that they should have lasted any differently with us? I meant no wrong to you, Philip, when I let you go away trusting in my love. At the time I believed in it myself. But all the same, it was simply that girlish passion which so many feel, and merely as a dream of the reality that should be. No sooner had you gone, than I seemed to come to myself and reason. And I thought how you, too, must be troubling yourself about me, and regretting your pledges,—you amid new scenes, and seeing other and fairer faces, and constantly gaining wider and more correct and enlarged views of life."

"Certainly you did me honor in so kindly arranging my perceptions for me,

and then favoring me with your efforts to remodel them."

"Nay, do not speak so reproachfully, Philip. I acted for the best, I thought. And though I may have misunderstood you at the first, I knew that it could not be for long. Sooner or later would you not have come to my way of thinking, and realized that it had all been the mistake of a mere unreflecting boy and girl?"

I did not answer, but walked on in silence with my head bowed. One more illusion of the past fading away! She had never loved me: she was even now treating my affection of the past as an error, a boyish idiosyncrasy! Henceforth, were she ever to love me, it could not be in revival of a pleasant past,—it could only come from my being able to commend myself to her regard in some way other than I had yet found out, even as a stranger might attempt it. And who could say that I would ever have the good fortune to succeed?

"For all that, Philip, it was very hard to write that letter. I tried many times in vain, and at the last almost gave it up. Then I thought best to enter into no argument, and attempt no excuses. If I were doing you a wrong, how could I excuse myself? And so, if I remember aright, I wrote simply and pleasantly, disguising nothing, but claiming all the same to remain your friend. And you were angry with me? I suppose it must have been so at the first, however you may have felt. But why did you not afterwards write pleasantly to me, forgiving me, and so releasing my heart from any self-reproach? I think it was unkind in you not to do so. The time must have surely come when, with me, you would have learned to realize that our childish love had been nothing more than the gray dawn which in almost every one's life must precede the brightness of some more lasting affection."

"I think that in your case, Clare, the gray dawn must have become filled with

the gold and purple of the newer day, long before you were moved to write that letter to me."

"I cannot affect not to understand your meaning, Philip. You would imply that at the time I had met my husband, and that my affection for him was already banishing you from my mind. It was not so. It was many months after writing to you, that I first met Rush. You had at the first no rival in my heart; it was only that I began to realize that as far as concerned each other, our hearts could not be filled as they should be with a true and lasting love."

Alas! still another illusion swept away! It was not that a more powerful affection had come to crowd me from her thoughts. It was that from the first I had not possessed sufficient attraction to hold her to myself apart from any rivalry at all!

"Well, let it all pass, now," I said. "It is scarcely worth while to indulge either in regrets or reproaches; and as for forgivenesses, they can scarcely ever alter the current of anybody's life. The world and its mixed up interests must roll on all the same. In your case, there was the result which of course altered everything to both of us,—you met and you married Rush Brackley."

"Yes, Philip, I married him. There were some who said that our life together was not happy. They may have told you so. It was very happy at first; and then—there were disturbances which for a while threatened—"

Threatened? And for a while? What words were those she was speaking? What self-delusion was taking possession of her, or how otherwise was she trying to deceive me? I could not resist turning a keen glance of scrutiny upon her, my thoughts instinct with some new and undefined suspicion. I struggled not to say anything, but in spite of myself I could not resist one suggestion.

"And yet he left you?"

"Yes, but that perhaps he could not

help. For you see that after a while he became entangled in his business, and no matter how hard he struggled, he could not manage to bring things right again. I, an ignorant woman, of course, cannot understand it; but we know that very often matters will go all wrong, and yet no one to blame for it. Then was the time when I should have shown myself a better wife than I was. When I saw that he was disturbed with cares, and knew not which way to turn for relief, I should have come forward with more comfort for him than I gave, and tried to enter into his difficulties and help him through them. But I never did so. After my foolish manner I sat one side and said never a word, or asked him what I could do for his assistance; nor was I in any way of use, but merely kept aloof, as though it were no concern of mine at all. Men love sympathy in their troubles, do they not? And so at times—I can tell you this as to an old friend—he might have been a little cross with me, but it was natural, and because I was of no use to him as the true wife I should have been. I was angry myself at times, by reason of his manner to me; but since then I have had opportunity to think it over. Well, the time came when he had to go away from me, and leave everything behind. He was forced into it, Philip, to escape arrest. Bad men—they are so cruel to each other in matters of business, I have been told—made up harsh stories about him, and misrepresented everything he did, and imputed things to him that I know he was incapable of doing, and so he was obliged to leave our home, and without telling any one about it, else he would have been shut up in prison, as has been the fate of many other innocent men, and so prevented from being where he could help himself at all.”

What could all this mean? It was with difficulty that I was able to keep the tell-tale wonderment out of my face, and force myself to listen with calmness.

I had not expected that she would bewail her past woes to me. Such things cannot happen with even the most abused and injured wife, if she truly respects herself. Let her wrongs cry aloud to heaven, yet she will try to smile, and act a part of ignorance and insensibility through them all. But that to me who knew her so well Clare should strive to palliate her sufferings, and even to turn the blame for them upon herself,—why this indeed was the utmost excess of fatuity. It was stultification of herself,—it was an insult to my intelligence. No, I could not altogether keep silence.

“He went away from you, Clare, but he did not tell you whither he was going, nor for months did he try in any way to communicate with you. What am I to think of that?”

“Only that cruel fate still pursued him and rendered him powerless. It was that I was such an inefficient wife to him, so weak and untrusting, that I was not worthy of his confidence. If I had known where he was, his enemies would have wormed it out of me, and then he would have been taken, and all been lost. Even if he had written to me, there must have been those who were watching the mails and would have seen his letters and whence they had been sent, and so everything would still be wrong. So, after all, there was nothing that he could do but keep silence. Could he ever be brought to forgive me, do you think, that I had proved so little worthy of being trusted? For a long time I hoped that he was getting things into order again, so as to return and justify my faith in him, but I suppose that misfortunes weighed too heavily on him for that. All the while I could not say anything to father about my hopes, for I knew that he was prejudiced as the rest. But I watched and prayed all the same; and there were weeks when I never heard a strange knock at the door, but my heart gave a bound, and the blood rushed into my face, for I thought that

here at last might be Rush, coming home again, and with every proof to put his enemies to shame."

What needless — what terrible foolishness was this, that she should so persistently continue in that false strain of argument. To a stranger, perhaps, there might become justification in it, — women must not too recklessly publish their wrongs to all the world. But had she not already said that I must have been told her story? And could there be any possibility that an injured wife should be as forgetful and forgiving as she was now pretending to be? The cruel blow of one minute might be atoned for by the kiss of the next; but who ever heard of any such long suffering through harsh treatment, followed by months of desertion, being so readily forgotten when not one word of sorrow or regret has been uttered? But I would still be silent, and let her fatuity run on to its end unchecked.

"Then when we moved to St. Louis, Philip, I still had hopes that he would return. It was not as though I had passed entirely from his power to see me again. At our old home he could easily find out where we had gone. And afterwards, when we started for San Francisco, shall I tell you how I laughed a little to myself about the way things were turning out? I felt sorry, too, at laughing, for our departure had been in accordance with my father's plans for me, and I could not confess it to him how they were being thwarted. He thought that he was taking me away from any possible search on the part of my husband; but I had heard, I cannot tell you how, that Rush had been seen not long before in California. Do you not now understand it all? He must have gone where his enemies could not reach him, but where, in a newer and freer life, he could begin the world again. Then when he had succeeded, as in the end such a man must necessarily succeed, he would send for me, and let me share with him

the new conditions through which he had at last lived down all slander, and had made himself once more respected."

By Heavens! this was no disguise or pretence of hers! She was actually believing all she said. Months of separation had caused her to forget all past wrongs. Where perhaps at times the recollection of some abuse obtruded itself, she had instilled within her mind such a power of self-deception as herself to take the blame, only caring now to remember the first few happy weeks of her married life; and for the rest, to make every excuse for him and heap every ignominy upon herself.

"And what you expect me to do, Clare? Why do you tell me all this?"

"Because, Philip, I must ask your aid. As an old friend, well loved, even though not as you once desired, you will help me, will you not? I cannot ask my father; he is too old and feeble to work for me. Nor would he wish to do so in this matter, being too much ruled by cruel prejudice against Rush. But you will not refuse, I know. Rush is somewhere in California, and I must find him. If he is in San Francisco, of course I will find him myself, but he may be anywhere else. You are a man, and can go about and see other men, and inquire through them. Wherever Rush is, you cannot fail at last to find him. And then you will tell me at once, will you not? And I will go to him. Think how glad he will be to see me. Perhaps he may even now have succeeded in making a place for me at his side. He may have already written home for me to join him, for you know that there has been no way for him to hear about our journey overland. Seeing me so soon, and as though in answer to his letter, he will be all the more delighted. And here we will begin the world anew. I will make myself all over, and become a different and a better wife to him. I will enter into all his plans, and try to assist him with my advice, as far as a poor woman ignorant

of all business can do. And henceforth we will be so happy. If only I can find him! You will really help me in this; will you not, Philip?"

"What can I say?" I answered, and never before had my startled soul been so torn with conflicting doubts. Could I tell her all? But could I tell her now even any portion of the truth? And yet something of the real knowledge must come to her at the last. It seemed as though I might take hours for reflection, and even then come to no conclusion. And yet I must answer her at once; any delay would be to the discredit of my truthfulness, as giving suspicion of artful motive. And with the pressure of my thoughts it came to me almost as an inspiration how to speak, and without giving any certain utterance, to gain a little time for reflection.

"Turn back with me, Clare. It is time that you should seek your tent. You will need all your sleep. You must start very early tomorrow; I have told your father why. Yes, your husband is in California; tomorrow I will tell you all about him."

"Why not tonight?"

"Because, — because, Clare, my news will not be pleasant news. If I told you now, perhaps you would not sleep at all, and you will need all your rest for your journey tomorrow. And yet I must not let you go from me with any false hopes. Better a little inkling of the truth now,

so that when the time comes, you can more easily bear what must still come. This appears harsh, does it not? And yet it seems to me that it is the best and wisest thing that I can do."

"But, Philip, —"

"There, there! Go in now, and do not seek to know more until I can better tell you. I will be with you tomorrow at daybreak, at which time you must start. I will even go with you a little way upon your journey. Then I will tell you all. It is only a few hours to wait. Good night, Clare. Believe me, I think I am acting best for you."

I pressed her cold, lifeless hand, scarcely daring to lift my eyes to her face, so suddenly grown white, and so went my way. Had I really acted wisely? I had already brought sorrow upon her through sickening apprehension, and I might have held back the blow until the coming day. Yet it was better, after all, that she should become gradually prepared, and not learn all at once. Learn what, indeed? Ah, there was the rub. So let her now school her thoughts to meet cruel tidings, — there could not in any case be other news than that. And let me feel that through my indefinite quality of speech I had left the way open and without need of retrogression for evil news, and in such manner of presentment as circumstances might at the moment compel.

Leonard Kip.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



FINAL.

I SAY Farewell,—for the last time let it be,—
 No more of hopeless hope, of vain endeavor ;
 I have no part in you, nor you in me,
 For ever.

Yet even so. I needs must touch your head
 With passion-thrilling fingers, bent above you,—
 Because—though nevermore it should be said—
 I love you!

My heart, my life-blood, soul of my very soul,
 O all in all!—farewell, for fears beset me!
 Between us two now let the long years roll,—
 Forget me!

M. C. Gillington.

 SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE IN COSTA RICA.

THE spirit of adventure that keeps life in us, yet comes near to worrying it out of us now and then, lured me with my handful of dollars to the hospitable shores of Costa Rica, where I hoped to find what was denied me in our own beautiful California.

"You can easily obtain employment," said some one who had been there, and did n't want it.

"If work I must, why not better there than here?" thought I. "And the less money I take with me the surer am I to seek that which might not attract me under other circumstances."

A few letters, which proved almost valueless, an abiding trust in Providence, afterward somewhat shaken I am sorry to state, which convinces me that I can no longer hope to travel as a shorn lamb, considerable confidence in the good feeling of my fellow men, together with the few dollars above referred to, comprised my all when I set foot on the leaf-strewn

and shady beach of Punta Arena, in the year of our Lord 1865.

Before the day was over I saw my case was almost hopeless; I was one too many in a very meager congregation of foreigners. In a week I was desperate, with poverty and misery brooding like evil spirits on either hand. Every ten minutes some one suggested something which was almost immediately suppressed by the next man I met, to whom I applied for further information.

"Teach," said one.

There was n't a pupil to be had in the whole dominion. Clerkships were out of the question likewise; I might keep store if I could get anything to put in it; or go farther, as some one suggested, if I had money enough to get there. I thought it wiser to endure the ills I had than fly to others that I knew not of. In this state I perambulated the green lanes of Punta Arena, conscious that I was drawing down tons of immaterial

sympathy from hearts of various nationalities, beating to the music of regular salaries in hard cash, and the inevitable ringing of their daily dinner bell; and I continued to perambulate under the same depressing avalanches for a fortnight or more, a warning to the generation of the inexperienced that persists in sowing itself broadcast upon the edges of the earth, and learns too late how hard it is for a man to take root under the circumstances.

One gloomy day I was seized in the market-place and led before a Spanish *hidalgo* of the old school, who offered me a bed and board for such manual compensation as I might be able to give him in his office during the usual business hours, namely, from day-break to some time in the afternoon, unless it rained, when business was suspended until fair weather should set that little world wagging again. I was invited to enter the bosom of his family, in fact to be one of them, and no single man could ask to be more; to sit at his table and wait for better days, in which diversion he proposed to join me with all his soul. With an emotion of gratitude and a pang at being thus early a subject of charity, I began business at Punta Arena, and learned within the hour how sharper than most sharps it is to know only your own mother tongue when you're away from home.

Nightly I walked two hot and dusty miles through groves of coffee shrubs and colonnades of palms to my new master's. I skirted, with loitering steps, a placid sea, where a myriad of fish, dyed like the rainbow, sported unceasingly. Springs gushed from the mountains, singing their song of joy; the winds sang in the dark locks of the sycamore, while the palm boughs clashed like cymbals in rythmical accompaniment; glad children chanted their choruses, and I alone could n't sing, nor hum, nor whistle, because it does n't pay to work for your board and pay for little necessities

out of your own pocket, in any latitude that I ever heard of.

We lived in a coffee grove of ten thousand plants crowning a hill-slope to the west. How all-sufficient it sounds as I write it now, but how little I cared then, for many reasons! My cottage had prior tenants, who disputed possession with me, winged tenants who sought admission at every cranny, and frequently obtained it in spite of me; these were not angels, but hens. My cottage had been a granary until it became too poor a receptacle for grains, and a better shelter left it open to the barn fowls until I arrived. They hated me, these hungry chickens. They used to sit in rows on the window sill and stare me out of countenance.

A wide bedstead, corded with thongs, did its best to furnish my apartment. A narrow, a very narrow, and thin ship's mattress, that had been a bed of torture for many a sea-sick soul before it descended to me, a flat pillow like a pancake, a condemned horse blanket, contributed by a good-natured Sambo who raked it from a heap of refuse in the yard, together with two sacks of rice, the despair of those hens in the window, were all I could boast of.

With this inventory I strove (by particular request) to be one of those who were comfortable enough in the chateau adjoining. Summoned peremptorily to dinner, I entered a little latticed saloon connected with the villa by a covered walk, discovered Don Refugio seated at table and already served with soup and claret; the remainder of the company served themselves as they best could; and I saw plainly that the family bosom was so crowded already that I might seek in vain to wedge myself into any corner of it, at least until some vacancy occurred.

After dinner, sat on a sack of rice in my room, while it grew dark and my Don received calls. Wandered down to the beach at the foot of the hill, and lay

a long time on a bed of leaves, while the tide was out and the crabs clattered along shore and were very sociable. Natives began to kindle their evening fires, smoke sweet as incense climbed up to the leafy crowns of the sycamores, and was lost among the stars. Morsels of fish and tortillas were offered me by untutored natives, who welcomed me to their frugal meals, and desired that I should at least taste before they broke their fast. Bathed by the sea in a fresh, cool spring, and returned to my little coop, which was illuminated by the glare of fifty floating beacons; looking back from the door I could see the dark lines of the torch bearers, and hear their signal calls above the low growl of the reef, a half mile farther out from shore. It was a blessing to lie awake in my little room and watch the flicker of those fires; the ocean still as death, the procession of fishermen sweeping from point to point within the reef, till the whole shore flooded with starlight and torchlight like a green sea garden in a girdle of flame.

A shrill bell called me from my bed at dawn. I was not unwilling to rise, for half the night I lay like a saint on the tough thongs, having turned over in sleep, thereby missing the mattress entirely. Made my toilet at a spring on the way into town; saw a glorious sunrise, that was as good as breakfast, and found the whole earth and sea and all that in them was singing again, while I listened and gave thanks for that privilege.

At ten A. M. I went to breakfast in a small restaurant. I was about to remark that probably most melancholy and homesickness may be cured or alleviated by a wholesome meal of victuals; but I think I won't, for, on referring to my note book, I find that within an hour after my return to the store I was as heartsick as ever, and was not afraid to say so. It is scarcely to be wondered at; the sky was dark; aboard a schooner some sailors were making that baleful

whine peculiar to them, as they hauled into shore and tied up to a tree in a sifting rain. Then everything was ominously still, as though something disagreeable was about to happen; thereupon I doubled myself upon the counter like a half-shut jack-knife; and burying my face in my hands said to myself, "O, to be alone with Nature! her silence is religion, and her sounds sweet music."

After which, the rain blew over, and I was sent with a handcart and one underfed greaser to a wharf half a mile away, to drag back several loads of potatoes. We two hungry creatures struggled heroically to do our duty. Starting with a multitude of sacks that it was quite impossible to proceed with, we grew weaker the farther we went, so that the load had to be reduced from time to time, and I believe the amount of potatoes deposited by the way considerably exceeded the amount we subsequently arrived at the store with.

Finding life a burden, and seeing the legs of the young fellow in harness with me bend under him in his frantic efforts to get our cart out of a rut without emptying it entirely, I resolved to hire a substitute at my own expense, and save my remaining strength for a new line of business. Thus I was enabled to sit on the wharf the rest of the afternoon, and enjoy myself devising new means of subsistence, and watching the natives swim. Silently I sat looking over the sea at the reef, just visible in the light of the young moon like a spirit brooding over the waters, till I broke the spell by saying "good-night" to the few kind natives, which was repeated in a chorus as I withdrew to my coop and found my feathered guests had beaten in the temporary barricade erected in the broken window, entered, and made themselves at home during my absence,—a fact that scarcely endeared the spot to me.

Next morning I was unusually merry; could not tell why, but tried to sing as I made my toilet at the spring; laughed

nearly all the way into town, saying my prayers and blessing God, when I came suddenly upon a horseshoe in the middle of the road; took it as an omen and a keepsake,—horseshoes are not shed everywhere nor for everybody. I thought it the prophecy of a change, and at once cancelled my engagement with my employer, without having set foot into his house farther than the dining-room, or made any apparent impression upon the adamant bosom of his family.

After formally expressing my gratitude to Don Refugio for his renewed offers of hospitality, I turned myself into the street and was once more adrift in the world. For the space of three minutes I was wild with joy at the thought of my perfect liberty. Then I grew nervous, began to feel unhappy, nay, even guilty, as though I had thrown up a good thing. Concluded it was rash of me to leave a situation where I got two meals and a mattress, with the privilege of washing at my own expense. Am not sure that it was not unwise, for I had no dinner that afternoon; and having no bed either, I crept into the veranda of a house to let and dozed till daybreak.

There was but one thing to live for now, namely, to see as much of Costa Rica as possible, and at my earliest convenience return to beloved California.

As I wandered, from most native homes came the invitation to enter and eat. Night after night I found my bed in the corner of some adobe house, whither I had been led by the master of it, with unaffected grace. It was n't simply showing me to a spare room, but rather unrolling the best mat and turning everything to my account so long as it pleased me to tarry. Frequently the mosquitoes accepted me as a delicacy, and did their best to dispose of me. Once I awoke with a headache; the air was so dense with the odor of orange blossoms.

And so I wandered on; occasionally a white man went by, barely nodding or more frequently eyeing me with suspicion, and giving me as much of his dust as he found convenient. In the wider fellowship of nature, I forswore all blood relations, and blushed for the representatives of my own color, as I footed it right royally. Therefore I was enabled to scorn the fellow who scorned me, while he flashed the steel hoofs of his charger in my face, and dashed on to the village we were both approaching with the dusk.

What a spot it was! A long lane as green as a spring meadow, lying between wall-like masses of foliage, whose deep arcades were frescoed with blossoms and festooned with vines. Passing up the turf-covered road, on either hand I beheld through a screen of leaves, a log spanning an arroyo that was softly singing its monody. It was a picture of still life with a suggestion of possible motion,—a village kept fresh forever. As I walked I knew something would cause me,—as it always does,—to turn at the right time and find a new friend ready to receive me. So I walked slowly and without hesitation or impatience until I turned and met him coming out of a small adobe house, holding out his hand to me in welcome, with a hearty "*Buenos tarde, Señor.*" Back we went together, and I ate and slept there as though it had been arranged a thousand years ago,—perhaps it was.

There was a racket up at the farther end of the lane by the padre's house. Songs and guitar-thrumming rose upon the night air; moreover, a bonfire and doubtless much aguardiente—too much, as usual, for I heard such cheering as the soul gives when it is careless of consequences, and caught a glimpse of the joys, such as even I, a good Christian, could hardly withstand. Commend me to him who has known temptation and not shunned it, but actually withstood it. It was the dance, as ever it is the

dance, where all the aspirations of the soul find expression in the body; those bodies that are incarnate souls, or those souls that are spiritualized bodies, inseparable, whatever they are, for the time being.

The fire glowed fervently; bananas hung out their tattered banners like decorations; the sea panted upon its sandy bed in heavy sleep. Circle after circle of swart but handsome faces were turned upon the flame-lit arena, where the dancers posed for a moment with their light drapery gathered about them and held carelessly in one hand.

The next morning I started off again; came at last to a shining whitewashed fort, where barefooted, dark-visaged soldiers were lolling in the hot sun. Here more refreshments for the wayfarer, but to be paid by the dish, and therefore limited. Was obliged to hate a noisy fellow with too much bushy black beard, and to like another who eyed me kindly over his wine, having first offered me a glass. Footsore and weary I approached a stable from which thrice a week the *diligencia* was dispatched to Punta Arena.

A modern pilgrim finds his scrip cumbersome, if he has any, and deems it more profitable to pay his coachman than his cobbler. I climbed to my seat by the jolly driver, who was continually making and smoking cigarritos, meanwhile keeping up a lively conversation with three merry nuns sitting just back of us, returning to the convent in Punta Arena after a vacation retreat among the hills. How they enjoyed the ride as three children might, and were quite wild with delight at meeting a corpulent, greasy old padre, who smiled amiably from his saddle, and offered to show them the interior of the pretty chapel. So they hurled themselves madly from the high seat, one after the other, scorning to touch anything so contaminating as a man's hand, though it looked suicidal, as the driver and I agreed, while

the three were at prayer at the altar. Whipping over the road townward, I could almost recognize my own footprints left since the time I used to take the dust in my face three mornings a week from the wheels of that very vehicle as I footed it in to business. Passing the spring, my toilet of other days, drawing to the edge of the town, we stopped being jolly, and were as proper as befitted travelers. We looked over the walls of the convent garden as we drove up to the gate, and saw the venerable mother superior hurrying down to us with a cumbersome chair for the relief of the nuns, but before she reached us they had cast themselves to earth again in the face of destiny, and there was kissing, crying, and commotion, as they withdrew under the gateway like so many doves seeking shelter. When the gate closed after them I heard them all cooing at once, but the world knows nothing further.

Where would I be dropped? asked the driver.

"In the middle of the street, please you, and take half my wealth for your ride, sir."

He took it, dropped me where we stood, and drove away, I pretending to be very much at my ease, — God help me and all other poor hypocrites!

I sought a place of shelter, or rather retirement, for the air is balm in that country. There was an old house in the middle of a grassy lawn on a by street. Two of its rooms were furnished with papers and books, and certain gentlemen who contribute to its support lounge in, when they have leisure for reading or a chat. I grew to know the place familiarly. I stole a night's lodging on its veranda in the shadow of a passion vine, but for embarrassing some early student in pursuit of knowledge, I passed the second night on the floor of the dilapidated cook house, where the ants covered me. I endured the tortures of one who bares his body to an unceasing

shower of sparks, but I survived. There was in this very cook house a sink six feet in length and as wide as a coffin; the third night I lay like a galvanized corpse till a rat sought to devour me, when I took to the streets and walked till morning. By this time the president of the club whose acquaintance I had the honor of, tended me the free use of any portion that was not otherwise engaged.

Ten nights I crossed the unswept floors of that dilapidated old house, my only shelter. With a faint heart and hollow stomach I threw myself upon my elbow and strove to sleep. I lay till my heart stopped beating, my joints were wooden, and my four limbs corky beyond all hope of reanimation. There the mosquito revelled, and it was a promising place for centipedes. At either end of the building an open window admitted the tip of a banana leaf; up their green ribs the sprightly mouse careered. I broke the backbones of these banana leaves, though they were the joy of my soul, and would have adorned the choicest conservatory in the land.

Day was equally unprofitable to me. My so-called best friend said, "Why not return to California?" Every one I met invited me to leave the country at my earliest convenience. The American consul secured me a passage to be settled for at home, and my career in that country was evidently at an end.

There is a market in Punta Arena, where, under one broad roof, threescore hucksters of both sexes congregate long before daylight, and while a few candles illumine their wares, patiently await custom. A half dozen shriveled old hags with an eye to business serve hot coffee and chocolate at a *real* per cup to any who chooses to ask for it. By seven A.M. the market is so nearly sold out that only the more plentiful fruits of the country are to be obtained at any price. A prodigal cannot long survive on husks unless he have coffee to wash them down; I took my cup of it,—with two

spoonfuls of sugar and ants dipped out of a cigar-box, and a crust of bread into the bargain,—sitting on a bench in the market place, with two picturesque looking Indians on either side.

The man who has passed a grimy chop-house wherein a frowzy fellow sat at his cheap spread without envying the frowzy fellow his cheap spread cannot truly sympathize with me. The man who has not felt a great hollow in his stomach, which he found necessary to fill at the first fountain he came to, or go over on his beam ends for lack of ballast, cannot fall upon my neck and call me brother.

At daybreak I haunted those street fountains, waiting my turn while somber-hued cooks filled almost fathomless ollas, and peons filled pot-bellied jars. There I meekly made my toilet, took my first course for breakfast, rinsed my handkerchief and went my way. The whole performance was very embarrassing, because I was a novice and a dozen people watched me in curious silence.

I had also a boot with a suction in the toe: there is dust in Punta Arena; while I walked that boot loaded and discharged itself in a manner that amazed and amused a small mob of embryo caballeros, who followed me in my free exhibition, advertising my shooting boot gratuitously. I was altogether shabby in my outward appearance, and cannot honestly upbraid any resident of the town for his neglect of me. I know that I suffered the agony of shame and the pangs of hunger, but they were nothing to the utter loneliness I felt as I wandered about with my heart on my sleeve, and never a bite from so much as a daw.

My last days in Costa Rica were brightened by the delicate attentions of a few good souls who learned, too late, the shocking state of my case. Thanks to them, I slept well thereafter in a real bed, and was sure of dinners that wouldn't rattle in me like a withered kernel in an old nutshell.

I had but to walk to the beach, wave my lily hand, heavily tanned about that time, when lo! a boat immediately dispatched from the plump little aviso "Gypsy," where the cross of St. George waved triumphantly from sunrise to sunset all the year round. Such capital dinners as I had there, such offers of bed and board and boundless sympathy as were made me by those dear fellows who wore the gold lace and had a piratical looking cabin all to themselves, were enough to wring a heart that had been nearly wrung out in its battle with life in Punta Arena.

No longer I walked the streets as one smitten with the plague, or revolved in

envious places about the market-place where I could have got my fill for a half dollar, but had neither the one nor the other. No longer I went at daybreak to swell the procession at the water spout, or sat on the shore the picture of despair.

One windy afternoon we cut our stern hawser in a fair wind and sailed out of the harbor; I felt a sense of relief and moralized for five minutes without stopping. Then I turned away from all listeners and saw those glorious peaks growing dim in the distance; the clouds embraced them in their profound secrecy; like a lovely mirage they floated upon the bosom of the sea.

P. M. R.

WAS IT A COINCIDENCE?

I.

It has been said that the faculty of dreaming, allied to the mystery of darkness, constitutes the one great tube through which man communicates with the shadowy.

Whether true or false, the fact nevertheless remains that many premonitions of coming evil, afterwards confirmed by the event, come to us in the shape of dreams, and it is a no less undeniable fact that most people laugh at these warnings, and yet nearly all believe in them or are interested in them.

Numerous more or less well authenticated instances of presentiments caused by dreams and verified by facts have come down to us from time immemorial, and the following episodes of actual occurrences are added to the weird collection not to throw more light upon the vexed question of supernatural influence and agencies in daily life, but more as additional corroborating evidence of the existence in nature of an inscrutable,

occult force, which striking off at a tangent from the well defined line of some great natural law, enables coming events to cast in mystic projection their shadows before.

Some years since — how many is immaterial to our purpose — an officer of the regular army, whose name must necessarily remain undisclosed, but whom, "*faute de mieux*," we will designate as Armistead, was stationed at one of those small military frontier posts which our Indian policy compels us to keep up at so much trouble and expense in the Indian country.

It was one of the most remote stations in Arizona; itself at that time, — before railroads, the great forerunners of advancing civilization, abolished distance and brought it nearer to our doors, — one of the most inaccessible of our Territories. Its natural surroundings were of the wildest and dreariest. Situated on a dry, arid, wind-swept mesa, enclosed afar off by a circle of barren, forbidding mountains, the only relief for the eyes half

blinded by the glare of the midday sun reflected by the hard, gravelly, grassless soil, and by the oft-recurring sand-storms so frequent in that section of the country, were a few mesquite and greasewood bushes and still fewer cottonwood trees. These grew here and there in the narrow, ribbon-like, alluvial valley, formed by the Rio Colorado on its way to the sea, beneath the bluff on which the post was built, and dwindling away day by day under the encroachments of the Nile-like river that preyed upon each of the banks alternately, in a robbing Peter to pay Paul system.

Outside of the small garrison the moral environment was in keeping with the natural. A lot of dirty, thievish, half-starving Indians, wards by name and victims by fact, of a blind, misdirected governmental policy, brutalized instead of civilized by their contact with the few white outcasts who had taken refuge among them. These whites eked out a miserable living in common with an alien race, while their aimless lives ebbed but too slowly away in contaminating that which had been bad enough before their advent.

The post was garrisoned by a company of regular infantry, two of its officers being present for duty with it,—the captain, who was post commander, and Armistead, the first lieutenant, who, in addition to his staff duties as adjutant, quartermaster, and commissary, was general factotum to the commanding officer. The whole force, including the captain's wife, who was indeed queen of all she surveyed, amounted, all told, to some forty souls ; but small and inadequate as this number was, considering the manifold duties required of the garrison, its moral effect upon the three or four thousand Indians scattered about the post, and within a radius of fifty miles, was equivalent to at least ten times that number ; for it represented the United States armed and equipped, and ready for the field at a moment's notice.

Cut off by the united force of circumstance and of duty from nearly all the social amenities of life, Armistead, his captain and the latter's wife had necessarily formed themselves into a close corporation to keep up, until better associations could be had or a change of station came, as much of the usages of good society as was absolutely required to prevent them from falling back into the total or semi-barbarism surrounding them on all sides.

With this object in view they all messed together, and Armistead, much to his gratification, had found in his friend and commander's family a home lighted up by the presence and refining influence of a gentle, educated woman, a boon above price and for which he felt thankful every day of his life.

The trio had by nature many things in common. They thought alike upon all the great questions at issue at that time before the people of the country ; and among authors in their varied reading they had the same favorites and the same *bêtes noires*. Everything, in fact, in them and about them combined to make them what they were, the closest and truest of friends.

One morning, Armistead, who had all along been in the best of health, came to breakfast from his quarters, but a few steps away from those occupied by his friends, in a state of mind and body so different from his former self, that the Captain and his wife noticed it and remarked upon it. He was pale, silent, and moody, irritable when spoken to, and depressed,—the very opposite of the even tempered and jolly companion they had always found him. In reply to their reiterated questions, he answered that owing to a singularly bad dream he had had the night before, he felt oppressed with a vague presentiment of coming evil, which he could neither account for nor banish, and which made him feverish, anxious, and uneasy.

His friends attempted to dissuade

him from attaching any importance to such an evanescent, unsatisfactory, and unreasonable thing as a dream, good or bad, and tried to impress upon him the fact that mere depression of spirit was not a true premonition of coming evil.

Roused into a discussion of the subject by the well meant, half-earnest badinage of his companions, he answered that among the theorists on the subject of presentiments in general it was universally accepted as a recognized fact, that the true presentiment must be wholly without foundation in reason, — that this was true whether it took the form of an unreasonable dream, as they qualified the visions of the night, or that of a mere feeling or fancy; and that it must be spontaneous, unexpected, and wholly without interpretation from natural causes. He added that he felt assured in his own mind that the dream he had had, whether reasonable or unreasonable, fulfilled all the conditions required in warnings and omens by all the authors he had read on the subject, — and he proceeded to relate it to his interested hearers, previously requesting them to note in each of their diaries the date and the points of the occurrence.

He had gone to bed the previous night in his usual state of good health and clear conscience, and his evening meal, as they knew, had not been such as to produce bad effects upon his digestive apparatus. Previous to his falling asleep he had followed his customary habit of reading in bed for an hour or so some matter-of-fact narrative of voyages and explorations, which, from its even tenor, would not produce any great tension upon his nervous system, and he had quietly and peacefully dropped into the land of Nod, after blowing out his night-lamp.

He dreamed that after having slept all night he awoke just in time to get ready for breakfast, and as he half rose out of bed to do so, he was thunderstruck by seeing in the middle of the room a shut-

ter resting upon two trestles, in the form of a table, upon which a dead man, — who was no other than himself, — was lying stretched out at full length in *rigor mortis*, and ready for the grave. Sitting on his cot, he looked at himself lying dead in the middle of the room with a queer, morbid curiosity, knowing that he was the dead man but still retaining his perception of being alive in another place, — dreading the interment which must necessarily follow, — yet all the while wishing it were over and done with. After gazing upon his lifeless *doppelganger* for a while in a dazed, bewildered way, he got up upon his feet, proceeded to dress himself, and went out to his breakfast after closing the door of his room with a last look at his dead other self. As he stepped out of the house into the open air he noticed, much to his surprise, that the snow lay deep on the ground; a very unusual thing for that latitude, especially in the valley of the Colorado.

As he opened his door once more on his return from his morning meal, he saw the shutter still resting upon the trestles in the middle of the room, but the dead man had disappeared, and in his place, dressed in a black silk dress with a *fichu* of Pointe d'Alencon lace over her neck and bosom, and a white japonica in her gray hair, was stretched the dead body of a woman. Before he could take a second look at her features, which appeared very familiar to him in his hurried first glance, the whole thing faded away, and he awoke to find himself bathed in a cold sweat and trembling all over.

As he opened his eyes, quite certain of his being wide awake and in the full possession of all his faculties, he perceived, leaning over him, gazing at him with sad, pensive eyes and a mournful smile playing upon her lips, the female figure he had just seen in his dream stretched upon the shutter in the habiliments of the grave, and as he returned

the gaze for a moment and recognized the face, the *eidolon* faded away, and slowly disappeared into space.

Most assuredly, — continued Armistead impressively, — this was not, could not be, what his friends had just called the evanescent, unsatisfactory, and unreasonable fabric of unsubstantial nothingness. The different phases of the weird and vivid imagery followed one another in too regular and logical sequences to be merely the erratic phantasm of an ordinary dream. There was nothing vague or confused about the solemn shifting scenes, and while they lasted, the consciousness that he was dreaming was lost in the reality of the vision.

According to the solution generally adopted by men whose patient experimental researches with the mysteries of the unknown — but not unknowable — entitled them to the distinguishing designation of occult scientists, his dream was either one of those visions coming from no one knew whence, but which were sure warnings of coming events, or it was one of those brain-dreams recognized by medical experts as the equally sure *avant couriers* of approaching dissolution.

As to the apparition he had seen standing at his bedside, outside, but still part of his dream, that question had passed from the domain of mere speculation into that of almost absolute certainty; for on the theory founded upon the cases investigated by the English Society for Psychical Research this experience would be accounted for by the action of "telepathic impact," or thought transference. The dying woman, whose astral appeared to him, naturally thought, in all probability, of the absent one at the time of her death, and at such moment her strongest desire, in all likelihood, was to see him once more, and the intensity of her thought was such as to impress it vividly upon the mind of him toward whom it was directed. And

arising from the breakfast-table — as he came to a pause — with a slight farewell bow to his friends, who had listened to him with an interest mixed with considerable apprehension on his account, for his words were earnest and impressive, Armistead went back to his quarters and was not seen again that day.

From this time forth he began to droop away in a most unaccountable manner, until, within a comparatively short time, he had become reduced to a mere shadow of his former self.

The great event of the day, or rather of the week, for mail facilities at that time were remarkably slow and unreliable, was the arrival of the mail carrier at the post. As soon as he was seen in the far-away distance approaching the camp on his ambling gray mare the whole garrison was on tip-toe with expectation. The mail was delivered and assorted in the adjutant's office, and distributed by the sergeant-major into the eager hands awaiting it; for waiting for it until it should be brought to the quarters by the orderly detailed for that purpose was never thought of in the fervor of expectancy.

Late one afternoon, some three weeks after his dream, as Armistead and his friend the Captain were sitting together on the former's porch, they saw the mail carrier crossing the parade ground on his way to the office with the mails, and they started after him together to see what it had brought them.

As they entered the room the mail had just been dumped in a heap upon an office table, and on the very top of the pile, lying with its superscription downward so that the writing could not be seen, was a black-edged letter. Armistead dropping the arm of his companion, which in his bodily weakness he almost needed as a support, went to the table, took up the black letter without saying a word or looking at its address, and turning upon his heel walked slowly back alone towards his quarters, leaving

his friend behind to look upon his re-treating form in astonishment at his action and abrupt departure.

He was not seen again that night, but the next morning, as he dragged himself to breakfast, he held an open letter in his hand, and as he dropped wearily into a seat he handed it to his hostess, with the request to read it aloud.

It was from his brother in Indiana, and it advised him of the sudden death of their mother,—the result of an accident on the ice. The letter went on to state how, before dying, she had repeatedly called for her absent son, and gave the details of the funeral,—how the remains had been prepared for the grave in a black silk dress, with some rich old lace, which their mother had prized dearly, over the neck and bosom, and how a dear friend of the deceased had brought a white japonica to place among the gray hairs they had loved so well. It further stated that a large concourse of friends and acquaintances had attended the remains to their last resting place, and that the procession had experienced some difficulty on reaching the cemetery, situated in the open country, owing to the great and unusual depth of the snow lying on the ground at the time.

Without a word from either of them, the Captain and his wife, as if moved by the same thought, referred to their respective diaries, and the date they had entered therein as that of Armistead's dream was the one on which the death of his mother had occurred.

Armistead's health grew from bad to worse after this, and one evening not long afterwards he was sitting propped up in an arm-chair on the back porch of his friend's house, to which he had been removed for better care, engaged in conversation with his dearly loved friend and confidant, the Captain's wife, who had been such a sweet sister to him.

The sun was sinking in the far west, beyond the mountains, and its last rays threw a golden tint over the waters of

the Colorado in the far-away distance ; while nearer to them, at the end of the bluff overlooking the Mojave valley, a stray sunbeam, as if loth to leave, still lingered over a corner of the post cemetery.

Raising his wasted forefinger he pointed towards it and expressed his last wish to his companion, whose gentle eyes were fast filling with tears :

"Look, Nellie, — over there, — where the sun still shines, — let me be buried there."

And he was, for within a week the waves of the Rio Colorado on their way to the sea sang his requiem as he slept his last sleep in the grave above them.

II.

IN the beginning of the month of December, 1880, a party composed of four or five officers, who had met by chance in the club room of the post trader's store at Fort Grant, in southeastern Arizona, were engaged in whiling away, in throwing dice desultorily for small bets, the short time still remaining unoccupied on their hands until the bugle, sounding the first call for tattoo, should summon them to the last duty of the day.

After some glasses of beer and cigars had been won and lost here and there among them, and the bugle call still remained unsounded, they began, in order to kill time faster, to throw the dice for different articles of the settler's goods exhibited for sale on the shelves of the store.

Finally Lieutenant Gear, speaking to Captain Thomp, — the names are fictitious, — made the following proposition : "This is getting monotonous. I have now more bath towels and combs and brushes than I can use in a year, and I don't see anything around that I care about playing for. Let us, you and I, throw the dice, just for the fun of it, and see which of us two shall die first. Come, the best one in three ?"

An old officer standing by interposed with the remark that such betting was not only childish, but sinful and almost criminal, for chance was a fickle goddess in more ways than gambling, and it would not do to defy her too much, for there was no telling what might happen.

Captain Thomp, however, falling into the humor of his subaltern, accepted the bet, and taking up a dice-box shook it once or twice, and threw two fours and one ace. In two more throws he made eleven, which gave him a total of twenty points against his life.

Lieutenant Gear picking up the dice, with a laugh, and the remark, "Captain you're gone up!" replaced them in the box, gave it a shake, and in three throws scored forty-two.

It was settled, Captain Thomp was to die first; and as they all left the room to attend tattoo roll call, — the signal for which was just then sounding on the parade ground, — Gear remarked jokingly to his company commander, "Get your coffin ready, Captain; my life is insured against yours."

It so happened that the Major — the old officer who had questioned the ethics of the singular bet — had just arrived at Fort Grant to assume command of the post, which he was to do the very next day, and he and his wife were temporarily the guests of Captain Thomp and his family.

Happening to rise early on the morning after the betting, the very first thing the Major saw on stepping out upon the porch of his quarters was the post flag displayed at half mast. As this is done only upon the death of an officer or enlisted man occurring at the particular post where the sign of mourning is exhibited, or upon the receipt of orders from the headquarters of the army at Washington, officially announcing the decease of some distinguished person who has held high public trust under government, — and the funereal honors to be paid him at all military stations, notice of which,

in either case, had not reached him, the Major was naturally much surprised at the display, and immediately sent for the sergeant of the guard to ascertain the cause of it.

The sergeant came as ordered, and reported the matter as accidental and not intentional, — that on hoisting the flag at reveillé, as customary, the halliards had fouled when the flag had reached half mast, and that it could neither be hauled up or brought down unless the topmast was unstepped and lowered to the ground.

"Go back to the guardhouse; bring two of your men with you, and try it again," ordered the Major.

The men came, but all their efforts proved unavailing, — the flag would neither go higher up nor come lower down.

"Hang it!" commanded the by this time irate officer, "bring a carpenter, look up an old sailor among the soldiers, and lower the topmast at once, — I'll have no flag at half mast at my post without cause, — it's a sign of bad luck."

And the old officer with his gray mustache bristling — a sure sign that he was vexed — turned upon his heel to go to his breakfast, to which he had just been summoned. While eating it, sitting next to Captain Thomp, who had just answered his inquiry about his health with the reply that he felt remarkably well, he was about to mention the flag episode, when the Captain dropped his knife and fork upon his plate with an inquiring look around the table, and asked if they had not heard some one calling him.

As they all answered in the negative, he rose from the table hurriedly with the remark: "Why, yes, somebody is calling me, and there is a knock at the door. I'll go and see who it is," and he left the room.

The breakfast went on without him, and as he did not return, although he had been gone some time, his wife got up to see what had become of him. She

found him lying dead upon a bed in the next room.

It was ascertained afterwards that he had gone to the door of the hall leading to the front porch of the house, opened it, and suddenly raising his hand to his forehead, had reeled into the next room and fallen down on the bed in a fit of apoplexy.

Before the news could be disseminated over the post, the sergeant of the guard, who had not yet heard of the Captain's death, came to the commanding officer and reported that the carpenter and the sailor were ready to lower the topmast and bring down the flag.

"Never mind, sergeant," answered the Major with a pale face, "let it remain at half mast until retreat, — there is a death in the post."

One evening last winter, being stationed at a military post in northern New York, on the Canadian frontier, I called upon the wife of an officer of my regiment, who had served at Fort Grant some time after the occurrence above related, and sitting in front of a cheerful fire, with the long remaining snows of that severe climate lying thick and deep all over the surrounding country, we exchanged reminiscences of the eventful days and nights when her husband and myself hunted the wily Apaches over hill and dale under the burning sun of far-off Arizona.

By and by we came to the betting match and its sinister ending, and she went on to tell me how, soon after Captain Thomp's demise, the quarters in which he had died acquired the reputation of being haunted by his ghost. Strange noises were heard in them of nights, and eventually no one would live in them, and the soldiers kept very shy of them after dark. Then changes of troops and of stations had taken place, and gradually new faces had replaced the old ones, but the story of the haunted house remained and was re-told with many variations, like all twice-told tales.

While they were stationed there one of the periodical Apache outbreaks had occurred, and nearly all the troops at the post were ordered into the field on a long, weary flea-hunt after the Indian murderers. During her husband's absence on the trail of the hostiles, she had remained all alone — a servant girl excepted — in her quarters, and what between her anxiety for her absent husband and the fear that some of the San Carlos renegades might jump the post during the absence of the greater part of its garrison, she had a bad time of it.

They kept loaded guns and revolvers in the house, and as soon as night came the doors were closed and double-locked, and barricaded with some of the furniture. "And," continued she impressively, "after I was told the story of the haunted house all the money in the world would not have gotten me to go near it after dark, — it looked so dreary and lonely at the end of the row!"

"At the end of the row?" I remarked astonished, "Why, what quarters did you have?"

"Those next to your old ones, — the adobe building close by!"

"My dear friend," I replied, "Captain Thomp never lived in the house at the end of the row. He died in the quarters next to mine, in which you lived all alone with your maid, all the time your husband was away."

The lady stared at me in horror for a moment, and then gasped —

"Great heavens! what a blessing I did not know it at the time, — and to think that I never saw or heard anything strange in them!"

III.

In the early spring of 1869 two soldiers belonging to the garrison of the post were fishing for trout in a small mountain stream some three miles from Camp Halleck, Nevada.

One of the lines becoming inextric-

ably entangled in some obstacle at the bottom of the water, one of the soldiers waded into the creek, which was shallow, not exceeding three feet in depth, and found that the hook had caught into what appeared to be a roll of blankets.

With the help of his comrade he raised the roll to the surface of the water and thence on the bank of the stream. Unrolling the bundle, which was somewhat lengthy and heavy, they found the half decomposed remains of a man, evidently murdered; for the head of the corpse was split open as if with a sharp instrument,—presumably a hatchet or an ax.

Not very far down stream from where the first bundle was found they came upon another, in the water also, in which was wrapped up the body of another man killed in the same manner.

In a spirit of investigation they began to look about them for some indices that might furnish a clew to the deed and its perpetrators. Happening to look across the creek they saw a long, narrow streak of some kind of grayish stuff, which brought into strong relief by the green spring grass growing all around it, showed like a broad white ribbon leading down to the creek from some distance above. Crossing the stream they examined it and found it to be a long trail of pasty flour evidently strewn there by some one with a purpose. Following the tell-tale track they soon came upon the long-extinguished remains of a small camp-fire, near which were the still well defined and distinct traces of wagon wheels and horses' hoofs.

One of the soldiers, leaving the other to watch over the bodies until he returned, went back to the post and reported the matter. The adjutant and the post surgeon were ordered to the spot to investigate the case, and putting this and that together it did not take long for these officers to come to a conclusion and reconstruct the murder as it, in all probability, had occurred.

It was remembered that soon after the

preceding Christmas, or thereabouts, when the snow lay deep and thick on the ground in all that section of the country, two itinerant Jew peddlers, traveling in a light wagon with such goods as they traded in, had passed through the post going in the direction of the creek, on the banks of which they halted that night; as their camp-fire was seen from the post.

A few hours thereafter a man traveling on foot had made some inquiries about them, stating that he belonged to the party, and was going to camp with them. Two or three days afterwards this same man passed back through the post alone, driving the team himself, had his horses re-shod at the post blacksmith's shop, and went on his way westward. There being nothing suspicious about the matter, it attracted no special attention.

The presumption, after discovering the bodies, was that this man had come up with the Jews that evening, had asked their permission to camp with them that night, and had murdered them while asleep; and then wrapping the bodies in the blankets on which the men had slept, had dragged them to the creek some forty yards distant, and thrown them into it.

The dragging had, in all likelihood, left a bloody trail on the hard snow, and in order to hide it the murderer had sprinkled it over with some of the flour the men had used for supper,—although why he used flour instead of the snow lying so plentifully around was not clearly understood. The remains of the murdered men were given decent burial in the post cemetery, and the murderer, as far as I know, was never discovered.

Within a month after the occurrence, I arrived with my company from an Eastern station and assumed command of the post, and while my intended quarters were being repaired, I was the guest of the post surgeon, who, like myself, was a bachelor for the time

being. Sitting one evening in front of a cosy fire, whose cheerful heat was much appreciated, for the spring was not very far advanced and the winter had been severe, the Doctor related to me the finding of the bodies and the autopsy he had performed on them, — a very disagreeable duty, owing to their advanced stage of decomposition, — together with a singularly weird visitation he had had soon after their burial, — the very next night, in fact, after the autopsy and funeral.

He had gone to bed in the room in which I was to sleep that night, somewhat impressed with the noisome post-mortem examination he had performed on the bodies, in order to ascertain beyond cavil the cause of death in the event of a question of medical jurisprudence arising in the trial of the murderer, should he ever be apprehended; and he felt such a general depression of his whole system that he entertained serious fears of having inadvertently become inoculated with some blood poison while performing the operation.

At any rate he had a most restless night of it. Whenever he closed his eyes, his mind, despite all his efforts to prevent it, would reconstruct over and over again the midnight tragedy on the banks of the creek, and like the shifting scenes of a theatrical performance, each and all the different phases of the bloody deed would reproduce themselves in his mind's eye as they were supposed to have taken place on that dismal winter night.

Finally, after many subsultory tosses and turns, he dropped into a heavy, uneasy lethargy, which held his body bound as if in chains, while his mind remained as active as if wide-awake, — a combination which soon amalgamated itself into a frightful nightmare. The door of his bedroom flew open, and the two murdered men, holding each other by the hand, came slowly towards him. Sadly — reproachfully, it seemed to him

— they gazed upon him for a while, and then slowly withdrew.

For three successive nights the visitation was repeated in the same manner and then ceased altogether, — “But,” added my friend, with what seemed to me an uneasy glance about the room, “I have not gotten over it, for I shudder still when I think how dreadful the whole thing was; but why they should look at me in that reproachful manner I cannot imagine, for certainly it was not I who murdered them.”

As the Doctor had gone on with his recital of the supposed circumstances of the double midnight murder on the banks of the lonely stream, and his ghostly after experiences, he had reconstructed the scene, and the deed, and the visitation, so forcibly that I was strangely impressed almost in spite of myself. It must be acknowledged that the accessories to the tale were conducive to the impression. The hour was late — almost early — and the sentries excepted, the Doctor and myself were probably the only two individuals still sitting up within a radius of thirty miles. The wind had risen, and as it forced its way through the cracks and crevices of the badly constructed house, it filled it with plaintive sighs and moanings, rising every once in a while into something like half-suppressed shrieks of anguish and despair; and in the intervals between the gusts, which shook the window frames and made the panes rattle, the ill-omened hooting of an owl, adding his dismal *too-hoot* to the weird night noises, came from the cottonwood trees skirting the dry creek that ran through the post.

The Doctor's monotone, as if in spiritual sympathy with the hour and the theme, had a sad, dreary resonance, as the sound struck the bare walls of the room, and the air waves came back to our ears with a mournful, dismal vibration, which made the flesh creep in spite of one's-self.

The once bright and cheerful fire it-

self, as if imbued with the ghostly contagion gradually infecting us, had all at once, as it seemed, faded out, until it had become reduced to a few smoldering, half-charred embers, emitting at long intervals a fitful, fugitive, short-lived bluish flame, which made everything in the room look gloomy and uncanny, and added to our mutual "queerishness" by lighting up spasmodically the different emotions, mostly ghostly, reflected upon each other's features.

As my companion went on step by step in his narrative of murder and ghostly experiences, and it reached its climax in regular sequences, a sensation of compound fascination and dread had gradually overpowered my cooler judgment, and the feeling was fast verging into something very much like being afraid of remaining any longer in the dark, when I shook off the weird glamor by a determined mental effort, and rising from my seat, bade the Doctor, — who, if the human face divine told no lie, felt very much as I did, — good-night, and retired to my couch in the next room, to sleep, but not to rest, for it seemed to me that I had no sooner closed my eyes than the most horrible nightmare I ever had in my life petrified me alive on my back.

The door of my room sprang open with a click, and side by side, wrapped up, as in a Roman toga, in what seemed to be the ragged pieces of old army blankets, still wet from recent immersion, stepped in two of the most horrible looking figures one could well imagine. They were long-bearded men, one tall and one short in stature, with the characteristic nasal development of the Semitic race.

Their foreheads were half divided by a butcher's stroke, and as the dark stream slowly filtered through the grizzled, matted, dank beards, and mixed with the saturation of their blanket covering, I could hear the dismal, monotonous drip on the floor.

They slowly advanced with solemn,

re-echoing footsteps toward my bed, and gazed down upon me with glassy, lusterless eyes, in which, it seemed to me, I could see something at once reproachful and entreating.

Then after looking at me thus strangely for a while that seemed an age, they slowly turned upon their fleshless heels and withdrew as they came.

To my mind one of the most pleasing of sensations is that of a man who, just escaping from the fearful embrace of a nightmare, awakes with his forehead bathed in an icy perspiration to find that all the horrors he has just gone through were only the phantasmagoria of a bad dream produced probably by indigestion. As in this particular instance, however, the sweet cannot be had without the bitter, this sensation of blessed relief is one that I do not like to experience too often, if I possibly can help it; and to prevent a recurrence of it that night, at all events, I got up out of bed and sat up in a chair until daylight.

It was fated, however, that I should have a surfeit of it that time, for, like my friend the Doctor, I went through the same experience without variations for three successive nights, and then worn out and half sick, as well as considerably interested in the matter, I thought I would try an experiment in physical research.

I had in my company at that time an old soldier named Garvey, one of those "*dur-a-cuire*," hard-to-cook, veterans of the old army, who had served under my orders during the Civil War, and who, with the exception of going off every once in a while on a periodic spree, during which he made Rome howl, was one of the best soldiers I ever saw. He had the Crimean medal, and claimed to have been one of the celebrated six hundred in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava; and as he was fond of boasting whenever he had a drop of liquor in him, he feared neither man nor devil. Drunk or sober he always came in

handy somehow at everything he undertook, and take him all in all, he was one of those good old reprobates and Jacks-of-all-trades that a company commander likes to have near at hand at all times, especially when out scouting.

I sent for him and told him that I had been troubled with the nightmare for some nights, and that I wanted him to bring his blankets and sleep in my room, and if he saw that I was restless and uneasy in my sleep, to shake and wake me up at once.

That evening I went out to make some calls and on my way back, passing in front of the lighted window of my bedroom, I peeped in and saw the jovial old rascal sitting cozily in my arm-chair in front of the fire, with his feet on the mantel, reading one of my cherished favorites, and with one of my choice Havanas between his lips, enjoying himself for once in his life in a quiet way in *otium cum dignitate*.

As I came in he jumped upon his feet, jerked the stump of the cigar quickly, and a little sheepishly from between his teeth, threw it into the fire, and bringing his heels together with his body erect on the hips, carried his right hand to the visor of his cap, — which being on duty, he kept on his head to look more military, — and reported for service with, "Ready for orders, sir!"

I saw that he had made for himself a comfortable pallet with his blankets and his overcoat for a pillow, on the floor alongside of my cot, and having seen me safe and snug in my bed, he proceeded to do the same for himself on his shake-down on the carpet.

I very soon dropped off into a sound sleep, from which I was aroused two or three hours afterwards by groans and moans, intermingled with half-choked cries of, — "Go away, damn you, go away, I did n't do it, — go away!"

They came from somewhere near me, and rising on my elbow and looking over down on the floor, I saw Garvey strug-

gling with all his might with what seemed to be a pretty well conditioned nightmare.

I watched him for a while, and then woke him out of it with a rough shake. He half rose from his recumbent position, gazed about him in a half dazed, bewildered, horrified manner, and then with a deep sigh of relief, ejaculated, "Lord, was n't it hell!"

I waited until he had fully recovered his scattered senses, and then sternly asked, "Is this the way you perform your duty, you scoundrel?" What do you mean by waking me up in that manner out of the first sound sleep I have had for a week? What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

Garvey exculpatingly answered that he could not help it, and went on to describe the very identical visitation the Doctor and myself had had, and it tallied in every point with our own experiences.

"Now," said I, when he got through, "I have had enough of your silly nonsense for tonight, and an old soldier like you ought to be ashamed of it. Pick up your blankets, go back to the barrack room, and report back tomorrow night for the same duty; but be sure to make a light supper before you come, so that you may sleep like a Christian with a good conscience, and not like a murderer or I don't know what!"

The idea of recommending to an old soldier to make a light supper out of the allotment of the army ration set apart for that purpose was too good for Garvey, and a broad, half sarcastic smile illuminated for an instant the weather-beaten and battle-scarred features of the old veteran.

"Colonel," he answered, hardly keeping himself from laughing in my face, "if I was in San Francisco boarding at the Occidental, the advice might be good; but it will never do for Halleck, sir," and turning upon his heels with a parting salute, he left the room with his blankets under his arm, and I heard him

out on the porch muttering to himself with a hoarse, half suppressed chuckle :

"Light supper—to sleep lightly! A slice of bread with a tin cup full of black wash for it to swim in. That's too damned good to keep, by Jinks! I'll tell the company cook to change his bill of fare, and give us cold water instead of hot coffee."

He came back the next night, not quite so willingly, and he brought the same old nightmare with him. The night after that, the selfsame experience repeated itself over again, and the next morning Garvey, with his face pale with apprehensive dread, went on the sick report; he thought the "horrors" were coming on him after his last spree, and that the next thing in order would be snakes in his boots.

As far as I was concerned, my exper-

iment in psychical mysteries was ended, — but not quite to my satisfaction; for one of the premises of my psychological problem was still wanting.

Some time thereafter the Doctor and I were taking an evening walk as a constitutional in the vicinity of the camp. Skirting the bank of the dry creek above the post, we came to the cemetery, around which a new fence had been built. As we passed by, the Doctor called my attention to a large mound standing solitary and alone outside of the fence, with the remark: "The two murdered Jews are buried there."

I made no answer, but the next morning I had the fence removed, so as to enclose in the same companionship of death the solitary mound with the other graves in the silent city that always grows.

A. G. Tassin.



GLIMPSES.

WITHIN the fastness of a forest dell,
 Deep hid from sight, a bright stream flows,
 And on its sedgy marge the elder blows,
 Hoar hemlocks silent stand, as poets tell
 They did in the old time 'neath Merlin's spell.
 With many a start the charmed water goes,
 Hurrying from light to gain the hazel close,
 Where shadows ever are and strange shapes dwell.

There once I heard a strain—unknown to man—
 Whose mellow, rippling notes were blown of old
 Through vales of Arcady. The winds that fan
 The reeds were stilled; I saw the dark eyes bold,
 Heard hurrying feet that followed bearded Pan,
 And song and voices of the Age of Gold.

Melville Upton.

THE DECLINE OF OUR MERCHANT MARINE.¹

THE industry of building and using ships is one of the chief elements in a nation's greatness. In the early part of its history, this industry may well be ranked the first, because it not only aids in the accumulation of wealth, but by bringing its people in contact with those of other countries, it becomes a means of enlarging and multiplying their ideas, and extending the domain of civilization. It was under this inspiration that the Tyrians skirted northern Africa, and founded the city of Carthage, and that the Carthaginians in turn planted their commercial colonies in Spain, and even on the distant coasts of Britain and Ireland; while Greece beautified Italy and Sicily with art-loving settlements.

England's greatness, as is well known, has always depended in a large measure upon her military and mercantile navies. "See," said Napoleon to Charles Fox, pointing to a terrestrial globe, "how small a space you occupy in this world." "Yes," retorted the Englishman, "but with our ships we encircle it all."

This dual industry, — the building of ships and operating ships, — the North American Colonies, especially those of New England, acquired by inheritance and by the necessity of their situation; and from the middle of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, the building of ships and using them as implements of commerce were the two lines of activity whose competition the mother country especially feared; so much so, that in 1650 Parliament felt it necessary to enact a statute for the avowed purpose of protecting English shipping from that very competition. This statute was followed during the next one hundred and twenty years by

twenty-nine others, all tending to the restoration and protection of England's colonial trade. But the business sought to be crippled by them could not be kept down, and it continued to flourish in the colonies. Smuggling became reputable, and every invasion of these statutes, howsoever accomplished, was a blow in favor of liberty.

Although these industries continued to thrive in spite of the hurtful legislation aimed at their impairment, it was still regarded by the colonies as a grievance, and constituted an important count in the indictment in the Declaration of Independence against George the Third, that of "cutting off our trade with all parts of the world."

Let us now take a rapid view of the condition of the United States mercantile marine subsequent to the American Revolution. In 1789 the registered tonnage of the United States engaged in foreign trade was 123,893 tons, and during the next eight years it increased 384 per cent, which, it must be conceded, was in part due to European wars, which threw the carrying trade largely into our hands. From 1797 to 1807 the increase was 42 per cent, or from 597,777 tons to 848,307 tons. From 1807 to 1837 there were intervals of decrease, so that at the last date the amount of American registered tonnage was 810,000 tons or 38,000 tons less than it was thirty years before. Subsequent to 1837 the increase was very marked, rising from 810,000 tons that year to 1,241,000 tons in 1847, to 2,463,000 tons in 1857, and 2,642,000 tons at the outbreak of the Civil War. The tonnage of the world at that time was as follows:

Belonging to the United States, registered and enrolled, 5,539,813 tons; to Great Britain and her dependencies,

¹An essay read before the Chit-Chat Club, September 10th, 1888.

5,895,369 tons; to all other nations, 5,800,767 tons.

The aggregate registered tonnage belonging to the United States in 1861 was therefore but little less than that of Great Britain, and nearly equal to that of all other maritime nations combined.

It should be noted in this connection that between 1855 and 1860 the American tonnage was more than fifty per cent in excess of what was then necessary to carry all the exports and imports of the country; therefore, between these dates there were at least 1,300,000 tons of American shipping engaged in the employment of foreigners, and employed in a trade in which America was not interested. But it was flying the American flag in every part of the world where there was anything to buy, or sell, or exchange, or carry. Fox's retort to Napoleon was then as applicable to us as it ever was to England, for with our ships we encircled the world.

And it is especially worthy of note that this great maritime excellence was attained when the difference in the wages of seamen and the cost of stores, rigging, etc., was as great in favor of England as it is now. This is explained by the superiority of American seamen, and the fact that they used labor-saving machines for managing the topsails, handling and lifting the anchor, and principally in loading and unloading freight; consequently fewer seamen were needed, and insurance was cheaper, even with English underwriters.

This superiority in the mode of handling freight is especially noticed in the report of Mr. W. P. Phillips, one of the harbor commissioners of Boston. He saw at an English wharf an English vessel discharging a cargo of pig iron by the aid of one of Armstrong's swinging cranes. The iron was hoisted from the hold in a large tub, which instead of being swung over to the car, standing on a track only fifteen feet away, and then dumped into the car, was lowered to the deck,

and then the iron was handled, piece by piece, and placed in a basket, the basket lifted to a man's shoulders, and the man walked down a plank to the dock, up another plank on the further side of the car, and then dumped his basket into the car. When asked why they did this work in such a protracted and labor-increasing way, they answered conservatively, "We always have."

Another time while a hydraulic crane was lying idle along the side of a ship, Mr. Phillips noticed that bale goods were rolled from the car down to the pier, and then up to the vessel's deck. To the question, "Why do you do it this way?" the answer again was, quite English, "We always have."

But notwithstanding all these advantages on our side, the fact is that the tonnage of Great Britain, as already shown, has steadily increased even down to the present time, and ours has steadily declined. According to the statistics furnished by the Bureau Veritas on September 1st, 1887, the merchant marine of Great Britain for the year ending at that date amounted to 8,729,581 tons, and that of the United States amounted to 2,342,204 tons.

The depleted condition of our merchant marine gives rise to two important questions. Why is it that the United States of America, formerly a maritime power of the first magnitude, has now no sailing vessels or steamers that can profitably compete for the carrying of even its own exports, not merely with the ships of Great Britain, which might not be so great a marvel, but also with those of Germany, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Australia, and Portugal? And why is it that the commercial tonnage of nearly every nation annually increases, while that of the United States annually declines, and shows no sign of recuperation?

The alleged causes of this decline are not a few. Each school of politicians seems to have its favorite theory.

Those whose aim seems to be to protect exclusively the manufacturing industries, and who constantly supplicate for more protection, attribute this alarming decadence to the devastations of rebel privateers during the Civil War; but a glance at the statistics shows that the decline commenced and had acquired startling momentum before the war began. The war therefore merely accelerated what was already under way.

Prior to 1879 it was the fashion in certain circles to ascribe the decline to our system of irredeemable paper currency. At a commercial convention held in Boston in 1868, one of the delegates said, "It is because we are away from the rock bottom on which the nations of the earth transact business. When we get back to the right basis we shall have free commercial intercourse with the world." Another delegate said, "Of course, with a redundant and irredeemable currency we cannot compete in the construction of vessels with the people of those countries in which a specie standard prevails to regulate prices and give stability to values." And these views seemed to meet with the approval of the convention, as stating the material cause of the degeneration of our mercantile marine.

But specie payment was resumed on the 1st day of January, 1879, according to the fiat of Congress; our finances have long been on a stable basis, and yet our merchant marine continues in a deplorable condition. The real cause lies deeper, and will be found to be in our pernicious system of navigation laws. Let us glance at these, and we shall see how a system originally intended to promote the shipping interest has finally become the cause of its decline.

It is generally regarded as unorthodox, if not unpatriotic, to utter a word against our federal constitution, or to admit any unwisdom in the "conscript fathers" of the republic who framed it. We are inclined to regard it, as Mr. Gladstone

says, "The most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." But it is undeniable that some portions of it were the result of the most selfish and unprincipled bargaining between opposing sections. The most conspicuous was that between those representing the great slavery interests and the great commercial interests; and this was even before the invention of the cotton gin, which we all know enhanced many fold the value of slave labor.

The extreme Southern States not only wanted slavery recognized and upheld, but the slave trade legalized and protected. The New England States on the other hand, largely interested in shipping and largely engaged in the slave trade, desired through a system of navigation laws to retain a monopoly of the commerce of the new nation. The Middle States were naturally indifferent about these matters, which present so curious a chapter in our national history.

The 4th Section of the 7th Article of our Constitution as originally reported by the Committee of Detail, was in these words.

No tax or duty shall be levied by the Legislature on articles imported from any State, nor in the immigration or importation of such persons as the several States shall think proper to admit; nor shall such immigration or importation be prohibited.

When the convention came to consider this section they amended it by making the prohibition of the imposition of duties on exports general, or applicable to the federal government as well as the States. The question again arose on the residue of the section, which Luther Martin of Maryland moved to amend so as to authorize Congress to levy a tax or prohibition, at its discretion, on the importation of slaves, for the reason that the section as it stood would encourage the slave trade. The delegates from South Carolina and Georgia warmly protested against Mr. Martin's proposition, as an

unwarrantable interference with that business. Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Sherman of Connecticut favored the clause as reported, saying, "Let every State import what it pleases," and Mr. Gerry of Massachusetts acquiesced with some reserve in the complying policy of the Connecticut delegates, while Mr. Mason of Virginia denounced the slave trade as an infernal traffic which originated in the avarice of British merchants. Strange language for the ancestor of the author of the Fugitive Slave Law, and who claimed for "every white man the right to wallop his own nigger."

It is curious to observe that slavery was beginning to be regarded at this early day, even in some parts of the South, as well as in the North, as "the sum of all villainies."

At this point in the discussion Gouverneur Morris arose, and after adverting to the fact that the 6th section of the 7th article contained a clause, that no navigation laws should be enacted without the consent of two-thirds of each branch of Congress, and that this provision particularly concerned the interests of the New England States, proposed that this section, together with the 4th section, which related to the slave trade, and the 5th section, which related to the assessment of a capitation tax on slaves, be referred to a special committee, remarking that these things might form a bargain between the Northern and Southern States. The suggestion was acted upon, and all these matters were referred to a special committee, and a bargain was made and reported, by which no restriction was to be laid upon the enactment of navigation laws, and the legalization of the slave trade was extended to the year 1800. The report after a lively debate was adopted by the convention, except that the slave trade was extended to 1808, for which extension the New England delegates voted, and the delegates from the extreme Southern States voted

in turn for the omission of all restriction to the passage of navigation laws.

Thus was conceived and consummated one of the most shameful bargains in the history of legislation. It was unsparingly denounced by Mr. Randolph and Mr. Mason, and by various delegates from the Middle States; nevertheless it became a part of the organic law, and thus the foundation was laid for our navigation laws, and also of the most wonderful, powerful, and crushing social and political system that has existed since feudalism. Slavery and feudalism—the Dromios of history.

But the parties to this contract have not gone unpunished. The New England States have seen their favorite industry prostrated by reason of the laws which they expected would forever foster and protect it, and in consequence of the slave interest they have seen every dwelling turned into a house of mourning; while South Carolina and Georgia have been desolated by war in a manner that reminds the military scholar of Hyder Ali's invasion of the Carnatic. Justice walks with leaden heel, but strikes with an iron hand.

When the first Congress assembled, New England naturally demanded the fulfillment of this agreement. And in 1790 and 1792 the foundation of our present navigation laws was laid in acts levying tonnage dues and impost taxes which discriminated so excessively against foreign shipping as virtually to give to American ship owners a monopoly of all American commerce.

In 1816–1817 and 1820 Congress enacted a system of navigation laws which were modeled on those of Great Britain, which the American colonies had found so oppressive; and all those laws hold their place today upon the American statute books. Times since then have changed. All industries have made astonishing strides, and laws have been repeatedly enacted for the avowed purpose of protecting these industries.

Ships now are different, voyages are different, crews are different, but the old narrow-minded, selfish, and arbitrary laws still disgrace the statute book of the United States, alone of all nations.

Some of the most important of these laws are as follows : Under Section 4132 of the Revised Statutes, "No American citizen is allowed to import a foreign-built vessel, in the sense of purchasing, acquiring a register or title to, or of using her as his own property." The only other absolute prohibition of imports on the part of the government of the United States is in respect to counterfeit money and obscene publications.

Section 4134 provides that an American vessel ceases to be such, if owned in the smallest degree by any person naturalized in the United States, who may, after acquiring such ownership, reside for more than a year in the country of which he may be a native, or more than two years in any foreign country, unless such person be a consul or other public agent of the United States. If a native-born American citizen, except as consul of the United States or as a partner in or agent of an exclusively mercantile house, is minded to reside "usually" in some foreign country, any American vessel of which he may be wholly or in part the owner at once loses its register, and ceases to be entitled to the protection of the flag of the United States, even though the vessel may have been of American construction and have regularly paid taxes in the United States, and the owner himself may have no thought of finally relinquishing his American citizenship.

Section 4142 enacts that every citizen of the United States obtaining a register for an American vessel must make oath that no subject or citizen of any foreign power or state is either directly or indirectly, by way of trust or confidence or otherwise, interested in such vessel or in its profits.

Section 4131 provides that no foreign-

er shall command or be an officer of a registered American vessel. Under Section 4347 no foreign-built vessel can enter a port of the United States and then go to another domestic port with any new cargo, or with any part of her original cargo that has once been unladen, without having previously voyaged to and touched at some other port of some foreign country, under penalty of confiscation ; and by a comparatively recent interpretation of this section, all direct traffic by sea between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States, via Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, or the Isthmus of Panama, is held to be of the nature of a coasting trade or voyage in which foreign-built vessels cannot participate.

Under Section 4165 an American vessel once sold or transferred to a foreigner can never be bought back again and become American property ; not even if the transfer has been the result of capture and condemnation by a foreign power in time of war.

Section 3095 prohibits any vessel under thirty tons from being used to import anything at any seaboard port.

Under Section 3114, if a vessel becomes damaged on a foreign voyage and is repaired in a foreign port, her owner or master must make entry of such repairs at a custom house of the United States as an import, and pay a duty on the same equal to one-half the cost of the foreign work or material, or fifty per cent *ad valorem* ; and this law extends so far as to include boats that may be obtained at sea from a passing foreign vessel, in order to assure the safety of the crew or passengers of the American vessel. But justice requires the statement that this particular piece of folly was not a part of the original navigation act of 1790, but was enacted in 1866 as part of an act to prevent smuggling, and for other purposes. This was evidently for one of the other purposes, and doubtless to cripple and discourage commerce.

Section 4136 provides that if a citizen of the United States buys a vessel of foreign build, which has been wrecked on our coast, takes her into port, and repairs and renders her again seaworthy and serviceable, he cannot make her American property, unless it be proved to the satisfaction of the Treasury Department that the repairs put upon such vessel are equal to three-fourths of the original cost of the vessel so repaired.

Section 4219 compels every vessel belonging to the mercantile marine of the United States engaged in foreign trade, vessels employed in the fisheries alone accepted, to pay annually into the Treasury a tonnage tax of thirty cents per ton. By the act of July, 1862, this tonnage tax was ten cents per ton, and was afterwards increased to the present rate, and it was collected at every entry of a vessel from a foreign port, until the Act of March, 1867, was passed, which limited its collection to once a year. This law was not a part of our early navigation laws, and is another monument of modern folly.

Any one who will compare our navigation laws with those which prevailed in England when ours were mainly adopted, 1789-1820, will see not only a striking similarity, but also that ours are in many instances a literal copy of those, which, after careful investigation by that prodigy of industry and acuteness, Henry Thomas Buckle, were pronounced by him an "unmitigated evil."

The bad effects of these laws are manifest and manifold: while we are the only people in the world who are forbidden to purchase foreign-built vessels, we freely permit all the world to enter our ports with vessels purchased in any market.

We invite foreign capital to come to us, and help build our railroads, work our mines, insure our property, build up our cities, buy our national, State, and municipal securities, and "grab" our broad domain; but if a single dollar of

such capital becomes invested in an American ship, we pronounce the ship unworthy of the benefit of American laws. If a foreigner takes command of an American vessel, and falsely make oath that he is an American citizen, he is liable to forfeit and pay the sum of one thousand dollars; and if one of the owners should make such oath, which he can do when the captain is not in the district, the vessel is subject to forfeiture.

Foreign-built vessels losing rudder or stern post, or breaking shaft, and arriving in an American port in distress, cannot import material for repairs without paying duty on them; a foreign-built vessel cannot even land copper sheathing for the sole purpose of being recoppered by American workmen, without paying duties on the old copper removed and the new copper put on, as separate and distinct imports.

In 1871 a citizen of Baltimore purchased a foreign-built vessel wrecked on the American coast, and abandoned to the underwriters; and by expending a large sum rendered her again seaworthy, and then arranged for an outward cargo under the flag of the United States. But when the vessel was ready to sail, registry was refused by the customs officials, on the ground that she was of foreign construction, the value of the repairs on the wreck being a little less than three-fourths her original cost; and thus a reconstructed ship, perfectly seaworthy, although owned by an American citizen, became perfectly valueless to him as a ship. But fortunately the laws did not prohibit him from using her as a coal bunker, or a hen coop, or a bowling alley, or a Chinese laundry, or even from selling her at a sacrifice to a foreigner. He availed himself of this last expedient, and got some of his money back.

. Such are some of our pernicious navigation laws, and such are a few of the consequences they have engendered.

Could a scheme be invented more suitable to discourage and exterminate the business of building and using ships?

And one of the worst features of these laws is that they are so numerous, so hidden away, and the Department rulings so difficult to ascertain, except to the custom house officers, that it is almost impossible for those who are supposed to be learned in the law to advise the layman what it really is. It required some of the best legal talent in the city of New York, a few years since, to enable the owner of a pleasure yacht to comply with the law. Although he had incurred great expense and no end of trouble to find out the law and comply with it, he still asserted that he was in daily expectation of a visit from the revenue officers and the imposition of a fine for the disregard of some statute or some custom house regulation.

This state of affairs is paralleled by the instance related by Blackstone of a certain ruler who caused the laws of his realm to be suspended on trees, where no one could read them, and then punished his subjects for disobeying those laws.

The wonder is that our mercantile navy ever acquired any importance whatsoever, and that instead of merely suffering a decline, it has not fallen to cureless ruin. Can it be that while Congress has been ever alert to protect our manufacturing industries, it has been equally so to destroy another equally important?

It would seem so, judging from the results and from the utterances of some of the apostles of protection, who have found their views reflected in Congress. The late Henry C. Carey said that the interests of the United States, material and moral, would be greatly benefited if the Atlantic could be converted into an impassable ocean of flame, and that a prolonged war between Great Britain and the United States would be one of the best possible things which could

happen to promote the industrial independence and development of the latter country. Such ideas resemble the ravings of Edmund Burke at a time when he is admitted to have been of unsound mind, and when, with the eloquence of Demosthenes and more than the zeal of Peter the Hermit, he exhorted his countrymen to wage against the French a long war. "I repeat it," said he, "a long war." Horace Greeley taught the same doctrine. In 1870 he said: "When a railroad brings artisans to the door of the farmer, it is a blessing. When it takes the wheat, the corn, the flesh and cotton, to a distant manufacturing center, a locomotive is an exhauster, its smoke is a black flag, and its whistle is the scream of an evil genius." Such barbarous and repulsive doctrines could emanate only from intellects infatuated with the idea of protecting manufacturing industries, if necessary, at the expense of all others.

But still the question, Why are these laws so inimical to the ship building and ship using industries? is not fully answered. So long as wood and canvas were the materials mainly used in the construction and propulsion of vessels, we had an advantage over other nations in the cost of material, and in the skill in making ships.

But in 1838 the *Sirius* and *Great Western* crossed the Atlantic to New York, and from that time it became manifest that steam was the great propelling power of ocean travel. "The canvas-winged birds of ocean," as Sargent S. Prentiss called them, were at once doomed to be driven off by a force which has revolutionized not only the art of ocean navigation, but the location and development of commercial centers; and the experience of a few years demonstrated another fact, namely: that iron steamers were stronger than wooden ones, and better adapted to withstand the strain of steam machinery. As early as 1857 it was a recognized fact that

steam had supplanted the sail, and that iron had supplanted wood. Unfortunately the United States had not then the means or appliances for building iron ships or the best steam machinery, but John Laird had the plant and eighteen years' experience, and was thoroughly equipped for this new and great industry; and Americans found themselves prevented by their own laws, enacted primarily for their own benefit, from availing themselves of the results of English superiority in the construction of that class of vessels which commerce required.

Other improvements followed. In 1840 Mr. Napier, long since gone to his long home, was experimenting with his miniature ships, to see what shape offered the least resistance to the water, and was best suited to breasting the great Atlantic waves,—a spectacle that might have inspired Longfellow's popular poem. Not many years elapsed before the side-wheel steamer was displaced by the screw steamer, for the reason that the capacity of the former was largely taken up by the necessary machinery and a sufficient supply of coal. For instance, a side-wheeler with a gross register of 3000 tons had to allow for machinery and coal 2200 tons, leaving only 800 tons for freight. But by means of the screw, these figures have been exactly reversed, until at last the crowning glory of steamship building has been reached in the magnificent twin-screw steamer *City of New York*, lately christened by Lady Randolph Churchill, with a gross register of 10,500 tons, and much greater cargo capacity and probably greater speed than any other ocean steamer; and this splendid structure, now under the gaze of the whole civilized world, and which might have glided from an American dock, was built on the Clyde.

Here then is the essential cause of the decay of our merchant marine. England had the monopoly of ship building, and

our laws prevented American capital from being invested in English-built ships. But other nations, when they saw that England could build better ships than they, bought their ships at the English docks.

Recently this matter was forcibly and quite picturesquely alluded to in the House of Representatives by Mr. Nelson, the Norwegian member from Minnesota. In a steamship subsidy debate he began a short speech by saying that he had not

intended to take part in the debate, but that while listening to it "thoughts came into his mind of what great navigators his ancestors had been, and what great navigators their descendants still are." He told what high rank the merchant marine of Norway held, it being next in magnitude to that of the United States, although Norway has a population of less than two millions. He ridiculed the notion that our ocean shipping was in its present low state on account of the operations of rebel cruisers twenty-five years ago; and mentioned that when those cruisers were causing our ship owners to sell their vessels at a sacrifice, "hundreds of them were purchased by that little country of Norway, and used in her commerce, although she had as good and ample material for ship building and as good ship carpenters as you had." And it was with evident pride that Mr. Nelson replied to a member who asked why they bought them: "They bought them," said he, "because they could buy them cheaper under those peculiar circumstances than they could make them at home, and because they had the privilege of buying," whereas with us "the trouble is, you have put the American merchant marine in a sort of strait jacket."

All the nations of Europe are rapidly increasing their ocean marine, except Spain. Even China and Japan have fallen into line. Spain and the United States, the former the sole relic of the Middle Ages, ever exulting in her torpidity, sit still and complacently see one of their greatest industries and one of their most remunerative employments going to decay.

The mischievous effect of this decline not only appears in the loss of the business of ship building and its profits, and in that of the carrying trade and its profits, but in another serious aspect. There

is, and has been for some time an almost universal demand for a navy, and the government is now expending millions of dollars at South San Francisco and on the Delaware in building war ships. But when they are finished, who are going to man them? Without skillful sailors a navy is like a strong fortress with a well filled armory, but with no soldiers to handle the guns. The experience of Holland is singularly instructive. She always drew her naval forces from her merchant marine. When the latter declined, her naval supremacy, and with it her political supremacy, also declined. The boastful Von Tromp was silenced, and the broom was torn from his mast head.

England recruits her navy from her merchant marine, and so did we when we had one to draw from. When the Civil War broke out we had over 70,000 hardy and experienced sailors, prepared and eager to enter the naval service, and with them we blockaded all the South Atlantic and Gulf ports; while the land forces were practicing and experimenting in their new and strange vocation for many long and disastrous months, always, in the language of those humiliating days, encountering "overwhelming numbers," and invariably "falling back to a stronger position in good order under a galling fire."

Our navigation laws being then the fundamental cause of the decline of our merchant marine, the first step towards its rehabilitation is the repeal of those laws,—not their revision or modification, but their absolute repeal,—and in so doing we but follow the example of all other maritime nations, even conservative England and stationary China. In this reform England took the initiative at the time when the competition between her and the United States for the carrying trade was most efficient. But as long prior as 1776 Adam Smith showed the English people the unwisdom of their navigation laws, by proving

that they had excluded foreign capital, driven their own capital to seek other investments, and materially impaired their colonial trade; but so deliberate is the English mind in entering upon reform, that it was seventy years before the first step was taken.

In 1847 Mr. Ricardo made a motion in Parliament for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the operation and policy of the navigation laws, and although vigorously opposed, it was adopted by an emphatic majority. Up to this time the English, notwithstanding the logic of Adam Smith, had indulged the delusion that their maritime greatness was due solely to their navigation laws. They were absurdly proud of them, and classed them with Magna Charta, and dignified them with the title "Charta Maritima." Mr. Ricardo, speaking of this infatuation, said: "All increase of shipping they attributed to Acts of Parliament; none to the increase of population, industry, and wealth. According to them all good is the result of restriction and protection, and only evil springs from enterprise and competition. Experience has taught them nothing. The word 'protection' has so mystified and deluded them that they are martyrs to it, and they let it bind them down to inferiority and decay."

The evidence taken by this committee abundantly showed that these laws had failed to secure superiority either in ships' officers or crews, that they had failed to secure a sufficient supply of seamen for the navy, that they were prejudicial to both foreign and colonial trade, that they had caused similar laws to be enacted by other countries for the purpose of retaliation, and that they did not secure remunerative profits to the ship owners.

One would naturally suppose that on such a report these laws would have been instantly repealed, but the English, as we all know, are of that class of conserva-

tives who, as humorously described by the author of the *New Gospel of Peace*, "finding themselves in hot water, remain there that they may not be scalded," and consequently the effort to repeal these laws encountered vigorous opposition. A protest circulated in Liverpool received 23,000 signatures from among the merchants, bankers and ship owners. Another circulated in London received 27,000 signatures from the same class of men; and such men as Benjamin Disraeli and Lord George Bentinck predicted that free trade in ship building would destroy that industry in Great Britain, ruin British ship owners, and drive British sailors into foreign vessels. Mr. Disraeli said he would not share the responsibility of endangering that empire extending beyond the Americas and the farthest Ind, which was foreshadowed by the genius of a Blake, and consecrated by the blood of a Nelson, — the empire of the seas. Others made equally powerful appeals. But the spirit of reform when once aroused has always been invincible. Even the reign of Charles II. may be cited as a remarkable illustration. Paradoxical as it may seem, it stands forth conspicuously as one of great reform. The King was not only a person of marvelous incapacity, but a mean and spiritless voluptuary; his court was profligate, and was the scene of debaucheries that would have brought shame to the cheek of Catherine of Russia. His cabinet was venal, and London was afflicted at this time by the great fire and a great plague. It was an era of demoralization in certain quarters, and general calamity; but among the people, it was the Augustan age of reform. The Habeas Corpus Act and the Statute of Frauds and Perjuries, the one the great safeguard of liberty and the other the great safeguard of property, were then enacted, and all military tenures and all restrictions upon the liberty of printing were totally and finally abolished.

Our own country furnishes a much more brilliant example. The Dred Scott decision was delivered in 1854, and in less than ten years the Thirteenth Amendment was adopted.

The spirit of reform was now (1849) again thoroughly aroused, and its great champion was Robert Peel. This was the last great reform achieved by the man of "sublime mediocrity." He closed the debate with great ability, completely shattering all the prophecies of disaster, and the needed reform was accomplished. All laws of a restrictive character, except those applicable to the coasting trade, were repealed, and those were repealed in 1854; and instead of misfortune, so vehemently predicted, England's tonnage increased from 3,485,958 tons in 1849 to 4,248,984 tons in 1860, and to 8,729,101 tons in 1887.

The fundamental and conclusive argument in favor of this reform, as already adverted to, is specially worthy of the consideration of Americans at this time. Prior to this time ships were built almost exclusively of wood, and the United States could build cheaper and better ships than England because they had the advantage in skill and material, and the argument was irresistible, that if England wished to meet American competition she must give her people the right to purchase American ships. Now the conditions are reversed. Ships must now be made of iron or steel, and in this respect England has the advantage of us; and it is plain to the dullest apprehension that the resuscitation of our merchant marine will never take place until our people can purchase ships from English ship builders or wherever they choose, and be protected in the use of their property.

But it has been fashionable of late years for certain members of Congress and a certain class of journals to shout in opposition to this idea, that it is un-American to buy ships outside of American yards, and that to obtain them

elsewhere would reach the depth of national humiliation; but these Fourth-of-July and campaign orators and newspapers that subsist on the morbidness of public sentiment forget that they themselves teach an un-American doctrine; for what American woman of fashion would deign to appear on great occasions, or even moderate ones, in robes not made "at Worth's," and what American host would so insult his guests as to set wines before them, although as native to California as are the waters of the Sacramento River, unless disguised under foreign brands? France, Germany, and Italy are not too sensitive to purchase ships at Birkenhead or on the Clyde, or wherever they can get the best article for the least money.

But a certain class of protectionists say that these laws are intended for and are necessary to the protection of American industry, and that protection has become, and must ever remain, the permanent interest and policy of the United States. It is not proposed to dispute either proposition. It is beyond doubt that our navigation laws, as enacted from 1790 to 1820, were intended to compel the American citizen to purchase and use American-built ships, and to protect and foster the industry of building ships, and continued to do so until wooden ships became a thing of the past, and commerce required ships of iron and steel, which could be built on the Clyde and on the Mersey cheaper and better than elsewhere; and these laws were unquestionably a part of the general scheme of protection devised by Alexander Hamilton, and put in practice by a series of enactments in the early Congressional annals.

But under the existing conditions, to repeal the prohibition against the purchase of foreign-built ships is, in no sense, a free trade measure, but it is a move in the interest of the protection of one of our greatest industries, namely, ocean transportation. It is a genuine

American policy, because it will tend to re-establish and develop a great branch of American industry, while the present policy is merely promotive and protective of European interests, inasmuch as it throws the carrying trade into European hands. But this would help the ship using business only, not that of ship building.

If we wish to revive the ship building interest also, we must enable our ship-builders to compete with those of England, by putting them on an equality. It would be needless to enumerate the duties on the various items that enter into the construction of a ship; suffice it to say that they are all taxed, even to the bunting of which the flag is made, and the average is 40 per cent ad valorem.

Without entering into any discussion of the tariff, it is safe to say that to repeal the duty on those articles would soon subject the market to European domination, and the Europeans, if endowed with human nature,—and there is some ground for suspicion that they are,—would soon fix their own prices. The problem is to leave the tariff as it is, so that the market can be regulated by the tariff and the domestic competition, and still let the ship builder secure his materials at European prices, so that in this respect he can compete with the English ship builder.

And this could easily be done by really, and not pretentiously, as at present, allowing a drawback on everything so used, and be made very simple by merely requiring the oath of the ship builder that certain materials had gone into the ship, or by the certificate of a government inspector; but now the allowance of the drawback is hedged about by so many formalities, so much back and forth and here and there, that life is too short for the consumer to waste his time in trying to secure the remittance. And so long as the politicians in Congress are able to make use of the surplus in the national treasury as a political resource and a po-

litical argument, for them to allow the most infinitesimal portion of the hideous and threatening gorgon to escape would be a spectacle for the gods to weep at.

On this subject of removing or remitting duties on materials used in ships' construction, even so aggressive a protectionist as Mr. Blaine said :

When you build a ship for the commerce of the world, you send it abroad to compete with every other ship in every other country. You are unable by your laws to give her any protection, or to prevent the greatest competition from every other nation in the world. I say further that I object to this being considered a bounty to the ship builder. . . . It is on freights that Great Britain is growing rich and drawing to herself the riches of the world. Yet we stand here haggling over the remission of a little bit of duty, which is insignificant compared with the millions in our grasp, if we gave any fair encouragement to our commerce.

It is even urged by some agitators of this subject, notably Mr. David A. Wells, that the reduction of the tariff, if not its total abrogation, is necessary before we can again assume the position of a great maritime nation. He proceeds upon the assumption that cheap labor is the foundation of a large export trade ; that unless we manufacture the wares, we shall have none to export. But it may be said in answer to this proposition that during the year 1887 we imported goods valued at \$692,000,000 and exported domestic products worth \$716,000,000, showing that even under our protective system and its consequent high price for labor we exported in round numbers \$24,000,000 worth more than we imported, notwithstanding the cheap labor of other countries. The startling and momentous questions are, who carried these exports and imports ? who earned and got the freight ?

The question of subsidizing ocean lines is also an important one to consider. This proposition has its advocates, prominent among whom is Mr. Blaine, and its opponents, prominent among whom is Mr. Wells. The latter argues that it

is a mere expedient, and does not go to the root of the evil. Admitting that it does not, it is a practice successfully followed by other nations, and if preceded or accompanied, or even followed by the repeal of our navigation laws, would produce beneficial results.

France, for instance, obtains her steamships from England. In the year 1880, she paid 23,000,000 francs to aid her steamship lines. Italy is advancing rapidly in steam navigation. In 1880 she advanced to her lines \$1,600,000. Since the first Cunard line sailed into Boston harbor down to 1878, Great Britain had paid from her treasury to aid her steamship lines a sum exceeding 40,000,000 pounds sterling. She began this policy the moment she saw that the iron steamship was the ship of the future in navigating the great oceans, and continues that course, except as to those lines that can go alone.

We have now nine navy yards : England never had more than three. For the support of these yards and the navy, such as it is, for the year 1888, Congress appropriated \$25,786,847.79, an amount which would for many years adequately subsidize a line of steamers over any of the great ocean highways that would be the peer of any line afloat. But Congress seems persistently to close its eyes to the importance of this matter, illustrating the saying that "there are none so blind as those who will not see." A few months ago the House of Representatives refused to continue the paltry subsidy of \$20,000 per annum to the San Francisco and Australian line. The Australian and New Zealand governments had been contributing to its sustenance for over twenty years, and our government received over \$47,000 annually for postal service on this line, thus realizing a net gain of \$27,000. Our representative, Mr. Felton, clearly showed that our exports over that line, not from California alone, but drawn from all parts of the United States, for the previous

year, amounted to \$10,000,000; but the House refused the subsidy by a vote of 135 to 54, probably upon the ground that if Australia and New Zealand still support this line, why should we contribute? It is now understood that it will be withdrawn on the 1st of November, and that the Canadian line will take its place. In that event, San Francisco will become a way port.

And yet, during the past twenty-five years, Congress has given, and generally with wisdom, for the construction of railroads, largesses of money, land, and credit that cast into insignificance all the golden sands and all the plunder that the Spanish conqueror pictured to his followers as he led them forth against the children of the sun.

But the primary evil is our navigation laws, and their repeal is indispensable, if we wish to resume our former high position among the maritime nations of the earth.

As this is not the Fourth of July nor a campaign meeting, it is unnecessary to dilate upon the greatness of "our glorious country," or to do the fashionable "pointing with pride." But while we exult in the sober fact that our resources of agriculture and manufactures are sufficient to supply the world, we cannot but feel that had it not been for a mistaken policy that has been in vogue from our national infancy we could add as proudly as the Englishman said to the First Consul, and "with our ships, we encircle it all."

John C. Hall.

A YEAR OF VERSE.—I.

IF one may venture to generalize from such data as come unsought to an editor and reviewer, there are indications of decrease in the quantity of "minor verse" offered for publication and published. Before we have ceased to hear from time to time some songs still from the latest poets of the great New England group that made so notable the middle of the century, several schools of imitators have come and gone. An imitative school, it seems, has the grace of shorter existence than an original one; and the reign of French metres and verses "after Dobson" already seems so well-worn that is hard to realize it came in only about half a dozen years ago. After all this rapid coming and going of verse-writers, it strikes one strangely to hear the strong rare notes, already grown to sound like a reminder from long ago, of the old poets. It is the more notable that this year should have given us two such volumes, because Mr. Lowell had

apparently laid poetry entirely aside for the graver duties that have occupied his later prime. It is so rare now-a-days for a poet to withhold from the magazines verses that they would be more than eager to get, that when *Heartsease and Rue*¹ was issued early in the year, it was a surprise to learn that so many "later poems" by him were in existence. A good many of them have been in magazine print; others are apparently gleaned from albums and letters to friends. They appear to be a complete collection of the rare and fragmentary poetic activity of the busiest years of Mr. Lowell's life. One poem dates as far back as 1866; another as far forward as 1887.

Editors and reviewers are accused of partiality towards famous names, and some young poets feel certain that could

¹Heartsease and Rue. By James Russell Lowell. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

some of Lowell's, or Whittier's, or Tennyson's verse be offered with their signatures and *vice versa*, the critic's judgment would also be reversed. There may be here and there a poem that would justify the notion; but with very rare exceptions the justice of poetic fame is something exceptional and surprising. No one with any developed critical judgment can take up this volume, *Heartease and Rue*,¹ and not know at the very first chord that a master has put his fingers on the instrument after a long succession of amateurs have been having their way with it. One who opens to the very first page, and begins,

The electric nerve whose instantaneous thrill
Makes next-door gossips of the antipodes,
Confutes poor Hope's last fallacy of ease,—
The distance that divided her from ill,

knows instantly, without looking to see who is the author, that he has come upon one who knows the English language and its powers. Some of the happy phrases in these poems have already become classical:

"Discriminate," she said, "betimes
The Muse is unforgiving;
Put all your beauty in your rhymes,
Your morals in your living."

My heart, I cannot still it,
Nest that had song-birds in it;
And when the last shall go,
The dreary days, to fill it,
Instead of lark or linnet,
Shall whirl dead leaves and snow.

Had they been swallows only,
Without the passion stronger
That skyward longs and sings,—
Woe's me, I shall be lonely
When I can feel no longer
The impatience of their wings.

The high-bred instincts of a better day
Ruled in his blood, when to be citizen
Rang Roman yet; and a Free People's sway
Was not the exchequer of impoverished men,
Nor statesmanship with loaded votes to play,
Nor public office a tramp's boozing-ken.

To the present reviewer there is a singular likeness in mental quality

between one phase of Lowell's poetic expression and one phase of Professor Sill's. Miss Phelps, in the *Century*, compares Professor Sill to Shelley: to us there is in him a far nearer relation with Lowell in such moods as these:

Well might I, as of old, appeal to you,
O mountains, woods, and streams,
To help us mourn him, for ye loved him too;
But simpler moods befit our modern themes.
*And no less perfect birth of Nature can,
Though they yearn tow'rd him, sympathize with man,
Save as dumb fellow prisoners through a wall.*

A mortal, built upon the antique plan,
Brimful of lusty blood as ever ran,
And taking life as simply as a tree.

Truly this life is precious to the root,
And good the feel of grass beneath the foot;
To lie in buttercups and clover-bloom,
Tenants in common with the bees,
And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs of trees,
Is better than long waiting in the tomb;
Only once more to feel the coming spring
As the birds feel it when it bids them sing.
Only once more to see the moon
Through leaf-fringed abbey arches of the elms,
Curve her mild sickle in the west,
Sweet with the breath of haycocks, were a boon
Worth any promise of soothsayer realms,
Or casual hope of being elsewhere blest.

Could we be conscious but as dreamers be,
'Twere sweet to leave this shifting life of tents
Sunk in the changeless calm of Deity;
Nay, to be mingled with the elements,
The fellow servant of creative powers,
Partaker in the solemn year's events,
To share the work of busy-fingered hours,
To be night's silent almoner of dew,
To rise again in plants and breathe and grow,
To stream as tides the ocean caverns through,
Or with the rapture of great winds to blow
About earth's shaken coignes, were not a fate

To leave us all-disconsolate;
Even endless slumber in the sweetening sod
Of charitable earth,
That takes out all our mortal stains,
And makes us cleaner neighbors of the clod,
Methinks were better worth
Than the poor fruit of most men's wakeful pains.

I sat and watched the walls of night
With cracks of sudden lightning glow,
And listened while with clumsy might
The thunder wallowed to and fro.

Still as gloom followed after glare,
While bated breath the pine trees drew,
Tiny Salmoneus of the air,
His mimic bolts the firefly threw.

He thought, no doubt, "Those flashes grand
That light for leagues the shuddering sky
Are made, a fool could understand,
By some superior kind of fly.

"He's of our race's elder branch,
His family arms the same as ours;
Both born the twy-forked flame to launch,
Of kindred, if unequal powers."

And is man wiser? Man who takes
His consciousness the law to be
Of all beyond his ken, and makes
God but a bigger kind of Me?

Dr. Holmes's late book, *Before the Curfew, and Other Poems*² contains thirty-odd poems, the gleanings of his later years,—the numbers from 1882 to 1888 of that unprecedented series of class poems that the class of '29 has been favored with; the Harvard poem read at the 250th anniversary; sonnets and lyrics addressed to friends, written for after-dinner occasions, for prefaces, for dedications, and all sorts of similar purposes. A few only are apropos of nothing in particular. Some of the poems in the book date far back, though hitherto unpublished; but most of them are the product of the poet's old age. They show age, too, but in no sense decrepitude or decline. Holmes is thoroughly Holmes still. Of his wonderful facility and felicity, his real poetic dignity in the graver mood, his pathos and his uniqueness, it would be tedious for a reviewer to talk at this stage of his fame. A few extracts from the volume make a more fitting review. So many of the poems have already been widely read in periodical print, that even this will be likely to come to the reader as repetition. The title-poem, for instance, the class-poem read in 1882, was, we believe, in print at the time. But its serenely

pathetic parable will well bear quoting and requoting.

Not bedtime yet! The night winds blow,
The stars are out, — full well we know
The nurse is on the stair,
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,
And frozen lips that whisper low,
"Come, children, it is time to go
My peaceful couch to share."

No years a wakeful heart can tire;
Not bedtime yet! Come, stir the fire,
And warm your dear old hands;
Kind Mother Earth we love so well
Has pleasant stories yet to tell
Before we hear the curfew bell;
Still glow the burning brands.

Not bedtime yet! We long to know
What wonders time has yet to show,
What unborn years shall bring;
What ship the Arctic Pole shall reach,
What lessons science waits to teach,
What sermons there are left to preach,
What poems yet to sing.

And when, our cheerful evening past,
The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,
Ere on her lap we lie
In wearied nature's sweet repose,
At peace with all her waking foes,
Our lips shall murmur ere they close,
Good-night! and not Good-by!

It is inevitable that in all these class poems, and in almost all the poems of old friendship here, as in the same in Mr. Lowell's book, the note of pathos should predominate,—the memory of death and the expectation of death. The brilliant group to which the poets belonged is reduced to a very few survivors; in Mr. Lowell's phrase, their milestones are turning fast into gravestones, "And under every stone a friend." The generous personal friendships that united all these remarkable men make one of the most pleasing features in the literary history of the century; and when they write to and of each other in affectionate eulogy or genial jest,—Lowell to Curtis and Holmes, Holmes to Lowell and Whittier and James Freeman Clarke, both of Longfellow and Emerson and Agassiz, it seems very interesting and charming to the reader. But

²Before the Curfew, and Other Poems, Chiefly Occasional. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

when all their young successors take it up, and address each other cordial sonnets on the publication of their books, it puts the practice in a different light, and one feels that all such mutual cordiality should, at least, be kept unpublished until the poets are old and pretty thoroughly settled in their seats on Parnassus. But one would not like to miss the happy phrase of Dr. Holmes's poems to Longfellow's memory, to James Freeman Clarke, to Mrs. Stowe, to Whittier, to Wendell Phillips and Charles Godfrey Leland, to Lowell. Readers will remember the genial stanza :

By what enchantments, what alluring arts,
Our truthful James led captive British hearts,—
Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,
Or if his learning found their Dons at fault,
Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Or if his wit hung star-dust in their eyes,—
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess ;
But that he did it all must needs confess.
England herself without a blush may claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman came.

"The Morning Visit," ending with a pretty tribute to his own doctor, is one of the best things in the book, and one of the most thoroughly characteristic; its ingenuous description of the way a doctor feels when he himself "becomes the visitee," and has to take the doses he has been so glibly prescribing, is quite delightful.

Your friend is sick: phlegmatic as a Turk
You write your recipe, and let it work;
Not yours to stand the shiver and the frown,
And sometimes worse, with which your draught goes
down :

Calm as a clock your moving hand directs,
Rhei, jalapæ ana grana sex,
Or traces on some tender missive's back,
Scrupulos duos pulveris ipecac ;
And leaves your patient to his qualms and gripes,
Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.
But change the time, the person, and the place,
And be yourself "the interesting case,"
You'll gain some knowledge which it's well to
learn ;

In future practice it may serve your turn.
Leeches, for instance, — pleasing creatures quite,
Try them, — and bless you, — don't you find they
bite ?

It's mighty easy ordering when you please
Infusi sennæ capiat uncias tres ;
It's mighty different when you quackle down
Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.

Of all the ills that suffering man endures,
The largest fraction liberal Nature cures ;
Of those remaining, 'tis the smallest part
Yields to the efforts of judicious Art ;

Kindness, untutored by our grave M. D.'s,
But Nature's graduate, whom she schools to please,
Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile
Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.

One thing always noticeable in these elder poets is that they have the courage of their verses. They probably spend time and thought in fixing them up; but there is always an air of freedom and confidence in expression that one misses in even good work of a later day. Holmes depends on no French metres and carefully wrought epigrams and conceits, to get a light and playful effect. Indeed they do not seem to study effects greatly, and not infrequently are frankly homely in phrase and method.

Very different is Mr. Gilder. Mr. Gilder is really a poet, and in the collections of his verses published this year there are a good many beautiful poems; but one is conscious of careful chiseling in them. The collection consists of three pretty volumes bound in gilded paper, — *The New Day*,¹ *The Celestial Passion*,² and *Lyrics*.³ In the *Lyrics* those poems not previously included in the two other volumes, or written since their publication, find place. It is hard to speak with quite the discrimination one would like of the poetry in these little books: it is so good that whenever the reviewer tries to speak of it as of slight account, the poems themselves rise up and refute him; yet when he would praise it freely, a sense of deficiency in it checks him. It is not that these finely conceived, exquisitely polished verses are cold in

¹ The New Day. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Company.

² The Celestial Passion. *Ibid.*

³ Lyrics. *Ibid.*

their finished grace, for they are full of warmth and even passion, though passion always restrained within the studiously wrought line. But the spontaneity, the largeness, and strength, and courage of the greater poets, are not here; and as we noted before, the public feels this with great justice, and values the poems according to what they are, and no more. *The New Day* will always be a favorite book with lovers, but it is rather esoteric; the sonnets and lyrics seem many of them to be built not on the universal moods of love, which every mature reader could follow, but on individual experiences, known only to the two lovers. This autobiographical quality gives them a certain intensity, which young people in like emotional experiences value, but the less biased critic cares not only to get a vague emotional stimulus from a poem, but to follow clearly its meaning. To him, the best of *The New Day* must be, after all, in its good *technique*. Here, for instance,

Not from the whole wide world I chose thee —
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee.
For thou art the whole wide earth to me,—

there is really no more than a pretty conceit, not especially striking or original; but the singing consonants give it a fascination beyond its desert.

The Celestial Passion, which is chiefly religious verse, has the same qualities of delicacy, grace, and quiet earnestness as all Mr. Gilder's poetry; and, we scarcely need add, of cultivated intelligence. The poems in *Lyrics* are, however, more interesting, various, and original, to the present reviewer's taste. A few of the lighter ones seem to us quite as good as it is possible for verses of that class to be; and in fact several, such as "A Midsummer Song" —

Oh, father's gone to market-town, he was up before
the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making
hay,

And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that
minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen-door is calling with
a will,

"Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?" —

have been going round as "old favorites" for some time. "The Building of the Chimney" is an especially pleasing trifle:

My chimney is builded
On a hill by the sea,
At the edge of a wood
That the sunset has gilded
Since time was begun,
And the earth first was done;
For mine and for me,
And for you, John Burroughs,
My friend old and good,
At the edge of a wood,
On a hill by the sea
My chimney is builded.

My chimney — come view it,
And I'll tell you, John Burroughs,
What is built into it:
First the derrick's shrill creak,
That perturbed the still air
With a cry of despair;

Then the stone hammer's clink,
And the drill's sharp tinkle,
And bird songs that sprinkle
Their notes through the wood,
(With pine-odors scented),
On their swift way to drink
At the spring cold and good
That bubbles 'neath the stone
Where the red chieftan tented
In the days that are gone.
Yes, twixt granite and mortar
Many songs, long or shorter,
Are imprisoned in the wall;
And when red leaves shall fall,—
Coming home, all in herds,
From the air to the earth,—
When I have my heart's desire,
And we sit by the hearth
In the glow of the fire,
You and I, John of Birds,
We shall hear as they call
From the gray granite wall,—
You shall name one and all.

But you cannot split granite,
Howsoever you may plan it,
Without bringing blood —
(There's a drop of mine there

On that block four-square).
 Certain oaths, I'm aware,
 Sudden, hot, and not good
 (May heaven cleanse the guilt !)
 In these stone walls are built
 With the wind through the pine-wood blowing,

The creak of tree on tree,
 Child-laughter, and the lowing
 Of the homeward-driven cattle,
 The sound of wild birds singing,
 Of steel on granite ringing,
 The memory of battle,
 And tales of the roaring sea.

For my chimney was builded
 By a Plymouth County sailor,
 An old North Sea whaler.
 In the warm noon spell
 'Twas good to hear him tell
 Of the great September blow
 A dozen years ago.

Now this was the manner
 Of the building of the chimney,
 'Tis a good old-timer,
 As you, friend John, will own,
 Old man Vail cut the stone ;
 William Ryder was the builder ;
 Stanford White was the planner,
 And the owner and rhymer
 Is Richard Watson Gilder.

This is well worth quoting :

At Night.

The sky is dark, and dark the bay below,
 Save where the midnight city's pallid glow
 Lies like a lily white
 On the black pool of night.

O rushing steamer, hurry on thy way
 Across the swirling Kills and gusty bay,
 To where the eddying tide
 Strikes hard the city's side !

For there, between the river and the sea,
 Beneath that glow,—the lily's heart to me,—
 A sleeping mother mild,
 And by her breast a child.

And this, written upon President
 Cleveland's accession :

The President.

Not his to guide the ship while tempests blow,—
 War's billows burst, and glorious thunders beat ;
 Not his the joy to see an alien foe
 Fly down the dreadful valley of defeat ;

Not his the fame of that great soul and tried,
 Who conquered civil peace by arms and love ;
 Nor his the emprise of one who lately died
 Hand-clasped with foes, who weep his tomb
 above.

But this his task,—all passionless, unsplendid,—
 To teach, in public place, a purer creed ;
 To build a wall,—alone or well befriended,—
 Against the partisan's ignoble greed
 Or will he fail, or triumph? History lays
 A moment down her pen. A nation waits,—and
 prays.

Edith Thomas's poems have been criticised in these pages as not adequate in substance to their beauty of manner. Her latest collection, *Lyrics and Sonnets*⁴ is not open to such a criticism. In thoughtfulness and serious feeling it greatly exceeds her previous works ; while on the other hand the reader grieves to find a loss in the freshness and felicity of expression. It is perhaps more well studied, sincere, and delicately exact ; but in ceasing to echo Milton and the Elizabethan poets Miss Thomas has lost some charm, which, while not really her own, was so naïvely and honestly caught from others that it came in with a clear and healthy novelty among the studied imitations others were giving us. She is a fertile writer, and this book contains some eighty poems, of which a few have been in the magazines, but most of them are new. The change in Miss Thomas's quality we think the reader will see at once from a few quotations :

The End of the World.

Thou threat'nest that the world shall be undone,
 And true thou sayest, seer of evil, true,
 Though they that hearken to thy voice be few.
 Even yesterday the ruin was begun,
 Runs on today, and shall tomorrow run :
 The world does end whene'er the wondrous clue
 Of life is snapped, and some one sighs adieu
 To all beneath the long-surviving sun.
 And here are those of mortals sojourning,
 Who smile when they thy dismal burden hear,

⁴Lyrics and Sonnets. By E. M. Thomas. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by John W. Roberts & Co.

Because thou warnest of a forepast thing.
 Hope is behind them, and Hope's vexer, Fear ;
 The world is ended, and with idle wing
 Is driven on, a wrecked, unlighted sphere.

The Leader.

Hail to the leaders of men, the sovereigns by grace
 of God,
 Who flinch not and fear not to venture where none
 before them have trod!
 As lightning unsheathed from the clouds to chasten
 the pestilent air,
 As fire running swift through the sere-wood, their
 spirit shall Heaven prepare.

Few are the leaders of men, yet many the liegemen
 they draw ;
 Fire of the courage in one dull fear in a thousand
 shall thaw.
 Still, as of old, Miltiades' trophies drive away sleep,
 Still, at the parle of the trumpet, hearts responsive
 shall leap :
 Wherefore we follow our leaders, and well ! yet can-
 not discern
 How they whom we follow exultant are also led in
 their turn.
 But surely, unseen is their chieftain, no plume stream-
 ing white in their van,—
 Ah, surely, unseen is their chieftain, and ever a
 greater than man.

They follow a deathless Idea, — leader of leaders for
 aye,
 That liveth and wageth its strife, though we remain
 but a day ;
 That chooseth the man most fit, and setteth him
 foremost in fray :
 Hail to the leaders of men, who know and their
 leader obey.
 Yet we too, the liegemen, — we too, though our
 sight exceed not a span, —
 Follow a deathless Idea, clothed in a puissant man.

The Quiet Pilgrim.

What shall I say ? He hath spoken unto me, and
 Himself hath done it : I shall go softly all my years
 in the bitterness of my soul.—Isaiah XXXVIII : 15.

When on my soul in nakedness
 His swift, avertless hand did press,
 Then I stood still, nor cried aloud,
 Nor murmured low, in ashes bowed ;
 And since my woe is utterless,
 To supreme quiet I am vowed ;
 Afar from me be moan and tears, —
 I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso my quick, light-sandaled feet
 Bring me where Joys and Pleasures meet,

I mingle with their throng at will ;
 They know me not an alien still,
 Since neither words nor ways unsweet
 Of storèd bitterness I spill ;
 Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears, —
 For I go softly all my years.

Whenso I come where Griefs convene,
 And in my ear their voice is keen ;
 They know me not as on I glide,
 That with Arch Sorrow I abide.
 They haggard are, and drooped of mien,
 And round their brows have cypress tied
 Such shows I leave to light Grief's peers —
 I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly ! heart of hearts unknown.
 Silence hath speech that passeth moan
 More piercing-keen than breathed cries
 To such as heed, make sorrow-wise.
 But save this voice without a tone,
 That runs before me to the skies,
 And rings above thy ringing spheres
 Lord, I go softly all my years.

A Nocturn.

I have been an acolyte
 In the service of the Night ;
 Subtile incense I have burned,
 Songs of silence I have learned,—
 Spirit-uttered antiphon
 That from isle to isle doth run
 Through the deep cathedral wood.
 There she blessed me as I stood,—
 There, or in her courts that lie
 Open to the gemmèd sky.
 Me with starlight she hath crowned,
 And with purple wrapped me round —
 Darkling purple, strangely wrought
 By the servants of her thought.

Mortal, whosoe'er thou art,
 That dost bear a fevered heart,
 Hither come and healèd be :
 Night such grace will show to thee,
 Thou shalt tread the dewy stubble
 Stranger to all fret and trouble,
 While bright Hesper leans from heaven
 Through the soft, dove-colored even,
 While the grass-bird calleth peace
 On the fields that have release
 From the sickle and the rake.
 Happy sigher ! thou shalt take
 The rich breath of blossomed maize,
 As the moist wind smoothly plays
 With its misty silks and plumes ;
 Thou shalt peer through tangled glooms,
 Where the fruited brier-rose
 Fragrance on thy pathway throws,
 And the firefly bears a link ;

Where smart bramble-berries drink
 Spicy dew, and shall be sweet,
 Ripened by tomorrow's heat;
 Still, wherevēr thou dost pass,
 Chimes the cricket in the grass,
 And the plover's note is heard,—
 Moonlight's wild, enchanted bird;

Flitting, wakeful and forlorn,
 Round the meadows lately shorn.

Wilt thou come, and healèd be
 Of the wounds Day gave to thee?—
 Come and dwell, an acolyte
 Of the deep-browed holy Night.

PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.

THE well-known publication,—scarcely so much a book as a combination of book and portfolio of engravings,—called “*Picturesque America*” is doubtless the source of inspiration from which came the suggestion of *Picturesque California*.¹ It is an undertaking on a truly magnificent scale, appearing in successive sections, of which the first is now issued; edited and in part written by John Muir, the man of all others who has most lived with and expressed nature in California; written also in part by others, all, so far as we know, suitable selections, such as Professor Holden who will describe Mount Hamilton and the Lick Observatory; containing over six hundred etchings, wood engravings, photogravures, etc., all by artists of standing, and even eminence; printed in large folio size, on extra-heavy, cream finished paper, in large, clear text.

The present section is not bound, but laid within gray cloth book-covers, tied with ribbon and stamped with a vignette design, in which a fine representation of the old Carmel Mission, printed in red, is thrown in a diamond figure across an uncolored background of landscape,—mountains, and pine and palm. The pages within are slightly bound together in a cover of heavy pebbled paper, on which is mounted a very fine design of a bear,—a cinnamon bear, we should

say; certainly not a grizzly,—by the late Felix O. C. Darley. This artist's contributions to “*Picturesque California*” are announced as among his latest work before his death, and have an added value since there is no more ever to be expected from the same hand. A vignette of a coach driving at full gallop down a mountain road is printed in red on one of the fly-leaves, and the title-page is rubricated, red and black. Title-pages in red are prefixed to the full-page illustrations, and each title-page contains besides its lettering a small engraved vignette, a sort of prelude to the plate.

The first of these plates is a fine etching, *The Half-Dome View from Moran Point*, by Thomas Moran. In the most expensive edition this and many of the other illustrations are *Ind a proof*. It introduces an article on the Peaks and Glaciers of the High Sierra, and six more large plates are interspersed through the article,—engravings, and photogravures, and one photo-etching from paintings by Keith and Rix and drawings by Cary and Keller; while a dozen smaller photogravures and etchings, in *India proofs*, and engravings, several of them also from paintings by Keith, are scattered through the chapter. Two or three of the photogravures are by the ordinary gelatine process, much in use in recent American books and magazines: but most of them by some different process, more in the nature of heliotype work apparently. It involves the slight loss in detail that accompanies all photo-work, but we may

¹ *Picturesque California, and the Region West of the Rocky Mountains, from Alaska to Mexico.* Edited by John Muir. San Francisco and New York: The J. Dewing Company, 1888.

say none in distinctness, the effect being of a somewhat "impressionist" breadth, such as one expects in a monochrome painting. Indeed, the likeness in effect of this work to monochrome painting is remarkable; the reproduction is far closer than engraving could make it. The atmospheric effects, the appearance of work by masses of color laid on with a brush, instead of by line, could not be achieved by a cutting tool in hard material. Nothing can ever supersede engraving for clear and strong rendering of subjects where detail is wanted,—for realistic work; and all paintings would not be adapted to this photogravure: but for reproducing painting broadly and simply done, with a good deal of "*motif*" and atmosphere, the result is really remarkable. In the India proofs, and still more in some satin prints that accompany the most expensive editions, it has also a peculiar silky delicacy of surface that is very pretty, and oddly enough, seems to interfere very little with the strong paint-like look of the lights and shades. They are printed not only in black, but in various shades of brown, and some in other colors,—reds and greens, but all well-chosen, rich shades, so that the fancy is quite pretty and decorative.

The engravings throughout the book are not of the best artistic quality: they are as good as the average work in the best illustrated magazines, but not as good as the choice work; less interesting artistically than the photogravures, but often of more value for purely illustrative purpose, as in showing the moraines and courses of glaciers, the contours of remarkable ravines, the types of face and figure and dress of Indians. A number are from drawings or paintings so fine that the slightly mechanical quality of the engraver's work would scarcely be noticed.

The next article on the "Passes of the High Sierras," also by John Muir, has five of these large plates, from paintings by Thomas Hill, Spiel, Rix, and Frederick Remington, and fifteen smaller ones.

These articles of Mr. Muir's are chiefly descriptive, though his knowledge of the ground as a naturalist crops out incidentally all through. It is a great recommendation to the work that its text should be of the very best quality, instead of merely a filling in for the pictures. The book is to be *read*, as well as looked at.

A paper on Monterey, with half a dozen large plates from paintings and drawings by Rix and Harry Fenn, and fourteen smaller ones, completes the number. It is written by J. R. Fitch, and is a straightforward descriptive article, without high literary qualities, and pleasantly free from any affectation thereof.

The sections that are to follow will not only describe the rest of California, but extend over the whole Pacific region,—from Alaska to Mexico. It is really a vast undertaking, and if the work is not allowed to degenerate, but kept up to the thorough and worthy manner of the opening installment, it will be such a treasury of the picturesque elements of the Pacific Slope as has never been approached before. From the "boomer's" point of view, it is a most invaluable piece of advertising. As its avowed purpose is to select for description the beautiful, it is perfectly honest in containing only attractive aspects of the region; and its permanent artistic and literary value will keep it a sort of standing evangel for years and even for generations of the country it treats of. But so expensive a work is hardly adapted to dissemination as a real estate pamphlet. Its incidental advantages in that way will be doubtless given their due weight in a community very much awake to the real estate side of things; but we are not concerned to consider that. It is for genuine artistic and literary merit, deserving of warm notice from us, even were it Eastern work and only one among the many beautiful books of the Eastern holiday market; of exceptional notice, considering its local origin.

ETC.

IN this department last month we enumerated briefly the especially interesting points in the election just past, in which national, State, and city questions of all varieties, and in many cases of no inter-relation whatever, were settled between the rising and setting of one day's sun. Our readers have been already for some time aware of the answers given at the polls to these questions. To learn the causes and significance thereof will take weeks more. It is said at present, for instance, that while a considerable majority of the electoral vote is Harrison's, a majority of the popular vote is Cleveland's. Whether this is true or not cannot be certainly known for some weeks. In any event, the difference of a few thousand votes, one way or the other, in such an enormous poll, is not more than the merest accident might determine. The count will show what we have known for years, — that the country is really divided equally between the two great parties. A "verdict of the people," in the sense of a decisive popular majority, does not now exist. The occurrence of a popular majority on one side and an electoral majority on the other would, however, be an interesting experience, and would have a good deal of weight in deciding the future action of parties. Presidents have been elected before by a minority vote, but never in a plain choice between two candidates as at present. It would not really demonstrate that the people endorse Mr. Cleveland's policy, while the States condemn it: but it would indicate this, as far as so small balances can; and it would be a plain verdict that the people had not as yet condemned it. It would emphasize to the humblest understanding the fact for some time apparent to the observing, that the balance of power among the States is strongly and increasingly advantageous to the Republican party. That is to say, the Republican voters of the country are, as it chances, so distributed that their votes tell as much as possible, while the Democratic voters are either massed or isolated disadvantageously. The gains each party has made from the other have been nearly equal; but the Republican gains have, — partly through chance, partly through much more skillful campaigning, — fallen very accurately upon the critical points. Whenever the full results of the election are at hand, many interesting indications as to the changes of party allegiance in the country can be traced. It is said, for instance, that Cleveland gained in the manufacturing towns of New England and New York, but lost in the rural districts; and the Republican losses in the Northwest and Democratic losses in the South are already unmistakable.

THE defeat of high license and ballot reform at the polls in New York State, and of non-partisan city government in New York City, are startling facts, whose cause we shall not understand until a full analysis of returns is possible. Meanwhile, these reforms are to be pushed without flinching, and this time to be brought forward by Democrats, with the hope that the State administration may thus be forced to them. There is in New York, in spite of the grave corruptions of so great a city, a living spirit of contest against these which is to be envied here. All our readers in San Francisco know the women candidates for the school board in this city, with most of the Republican ticket, were defeated, falling by some six or seven hundred votes behind the ticket, as judged by the vote for presidential electors. This result was contrary to external indications, and contrary to the predictions of careful men, familiar with city politics, but in accordance with some very positive predictions from that class of politicians locally known as "the school ring." The opposition of this ring was desperate, and unscrupulous to an extent that was probably a surprise even to people somewhat aware of its methods and make-up. It is a group known to be interlinked with the municipal machines in a way that gives it great strength; but how far its action affected the election it would be impossible to say from any data now available. The precinct returns indicate a heavy Democratic vote in favor of the women candidates, perhaps 1000 in the city, with a heavier Republican vote against them, about 1600 or 1700; this Republican scratching occurring chiefly in a well-to-do Jewish district, next in "Tar Flat," where the German vote is strong, and for the rest, in wealthy quarters, where children chiefly attend private schools. Among the laboring classes, outside of the German, they ran strongly. It was to be expected that the German vote would be disaffected toward the candidacy of women, since many Germans regard with disfavor the holding of principalships, or any advanced teachers' positions, by women. At present the only contribution this very interesting effort has made to municipal history is the double fact that it was greeted publicly with almost unbroken cordiality, with courtesy and approval and honorable conduct from press, and platform, and pulpit, without reference to party, and with but a single exception; and privately by a knot of politicians, with a hostility violent and vicious, with forgeries and misrepresentations reckless beyond the custom even of ward politics, which partly deceived and partly drove a large part, — by no means all, — of the teachers in the department

into the same hostility. And this significant double fact is no mean contribution to the wisdom of our citizens, if it reveals to them the extent to which political control of a city school system can reduce it to a machine, to be used by a few politicians for the advancement or thwarting of measures, at their will; the extent to which the teachers are forced into political activity year after year; the domination over them of a few persons, in and out of the department. The election of six women to the board would have given a severe blow to this domination: but no thorough removal of the schools from politics is possible under the present charter of the city. Everything that goes to teach the community this truth is so much gained.

A Letter to a Nephew.

NEVADA BLOCK, November 5, 1888.

MY DEAR NEPHEW:

It gives me pleasure to welcome you again to California; and as it seems that your father's business will detain him for some years in Paris, the important matter of finishing your education is left to me. You desire me to express my views in writing, rather than by a personal interview; and this accords with my own opinion, as it gives me an opportunity of expressing them without any interruption.

You wish to enter the University of California; but you speak in slighting terms of the study of Latin, and state that you incline to some partial course which would exclude it. I cannot approve of this opinion. It is very true that certain pupils, because of a decided peculiar bent, should avail themselves of partial courses; and no one whose physical health does not warrant close application for the term of four years should attempt a full course. Such a one may graduate; but then there will be the *mens sana* without, — you can fill out the sentence, I suppose. And, moreover, I am a strong advocate for the study of Latin.

It seems to be a debatable point as to what the people of California intended to make of the educational establishment at Berkeley. If a University proper was intended, the grand old Latin word *Universitas* has significant association, and the study of Latin should neither be slighted in the curriculum nor superseded. It would be laughable, indeed, to see a pupil bidding farewell to the "classic shades" without understanding the Latin force of the words matriculate, graduate, and alumnus, or the import of the words *alma mater*.

I hope that you will make yourself at home in my library. Look at Trench's "Study of Words"; examine Brewer's "Phrase and Fable"; lose yourself in the fascinating pages of the English dictionary. Do not laugh; for the dictionary is fascinating if you examine it lovingly. My word for it, you will soon change your views.

To call the Latin a dead language is misleading.

Vital, indeed, it is to us, and so vital to all the Romance tongues that a thorough knowledge of French can hardly be obtained without a previous knowledge of this classic. You have just passed a season in Paris, and you know that the Frenchman's common salutation involves, not only the French "carrying" of ourselves, but the Latin also; and that when he signs with an assumed name, you see the Latin *nomen* and *pluma*.

Ah! my dear boy, much of the difficulty encountered in spelling our English is overcome by the ability to see the Latin derivation of the word. This same power of association makes it easier to grasp the word needed upon any occasion, and the word that is most pertinent, — either in speaking or in writing.

To say nothing of the Latin couched in many scientific and theological terms, and to say nothing of the vast number of Latin words to be found in legal phraseology (and in self defense a man should be able to hold his own with the legions of lawyers, — especially if he need a *habeas corpus*, —) we have countless words in common use which are made the more emphatic and significant by a comprehension of the derivation. Take, for example, the word *domestic*. You know its application, in a general sense, but when the Latin *domus* stares you in the face, the meaning is intensified.

There are multitudes of Latin phrases in such common use among us that we claim them as our property: such as, *Experientia docet*, *Deo volente*, *Facile princeps*, *Cui bono?* etc. These phrases are so common that almost every one knows the surface meaning; but not every one the inner and complete meaning. If you live to marry in this State of California, my dear boy, where divorce is so frequent, you may well consider that the nature of the contract should be as binding as the Latins express it by *vinculum matrimonii*.

I can assure you that there is no more fruitful source of quarrels than the absence of mutual agreement as to the meaning of the words used in discussion; and if an umpire is called in, it behooves him to know the full Latin value of an arbitrator.

You can hardly be interested in the study of language, and especially of the one under consideration, without noticing the marvelous changes of meaning that certain words have undergone. For example, the word miscreant meant originally an unbeliever, — nothing more.

If a man were to meet another in a public place, and assail him with such opprobrious terms as blackguard and villain, he might lay himself open to damages of some sort; but these obnoxious words implied no disrespect when they were first used. At a certain period of English history there were inferior classes at court which were arrayed in black. Hence the word blackguard. So the word villain was originally attached to one who belonged to a villa, — a kind of tenant. Gradually these meanings changed,

and it may be that the peculiar changes arose from the general insolence of the upper classes to all beneath them in rank. If so, it is a significant comment upon the false pride of human nature. Not a little curious is the history of the word *slave*. Once it had a marked nobility of meaning, — as belonging to the Slavic race; but when that race was overcome, — lo and behold the *slave*! Perhaps the word republican may undergo as marvelous a change in the future ages, if any republic like our own should fall to ruin through injustice towards a weaker race; — thereby undermining the cardinal principles of our government, and placing a stigma upon the very word republican, branding it with a red hot iron, as it were; for the Latin *stigma* has just such a meaning.

To show you the derivative power, how much clearer is the meaning of the word *eccentric*, when applied to an individual, if we see in the word a Latin sense of deviating from the center. If we insult such an individual by allusions to his eccentricity, this insulting is, in the Latin, a leaping upon him. If we indulge in sarcasm, it is a flaying of the skin. My dear boy, there are sermons in these changes of meaning.

It may help you to a fuller recognition of the word simplicity to know that it is a compound of *sine* without, and *plicare* to fold. Hence duplicity is a double fold.

I trust that you will never, in the ordinary sense, be impertinent to your uncle, but he will allow a great many impertinent remarks, if they are simply impertinent in the Latin sense, i. e. not pertinent. There is no offense in that case, if your behavior is correct. You will often see those letters, i. e., acting in the above capacity. I presume that you know what they stand for. Did you ever notice that persons are often taxed with being conceited when they have only a proper conceit or knowledge of their abilities? These are nice shades of meaning, and only perceptible to the Latin scholar. Of course there may be an overweening conceit.

That Old English word *fond* has a history. It did not always imply endearment. King Lear says:

“Pray do not mock me;
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Four score and upward; and to deal plainly
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.”

Poor King! he was made *fond* (i. e., silly) by his very fondness for his children.

A consideration of words and phrases leads us easily to that of proverbs. The Romans were very much addicted to their use. It is to be hoped that their proverbs were not as tyrannical as ours frequently are. Charles Lamb waged war with many of them. He refused to “rise with the lark,” and declined to leave his bed “until the world was properly aired,” — a judicious plan in London. You may have heard

how the “early bird” proverb came to an untimely end through the evident injudicious action of the worm. When your father and I and other “49ers” left New York, a venerable proverb was hurled at each devoted head, — “A rolling stone gathers no moss.” Fortunately for you and Kitty and Sally, we persisted in rolling, and we did gather moss.

And now I have a word to say about slang. I do really believe that one-half of the slang used comes from the paucity of words at the command of the speaker. A knowledge of the classics enlarges the vocabulary, and therefore shuts out a good deal of the slang which must otherwise appear.

Englishmen and Americans are continually bandying words on this head. The Briton says that in one section of our country we “calculate,” and in another we “reckon,” while we should always “fancy.” He is not so fond (I mean so silly) as to speak of our “guessing,” since he discovered that we got the trick from him. You landed in Boston, I believe. Tell me, do the Bostonians revel as much as reported in Anglican slang? We of San Francisco look for better things from the Hub. It cannot be ignorance there which makes them, like the uncultured, use the word “awful” in the most trifling senses.

It is to be hoped, my dear boy, that you do not fly in the face of Providence by calling the weather “beastly.” The poor beasts, indeed, have been sadly abused by man’s superior intelligence. “Wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism,” writes some one. It’s a slander on the pig! Of course it is wrong for us to persist in calling a railroad station a “depot,” — for that is a magazine or warehouse. An English friend of mine, a noted entomologist, properly objects to our general confounding of beetles with bugs. He says, too, that if his office were even in the fifth story of a building, he would be liable to the incursions of Americans, who had just “dropped up” to see him; and he wishes to know how they can drop *up*: and if he asks them they may get “mad,” — American mad! The more of a linguist you are, my boy, the less slang you will use, — unless through affectation.

You know, by the by, that I was once a teacher of elocution, — that much-belabored art. My chief difficulty was to teach the pupils the force of the derivation of the word elocution, — the history and scope.

There is one customary use of Latin which I do object to, and that is its introduction into the physician’s prescription. Here, at least, a man should be allowed to “read and run” — from the medicine, if he chooses.

What a treasury of British and American literature is opened only by a Latin key! I do not under-rate the value of the Anglo-Saxon. I know that Shakespeare is largely Anglo-Saxon, and that his contemporary, Ben Jonson, wrote of him that he had “small Latin and less Greek.” The phrase must

not be taken too literally. Perhaps "rare Ben" meant to insinuate his own classical superiority. When I read from "As You Like It" how the deer augmented the stream with his tears, and note that Laertes warns Ophelia not to listen to Hamlet with too credent ear, and hear Horatio tell of the "extravagant and erring spirit," or remember Macbeth's "multitudinous seas incarnadine," I can see a good deal of Latin without further search.

To go to the most serious branch of the subject, our very forms of worship and of prayer are charged with Latin expression.

My letter is lengthy, and I have not yet indicated the course you should take at the University. Whatever it may be, take care that it includes a liberal study of Latin.

I am your affectionate uncle,

THOMAS B. STEVENSON.

John Murray.

An Early Book.

To the Editor of the OVERLAND :

Reading your interesting article on early publications in California reminded me of one, of which I have a copy, but which you do not mention. Its

title runs thus: "Fruits of Mormonism, or a fair and candid statement of facts illustrative of Mormon principles, Mormon policy, and Mormon character, by more than forty eye-witnesses, compiled by N. Slater, A. M., Coloma, California: Harmon & Springer. 1851."

It is a small book 7x4½ inches, with 94 pages, but it was quite an event in the line of book-making in the early year above mentioned, and dates from a town better known at that time than it is now. Its author was the Reverend Nelson Slater, who spent the winter of 1850-51, with a large number of other emigrants on the way to California, at Salt Lake City.

They were not especially charmed with their stay there, and the book is written to tell why. The book concludes with a petition to Congress, signed by 116 emigrants, asking protection in Salt Lake for United States citizens, and security for their rights and liberties, and to this end that it should establish a military government there and sustain it by a strong garrison. This little book is on a large subject, and should not be overlooked among those that appeared in the early years of the State's history.

BENICIA, November 10, 1888.

S. H. Willey.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Holiday Publications.

Two or three holiday books have already reached us. The most ambitious of these, *Days Serene*,¹ is one of those luxurious large folios with which recent holiday seasons have made us familiar, whose decorated covers,—in this case gray, with a striking design of marguerites in silver,—are enclosed heavy cardboard pages, bearing studies of flowers and landscapes in the most delicate engraving and beautiful printing. Each page bears, beside the picture, a few lines from some poet,—Lowell, or Gilder, or Tennyson, or perhaps some almost unknown singer,—engraved in simply decorative letters across the margins of the drawing, and carrying out its sentiment. Thus,

The golden leaves forsake their stems and fly,
Far floating in the charmed, forgetful dream
Which wraps the woodlands, and a blissful swoon
Fills all vales with strange, unearthly peace,

translates an Indian summer study; and

With the swift sweep of the swallow
Spring-time seemed to catch the earth,
Sunlight flooded steep and hollow
With new birth,
Woke the hillside to the river's mirth,

a sunny study of early spring. The designs are very attractive, and have a good deal of the effectiveness of light and shade, the sunny or dreamy air, the sentiment, in short, chiefly aimed at; as much as one sees in any work save that of the very best artists. But they do not seem to us as good, regarded as studies of tree or flower; the characteristic traits of each are not brought out as clearly as might be. The verses seem selected to fit the pictures, not the pictures drawn to the verses, and the interpretation is not always close.

Marching through Georgia,² bound in pale fawn and gold, heavy board covers, and bearing on its cover the seal of the Grand Army, contains an illustration for every stanza, drawn "from nature" by Charles Copeland,—a phrase which we understand

¹ *Days Serene*. Illustrated by Margaret Macdonald Pullman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

² *Marching through Georgia*. Written and composed by Henry C. Work. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1889.

to mean that they are drawn from studies of landscape and figures in Georgia, made for the purpose of the present book and its mates. They are spirited sketches, beautifully printed; a little hard in engraving, we think. They light up pleasantly the familiar words, and make a pretty gift book; attractive, too, as a novelty in departing from the religious or domestic themes to which publishers have confined themselves in selecting verse for holiday illustration.

We may also notice here a very convenient and prettily planned calendar, called *All Around the Year*¹. It consists of a dozen cards, with two more for covers, sliding on rings. Each card is decorated with child or cherub figures, in some quaint design symbolic of the month. The devices are ingenious and pretty, but unfortunately most of the faces and figures are not well drawn.

Under this head also may come the holiday cards, booklets, and "art novelties" of L. Prang & Co. In course of the mission of "popular art" that this firm has for years been pursuing, it has put forward a good many things, and continues to put forward a good many things that are more popular than art; and these have with fastidious people somewhat obscured the real work this firm has done in raising popular standards,—a work that could never have been done by ignoring these. Two years ago it offered prizes for essays on "The Christmas Card," and printed for circulation the successful one. In the course of this essay the writer remarks that since the advent of the Christmas Card, "those wonderful beaded cornucopias, those marvelous perforated-board match-safes and book-marks which formerly deluged our homes at Christmas time," have gone out of date. There have been various influences at work to civilize popular ideas of what is pretty, but the standard of Prang chromos has not been merely borne up with the bettering of the times; there has been deliberate and persistent effort on the part of this firm to raise it. To invite designs,—urgently seek them with heavy inducements and prize competitions,—from the leading American artists, was no slight thing for publishers of popular trifles to do. So far as we can judge, they have always pressed their work as far toward the highest art standards as their public would permit. Their efforts in the direction of a somewhat mediæval and symbolic type of picture, from suggestions of the old masters, have not, apparently, been cordially followed by the public; flowers, child-faces, and landscapes being the staple subjects that are always in demand, and occupy most of their prints. To us, this is not altogether discreditable to the public: the religious and symbolic subject is appropriate for a holiday card, but the most expensive designs from the most

noted artists that Prang has had have not been as suitable as some more modest work. There are artists, we believe, who could make quite ideal designs of this class, — Burne-Jones, perhaps, — but they are scarcely to be had. Artists just as good, but in a somewhat different line, can bring the flowers, the child faces, the landscapes, on these American cards to a perfection we could not have in the symbolic figures, the angels, and Madonnas, and the like. The babies predominate in the cards of this year, the particular success being in "Prize Babies," though many people find the less ambitious work more to their taste. There are fewer, too, of the realistic barbarities than usual, and where the cards are mounted or attached to objects it is in more legitimate and useful ways. In this category are the decorated vases, the art tiles, and most especially the various delightful calendars.

Knickerbocker Nuggets.²

Notice has before been made of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" Series, issued by the Putnams, and the several volumes of it now to be mentioned call for a new expression of praise of the beauty of these dainty books. The first to be spoken of are two volumes of Leigh Hunt's *Stories from the Italian Poets*, one taken up by a critical notice of Dante, and the paraphrase of the Divina Commedia, the other given to Tasso, Ariosto, and Pulci, with paraphrase of some of the latter's work, "The Humors of the Giants," and "The Battle of Roncesvalles." Two more volumes contain the *Essays of Elia*, and still another, Thackeray's delightful child's story, *The Rose and the Ring*. It is needless to praise this selection; it justifies itself. Leigh Hunt's clearness of perception and charm of style, Lamb's essays, with the old favorites, "Roast Pig," "Sarah Battle on Whist," "Dream Children," "Old China," and a dozen more that have nourished youth and delighted old age, and Thackeray with the cynicism left out or sweetened down to please the childish taste, — who could ask for anything more or different?

Books and Men.³

"Children Past and Present," "On the Benefits of Superstition," "What Children Read," and "The Decay of Sentiment," are the opening essays in *Books and Men*, a volume by Agnes Repplier, known to the public as a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. There is something that attracts our hearty

² *Stories from the Italian Poets*. By Leigh Hunt. Vols. II, Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

The *Essays of Elia*. By Lamb. Vols. II. *Ibid*.

The Rose and the Ring. By Thackeray. *Ibid*.

³ *Books and Men*. By Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

¹ *All Around the Year*. By J. Pauline Sunter. Copyrighted by Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

sympathy and admiration in the author's fresh and wise views of the girl heroine of recent fiction, who is overpowered with her sense of a mission. The premature consciousness and authority of children today is the characteristic chiefly dwelt upon and illustrated. As she laments the departure of childlikeness, the author exclaims: "After reading a few modern stories, either English or American, one is troubled with serious doubts as to the moral usefulness of adults; and we begin to feel that as we approach the age of Mentor, it behooves us to find some wise Telemachus, who will consent to be our protector and guide."

Sentiment has lost its hold upon us, and the doors to enchanted spots are forever closed since we have decried superstitions. Miss Repplier would "rather be a Pagan" than to have all the dream of fancy dissolved in the cup of science.

"Curiosities of Criticism," "Some Aspects of Pessimism," and "The Cavalier," which close the volume, strike a different and a deeper note. Simple in style, they show wide reading, and have an individuality that makes them fresh and attractive. They are quaint and wise in their criticisms, and tend to promote genuine culture.

Brander Matthews's Pen and Ink.

HIMSELF a literary critic of no mean ability, Mr. Matthews knows full well the weakness of the craft. He puts this knowledge to good use in setting forth in the preface of his most recent book "that this is the most entertaining and the most instructive book of the decade." His reasons for this assertion he develops in the essay on "The True Theory of the Preface"; and they are to the effect that the "gentle reader" no longer reads a preface,—which is therefore turned over to the critic, often hard pressed for time to form an independent estimate, and seeking in prefaces and other waste places for opinions ready made. Herein Mr. Matthews's shrewdness justifies itself, for no literary critic can but be proud to acknowledge Mr. Matthews as a brother workman, or fail to accord to him treatment more in harmony with the golden rule than is the usual custom of the guild of "fellows who have failed in literature."

Not that *Pen and Ink* needs any such favors, for its brilliancy and humor, its polish and its genial common sense, make it agreeable to the most jaded literary appetite. Mr. Matthews does not fly high, his subjects are of the "familiar" sort,—The Antiquity of Jest, The Ethics of Plagiarism, The Short Story, Locker and Dobson, War Songs, The French spoken

by those who do not speak French, and Poker,—these are the themes on which his genius wreaks itself. And yet indications are not wanting that he might fly high if he would. At any rate, let us be thankful for what he has done in giving his readers a delightful hour over his book, and a new stock of pleasant and witty thoughts to cling in their memories.

The book is a good one as to print and binding, with the rather important exception that the type chosen carries the antique style so far as to differ quite perceptibly in the size of the various letters; the "w's" and "s's" are much too large for the "e's," and the effect is displeasing to eyes observant of such things.

Briefer Notice.

*Methods of Church Work*² is a handbook for pastors, giving in detail the schemes on which successful effort has been made in a large number of churches and in all departments of Christian endeavor, religious, social, and financial. It also incorporates a former work by the same author on "How to Pay Church Debts." The layman in reading it is impressed with the practical character of the work, and few will fail to agree with Mr. Stall in most of his positions; as for instance, in deprecating oyster suppers, fairs, and the whole category of means whereby money is raised, not from the cheerful giver, but by semi-extortion. The reverend writer takes high ground on the question of tithes, and would make the pastor more complete an autocrat than he is in many churches; but in the main the work will be read by Christian people with assent and approval, and pastors will find it a good guide as to what has been done, and therefore may be done, in church work.—There are new descriptive books of California published almost every month. A recent "hand-book"³ issued by the Pacific Bank of this city, contains much interesting and valuable statistical and general information about the resources of the State. The book has been very carefully compiled, and a permanent value for its tables, mineral, agricultural, and miscellaneous. The volume is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts and photogravures, some of which first appeared in the *OVERLAND* and elsewhere, others prepared for the work. The grade of the illustrations used is as a rule surprisingly high, and they constitute the volume's greatest attraction.

² *Methods of Church Work*. By Rev. Silvanus Stall. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

³ "The Pacific Bank Hand-Book of California." Pacific Bank. San Francisco. 1888.

¹ *Pen and Ink*. By Brander Matthews. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1888.

